



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

P300.4

**HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY**



**TRANSFERRED
FROM THE
GRADUATE SCHOOL
OF
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION**



OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE.

LIBRARY
JUN 12
1875
ANST

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1875.

OLIVER OPTIC, EDITOR.

BOSTON:
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.

1875.

P 300.4

✓

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
RECEIVED THROUGH THE
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

1928.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875,

By WILLIAM T. ADAMS.

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ELECTROTYPED AT THE BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,
19 SPRING LANE.

N. Y. Public Library.

A.

1875
6.2

CONTENTS.

A.

	PAGE
About Grizzlies. L. A. B. C.	365
About Handling Guns. C. A. Stephens.	900
Across the Indian Ocean. An Old Salt.	455
ADVENTURES OF A WILD GOOSE. An Ornithological Sketch. Charles W. Hall.	55, 142, 223
Admiral Guarinos, The. Rotha.	656
A Goodly Charity and a Pretty Wife. Vere de Vere.	687
Artist and the Rooster, The. Nellie M. Garabrant.	291
Ashore at Last. An Old Salt.	851
AUNT BETSEY'S TREASURE. Herbert Newbury.	19, 100, 181, 260, 341, 421

B.

Battle of Bunker Hill, The. T. W. Higginson.	431
Bismarck, Prince. Mary Granger Chase.	928
BROUGHT TO THE FRONT; or, The Young Defender. Elijah Kellogg.	515, 593, 675, 755, 835, 915
Bulbs for Summer Flowering. Aunt Carrie.	540

C.

CALIFORNIA BOB. Clara G. Dolliver.	51, 137, 189, 269, 349, 427
California Dialect. L. A. B. C.	64
Captive Count, The. Rotha.	63
Caracci Family, The. Aunt Carrie.	828
Child's Daughters, The. Rotha.	310
Cruise, The. A. F. C.	505

D.

DIALOGUES. Auld Robin Grey. A Parlor Operetta. M. T. Caldor.	785
Breakers Ahead. H. V. Osborne.	385
Brigand Rehearsal, The. Caroline Gilman.	623
Diana's Proposals. H. Elliott McBride.	304
Graduates, The. E. S. T.	146
Happy Marplot, A. Uncle Ben.	705
Hiring Help. Mrs. S. E. Dawes.	66
Jack and the Beanstalk. A Shadow Pantomime. Prince Fuzz.	466
Poor Rule that don't Work Both Ways, A. Elizabeth A. Davis.	226
Shall our Mothers Vote? George M. Baker.	543
Spelling-Match at Scratch Corner. M. L. Rieker.	865
Storm, The. H. Elliott McBride.	943
Dream of the Good Time Coming, A. Louie J. McCoy.	382

E.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL. A New Year. The New Volume. Time Looks.	78, 79
King Kalakaua.	159
King Hunting.	238
The Late Spanish Governments. Fixing Dates.	317, 318
The Type Writer.	396
Juvenile Reading.	477, 478
Another Volume. Warrington's Manual. The New Tunnel.	557, 558
A Young Astronomer. The Tour of the World.	638, 639
Sensational Books for Boys.	717, 718
Pigeons. Tough Glass.	797, 798
The Number of Stars We can See. Clocks.	877, 878
Publisher's Announcement. Valedictory.	957, 958
Eastcheap and Cheapside.	538
Ed's Alligator. Rossiter Johnson.	26

F.

First Fast, and Other Incidents. An Old Salt.	367
---	-----

G.

GETTING ON SEA-LEGS. An Old Salt.	50, 108
Glimpse of Annapolis and the Naval Academy, A. A. P. C.	211
GOING WEST; or, The Perils of a Poor Boy. Oliver Optic.	483, 563, 643, 723, 803, 883
Great Bonanza, The. Charles W. Hall.	531, 611

H.

Heads and Tails.	497
HEAD WORK. 73, 74, 75; 153, 154, 155; 233, 234, 235; 312, 313, 314; 393, 394, 395; 472, 473, 474; 532, 553, 554; 633, 634, 635; 712, 713, 714; 792, 793, 794; 872, 873, 874; 952, 953, 954	
Heir of Linnae, The. Rotha.	903
HISTORY OF THE A. C. Miss L. B. Humphrey. 30, 134, 216, 294, 373, 451	
Horrid Story, A. A Kannibell.	820
How I Left the North Light. An Old Salt.	701
How we Caught an Angel, and Reached the Land. An Old Salt.	771

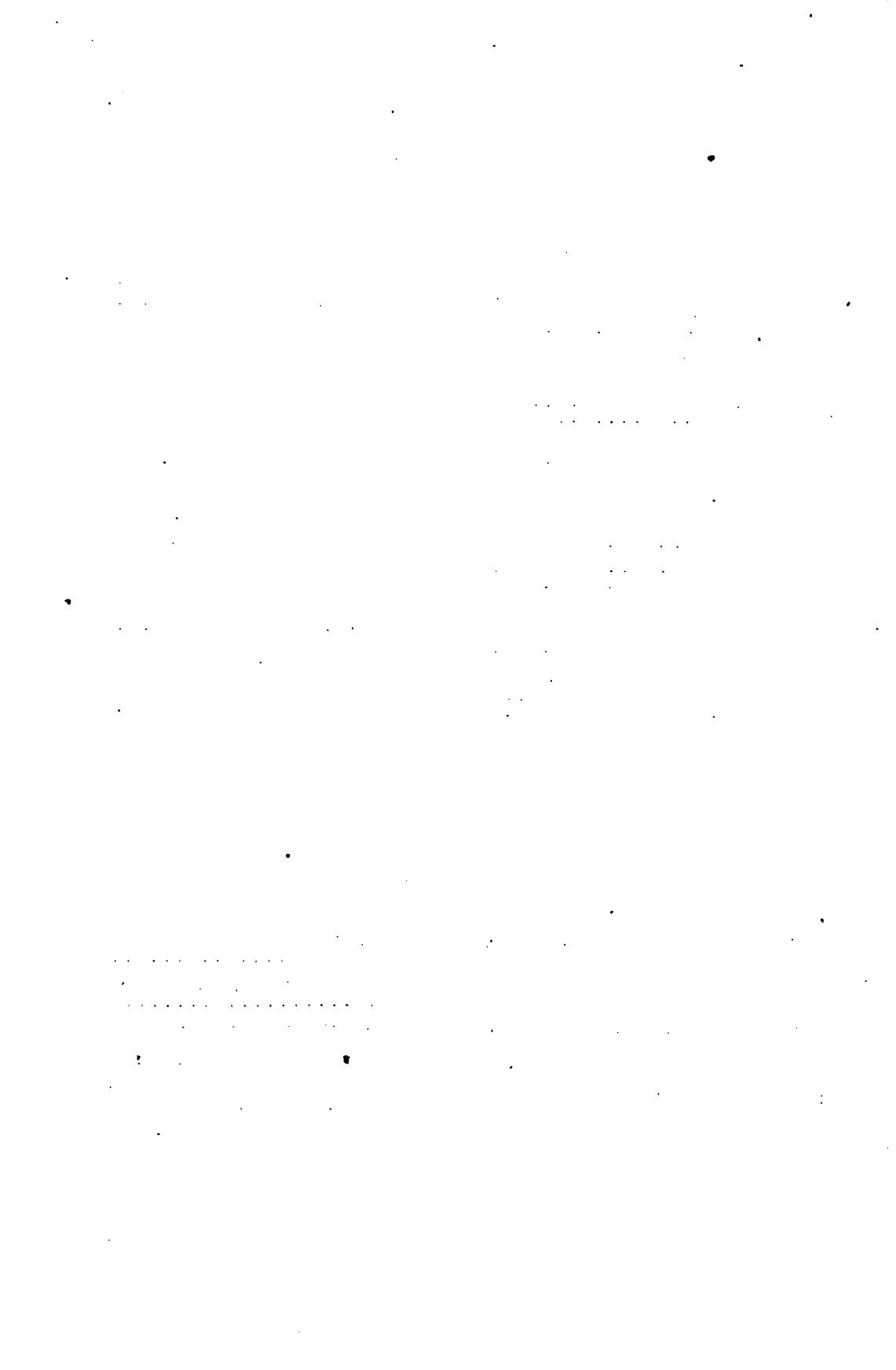
	PAGE		PAGE
I.		O.	
Ice-Boating. Wm. P. Duncan.	287	Ocean-Born, or, The Cruise of the Clubs. Oliver Optic.	3, 83, 163, 243, 323, 403
If it weren't for Helen. E. B. Gay.	667	Old Cocked Hat, The.	463
Irish Bards. Elizabeth A. Davis.	869	ORATOR, THE. A Serious Practical Joke. Rachel Pomeroy.	230
		Battle of the Atoms, The. Francis E. Raleigh.	640
J.		Bunker Hill. George H. Calvert.	869
Jessie's Success. Anna Morris.	935	Double Sacrifice, The. Arthur Wm. Austin.	70
		I have Drank my Last Glass.	960
K.		Minute-Men of '76, The. Francis E. Raleigh.	460
Keeping Tavern.	144	Mosquitos. K. K.	789
		Ode: Bunker Hill. George Sennott.	700
L.		Old Century and the New, The. Hon. Samuel C. Cobb.	630
La Belleza, the Spanish Pirate. N. S. Dodge.	607	Old Farmer Gray gets Photographed.	300
Last Siege of St. George's, The. George J. Varney.	861	Othello's Story of his Life. Shakespeare.	150
LETTER BAG. . 76, 77; 156, 157; 236, 237; 315, 316; 396, 397; 476, 476; 555, 556; 636, 637; 715, 716; 796, 796; 875, 876; 955, 956		Recantation of Galileo, The. Francis E. Raleigh.	390
Lina's Saturday. Herbert Newbury.	776		
		N.	
M.		Nature's Scholar. Elizabeth Dudley.	490, 579, 659, 739, 819, 905
Mad Mare of Mount Carmel, The. R. Meade Bache.	622	Naval Academy Again, The. A. P. C.	377
Man Kites. John S. Shriver and Charles L. Kemp.	508	Never Say Die. C. F. O.	539
Mensikoff. Rotha.	145		
Merry Little Heart. B. P. Shillaber.	192		
Missy Moper's Flitting. Sophie May.	47		
Mrs. Judge Tysen's Party. Mrs. Nellie Eyster.	604		
Music of the Spheres.	399		
My Ancient Mariner. Rossiter Johnson.	459		
My Boyish Pets. Uncle Ben.	301		
		NATURE'S SCHOLAR. Elizabeth Dudley.	490, 579, 659, 739, 819, 905
		Naval Academy Again, The. A. P. C.	377
		Never Say Die. C. F. O.	539
		O.	
		Ocean-Born, or, The Cruise of the Clubs. Oliver Optic.	3, 83, 163, 243, 323, 403
		Old Cocked Hat, The.	463
		ORATOR, THE. A Serious Practical Joke. Rachel Pomeroy.	230
		Battle of the Atoms, The. Francis E. Raleigh.	640
		Bunker Hill. George H. Calvert.	869
		Double Sacrifice, The. Arthur Wm. Austin.	70
		I have Drank my Last Glass.	960
		Minute-Men of '76, The. Francis E. Raleigh.	460
		Mosquitos. K. K.	789
		Ode: Bunker Hill. George Sennott.	700
		Old Century and the New, The. Hon. Samuel C. Cobb.	630
		Old Farmer Gray gets Photographed.	300
		Othello's Story of his Life. Shakespeare.	150
		Recantation of Galileo, The. Francis E. Raleigh.	390
		Otedama. A Japanese Game. Aunt Carrie.	179
		Our Dog Ned. Mrs. E. G. Daniels.	447
		OUR YOUNG WRITERS. A Struggle with a Bear.	941
		The Legend of the White Lily.	942
		Our Prize Rebus: "The Sphinx."	511
		P.	
		Peter's Composition. M. R. Gilkeson.	698
		PIGEON-HOLE PAPERS. . 71, 72; 151, 152; 231, 232; 310, 311; 391, 392; 470, 471; 550, 551; 631, 632; 710, 711; 790, 791; 870, 871; 950, 951	
		Population of the Different Parts of the Globe in 1874.	99
		R.	
		Recollections of a Rebel Woman. Mrs. M. L. Moody.	126
		REMINISCENCES OF WEST AFRICAN LIFE. Edward Duscault.	555, 604, 744, 824
		Retreat from Concord, The.	285
		Robin Hood.	864
		Round Trip, A. The Editor.	749
		S.	
		Scandinavian Petrarch, The. Rotha.	220
		Schneider's Tomatoes. Charles F. Adams.	768
		School-Girl Nonsense. Anna S. Heuston.	781
		Seven Sleepers, The.	708
		Something About Oysters. Mary D. Hart.	619
		Sphinx, The. Our Annual Full-Page Puzzle.	62
		Street Arabs. Paul Ward.	949
		Swiss Hate Society, The. L. Adams.	855
		T.	
		Truth of Fiction, The.	207
		W.	
		Waiting Upon Sue. Penn Shirley.	910
		Watching a Deer-Lick. Frank H. Taylor.	541
		Whaling on the Crozets. An Old Salt.	297
		What I Know about the Tower of Babel. Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker.	589
		Willie's First Letter. B. P. Shillaber.	500
		Windsor Castle.	208
		WOLF RUN; or, The Boys of the Wilderness. Elijah Kellogg.	37, 115, 195, 275, 355, 435
		Writing-Ink. Marie C. Ladreyt.	363
		Y.	
		Young Crusoes of Dumb Bell Island, The. Rev. T. Brown.	525

POETRY.

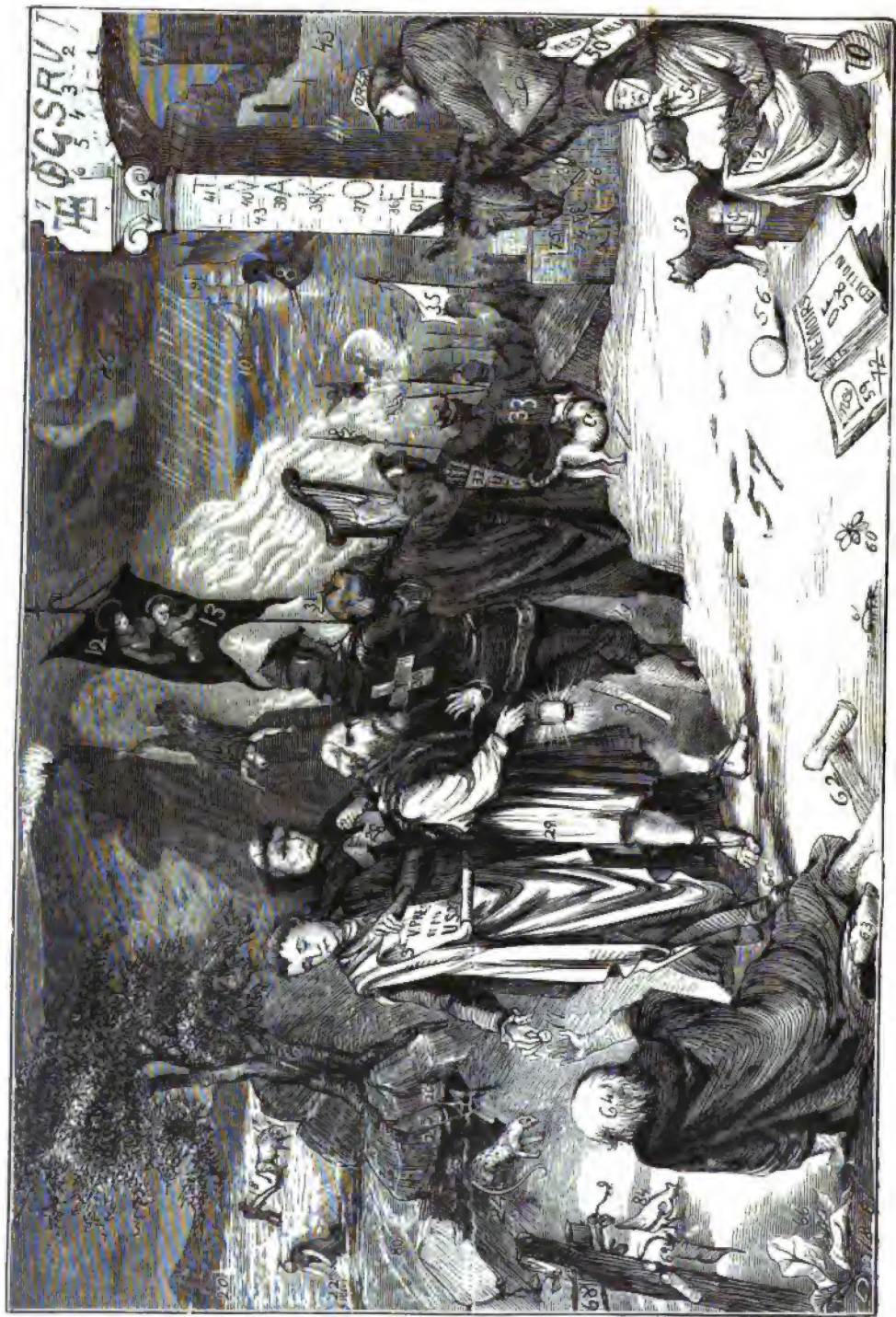
	PAGE		PAGE
A Brown Study. Bessie Bently.	288	Naiad of the Hidden Brook, The. George S. Burleigh.	700
Album Verse.	126	Only a Boy. Sarah Bolles.	259
An Invitation. Mary N. Prescott.	285	Only Flirting. Nellie M. Garabrant.	767
At the Foot of the Steps. Maria.	99	Pat and Miss Skitty. Bessie Bently.	426
Autumn Song. Miss M. E. N. Hatheway.	775	Piping Times of Peace, The. G. M. B.	376
Behind the Door. Miss M. E. N. Hatheway.	904	Pin's Soliloquy, The. Mrs. J. P. Ballard.	508
Bells Under the Sea. Marsh Mallow.	524	Sailor's Song, A. Henry Gillman.	672
Blonde and Brunette. Jennie Joy.	256	Sailor's Garden, The. S. E. Henry.	607
Canary's Escape, The. William Brunton.	911	Shower Sylph, The. George S. Burleigh.	848
Can You Tell? M. L. Ricker.	693	Sina. Jennie Joy.	222
Cheerfulness will Conquer yet. William Brunton.	653	Sirens, The. Jennie Joy.	65
College Days. Nellie M. Garabrant.	686	Skating Song. Edna Cruger Davis.	25
Convalescent, The.	208	Some Time. Elizabeth A. Davis.	268
Cracks in Walls. Dara G. Colliver.	352	Songs. Mary N. Prescott.	504, 743
Delusion. Arthur Wm. Austin.	606	Summer, The. Mary N. Prescott.	580
Do a Little every Day. James A. Bartlex.	816	Thief and the Dog, The. G. M. B.	511
Fall Flight, The. Charles W. Hall.	736	Thunder Spirit, The. George S. Burleigh.	899
First Snow, The. Mary N. Prescott.	140	Two Launches, The. Henry Gillman.	876
Guarded. Jennie Joy.	584	Two Marjories.	36
Jack Frost. E. V. S.	207	Two Tea Parties. Mrs. J. P. Ballard.	496
Joe's Boy. John S. Adams.	188	To My Pillow. Laura D. Nichols.	348
King's Chapel Sparrow, The. Clement.	934	True-Lover's Knot. Jennie Joy.	912
Land of Dreams, The. William Brunton.	448	Violet, The. F. M.	447
Live and Learn. Mary N. Prescott.	420	Waiting. John S. Adams.	219
May Morning Serenade, A. Nellie M. Garabrant.	330	World's Lyrics, The. Thomas Powell.	768
Meoro. Francis E. Raleigh.	46	Yankee Notions. Miles Monroe.	606
Mountain Spirit, The. George S. Burleigh.	732	Youth. Miss M. E. N. Hatheway.	608
Morning Glories. Miss M. E. N. Hatheway.	863		
My Boy. C. J. Despard.	303		
My Conscience.	144		

MUSIC.

	PAGE		PAGE
Be Happy as we can. J. H. Tenney.	799, 800	Little Lassie. Nellie M. Garabrant and Sophie E. Holbrook.	900
Day when first we Met, The. Nellie M. Garabrant and Sophie E. Holbrook.	479, 480	March of the Blues and Grays, The. Wilfred A. French.	559, 560
Decoratoin Hymn. Samuel Burham and J. H. Tenney.	400	Our Darling. Edward Lowe and D. F. Hodges. 879, 880	
Departed Joys. Alice M. Adams and D. F. Hodges.	239, 240	Spinning at her Wheel. L. B. Shattuck.	640
Friendship Waltz. W. A. French.	159, 160	Verdant Shades of Summer. Annette Corlies and J. H. Tenney.	719, 720
Greeting to Spring. Edward Lowe and D. F. Hodges.	319, 320	We have Met and we have Parted. Constance Bruce and J. H. Tenney.	80



227



THE SPHYNX.
 Prize Rebus, designed by Miss L. B. HUMPHREY

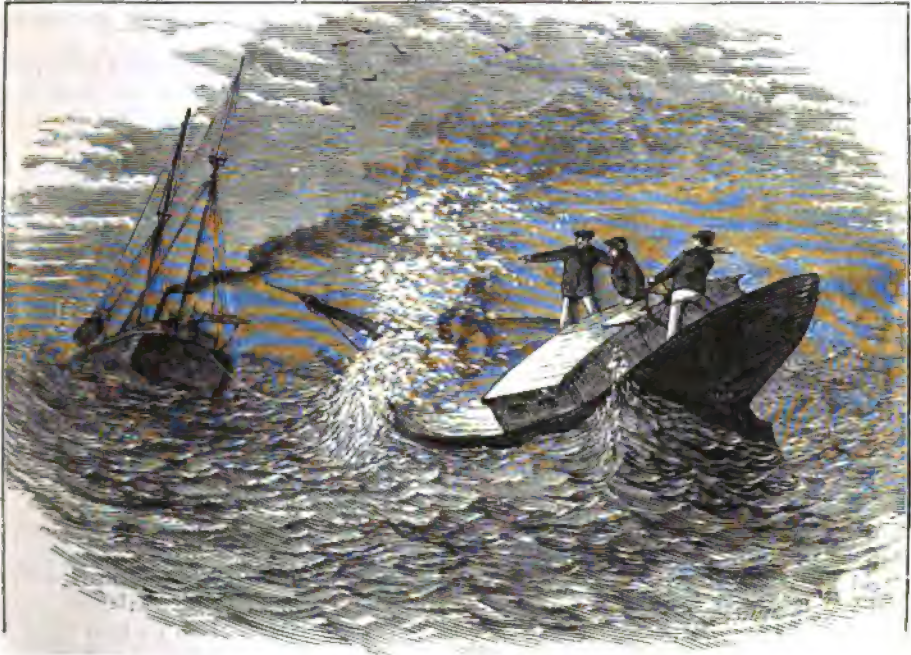
OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

JANUARY, 1875.

No. 25S.



TOWING THE SEA FOAM. Page 11.

OCEAN-BORN:

OR,

THE CRUISE OF THE OLUBS.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE OCEAN-BORN.

"WHAT do you make it, Neil?"

"Longitude $69^{\circ}, 48', 32''$; latitude, $43^{\circ}, 9', 55''$."

Neil Brandon, the captain of the steam-

yacht Ocean-Born, a young man of eighteen, was seated at a table in the forward cabin. He had just completed his calculations for latitude and longitude, and obtained the result announced to Berry Owen, the mate, who was at the wheel in the pilot-house, from which a door opened into the cabin. The captain was now working a parallel ruler on a chart of the eastern coast, spread out before him.

"What's the course?" asked the pilot.

"Hold on a minute till I get the variation," replied Neil Brandon. "I have it now: north-north-east, half north."

"North-north-east, half north," repeated Berry Owen, looking into the binnacle in

front of the wheel, and then shifting the helm to the course given out.

"We have done first rate; our last day's run is two hundred and seventeen miles, which is an average of nine knots an hour," added the captain.

"That's splendid, considering the heavy sea we have had. But where are we, any how, Neil?"

"Let's see," answered the young navigator, as he ran his dividers over the chart; "Cape Elizabeth bears about north-west, twenty-eight sea miles; Bald Head, a little west of north, thirty miles; Manhegan Light, which we are running for, is about thirty-eight miles. We shall fetch it about half past four."

"Der dinner ist ready," said a young man with a German face, who had been preparing the after end of the table for the noonday meal. "But I dinks der roast beef ist boiled zoo mooch."

"What makes you think so, Karl?" asked the captain, as he seated himself at the head of the table.

"Because he looks so black as der gook himself; and I dinks der bodadoes ist zoo rare."

"That is a matter of opinion on your part," added the captain.

"Was is dat?" asked Karl, rubbing his head, whereon the hair had been shaved down as close to the scalp as shears could do the job, though what was left of it stood up as straight as so many shoe-pegs.

"A matter of opinion, I say."

"A blatter of inions? I brings all der blatters as der gook tells me zoo bring."

"Did you call the engineer?" asked the captain.

"No; I calls der captain."

"Call Gerald Roach."

"I calls him. But de inions?"

"See here, Karl Schnaffer; you must not learn English of the cook: onions, not *inions*."

"Onions," repeated Karl, pronouncing the word very well.

"I don't want any onions; I seldom eat them, and never when I am going on shore within twenty-four hours."

"What for you says a blatter of onions?"

"I didn't say so. I said a matter of opinion," laughed the captain. "Call Gerald."

"A madder of obinion! I don't know. I vill zee as der gook has any," added Karl, shaking his head.

"Go along! but call Gerald and Ben first."

Things appeared to be entirely democratic on board of the Ocean-Born, for Ben was the deck-hand. Presently he appeared, and soon

after, Gerald Roach, the engineer, entered the cabin.

"Der gook says he don't petter hab no madder of obinion do-day," said Karl, entering the cabin. "He hab plenty in de ice-house; but he don't dink he gooks none do-day."

"All right; we will have it for supper," replied the captain. "Sit down; eat your dinner, Karl, and don't wear out your brains with one effort."

Karl seated himself. Just at that moment the steam yacht rolled heavily, and the three ribs of roast beef slid out of the platter into the plate of Ben Lunder, the deck-hand: the guard on the edge of the table prevented it from going into his lap.

"I'll thank you for that roast beef, Ben," said Captain Brandon, who was flourishing the carving-knife and steel; "that is, if you don't want it all yourself."

"I'm hungry, captain; and this piece is no more than a pattern for me," replied Ben, thrusting his fork into the beef to keep it from jumping into his lap. "However, I can't eat it whole, and you may cut it up."

The deck-hand returned the ribs to the platter, and the captain proceeded to carve it. Contrary to the prediction of Karl, the red juices flowed from it, and the slices came off rare and tempting.

"I hope we shall be able to fill you up, Ben, before we return to Philadelphia," said the captain.

"I don't think you will, for this life on the rolling deep makes a vacuum in my stomach faster than I can fill it. By the way, Neil, the perfection of the art of carving in New York is to cut roast beef as thin as tissue paper. Don't be too artistic. Half an inch thick for hungry fellows is about the gauge," continued Ben. "Creation! how this tub rolls!"

"Don't you call the Ocean-Born a tub, Ben: it's a personal insult," interposed the captain.

"I take it all back; but she makes the soap-suds fly like a squall in the wash-house on Monday morning," added Ben, as a cloud of spray dashed in at the open door of the cabin.

"Shut that weather door, Ben," said Captain Brandon.

The deck-hand rushed to the lee door, which happened to be behind him.

"Not that!" exclaimed the captain; "that isn't the weather door."

"The weather door! I don't know w'ether that's the weather door or not; but it's pretty rough weather out of either door."

"The port door; the door on the port side."

"Exactly so; but you told me this very iden-

tical door was the weather door yesterday; and things are not what they seem," pleaded Ben.

"But the wind was south-east yesterday."

"Writ in sand are all nautical terms," added the deck-hand, as he closed the port door: "one day a word means one thing, the next day quite a different thing. I shall never learn."

For a time silence pervaded, for the business of the moment was all-absorbing; but after a time, when Ben had devoured three slices of beef, used up four potatoes, and gnawed as many ears of green corn, even he began to manifest a sense of weariness.

"Captain Brandon, I regret that I can do no more," said he. "My will is strong, but the flesh is weak."

"Do you refer to the flesh you have eaten, Ben?" asked the captain.

"No; to my body corporate, which is too full for utterance."

"In union there is strength; and, having united so many potatoes, slices of beef, slices of bread, and ears of corn within that body corporate, it ought to be strong."

"Then my strength is weakness, for I can eat no more. I am weary, Captain Brandon. The Ocean-Born rolls fearfully, and thus interferes with my laziness. Shall we ever cease to roll? I lie down in the sun, and the briny waves roll over me. I lie down in my downy bunk in the fore-castle, and I roll out on the floor. I went out on the mainto'-gallant bobstay this morning, to adjust the mizzen royal jib-topsail downhaul, drenching my skysail boom, and putting out both of my dead-eyes. Shall we ever cease to roll, captain?"

"Are you seasick, Ben?"

"After that dinner?" laughed the engineer.

"Not seasick; no, not seasick; but the rolling interferes with my animal comfort, my *dolce far niente*. Can't you make her go along smoothly, great commander of the Ocean-Born?"

"Perhaps I can: I'll try, Ben. But I don't think she rolls as heavily as she did at daylight this morning."

"At daylight this morning! Can I ever forget it? As I lay in my downy bunk, thinking of the weary hours that must elapse before breakfast time, now bumping against the bunk-board, now against the side of the gallant steamer, I suddenly found myself sprawling upon my stomach on the ceiling of the fore-castle. Can you explain that, Mr. Commander of the Ocean-Born?"

"I cannot."

"Inversion, in rhetoric, is a trick by which

the spouter makes the argument of an opponent tell on his side. My opponent was the stormy ocean. But in a moment more I was right side up; that's when I shifted the argument to my side."

"What do you mean, Ben?"

"Only that the steamer rolled clear over, just as my dog does when I tell him to do it."

"Very good, Mr. Lunder!" exclaimed the engineer.

"Don't you believe it? I found a kink in the mainto'-gallant quarter-deck which can be explained in no other way. The backto'-gallant mainstay had a twist in it, and the mizzen royal smoke-stack was crusted with salt enough to pickle a whole crew of fresh-water sailors. O, I know she rolled clear over! Besides, my trousers were fearfully mixed when I turned out, or rolled out, for the starboard leg was in the larboard trousers-leg, and the larboard leg in the starboard trousers-leg. In other, but less classic, terms, they were on hind side afore. Shall we ever cease to roll, Grand Mogul of the Ocean-Born?"

"In the cabin, there!" shouted Berry Owen from the pilot-house; "I beg to remind you that I haven't had my dinner yet; and it's two bells in the afternoon watch."

"That's the way to put it! Two bells in the afternoon watch! I wonder what time it is! One o'clock. And I hope by fourteen bells in the evening watch this gallant steamer will cease to roll," added Ben, as he consulted his watch.

"It's too bad to keep Berry waiting so long for his dinner," said the captain.

"Better he than I. Shall I take the wheel?" asked Ben.

"Take the wheel! What will you do with it?"

"Get up a revolution."

"I am afraid you would roll her over again, and get your trousers snarled up once more. No, Ben; go below, and turn in."

"Turn over, you mean."

Captain Brandon hastened to the wheel-house to relieve Berry Owen.

"North-north-east, half north," said Berry, as he relinquished the helm.

"North-north-east, half north," repeated Neil, as he took the wheel.

The roast beef had been sent to the galley to be kept hot, as soon as the first course at the captain's dinner was finished. It was now returned, with fresh supplies of vegetables, for the mate's dinner, as it was called; and Martin Roach, the fireman, relieved at the engine by his brother, dined with him. The yacht con-

tinued to roll very heavily, and Ben Lunder could find no rest. He sat down in the pilot-house; he lay down in the cabin; he stretched himself on the hurricane deck; he leaned against the foremast, for the yacht was schooner-rigged; he spread himself out on the divan in the after-cabin; but still he rolled over, was jerked off his feet, pitched into the scuppers, and tumbled off his resting-place. The water washed the deck, and half drowned him. In the forecastle, the dashing sea, beating against the bow and side of the vessel, made a noise like the machinery of a cotton factory. When he had finished his dinner, the mate returned to the pilot-house.

"All hands on deck!" shouted Captain Brandon. "We will try to take some of the roll out of her."

"I am a believer in that doctrine; but I don't see how it can be done," added Ben.

"On deck, and I'll show you," replied Neil.

All hands, except the mate and the engineer, mounted the hurricane deck, where the wind was fresh enough to take them off their feet.

"Off with the stops of the foresail!" continued the captain.

"The stops! Here am I, captain; but I stop to be told what the stops are," said Ben, jamming his hat down over his eyes, to prevent it from being carried away by the fresh breeze.

But the stops were all removed before Ben could learn what they were. The sheet was made ready.

"Now, stand by the sheet, Ben," continued the captain.

"That's just what I'm doing," replied the deck-hand.

"Catch hold of it!"

Ben seized the sail.

"That isn't the sheet, you lubber!" shouted Neil.

"I should say not. It's a pretty rough sheet, and I shouldn't care to sleep between a couple of such sheets."

"This rope is the sheet," added the captain, laying hold of it himself.

"Worse and worse! A rope sheet! I'm in despair."

"Man the halyards!"

"Which — the foreto'-mizzen or the mainto'-backstay halyards?"

"Here you are, Ben!" called Martin Roach.

"Here I am, but I am unmanned, and don't know how to man the halyards."

"You take the throat with Karl, and I will take the peak."

"Shall I take Karl by the throat?"

"No; take this rope, which is the throat-

halyard," explained Martin, as he put the line into the hands of Ben and Karl.

"I can pull die ropes so vell as never vas," said Karl.

"Heave ahead, my hearty, then. This is the throat-halyard: choke him!" shouted Ben.

"Steady!" cried the captain.

"Steady as a judge: haven't drank a drop to-day," said Ben.

The wind was on the beam, and very fresh, and, of course, it was quite impossible to hoist and trim the sail, while the steamer was going ahead full speed on this course.

"Ben, ask Berry to luff her up," shouted Neil.

"What, ho! In the pilot-house! Berry Owen!" yelled the deck-hand.

"On deck!" replied the mate, looking out through the low windows upon the hurricane deck.

"Stuff her up!" screamed Ben; and the noise of the threshing sail compelled him to speak loud enough to be heard above it.

"Stuff her up?" queried Berry.

"No, no; luff her up," added Martin Roach.

"Luff! I thought he said stuff her up; and nothing is too strange to be done at sea," laughed Ben.

The pilot put his helm down, and presently the steamer pointed her nose into the wind's eye.

"Now, lively on your halyards!" said Neil, and, no longer needed at the sheet, he took hold with the deck-hand and steward. The sail was set, and the captain seized the sheet again, catching a turn over the cleat.

"Ben, ask Berry to lay her course again," said he.

"Belay your horse again, Mr. Owen!" said Ben to the mate.

"What?" asked the puzzled helmsman.

"Belay your horse. I don't know what it means; but that's what the captain says," added Ben, stooping down at the after windows of the pilot-house. "I suppose you are to hitch the animal, and give him his oats."

"I don't understand you," answered Berry, impatiently.

"O, well, if you don't, I give up the conundrum."

"Lay her course!" cried the captain.

"Lay her course! I understand that," said the helmsman.

As the steamer fell off, Neil trimmed the fore-sail, and then belayed the sheet. The main-sail was set by the same process. The steamer heeled well over under the influence of the fresh breeze, and her motion was much stead-

ier than before. Karl went below to wash the dishes; Ben stretched himself on the lee divan in the forward cabin, and the captain remained on deck to watch the sails. The Ocean-Born tore through the water at a furious rate, the sails adding two or three knots to her speed.

Suddenly, as the captain was looking up to windward, a little cloud of smoke rose, apparently from the water, and an instant later the sound of a gun came to his ears.

"What was that, Berry?" he asked, going to the pilot-house.

"A gun; but I see no vessel in that direction."

"What can it be?"

"I don't know."

"Pass up my glass, if you please."

The spy-glass was handed up through the window, and Neil proceeded to make a minute examination of the surface of the ocean. The steamer had been out of sight of land all day, though it was now about time, if the calculations made were correct, to make out Seguin Light to the northward. While Neil was engaged in his survey, another puff of smoke, followed by the report of a gun, guided his examination, and he discovered something white. The gun was fired several times.

"Do you make it out, Neil?" asked Berry.

"I see something white on the water. There is no mast or sail; but it must be a boat. Somebody has been blown off from the shore," replied the captain.

"Somebody in distress — isn't it?"

"I suppose so; though I don't see how a boat without a mast should happen to have on board a gun big enough to make all that noise. There's another gun. They are not firing for the fun of it."

"She must be in distress, whatever it is."

"There goes a signal — a red cloth on a pole," continued the captain, taking another look with his glass.

"We must run down to her," said Berry.

"Certainly; but she is dead to windward of us, and we must take in sail. Send all hands on deck!"

It was an easier job to take in the fore and main sails than it had been to set them. The course of the steamer was changed, and the firing on board of the stranger ceased.

"What's the matter now, high and mighty commander of the Ocean-Born?" asked Ben, when the sails were secured, for thus far he had had no time to ask questions.

"There's a boat in distress directly ahead of us, Ben," replied Neil. "Didn't you hear the guns she fired?"

"Not a gun: I was fast asleep in the forward cabin, digesting my dinner, which I found to be a heavier operation than usual to-day."

"I should think you would, after the quantity of beef and green corn you ate."

"But who is in distress, captain?"

"I don't know: I haven't been introduced to him or them yet."

"Are they really in distress?"

"If they are not, they ought to be sunk for compelling us to go out of our course. I think it must be some boat blown off by the fresh breeze."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Ben. "A real vessel or boat in distress, shooting cannon on the boundless ocean! What a sensation! I shall write a nautical romance when I return to Philadelphia, full of bobstays, jib-booms, and fo'peaks. A young lady shall be rescued from the awful wreck, hoisted into the steamer by the foreto-backstay, and all that sort of thing. I shall buy a ton of salt to pickle the romance in."

"I can see her now without the glass," said the captain.

"Do you see the lady, young and pretty?"

"No; but I see that she is not a row-boat, as I supposed. She is a yacht of thirty feet or so long. Her masts have been carried away, and she is rolling in the trough of the sea. If there is any heroine on board of her, she must be seasick in the cabin, and not quite in a situation to take her place on your pages."

The Ocean-Born continued to approach the stranger until she could be clearly made out, as she rose on the heavy waves.

"She is a dismasted sloop. There are four young fellows on her deck," said Captain Brandon.

"What a cheerful sight the steamer must be to them!" added Ben.

"As true as you live, Ben, there is a lady on board of her!" exclaimed Neil.

"I knew it! She is clinging to the main-to-gallant hatchway — isn't she?"

"There's another lady."

"Two! That spoils the romance, and I give it up."

In a few moments more the steamer was within hailing distance of the wreck.

CHAPTER II.

THE DISMASTED SLOOP.

OF course no one knows better than the writer, that within hailing distance of the Ocean-Born is a dismasted sloop, on board of which

are at least two ladies and three or four young men. Certainly it would be gallant, courteous, polite, and even humane, to rescue those unhappy voyagers, especially the ladies, without a moment's delay; yet as they have endured the hardships and braved the perils of their present situation for several hours, I am of the opinion that they can stand it a little longer, while I give my readers, to whom I am under still greater obligations to be courteous, polite, and humane, some needed information in regard to the steam yacht and those on board of her, who have been talking and acting through a whole chapter without a proper introduction.

There were seven of them on board of the Ocean-Born. Undoubtedly the captain, Neil Brandon, was the "greatest toad in the puddle," though I have already intimated that the social relations of the ship's company were very democratic. He was a young man of eighteen, the only son of a poor widow who was worth just half a million of dollars, yielding her an income of exactly thirty-five thousand dollars a year. It is necessary that these figures should be accurately stated, in order to render it probable that the son could own a share in a steam yacht of thirty-eight and twenty-six hundredths tons, old measurement, and be able to pay a portion of the expenses of running her. Steam yachts like the Ocean-Born are expensive luxuries; but it must be admitted that the expense of keeping one, when equally divided among four persons, is only one fourth as much as when the whole is paid by a single individual. Without stopping to demonstrate this proposition, I will content myself by adding that the captain's share of the expenses was comparatively light.

I can only give the current information, at this stage of the story, in regard to Madam Brandon, the mother of the captain, without vouching for its correctness. Everybody in the vicinity of her residence knew that her husband had made his fortune by the rise of land. Grandfather Brandon had owned a farm in what is now, but was not then, the city of Philadelphia. He left it to his three sons, two of whom made haste to sell their portions for the most they could get, and then made haste to spend the money they obtained for it in eating, drinking, and riotous living, so that they died and filled drunkards' graves. Neal Brandon, the oldest son, did not sell his fifty acres, and did not indulge in riotous living. He was a seafaring man, and he thought that after he had become tired of voyaging on the ocean from clime to clime, he might wish

to settle down upon the old place, and end his days on the farm. The house and barn of his father were on his land, and he leased his estate for more than enough to pay the taxes and all other expenses.

He had gone to sea before the mast when he was eighteen, and when he was thirty he was mate of an East Indiaman, with the hope and expectation of soon becoming her commander; but, according to the current story, he had suddenly become disgusted with the sea, and abandoned his calling before he had reached the summit of his ambition. When he became mate of the ship, he married a woman of French descent in New Orleans. She sailed with him to Liverpool, and thence to the East Indies, as a passenger. He left her in Hong Kong, while he made a voyage to San Francisco, and she again sailed with him for New York. On the voyage their only child, Neil, was born. His mother often called him her Ocean-Born, and when the boy was old enough to understand it, he rather liked the name. The ship went to New Orleans from New York, and took a cargo of cotton for Liverpool. After this voyage, the mate expected to be the captain of the vessel; but for some reason which Madam Brandon did not very clearly explain, even to her son, he left the ship at Hong Kong, and came home as a passenger.

When the boy was four years old, Neil Brandon took up his residence on his farm near Philadelphia. The city was pushing its way out in the country. Great avenues were cut through his farm, and Neil sold all his land for twenty-five cents a foot, except the lot on which his house stood. It is true that he was vexed, a year later, to see the same land sold for double, triple, and quadruple the price he had received. Houses were erected all around him, and finally he sold the old homestead lot, to become the site of a church. After he had bought another lot, and built a substantial residence upon it, he found that he had invested just half a million dollars in bonds, mortgages, and other securities. When he had moved into his new house, he was taken sick. The doctors told him he might live a month, and he might live a year, but the end was near. He made his will, leaving all his property to his wife, now not more than thirty years old. People thought, after Neil Brandon was dead, that this was a very strange will, for Madam Brandon might marry again, and even deprive the son of any portion of his father's wealth. But when the boy was eighteen, she had not married again, though



CLEARING THE BROKEN SPAR. Page 14.

even at forty-two she was a good-looking woman; and it was said that she had made a will, giving all her fortune to the boy.

Madam Brandon was not a well-educated and accomplished woman. She even admitted that her parents were poor, and that she had been a servant before she was married. But she was a lady of good common sense, and she took care that her boy should have every advantage which the educational institutions of the country afforded. Unfortunately, as she considered it, Neil began to manifest an inclination for a seafaring life. When he was a dozen years old, he "took to boats" as a duck takes to the water. The neighbors said he had inherited his father's taste for the sea. At sixteen he sailed a boat like an old yachtman; but Madam Brandon kept him to his studies with great tact. She gave him a boat for his leisure hours and vacations, but she insisted that his lessons should be learned. His friend and nautical companion was Berry Owen, the son of a rich merchant; and they spent weeks together in sailing up and down the Delaware, and even far out to sea, in the *Niobe*, a sloop of five tons, which they owned in common.

While thus engaged in yachting, they made the acquaintance of Gerald and Martin Roach,

two of the sons of a wealthy and enterprising machinist, who built the largest and finest steam engines and other machinery in the country. They sailed together, and became fast friends. Off Cape May, in a calm, one day, they talked about a steam yacht, and what a glorious plaything it would be. In one they could defy a calm, which was the abomination of enthusiastic sailors and yachtmen. In another year the dream was realized. Mr. Roach had been experimenting in iron vessels, and had built the hull of the yacht. Neil's mother and Berry Owen's father together agreed to pay one half of the expense of the vessel, and she was completed. Because they liked the name, and because the idea had been first talked about on the ocean, they called her the *Ocean-Born*.

Gerald and Martin Roach were both learning their father's business, and both of them had worked on the hull and engine of the yacht. Gerald was nineteen, and "knew an engine all to pieces," as Neil expressed it to his mother, when she spoke of the peril of playing with so dangerous a motor as steam. He was competent to make the designs and build an engine, and certainly he was able to run one, and make all needed repairs upon it. Martin, though two years younger, was not

much less accomplished, and had actually constructed a little engine, which he had attached to the steam-heating apparatus in his father's house. Both of these boys worked three hours in the machine shop every day, besides attending to their studies in school. They had their holidays and vacations, like other boys, which were employed in the steam yacht, till the ice closed the river. Neil said nothing more about going to sea, and Madam Brandon was entirely satisfied. She gladly paid her son's share of the expenses of the vessel.

During the first year of their experience, the ship's company of the Ocean-Born, as the young men called themselves, seldom went beyond the Capes at the mouth of the Delaware, though on the long vacation they made a voyage around Cape Charles, and to the head of Chesapeake Bay. Neil and Berry were studying navigation at school, and they often invited their instructors to make excursions with them, in order to obtain the practical application of the science. Both of them could take observations with the instruments, and work out the problems to obtain the latitude and longitude. They were deeply interested in the study, and once at least every day, when on board of the yacht, they worked out the ship's position, wherever they were. They had a record of the precise latitude and longitude of scores of points on the river and bay, taken for the sake of the practice. All the young men were zealous students, and during the first year, at least, the pilot-house and engine-room were places for study. When they went up the Chesapeake, it was necessary to employ a pilot, and they procured a very intelligent shipmaster, who voluntarily became their instructor.

For a month before the long vacation, the second year, an extended voyage was discussed. The Ocean-Born had proved herself to be a thorough sea-going vessel. The boys had been out in her at sea in a gale of wind, and knew precisely what she would do. Finally it was agreed that the trip should be to the coast of Maine, including a run up the Penobscot River, and a visit to Mount Desert, going in at Newport on the way. The yacht was coaled and provisioned for the voyage.

Ordinarily the four owners sailed the Ocean-Born alone, though, as may well be supposed, there were plenty of volunteers to assist on board, even in the most menial capacities. It was necessary to have a cook for a long cruise, for Mr. Roach and Madam Brandon insisted that the boys should not depend upon amateur

efforts for their diet. Peter Blossom, a colored man, and a first-rate cook, was engaged; and he was the only hired man on board. Neil Brandon was the captain, because he was believed to be the best sailor. Berry Owen was the mate, though practically the two young men performed the same duties. On short cruises, one of them had to act as deck-hand, when there was any work for one, as in anchoring, getting under way, and making a landing. Gerald Roach was nominally the engineer, and Martin the fireman; but at sea one of them would tend the fire and take charge of the engine. While Neil and Berry took turns at the wheel, Gerald and Martin spelled each other at the engine. They kept the regular nautical watches in both departments.

Karl Schnaffer was the nephew of a rich German merchant, who had been in the country but a short time. He lived next door to Mrs. Brandon, and Neil was much interested in him. He was still struggling with the difficulties of the English language. He was the captain's friend, and acted as cabin steward. Ben Lunder was a former schoolmate of Berry Owen, but was now a sophomore in Columbia College, in New York. Ben had never been far out at sea. He knew very little about nautical matters, and he affected to know still less. Both he and Karl made a great deal of fun on board, and sedate as Gerald Roach generally was, he could not help laughing at the follies and blunders of Ben, the deck-hand, and Karl, the cabin steward.

The Ocean-Born had been to Newport, and was now on her voyage to the Penobscot. On the day before we introduced her to the reader, the wind had been south-east, with heavy rains. Early in the morning the breeze had swung around to the north-west, and it had blown very fresh all day.

The yacht was eighty-six feet long, and eighteen feet beam. Her "house on deck" was fifty feet long. The forward and after cabins were each fifteen feet long. Connected with the forward cabin were two large state-rooms, occupied by Neil and Berry. Aft the engine-room were two more, one of which was used by the Roaches, who preferred to room together. In the fore-castle, which was of good size, light, and well ventilated, were eight berths, in which good beds were made up for the use of any party who might be on board. Indeed, this fore-castle was fitted up and furnished quite as well as the forward cabin, which was the mess-room of the officers. The after-cabin was quite elegant, and

was seldom opened, except when ladies were on board. The galley, where Peter Blossom presided, was fitted up with every convenience a cook could expect to find on board a vessel. In the hold, under the main deck, were the engine, boiler, and coal-bunkers. The ice-house was in the run, reached by a scuttle in the quarter-deck, and it was well filled with beef, mutton, poultry, fish, and other substantial.

Before the Ocean-Born came within hailing distance of the distasted yacht, Neil Brandon had made up his mind in regard to the character of the yacht. Two ladies had showed their heads above the slide of the companion-way. It was evident that a pleasure party was on board of the yacht, that her mast had been carried away, and, thus disabled, she had been blown off the coast.

"How now, captain of the Ocean-Born? What shall I do?" asked Ben Lunder, as the steamer approached the wreck.

"Do nothing, Ben, but keep still, if you can," replied Neil.

"I will try to keep still; but I'm afraid it's quite impossible."

"Ring your speed-bell, Berry," continued the captain, as the yacht approached still nearer to the distasted craft.

The speed of the steamer decreased; but in a few moments she was near enough to the wreck to heave a line on board.

"Steamer, ahoy!" shouted some one on board of the sloop.

"On board the sloop!" replied Neil. "What shall we do for you?"

"Can you tow us in?"

"Ay, ay. Where were you bound?"

"To Belfast."

"All right! We are bound up the Penobscot. Shall I take you off?"

"No — thank you. We are all right."

"Stand by to catch a line!" continued Neil.

— "Now, Berry, run across her bow, and stop her when our stern is up with her bowsprit."

The gong in the engine-room sounded, and the steamer went ahead slowly, rolling heavily in the sea.

"Ring one bell!" shouted the captain.

"One bell," replied Berry, in the pilot-house; and the boat stopped.

Neil had coiled up a heave-line, which he tossed on the fore-castle of the sloop, where it was caught, and secured to her cable-rope. Ben helped the captain haul it in, and it was made fast to a heavy iron ring below the rail of the steamer.

"All ready! Go ahead!" shouted the spokesman on board the sloop.

"Ring one bell," added Neil. — "Start her very slowly, Gerald," to the engineer, at the door of whose room he stopped.

In the heavy sea there was some danger of swamping the "tow," if the work was not properly done. The hawser tightened and strained; and, as the steamer went ahead, a large wave rolled over the bow of the sloop.

"Stop her, Gerald!" said the captain, still standing at the door of the engine-room. — "On board the sloop!"

"The steamer!" replied some one from the yacht.

"Give her more hawser! Slack off!"

"Ay, ay!"

"Make fast; about double the length you had before."

"All right! Go ahead!"

"Start her slowly, Gerald," said the captain.

With a longer line the sloop towed better, but she rolled badly in the trough of the sea.

"Ring the speed-bell, Berry," said the captain, when he had observed the tow for a time.

The Ocean-Born went ahead at full speed; but the sloop seemed to work very well, rolling no worse than before.

"Where are the heroines, captain?" asked Ben.

"In the cabin of the sloop. They have closed up the companion-way to keep the sea out," answered Neil.

"But aren't we going to transfer them to the stormy hatchway of the Ocean-Born?"

"I think not."

"Don't we rescue them, and all that sort of thing?"

"That's just what we are doing."

"But don't we rig out the foreto' thingumbob, and h'ist in the main-royal what-you-call-it? In other words, don't we get out the mizzen starboard life-boat, and wrench those fair beings from the embrace of the heaving billows?"

"No, we don't," laughed the captain. "We tow the sloop into Belfast: that's all we do at present."

"Those waves are wet," added Ben, shaking his head.

"Rather moist; and for that reason I should advise those ladies, if I were permitted to speak to them, to keep out of them, and out of the way of them."

"There isn't any romance in towing that distasted hulk over the stormy sea. Can't you give me an opportunity to do a big thing,

and place the fair strangers under everlasting obligations to me?"

"Can't accommodate you just now; but you may crawl on that tow-line to the sloop, and then, if you can persuade one of the ladies to jump overboard, you may go in after her."

"But that's dangerous."

"Slightly."

"Can't we get out the mizzento'-quarter-boat, and bring them on board?"

"I think they will not care to get into a boat while it is jumping about. Let them alone, Ben, and we will drag them into smooth water before dark."

"But we don't know who or what they are. Have you the name of the sloop?"

"I have not; but I can afford to wait."

"You are knocking all the romance out of the thing."

"There is none in it to knock out. The people on board of the sloop are a party who went out to sail; the mast of the yacht went by the board, and they could not get back to the place they started from. That's the whole of it."

"But didn't the fellow say he wanted to go to Belfast?"

"You are right, Ben, for once. Let us be patient, and we shall know all about the matter in a few hours."

"It is terrible to be within ten fathoms of two ladies, without knowing whether they are pretty or not," added Ben, with a very long face. "I should like to show them what a glorious deck-hand can do in the way of making himself agreeable."

"You shall have the chance before dark."

Ben went to sleep in the forward cabin, and for three hours more the Ocean-Born tugged away at the tow astern of her, her speed considerably diminished by the added work required of her engine. At four o'clock Captain Brandon relieved the mate at the wheel. For the last two hours, at this time, Manhegin Light had been in plain sight. The island on which it is located is of considerable size, and rather high. At five the steamer came up with it. On the shelf in front of the captain, "Blunt's Coast Pilot" lay open at page 242. Neil had read up the matter relating to the island, and he decided to go to the southward of it. He ran the yacht near enough to the shore to throw a biscuit upon it; and here the water was as smooth as far up the river. Gradually slowing down, he stopped the boat, so that the sloop should not run into her.

"Hullo, Ben! Bear a hand here!" shouted the captain.

"What's broken?" demanded Ben, springing to his feet.

"Your slumbers. We will lower a boat, and board the sloop now," replied Neil.

One of the quarter-boats, which were swung in on the davits, high enough to allow any one to pass under them, was dropped into the water. Ben and the captain pulled to the sloop.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SEA FOAM.

BEFORE the quarter-boat of the Ocean-Born could reach the sloop, all on board of the latter had come on deck. It was a day in August, but the north-west wind rendered the weather quite cool at sea, though the sun, even at five o'clock in the afternoon, was warm under the lee of the high island. The boat came alongside the sloop, and Neil Brandon stepped on board of her, followed by Ben Lunder. Both of the Philadelphians touched their caps politely, and bowed to the ladies, of whom there now appeared to be three, instead of two, all of them still in their teens.

"I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, but may I speak to the captain of this yacht?" said Neil.

"Captain Ned Patterdale," said one of the young men, introducing another, who stepped forward.

"The yacht belongs to me, and I am in charge of her," said Ned Patterdale, bowing.

"Captain Brandon, commander of the steam-yacht Ocean-Born, of Philadelphia," interposed Ben, introducing his friend.

"Captain Brandon, I am glad to know you," added Ned, extending his hand. "I may say I am particularly glad to know you, under present circumstances."

"And I heartily reciprocate the sentiment," said Neil, shaking hands with the captain of the sloop. "What yacht is this?"

"The Sea Foam, of and for Belfast."

"You have been unfortunate."

"Very unfortunate; and this fact enables us to appreciate your kindness."

"Nothing can afford me so much pleasure as to assist the unfortunate," said Neil, glancing at the rest of the party.

"Captain Brandon, allow me to introduce my party," added Ned, as he turned to the ladies, who were all bundled up in shawls and water-proofs. "This is my sister, Miss Nellie Patterdale."

Captain Brandon took off his cap, and bowed low.

"Miss Minnie Darling; and I may add that

she is the president of the Dorcas Boat Club," added Ned.

Neil properly represented Philadelphia gallyantry.

"Miss Kate Bilder, boat-leader of the Lily Club."

The captain did honor to the teaching of his Philadelphia dancing-master, who had years before instructed him how to bow gracefully to a lady. Mr. Ben Lunder was introduced in like manner to the ladies.

"Captain Brandon, Mr. Ramsay, better known among us as Don John, of the firm of Ramsay & Son, boat-builders;" and the captain and Ben shook hands with him. "Don John is the builder of the Sea Foam."

"And the maker of that unfortunate mast that went by the board," laughed Don John.

"But I shall prove by and by that it was not the fault of the spar or its maker, that it failed us in a trying moment," interposed Ned, who then presented the rest of the party—Prince Willingood, Morris Hollinghead, and Dick Adams.

"Captain Patterdale, I did not come on board to draw out your thanks, or even to gratify my own curiosity in regard to the yacht or her party, continued Neil, "but simply to invite you on board of the steamer, where I think you can all be better accommodated, but especially the ladies. Allow me to place my after-cabin at their disposal."

"Thank you, captain; and in their behalf I shall accept the invitation," replied Ned; "for they have been tossed about since six o'clock this morning, and more than one wave has broken into the cabin where they were. They are all cold and wet."

"Ocean-Born, ahoy!" shouted Neil.

"On board the sloop!" replied Berry Owen.

"Back her alongside!" added Neil.

"Ay, ay, captain."

"What steamer is that, captain?" asked Ned.

"The Ocean-Born, of Philadelphia," answered Neil; "and she is entirely at your service. I hope you will all come on board, for it is fifty miles to Belfast, if my reckoning is correct."

"Thanks: we shall be happy to accept your kind invitations, though it will be necessary for one of us to remain on board to steer."

"But we will now lash the Sea Foam alongside the steamer, so that you can pass from one vessel to the other without difficulty. I take it we shall have smoother water now," added Neil.

"Yes; we shall be under the lee of the land," replied Ned.

"I shall need a pilot for the bay, for I know nothing at all about it."

"We can furnish you just five pilots for these waters, for all of us are perfectly at home in the bay."

"I prefer one pilot to five," laughed Neil.

"Then Don John is your man."

"I am at your service," said the boat-builder, as the Ocean-Born came alongside the Sea Foam.

The three young ladies were shivering with the cold, for, before they could be induced to allow themselves to be shut up in the cabin, they had been wet through. A fire had been made in the stove in the cook-room, forward, of the Sea Foam; but the sea had carried away the piece of funnel above the deck, and the water rolled through the hole into the stove, putting out the fire and filling the cabin with smoke and gas. Morris Hollinghead, who was the cook for the cruise, had been unable to practise his vocation for the want of a fire; and the bill of fare for breakfast and dinner had been "hard tack" and cheese, with cold water. The "soft tack" and other stores had been washed with salt water.

Neil and Ben politely assisted the ladies on board of the steamer, and conducted them to the after-cabin. The blinds had been opened, and steam let into the heating apparatus, so that the cabin was already warmed to eighty degrees.

"What a magnificent cabin!" exclaimed Minnie Darling, as she entered it.

"This is the ladies' cabin, and we seldom open it except when we have ladies on board. Here is a state-room, with two berths and a divan," continued Neil, opening the door of the room. "No one will enter the after-cabin except upon your invitation, ladies."

"Isn't it elegant!" ejaculated Kate Bilder.

"And as warm as toast!" added Nellie Patterdale.

"When it is too warm, you can turn this little wheel in the radiator. I will leave you now. We shall have supper in about an hour in the forward cabin. Shall I close the blinds before I go?"

"Thank you: do so, if you please."

The captain closed the blinds, and retired, shutting the door behind him. The young ladies were as private and as comfortable as they would have been in their own houses; or they would have been if they could have changed their wet clothing for dry.

The fenders were put over the side, and the Sea Foam was securely lashed to the steamer; and, after the boat had been hoisted up and

swung in, the Ocean-Born went ahead. Though the young men from the Sea Foam were wet, they were used to it, and did not mind the cold. They looked over the steamer with interest, and then dried themselves off in the fire-room.

Neil had instructed Peter Blossom, the cook, to get up the best supper he could for the party; and Mr. Blossom was doing his "level best" under these orders. The forward cabin had been heated, and the captain and Ben were entertaining their guests there, except Dick Adams, who was at the helm of the sloop.

"I could not make out what you were for a long time after I heard the gun you fired," said Neil, alluding to the events of the day. "I saw no mast or sail, and I could not understand how a row-boat happened to have a gun on board big enough to make so much noise."

"The Sea Foam belongs to the Belfast Yacht Club, and most of the craft have the regulation gun on board," Ned Patterdale explained.

"But how happened you to lose your stick?"

"It was no fault of the stick, I assure you," added Ned, glancing at Don John. "The Sea Foam broke adrift the other day, and ran into the bridge above the city. She struck it between the piles, and took all the strain on her mast, and broke it half off just above the deck. I had an iron band put on it, and the ship-smith said it was stronger than before."

"You were off on a long cruise; that is, a long one with ladies on board, with no better accommodations than you had for them," suggested Neil.

"The run from Belfast to Portland is about a hundred miles. When I went down, we sailed at four o'clock in the morning, and arrived at six in the evening—fourteen hours. My father is a member of the Portland Yacht Club, and, as what is mine belongs to him, he entered the Sea Foam for the regatta which took place yesterday afternoon. My sister and the other girls wanted to see the race, and we were glad to have them go with us, for I was sure we could make the run, with a decent breeze, between sun and sun; and we did. The girls staid at my uncle's house in Portland the two nights, and saw the race from a steamer."

"What luck had you?" inquired Neil.

"The wind was rather light yesterday for the Sea Foam, which is a heavy-weather boat; but we took the second prize in our class. That was better than we expected in that breeze; so we were all satisfied. We were the first in of our class, but lost the first prize on allowances. I turned out at four o'clock this morn-

ing, and finding that a smashing breeze was blowing, I did not get the girls on board till six o'clock, for I thought I could make the run in twelve hours or less. We had the wind free; and having girls on board, I put a single reef in the mainsail. When we were clear of the islands, the wind piped fresher and fresher. About eight o'clock, when we were twenty miles out, I began to think about putting another reef in the mainsail. I asked Don John to take a look at the mast, and he started to do so. Just then a heavy flaw came, and before he could get out of the standing-room, snap went the mast. It dropped over the side, and hung to the stump by the splinters, held by the jib-stay shrouds and sheets. The yacht heeled over to leeward, so that the girls screamed, and I was afraid she would fill, for the companion-way was open, and the fore-hatch not fastened."

"You were in a tight place."

"We were. I wanted to save the sail, if I could; but Don John cut away the mast with a hatchet, and we cleared away the wreck as well and quickly as we could. The jib-stay parted at the mast-head, so that we saved the jib. The sloop righted then; but she rolled terribly in the trough of the sea, as she drifted rapidly to leeward. The girls were awfully frightened, though they are braver than girls generally are on the water. We tried to keep her head up to the sea with the oars, but without success. Don John then tried to rig a jury-mast, by lashing the two oars together. We got it up, and bent the jib on the boat-hook as a yard. We had hardly set the sail, when the jury-mast snapped. About this time we made out your steamer with the glass. We fired three guns before you put about and headed for us."

"We had to take in sail; but I headed for you as soon as I made you out," added Neil.

"I know you did; and you could not have heard the first guns we fired. We were happy when we saw the steamer headed for us, as you may well believe."

"And I was happy to think I could help you."

"You have a sailor's heart, Captain Brandon; and I hope you will remain some time at Belfast," added Ned. "We shall do all we can to make your stay pleasant."

"Thank you; but I am going up the Penobscot as far as Bangor. I intended to stop at all the principal towns, for we have a month of vacation before us."

"The Yacht Club and the Dorcas Club have planned an excursion up the river, and we

should be glad to go with you; but of course we can't beat up stream with your steamer."

"How many yachts are going?"

"Only six have agreed to do so."

"Then I can tow you up. But pray what is the Dorcas Club? I don't quite understand that," said Neil.

"The Dorcas Benevolent Society is an association of twenty-five young ladies, who sew for, and otherwise help, the poor and needy of our city," continued Ned. "They have done a great deal of good that no one else would have thought of doing. When they took a fancy for rowing, some of the wealthy men of the city, including Don John here —"

"I am not one of the wealthy men of the city," interposed the boat-builder.

"But you gave the Dorcas Club a boat."

"One I had built during the leisure of a winter, when I had nothing else to do."

"Don John gave a boat, Mr. Jones gave a boat, and others gave money to buy boats. Now the Dorcas Club have five four-oar boats, in which they do the most graceful rowing you ever saw."

"We must stop two weeks in Belfast," said Ben Lunder, rubbing his hands. "Young lady boat-clubs! The honey-pots are upset upon us by this fortunate adventure! Bless you, Captain Patterdale, for carrying away the fore-skysail-mast of your royal yacht! Twenty-five young ladies in boats!"

All hands laughed heartily at this sally. The topic was changed, much against Ben's wishes, for the guests wanted to know more about the Ocean-Born and those who sailed her. Nearly all we have given the reader was imparted to them on this subject.

"Der subber ist ready!" shouted Karl, when he had brought in all the dishes from the galley.

"Twenty-five young ladies, in five boats!" exclaimed Ben; "rowing gracefully! smiling sweetly! Who ever heard of such a thing? Shade of the stu'n-sail-boom! I bathe my weary spirit in sweet visions of the future!"

"Miss Bilder is the leader of the Lily," added Ned.

"Builder of sweet castles in the air!"

"Der subber ist ready!" shouted Karl, impatiently. "I dinks you don't petter dalk all night, ven der shickens must get gold. I goes to der door der gabin, and dells der ladies der subber ist ready. I guess you don't petter stay here ven dey must stop in der gabin. Dey don't go dill you gomes for dem."

"Right, Karl!" and Neil, Ned, and Ben went for them.

They were escorted to the forward cabin. Karl, with some assistance from Mr. Peter Blossom, the artist of the galley, had set the table in the most elegant manner. The cook was not satisfied to remain in the galley after he had cooked the supper; and, putting on a clean white jacket, had come into the cabin, ostensibly to wait on the table, but really to witness and enjoy his triumph.

The bill of fare included broiled chickens, beefsteak, mutton chops, with toast, muffins, lady-cake, ladies' fingers, and other nice things especially prepared for the ladies. Peter had done his best, as he was instructed to do, and the effect was immense. The guests were duly and properly astonished at the variety and elegance of the table.

"You live like nabobs," said Ned Patterdale, who was seated on Neil's left, while Nellie was on his right.

"It would be acting a lie to pretend that we make such a spread as this at every meal," laughed Neil. "Mr. Peter Blossom, our cook, who has the most profound respect for the ladies, got up his bill of fare for this great occasion. Shall I give you some broiled chicken, Miss Patterdale?"

"If you please," replied she.

"Miss Minnie, darling," said Ben Lunder, who was seated opposite the president of the Dorcas Club, "may I —"

"Now, Mr. Lunder," interposed Minnie, blushing, "I wish to say that you are perpetrating a very old and a very stale joke. I am the victim of my name; but I banish every gentleman from my presence who presumes to put a comma between my first and last name."

"Good Neptune, whose son I am! I will banish every comma from my speech!" exclaimed Ben, amid the laughter of all the company.

"May I be allowed to ask your name, Mr. Lunder?" continued Minnie.

"Certainly: Benjamin Lunder."

"Precisely so: B. Lunder," laughed the president of the Dorcas Club. "Perhaps you will not object to banishing the period, which, doubtless, you use in writing your name, and changing the capital L into a small one. How will it read then?"

"B—lunder, Blunder," added Ben, rubbing his head.

"Which describes your case exactly, Mr. Lunder."

"Good!" shouted the captain; and the others applauded the hit.

"I think I will not banish the period," added Ben, ruefully, "only the comma."

"I guess you don't petter say noding more," said Karl. — "Do you dinks you don't petter have some shickens, Miss Tarling?"

"Thank you, Mr. Schnaffer. On the contrary, I think I will have some, but not more than one," laughed Minnie. "I suppose you are a sailor, Mr. Lunder."

"O, yes, yes; I'm a sailor; salt as a red her-ring," replied Ben. "But it has taken a whole week to pickle me."

"Then you enjoy the sea?"

"O, very much: I take to it as a duck to a mud-puddle. I have a sort of intuitive knowledge of things salt and nautical. The high and mighty captain of the Ocean-Born reposes the most implicit confidence in my marine judgment and skill. Why, I had not been on board two minutes before he sent me out on the mainto'-gallant spanker-boom, to take a double reef in the fore-royal bobstay!"

"What a treasure you must be! I hope the captain appreciates you."

"O, he does! And he has the grace to acknowledge that he could not get along without me. The Ocean-Born would have gone to the bottom in this cruise if I had not been on board. Why, only this morning, when the wind was blowing blue blazes, the captain was blowing up all hands, and the engineer was blowing off steam —"

"See here, Ben! that is hardly fair," said the captain, shaking his head. "You are giving these ladies, whose good opinion I value more than life, the impression that I am a scold; that I blow up the hands; whereas I never do anything of the sort. I never blow up the crew."

"I grant the fact."

"You said I was blowing up all hands."

"You have spoiled my figure of speech," replied Ben, solemnly.

"I haven't blown off steam to-day," added Gerald Roach.

"All right; I stand corrected," answered Ben. "May I trouble you for the starboard side-bone of a chicken, wing-and-wing, captain?"

"You were about to tell us what you did only this morning, Mr. Lunder," interposed Minnie.

"True, I was; but my figure of speech was scuttled, wrecked, foundered, run ashore, dismantled, just to accommodate a few insignificant facts; and what can a fellow do without his little figure of speech?" replied Ben, blankly.

"I don't know that I ever heard a fib called a

figure of speech before; but go on, Ben," said the captain.

"Very likely you will pick me up again, if I do. I was trying to show the necessity of having a thorough sailor, like myself, on board. I remarked that it was blowing blue blazes: I omit the rest of the figure in deference to the sensitiveness of the captain and engineer. We had three reefs in the toplights, the starboard tacks in the carpet, the skysail furled, and everything going by the board a lumber brig had lost overboard. You can judge by this the imminent deadly peril of the Ocean-Born. At this critical moment, the captain sent me aloft on the mainto'-gallant bowsprit, to take out the kinks in the mizzen-royal smoke-stack. Very likely the captain will deny it. The steamer was saved, and here we are."

"It is not necessary to deny anything in that story, Ben," added the captain; "and I am sure the ladies will admire your skill and darning."

"Steamer, ahoy!"

The hail came from the port side.

"On board the sloop!" replied Berry Owen, who was at the wheel.

"Anybody lost?" shouted some one; and those at the table saw several yachts.

"No," replied Berry.

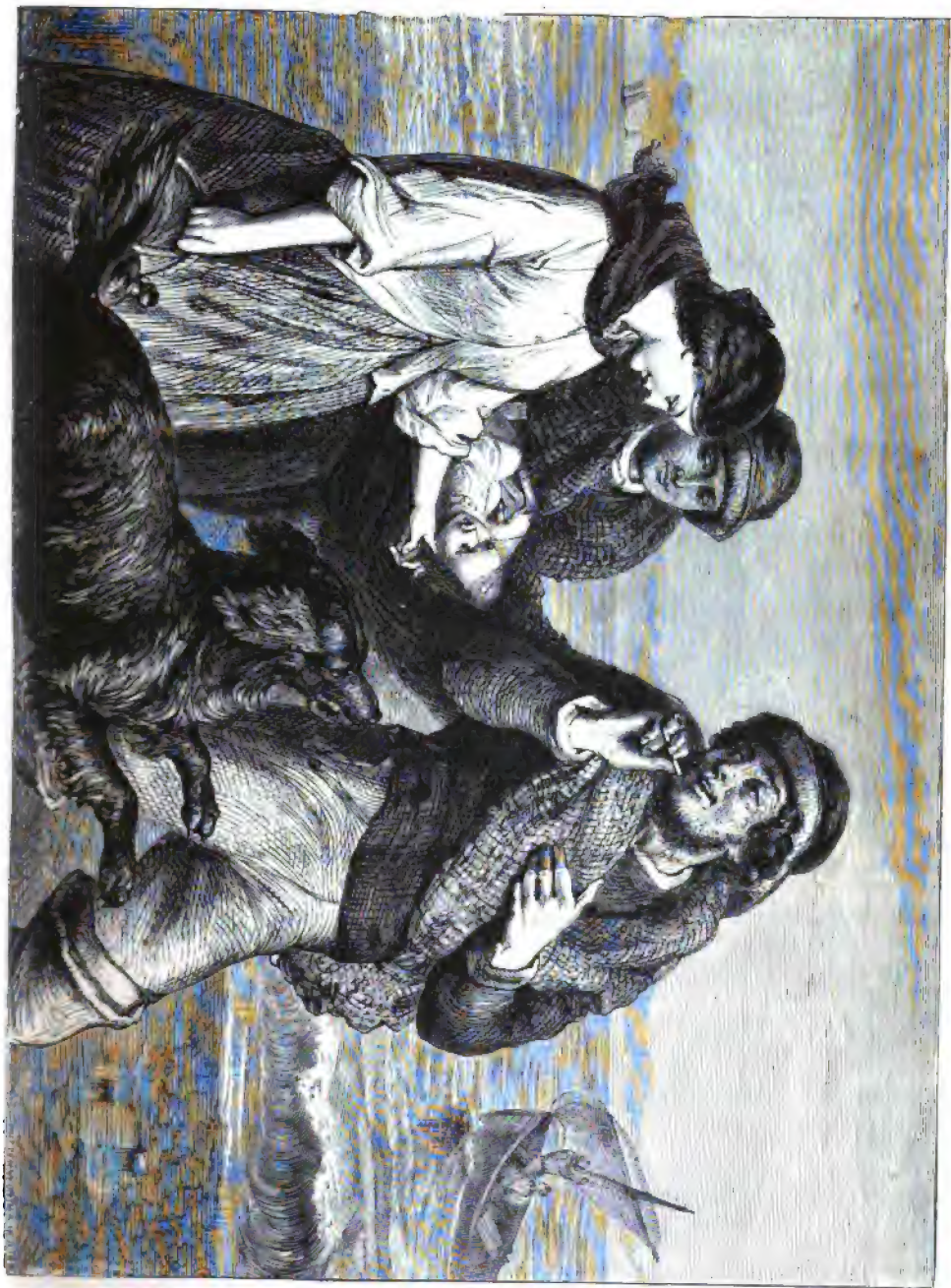
This answer was followed by hearty cheers from different directions.

"Five sloop-yachts like the Sea Foam in sight," said the mate to the party.

The news of the dismasting of the Sea Foam had been telegraphed to Belfast, and the yachts had come down to cruise after her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

— CAMELS IN OUR COUNTRY. — Some years ago, a number of camels were imported into the State of Nevada. Only two lived to be acclimated. From this pair twenty-four have been raised. The men who now have them formerly had experience with camels in Europe. The owners of this herd state that there is no more difficulty in rearing camels than would be experienced with goats or donkeys. The ranch upon which these camels are kept is sandy and sterile in the extreme; but these animals flourish on prickly shrubs and bitter weeds that no other animal would eat. These camels are used in transporting salt to the mills on the river. It is collected from the salt marshes on the desert, some sixty miles eastward.



FISHERMEN'S LUCK.





"DEAREST FATHER, WHAT IS THE MATTER?" Page 20.

AUNT BETSEY'S TREASURE.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY.

CHAPTER I.

BELLE AND HER FATHER.

IN his counting-room, in the city of Boston, sat Mr. Charles Blessing, after business hours, balancing accounts with all-absorbing eagerness. That the result of his labor was not satisfactory could be easily judged from the gloom which settled deeper and deeper upon his countenance, until every spark of cheerfulness was quenched. At last he closed the books with a groan, locked them in the safe, let himself out of his deserted store, and seated himself in a street car for his home.

It was a fine suburban retreat, adorned and furnished with that refinement of taste which combines beauty and comfort. Alighting from the car, Mr. Blessing passed through his own lawn with flagging steps, and a manner so unlike his accustomed quick and joyous bearing as to awaken the solicitude of his youngest daughter, Belle, who watched for his return from her chamber window. As he opened the hall door, her light step came tripping down stairs, her hand took his hat and gloves, her very beautiful dark eyes looked up into his with affectionate solicitude, and her sweet voice said, —

"Why did you walk so slowly across the lawn? and why do you look so troubled, dear father? Your hands are cold; are you not well?"

"I am not quite well, my dear; and if you

will ask your mother to come up, I will go right to my room."

"Mother is not at home; she will be very sorry, since you want her, and she is so seldom out. An old school friend of hers is visiting at Mrs. Brown's; so they have mother there to tea, and you are invited also; but as you are not well, of course you won't go. There is a fire in your grate; go right up, and I will bring your tea, and try to do for you just as mother would."

"O, I am not sick. I am glad your mother is out. I don't wish any tea. Good night, my precious Belle." The father folded his daughter in his arms, kissing her repeatedly, as if he were parting from her for years, instead of a night, and rushed up stairs, leaving her astonished at such strange conduct in one of habitually even temperament.

"What can be the matter?" thought Belle. "How I wish dear mother were at home! What can I do? He is weary and worn with care; cold and hungry, too. I will put the nicest of suppers on a tray, send it up at once, and coax him to eat."

The tea table was spread, and the faithful cook, attentive to standing orders from her mistress, had made the tea the moment Mr. Blessing came; so in five minutes Belle entered her father's room, followed by a servant with the tray.

He had not answered her gentle rap, and took no notice of her entrance, but sat beside a table, with his head bowed upon his folded arms. The servant set down the tray and retired, and Belle knelt by her father, trying to get hold of his hand, and look up into his face.

"Dearest father what is the matter? Are you very ill? Shall I send for mother and the doctor? Please say that I may, and do take off your coat and boots, and lie down on the lounge here by the fire, and let me rub your hands and feet, and give you some hot tea, for I feel you shiver."

"Belle, my daughter, you must know the worst; so must my dear wife, and all my children. Yet how can I tell you! I am ruined, ruined!" As he spoke, he lifted his face from the table, so white and changed with anguish that Belle was terrified, and grew pale in response; but she forced herself to be calm. Still kneeling beside him, and gathering his cold hands to her bosom, where she held and chafed them, she said, —

"I am sure there is some mistake, or you are too sick to realize facts; you cannot be ruined!"

"Do not refuse to believe it, for it is true, too true! All is lost, all!"

"O, father, I am sure it cannot be; all could never be lost by you: things will be righted. My father could never lose all."

"O, Belle, you distract me by refusing to believe," cried the father, rising and walking the room. "This is the keenest sting of all, that my own, trusting me, have felt secure, and I have betrayed their confidence, and lost all, *all*. My child, I tell you plainly, nothing is left."

"I am sure, sure, it is not as you think: you have not done as badly as you suppose. But tell your Belle just what it is. What have you done, father?"

"You could hardly understand, my daughter, nor would it help you to know all the processes which have wrought our ruin; but I beg you will believe what I say — that all the fortune we thought so ample is lost. For my years and years of hard and honest labor literally nothing is left but my honor and my credit. We are penniless."

"Is that all, father? O, how could you say you were *ruined*, and had lost *all*, when you meant nothing but the *money*. What a fright you gave me! O, father, how could you?" Belle, suddenly released from the strong necessity for self-control, began to sob, and her father, compelled to turn comforter, sat down upon the lounge by the fire, and drew her head upon his shoulder, while a look of unspeakable relief stole over his countenance.

"So my pet don't mind losing all the money. What did you think father meant?"

"You said, and said, you were *ru-ru-ruined*," sobbed Belle; "and all you meant was that *mis-mis-mis-erable money*!" The last word was spoken with an accent of such ineffable contempt, that the father laughed in spite of his woe, as he replied, —

"Did you think I meant I had lost my character?"

"You said so: you said you were *ruined*. Is a man ruined who has a noble mind and heart, an honored name, his health and all his dear ones?" Belle lifted her head as she spoke, with tears still upon her lashes, but with eager light in the eyes which questioned her father's.

"I see I am not ruined, my best of comforters."

"But O, father, you have frightened me so! though I said it couldn't be. Are you sure the money is all. Now don't keep anything back: if you really have cheated anybody, or forged any names, or robbed any banks, or —"

"Spare yourself, my daughter," interrupted the father, smiling, although tears were in his eyes. "I thank God that I have not only not done any such thing, but that tried, and harassed, and overborne, as I have been, I have never even been tempted to a dishonorable act. I see clearly how I could save a part of my fortune, if I would lay by my rectitude; but that is impossible!"

"Didn't I say so? Didn't Belle say her father *could not* be ruined?"

"Yes, you did, and I shall thank you for it as long as I live. Now cheer up. See, my hands are getting warmer, and I want my dressing-gown, — the wadded one; — and my slippers, and some of this nice supper you have brought. I haven't eaten a crumb since breakfast, for I was too miserable to swallow at dinner time. News of the loss of the Belle Blessing came to-day. This, following a year of sad reverses, means the loss of all." The Belle Blessing was a ship, owned by the firm Blessing, Son, & Co., and named for our heroine, his youngest daughter, seventeen years old when introduced to the reader.

Belle sprang to wait upon her father, who insisted upon ringing for another plate and cup, that they might sup together; and so great was the reaction from the depth of misery, on Mr. Blessing's part, that he really regained his appetite, and eating and drinking lost the headache and chills, which had set in by way of revenge for mental excitement and fasting. But Belle could only swallow a very little mouthful now and then to keep up appearances; for, although she would not call it ruin, and although her joy was great that money alone was lost, still her heart was sore for the trouble that had come so suddenly; and every minute some new consequence of this great loss came to her busy mind. She longed to ask if "all" was literal; if the business and its income must cease; if they must leave their house and home; if brother William, who was in the firm, would lose all too; if brother Charley must leave college; if sister Lucretia could go on with her expensive musical education; and Clara remain at her boarding-school. As for herself, although she was at the same school with Clara, she was sure she would not continue. She would stay with her father and mother, and help them, to the best of her little power, through this great trouble.

"You have been an able comforter, my child: cannot that make you happy? Can it not give you a little appetite to have restored mine, when I believe I should have become seriously ill unless I had eaten?"

"I am happy," said Belle; "but any sudden news always spoils my appetite. Don't you remember last week, when Charley wrote he had won that prize for declamation, I couldn't eat one mouthful of supper, or get to sleep until past midnight?"

"Poor Charley!" involuntarily breathed the father.

"No, no! Charley isn't poor; he is rich! A noble, gifted, good boy, as you know, dear father."

"So he is! Yes, he is rich!" cried the father, kissing the tears from Belle's eyes; "and I, too, am rich in my children."

Belle was obliged to drop her head once more on her father's shoulder. One of her fond questions was answered by that "poor Charley." Yes, Charley must leave college in his freshman year. She began to realize that the loss of money, although not to be compared with the loss of character, was yet an evil by no means to be despised.

CHAPTER II.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

THE blow which had so overwhelmed Mr. Blessing had come with equal, if not with greater, force upon his eldest son, William, who had for some time been a most efficient member of the firm. Noble and dutiful son that he was, he would have felt as his own his father's misfortune, even had his individual interest not been so intimately involved.

But there was one aspect of the sad subject which made the tidings of evil like the funeral knell of his heart's most cherished hopes. He was engaged, and intending, in a few weeks, to be married to a young lady who possessed no fortune outside of her personal worth, which was fortune enough, William thought, to satisfy any reasonable man. But his chosen Mary, although without fortune, had been reared in luxury, and had become his betrothed with the full knowledge and expectation that he was, by his parentage and position in business, to all intents and purposes, a wealthy merchant; and he felt bound, in honor, under the changed aspect of his fortunes, to release her from her engagement. To this end, he sought her presence at the very hour when Belle sat comforting her father beside his bedroom fire.

"How good in you, Will, to come to-night, when you did not give me leave to expect you!" said Mary, in welcome. "I hope you find business less perplexing, for I have seen that it troubled you lately."

"You have introduced the very subject,

Mary, of which I came to speak; but it is a gloomy theme, for everything goes wrong in our business. Heavy losses by the failure of other firms, by the falling in prices of goods on our hands, and by the fraud of one included in the 'Co.' of our firm, have all been our ill fortune during the past year. Still we have kept on, and hoped to retrieve all losses, until to-day our fate is sealed by news of the loss of the Belle Blessing. With it perishes our last hope as a business firm."

"Must you fail, Will?"

"We must stop business, and have no capital with which to commence again. It is father's purpose — and I am one with him in it — to give up every dollar we have, to meet our liabilities; and the best we hope is, that we have enough to pay all. There will be nothing left."

"It is sad, indeed, for both you and father," replied Mary.

She was an orphan; and William had frequently noticed, with pleasure, that she was coming to call his father her own, even before she had become a daughter. But he was too much troubled to notice it then. Keeping straight to his purpose, he continued, —

"Mary, you were reared in luxury; and, although changing fortune has left you without wealth, all your friends have ever felt that you had that in yourself which would secure you the position in life to which you are entitled. In marrying you, I should forever drag you down, instead of raising you to your proper place; and I beg that you will allow me to release you from your engagement, and that you will believe that I shall ever regard with the kindest sentiments the fact that you did so. It will be for mutual good, since I could not bear to debase you socially, instead of elevating you as I had hoped."

As he spoke, Mary grew very pale, and seemed ready to faint; but, rallying herself, answered calmly, —

"If you feel thus, Will, we must say good by."

Her lips closed, for, in fact, it had exhausted her utmost power to say those ten words with outward calmness.

"And what must be done may as well be done without delay," replied William, rising. "This parting seems cruel; but it is truly less cruel, I know, than a life-long struggle with Giant Poverty. I see it hurts you to talk now, and while we regard this thing as settled, we need not say good by. I shall see you again, when we have both recovered from this shock; so I will say good night only, and come again next week."

"No, Will; since it must end, let it end now, and do not come again. Stop, and I will get your letters and all the gifts. It will not take me long, for I know the place of every one."

She went out, and William, left alone, walked the room in agony of mind. Take back the gifts and the letters! End it all now! Come no more! Somehow, he had not realized that it must be just this. He had brought no letters or presents to exchange for his own. True to her word, Mary came soon, and laid the letters and presents — many costly gifts there were — upon a table beside him.

"Mary," he said, "I have brought no letters or presents to exchange for these."

"It is not necessary, Will," she replied, very gently. "When you marry another, better suited to your present need, you can destroy them. May she love you as tenderly as I have, and never cause you to remember this hour with pain."

"Can I ever remember it except with pain? Could I endure it except for the highest good of one I love better than myself?"

"I do not think it is for my good; but for your sake I can bear it. Now you have lost your fortune, you should marry a rich wife."

"I would sooner marry Samson's widow!"

"She was her husband's ruin!"

"Yes; so are the wives married for their money. If you don't think it for your good to break this engagement, why do you do it, Mary?"

"Because you said you wished it for mutual good."

"I believe we are acting like mutual fools, my own Mary. Let me see if I can be plain. I am now a poor man; and, as such, I release you from your past engagement to a rich one. As a poor man, I again offer you my heart and hand, but beg you will well consider the consequences before accepting."

"O, Will! I don't care for the money. I love you, and just as well poor as rich. Nor do I wish to be lifted up to luxury. But, if you feel that any one else —"

"I would sooner die than think of any one else, my queen! Here, put the letters in your pocket. Too many to go in? What silly little pockets women have! But you can put on the bracelets, and diamond set, and watch and chain —"

"No, Will, sell them to pay the debts. I never cared for jewelry, except for your sake. Let me tell you, I have five hundred dollars, which I earned giving French lessons, saved to buy the wedding finery, which I thought I

owed to your position. Won't that furnish a little bit of a tenement, out of the city, just big enough for two, with a cooking-stove, and without any stuffed chairs?"

"My treasure! you were cut out for a poor man's wife."

"O, I supposed you thought I wasn't, because I was 'reared in luxury.' I wouldn't say it then; but I never do see a little bit of a three-room cottage, under an elm, but I begin planning what a palace I could make of it for my husband. It was very wicked in you ever to dream of coming to say such strange things to me to-night, unless you really imagined you could do better not to marry me; but, Will, if you have the least beginning of such a thought, down in the deep places of your heart, own it: take these letters and presents, and go away forever; and I will never blame you in the least, for I have always known that I was not good enough for you."

William had a great lump suddenly grow in his throat. When he tried to speak, he failed; and when he found his tongue, it did not say the right, and proper, and pathetic thing in the least, but the following:—

"Now I do wish my heart were a stocking, Mary, that I might turn it inside out, for I know you wouldn't find any desire, down to the very tip of the toe, but to make you my wife, in riches or poverty, sickness or health, life or death, at the first practicable moment."

"It shall be just as you say, Will. And now that your father must sell his house, and there will be no grand wedding to get ready for, why not look up the little tenement at once, and be investing the five hundred dollars to put in it?"

"Yes, my love; and when all is ready, we will ride over some evening to your dear old pastor's home, and be married—won't we?"

"Yes, Will, we will."

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE JOHN'S GIRLS.

"WHO shall ask him for the money?"

This question was asked by Augusta, the eldest of three sisters, who sat conversing with their mother in a luxurious parlor, in a Fifth Avenue residence, New York. The group comprised the family of Mr. John Blessing, the brother of Charles Blessing, already known to the reader.

"I say whoever is most likely to get the most," replied Angelina; "and I should say mamma was that one." Will you ask him, mamma?"

"Ask whom? what?" replied the lady addressed, looking up listlessly from the crocheting, over which she was sleepily nodding.

"Haven't you heard us talking about our invitation to the dinner party at Ex-Senator Somerville's, and the necessity of our giving a party ourselves this month?"

"Yes, Angie, I heard you saying something about 'great occasion,' 'great honor,' 'must go,' and some more about new suits for that party, and new everything for our own. But all that is an old story, just fit to go to sleep upon."

"The money to meet it all must be a new story; and the one who gets it out of papa must be wide awake," said Augusta.

"I don't think I am the one to do it," replied the mother, yawning. "The last time I asked for money, for the most useful household purpose,—some new carpets of a pattern I fancied,—your papa said he couldn't possibly spare it. That has been his talk, even more than usual, all winter, till, I do declare, I dread to ask for money worse than any street beggar."

"Mamma" was decidedly waking up with her subject.

"What does father say is the reason he can't spare the money?" asked Flora, the youngest daughter.

"O, business, business, business! the mastodon that swallows up all that can be accumulated. I never yet knew the time your papa did not want more than all the money there was to put into his *business*! For my part, I don't see the good of being rich, if we can't have the money we actually need to use."

"We are destitute!" sententiously remarked Flora, with a snap of her black eyes, which took in every item of the luxury in which they were lolling.

"You are always on papa's side, Flo," said Augusta, "and would wear a shilling calico to the president's reception, if he wanted you to. Now, if *you* would only *tease* him for this money, you would get it, for papa would think we actually did need it, and hand it right over."

"But, dear mamma, and sisters mine," replied Flora, with a sharpness of reproof in her tone which extracted all sweetness from the "dear," "suppose father happens to tell the truth, and really did need more money than he has to sustain him in the business which brings us all our luxury."

"Stuff and nonsense!" elegantly exclaimed Augusta.

"Soft!" sneered Angelina.

"Really, I don't think we need distress our-

selves with such horrid anxieties," languidly added Mrs. Blessing, resuming her crocheting. "It is always just so with that 'business.' All the good we have ever had from the monster has been snatched from his all-devouring jaws. We might have been living now in that old house on Hapwell Street, with only one servant and no carriage, if I would have put up with it. I think, Flora, my love, you'd better do as your sisters desire. You always were a very contrary-minded child."

"I certainly am contrary-minded if wishing we were back in the old house on Hapwell Street, with only one servant and no carriage, makes me so." The snap was gone now from Flora's eyes, and they were hazy with tears.

Mrs. Blessing drew a languid sigh, as her only response, and even the girls were silent. Sweet memories of love and peace which had nestled in the old home, but never found a nest in the new, for a moment hushed the clamor of worldliness. Augusta broke the spell:—

"Say, Flo, will you ask him to-night?"

"Of course she will, as I have requested," said the mother, assuming an air of authority. "It is only fair she should do her share of this disagreeable work."

"I will ask, this once, if you all wish it; but I give you warning that I shall not *tease*, and if I really think father is troubled for money in his business, I won't ask him for another cent, or buy myself a single new thing this season."

While the above conversation was going on in the home parlor, the father of the family sat, after business hours, in his counting-room in New York, as we have seen his brother, Charles Blessing, doing in Boston, balancing prospective receipts and expenditures with intense anxiety.

That the result was no more satisfactory than his brother's had been could easily be seen by the gloom and discontent of his countenance. At last he closed his books, not, like his brother, with a groan, but with a look of shrewd, yet bitter, determination, and betook himself to his elegant up-town residence, with scarcely a sense of going to a home.

"How late you are!" was his wife's greeting. "I believe that monster, Business, is going to swallow you alive, and not leave so much as a relic of the fond husband and father."

"That seems probable," replied Mr. Blessing, without a smile; and with no further attempt at conversation he took the evening paper from his pocket, and began to examine it attentively beneath the shaded gas.

"Go ahead, Flo, before he gets any deeper into it," whispered Augusta.

Flora drew a low seat to her father's side, and sat there with some fancy knitting; but he did not notice her until she spoke.

"Father, your three great girls cost you lots of money—don't they?" laying her hand on his knee to elicit attention.

"Not so much as unfaithful stewards and unprofitable investments." He took her hand and held it in his with a clasp so tight that it hurt her. He longed to reveal something of the burden on his mind to a sympathizing listener, and might have done so, had not his wife interposed a fatal barrier by saying,—

"So I was telling the girls; if that dragon, Business, must devour everything, and you with the rest, it is best for us to snatch all the comfort we can from his jaws as we go along."

"Truth in that," said the father, bitterly; "'Eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' What do they want, my daughter?" The last words were spoken in gentle tones to Flora.

"A thousand dollars, or more, to buy new dresses for Senator Somerville's dinner party, and to give a party ourselves, in return for similar favors."

"We are expected, you know, to take our turn in these social favors," remarked Mrs. Blessing, encouragingly.

"It would not be doing justice to our opportunities to decline that invitation, or fail to do it justice in our outfit," said the eldest daughter.

"And it would be disgraceful to accept invitations all winter, and not reciprocate by a party in return," added Angelina.

"They have made my little Flora spokesman; what has she to say?" whispered Mr. Blessing, bending his head to the owner of the hand he held.

"Nothing, father, only I do not want money for luxury which you need in your business."

"O, go to this party, and give the next yourselves; it may be none the worse for me."

"According to the fool's reasoning?" inquired Flora, anxiously.

"Just that, my daughter." He filled and handed her three checks, one for five hundred dollars, one for three hundred, and one for two hundred, remarking to his wife,—

"Have the smaller checks cashed first, and only when you need the money, as I am paying twelve per cent. for all I borrow."

Flora threw the checks disrespectfully into her mother's lap, and turning upon her heel,

left the room without speaking; but in passing her father, she made a quick gesture for him to follow her, which he obeyed after a minute's pause to listen to an indifferent "Thank you" from his wife, and a clatter of delighted exclamations from his two older daughters. He found Flora waiting for him, and they went together into the library.

"Tell Flora all about your troubles, dear father; she can love you if she can't help you."

He told her the evil day of failure, in his business, was inevitable; but if it was any gratification to his family to shine a little longer, before going out, he was willing to indulge them; and when he compromised with his creditors, a thousand or two dollars, here or there, would not make much difference.

"And when all is gone, what shall we do, father?"

"All will not be gone, my dear; I shall save something for my family. It will be a hard change at the best."

"But if you only pay a part of your debts, how can you have anything left?" queried innocent Flora.

"O, there are ways and means too complicated for girls to understand; but trust me not to see you starve."

Looking into her father's eyes, Flora saw, instead of the truth and honor she sought, a shrewd twinkle of worldly wisdom, which chilled her with a sense of repulsion, and she cried, in her eager way, —

"You will do right — won't you, father? O, surely you won't do anything wrong to spare us!"

"One gets his ideas of right and wrong strangely mixed up these times," said the father, sadly; "but of one thing I am certain, your mother and sisters would never think it right, and never forgive me, if, after weakly suffering them to float into luxury beyond our true depth, I sunk them to utter destitution." He set his teeth in a way that spoke defiance to his creditors. Flora's pure nature was still more repelled.

"O, father," she cried, "I wish I could help you, but I can't. If we all felt right, we might be happy, if we were ever so poor. I know being rich hasn't made us happy. Good night, dear father."

"If they were all like her," thought Mr. Blessing, when left alone, "I would brave the worst and do the thing that is just right; but I can't stand the rest of my family, and perhaps, after all, it is not really best. That party will bolster up my credit enough to save its cost, I fancy. One likes to keep the vessel off

the rocks as long as possible, even if he knows it must soon go to pieces."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SKATING SONG.

BY EDNA CRUGER DAVIS.

I LOVE to glide
O'er the crystal tide
When the blue waves sleep below;
With the burnished steel
For my arrowy keel,
With the speed of the wind I go.

O, nought reck I
Of the wintry sky,
Or the keen and frosty air,
As merrily o'er
The gleaming floor
I glide, while I laugh at care.

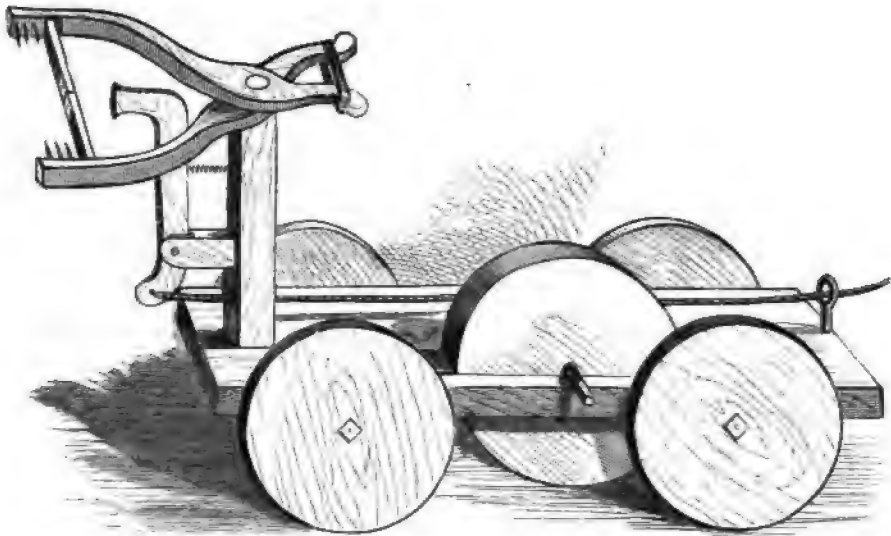
With the rushing blast
I am hurrying past,
'Neath the cold and glittering stars;
Orion bright,
With gems bedight,
And the dull-red gleam of Mars.

Sweet star of love,
Like a brooding dove
Thou look'st, from the azure rent;
So pure and fair,
I hail thee there,
Pride of the firmament.

On, on I glide
O'er the frozen tide;
Nor pause nor rest I know.
The moon shines bright
On her cloud-capped height,
While the shadows sleep below.

Now, far behind,
On the freshening wind,
Come merry voices clear:
More swift I go;
I'm all aglow.
But see! the goal is near.

My breath fails fast.
'Tis won at last!
With grateful joy I feel.
The victory's due
To nought but you,
My fleet and trusty steel!



ED'S ALLIGATOR.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

"THUNDERATION!"

Yes; I suppose it is wrong to use such language. But I guess you would have said something emphatic if you had been sitting quietly in your office, hard at work drawing up a rich man's will, and had just penned the customary words wherein the brevity and uncertainty of human life are acknowledged, when your heel was suddenly penetrated by two rows of sharp teeth, and a terrible pang shot through you, sending a quivering wave of burning pain to the very roof of your skull, while visions of hydrophobia started your eyes from their sockets.

I jumped up from my office chair so suddenly that I tipped it over, and, turning round, saw Tom Lovell, my old schoolmate, now a newspaper editor, who immediately laughed such a laugh as nobody but Tom Lovell can laugh, and he only at the supreme moment when one of his jokes has reached its crisis, and worked to perfection.

As he stood there, laughing at my sudden consternation, he held one end of a string, the other end of which was attached to an alligator. It is quite an old alligator now, and ought to be laid away in the glass case of some museum; but it seems to have just as much snap as when it was young and frisky. Perhaps it is like Tom, who is determined to be a boy as long as he lives.

I had once been intimately acquainted with that alligator; in fact, I was the first person that ever saw it; but now I looked upon it for the first time in many years. Let me tell you its story.

Among my schoolmates—as, I suppose, among the boys of every neighborhood—there were fashions and manias constantly going and coming and changing, like the fashions of older people. One season the mania was all for machines of trickery; and a wonderful amount of mechanical ingenuity was developed. It began with a straddle-bug—a hideous thing made out of a cork burned black, with six crooked wires stuck into it for legs, dangled by a black horse-hair before the eyes of a studious boy, intent upon his book. He was so badly "sold" by it that he could not rest until he had invented something worse to avenge himself with.

A day or two later he was seen with a small box in his hand, on the top of which was a little sort of wind-mill; and when he blew on a goose-quill that stuck out of the end like a stove-pipe from a cottage, the wind-mill performed in a very entertaining manner.

Of course the boys all gathered round admiringly, and all wanted to blow it. After much coaxing, Dick Barnard (for that was the inventor's name) handed it to the boy who had dangled the straddle-bug before his nose. But as he did so, he quietly turned a little knob on the side of the box. When he of the straddle-bug blew in at the goose-quill, instead of the wind-mill revolving, a little port-hole opened,

and out came a stream of mingled flour and pepper, which in an instant covered his entire face, neck, and shoulders, and set him to sneezing terribly.

This was a great event, and all the wits and jackknives were put to work at once. I had a great advantage over the other boys in one respect: my father was a watch-maker, and at the back window of his shop was a little work-bench with a full set of tools, which I could use whenever I wanted to. He always worked at the front window.

Joe Babbage, a tall, strong, and somewhat ungainly boy, had a perfectly good-natured, and yet very disagreeable, way of imposing upon several other boys, of whom I was one, on the play-ground. We could not exactly take it in earnest, and get angry with him; and yet we did not like to be putting up with it continually. The only appropriate revenge was to play tricks on him; and this we did at every opportunity. When the mania I have mentioned broke out, the first question that presented itself to my mind was, how to make Joe Babbage one of its victims.

Joe sat on the fifth seat in front of me. They were pine desks, painted light-blue, boxy-looking affairs, each being a desk behind and a bench in front, the end shaped very much like a letter Z. They were more useful in hiding mischief than in promoting hard study.

There was one time each day, in the sleepiest part of the afternoon, when all who sat on the benches between Joe and me were called away to the arithmetic class. This seemed just the opportunity that was wanted; the only thing to be done was to invent the proper trick.

Joe's trousers were always too short; and one glimpse of the naked ankle, which always occupied one position, — pushed backward slightly, and slanted a little outward, — while he was absorbed in the geography lesson, which would be called for as soon as the arithmetic class was dismissed, — was enough to suggest what the game should be.

After considerable work at the little bench by the back window, I completed the machine which is represented in the engraving. It was a little platform mounted on four wheels, each of which was surrounded with an India rubber band, which rendered it noiseless as it rolled along the floor. The drum near the middle, looking like the wheel-house of a steamboat, contained a spring, which was the motive-power. Cog-wheels, not in sight, connected this with the axle of the hind wheels, so that when it was wound up and placed on the floor,

it would move forward like the toy locomotives, which you have all seen, constructed on the same principle.

A short post on the forward end supported the jaws, which worked somewhat like a pair of scissors. A strong rubber band which passed around the backward ends (what would be the handles of the scissors), tended to shut the jaws, and always did shut them except when they were held apart by the jointed brace. This brace had three hinges, the one in the middle being on the outer side, and the two at the ends being on the inner.

It will be seen readily, by a glance at the engraving, that if the machine should move forward until this brace struck against something, — say a post or a boy's leg, — the brace would double inward, and the jaws, being brought forcibly together by the rubber spring, would bite whatever was between them. Then, if the one who launched the machine forward should begin to pull on the string, the first effect of the pull would be to thrust forward the upper end of the crooked lever between the jaws, which would push the jointed brace into its place again, and open the jaws; and continuing the pulling after the jaws were open would, of course, draw back the whole machine.

This was the alligator, as I named it. Only two other boys, of whom Tom Lovell was one, knew the secret of its existence. I carried it to school in pieces, and watched my chances to get it together and in working order. Of course it was intended for Joe Babbage's benefit. While I was making it I had carefully thought over all the ways of using it, and had laid out a complete plan of procedure. It would not do to use it rashly, as that would probably cause a disturbance at once, and the machine would be discovered and confiscated, and I should stand a chance of receiving more punishment than Joe. He had long been the pest of the play-ground, and we wanted to prolong the avenging torture as much as possible.

I fixed some small pieces of sole-leather with holes corresponding to the alligator's teeth, so that when they were placed on them the teeth were as much shorter as the thickness of the leather. There were several sets of these "mitigators," as I called them, of different thickness.

I had determined to begin on a Monday afternoon, and make the alligator bite Joe regularly once a day for at least a week, beginning with a mere nibble (a sort of baby alligator's bite), and ending with what the boys would call "a regular hog-bite."

I dropped my pencil under the desk, and as I got down to pick it up I "took the bearings," as a sailor would say, of Joe's bare leg, and made a chalk-mark on the floor pointing directly at it.

The arithmetic class was called. Joe was deeply absorbed in his geography lesson, going over the map with a pin, trying to find the Bight of Benin, not dreaming that another kind of bite would presently be searching for him. I took the alligator out of the desk, and put on the thickest mitigators, so that the teeth would only go through the skin. Then I wound it up, set it carefully on the floor, even with the chalk-mark, and let it go, the string running loosely through my hand.

"What is alligation?" said the teacher to the boy at the head of the class.

At that instant Joe Babbage made the acquaintance of a kind of alligation not taught in Greenleaf's Arithmetic. He jumped out of his seat into the aisle, put his foot upon the seat, and began to examine his ankle.

"What are you doing, Joseph?" said the teacher.

"Looking for the bite," said Joe.

"Well," said the teacher, "you'll find it on the map of Africa, just where I showed it to you Friday."

"I don't mean that," said Joe, still rubbing his ankle; "I mean the hornet bite, or something."

The teacher walked down to him.

"Guess a hornet must a flew in the winder and bit me," said Joe, slowly resuming his seat.

Long before this dialogue was ended, the alligator had been drawn back and hoisted into my desk. The next day, at the same hour, I put on thinner mitigators, so that the teeth were a little longer, placed the alligator on the chalk-mark, and launched it forward again.

Joe jumped quicker than before, knocking over an inkstand, so that the stream ran across his Geography, and made it look like nothing but a map of the Blackwater Canal; and up came his foot once more upon the seat.

"Are you looking for the bite again, Joseph?" said the teacher.

The whole school burst into a roar of laughter, which drowned Joe's answer; and the poor fellow blushed, and looked confused, and sat down.

On Wednesday afternoon I put on still thinner mitigators, and once more "sicked" the alligator on Joe. His performance of the day before was repeated, with increased emphasis; and, while the school were tittering, the teacher went to him and examined his ankle.

"Yes," said he, "I see that something seems to have bitten you there; but the place is hardly clean enough for me to tell whether it is an old bite or a fresh one. Keep this window shut, and see if it comes again."

Of course the titter became a roar when the teacher alluded to Joe's want of cleanliness; and once more he was obliged to subside without getting any satisfaction. He drew his feet up under him on the seat, and studied away.

On Thursday afternoon the alligator was pretty fierce. He had on his thinnest mitigators, and all his wheels and joints were newly greased. This time he nabbed Joe's other leg, and seemed to enjoy biting in a fresh spot, for he "took hold lively."

"Ainch!" said Joe; and titter, titter, titter! ha, ha, ha! went the whole school; and down came the teacher in double-quick time.

I greatly feared that the alligator would not be able this time to get back unseen to his hiding-place; but the uproar favored him; and, while I was looking and laughing like all the rest, he was safely stowed away in the desk.

This time Joe's extremities were as clean as could be desired, and the red spots where the teeth went in left no doubt of the freshness of the bite.

"It seems to me," said the teacher, "that must be a hornet of remarkably regular habits. It has bitten you in the same place, at the same hour of the day, every day this week."

"Yes; and what a big one!" said Joe. "See! his mouth reached from there to there!"

"Too big for a hornet," said the teacher, musingly.

"Perhaps it was the great American hornet," said Tom Lovell.

On Friday afternoon Joe determined to look out for himself. Long before the usual hour of his affliction, he drew his feet up under him, and sat on them. While the arithmetic class was reciting, everybody seemed to be thinking of Joe and his mysterious enemy; and their eyes would often wander from their books to him, as if they wanted to be sure of seeing the first effects of the encounter.

Of course, under such discouraging circumstances, no sensible alligator would venture away from home. At length they seemed to give up the expectation; and Joe either gained confidence or forgot himself, for he got tired of his cramped position, and put down his feet a few minutes before the recitation was over.

Out came the watchful alligator, his horrid jaws gaping wide, and not a sign of a mitigator to shorten his terrible teeth. Down to the chalk mark, and away he went!

"G-r-e-a-t C-a-s-a-r!" said Joe, as he leaped

into the air, and lighted in the middle of the aisle, with five or six little streams of blood running down his ankle.

"Yes," said I to myself, as I hoisted the alligator into my desk, "he is a great seizer."

There was a tremendous uproar. The teacher looked serious. He said perhaps it was a rat, and told the boys to move Joe's desk and the three or four nearest to it, and see if there was any rat-hole. They found quite a large knot-hole in the floor under the desk in front of Joe's, and concluded that must be it.

Tom Lovell strongly advocated the rat theory, and told several stories of large, fierce rats that had attacked people in broad daylight. Finally the teacher said to Joe, —

"Wear a pair of thick boots next week, and I will change your seat, and I guess then you'll be safe."

Of course this would have put an end to the game, if it had not been played out already. So I quickly took the alligator to pieces, and carried it home. It seems that the third boy, who knew the secret, couldn't keep it any longer, for one or two of his particular friends became possessed of it.

Saturday afternoon, while I was gone fishing, a well-meaning, but rather unsophisticated, boy, who thought he would like to make an alligator after my pattern, went to our house and inquired for me. When told that I was not at home, he asked mother if she would "please let him take Ed's alligator." She could not imagine what he meant, and asked him to explain. The boy saw that he had made a blunder, looked confused, said it was "no matter," and went away.

As soon as I came home from my fishing I was called upon to explain about the mysterious alligator. So I brought it out, and gave them a practical illustration of its ferocious disposition, by making it bite Moses, the family cat sitting on the rug. Moses went right out through a window which was not open, and, of course, he spoiled a pane of glass.

Mother admired the mechanical construction of the affair, but did not consider it a useful member of society, and ordered me to consign it to the garret, which I did. I don't know how many years ago that was, but a good many.

One night last week the house next to that one where we used to live caught fire; and the protectives, thinking the fire was not likely to be mastered soon, carried out all the things from the houses near it. When they came to restore them, they found among them a queer little machine, which no one knew the use of,

and which every family declared was no part of *their* furniture. So it was deposited in the police office as unclaimed property.

A day or two later, Tom's assistant, the local reporter, wrote for the paper a long article about a wonderful discovery that had been made at the recent fire. It said that in a long-unused garret of one of the threatened houses had been found "a strange machine — probably a small and imperfect model of some great ideal not fully developed from the mind of the originator. And beside it, on the garret floor, was the skeleton of the poor, starved inventor, with a rusty chisel still grasped in the bony hand."

Tom knew that his assistant was more imaginative than accurate, and so he always read every bit of the copy before it was sent to the printers.

"Have you seen this curious machine?" said he, when he had finished reading the article.

"O, yes," answered the reporter. "It is down at the police office. And I think it would pay to get up a cut of it."

"And have you seen the skeleton?"

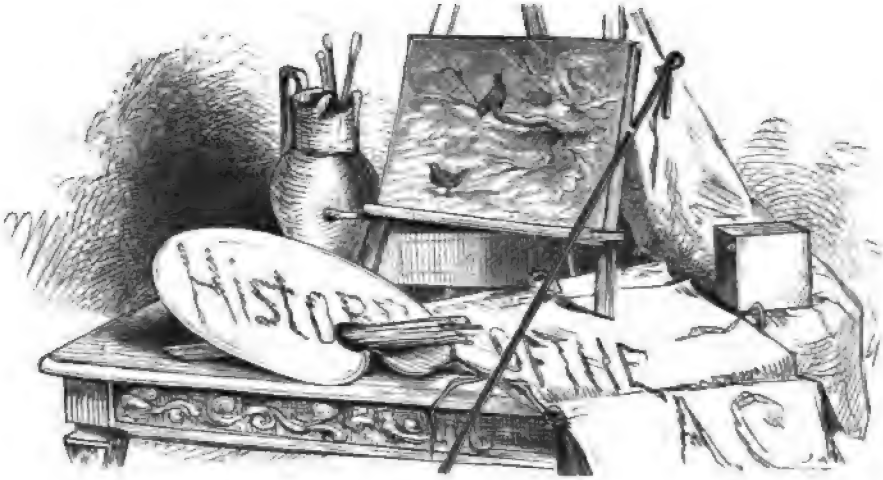
"Well, no," said the reporter, "not the whole of it. But I saw one bone."

"I think I'll go down and look at the machine before we give out that article," said Tom, putting on his hat.

When he arrived at the police office, he at once recognized the alligator, and had no difficulty in getting the sergeant to let him take it away. He brought it straight to my office, opened the door softly, and, without stopping to put on any mitigators, or considering that the teeth were now covered with rust, immediately proceeded to hoist me with my own petard. His entire success is indicated by the exclamation that opens this story.

Most of my young readers have probably heard the proverb, "Curses, like chickens, come home to roost." I can now give them another, very much like it, which I believe to be equally true: Alligators always bite their keepers at last.

— THE present Houses of Parliament in London cover nearly eight acres of ground, and cost over fifteen millions of dollars. The façade on the Thames is nine hundred and forty feet long. The clock tower is forty feet square, and three hundred and twenty feet high. The Victoria tower is eighty feet square, and three hundred and forty feet high. The sovereign's entrance is here, at a beautiful archway, sixty-five feet high.



HISTORY OF THE A. O.

BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.

UNANNOUNCED we enter a lovely studio: soft gray walls, covered with the trophies of many a sketching tour, attract the eye, while in every nook and corner there is something curious or rare to excite the curiosity. She whose artistic hand has touched these four bare walls, and made them glow with beauty, sits at her easel in the fading November light, putting the last touches to a Christmas picture. A diminutive figure, quite enveloped in a large painting-apron, she is known to the world as Rachel Long.

"An evident misnomer," says lively niece Nell, who towers above her by a head or more. "Poor auntie, ironically named *Long* because she is *short*. Aunt Ray is quite sufficient for so *petite* an individual."

So aunt Ray she is to the nieces and nephews to whom her studio is a delightful haunt.

A double rat-tat at the door hardly waits for the cordial "Come in," but shows itself immediately—a ruddy, curly-headed boy of fourteen, accompanied by a "Hullo!" and a pile of school-books. Without much ceremony, the books are deposited upon the floor, the boy upon the lounge.

"Now, see here, aunt Ray! I always gave you credit for common sense; but anybody who will work in such a light, imminently endangering the peregrinations of the optic nerve, must be rather deficient in the locality of the cerebrum or cerebellum."

Aunt Ray smiled quietly, being quite used to

Rob's "highfalutin'," and began to scrape up her palette and wipe her brushes.

"She must love to do it," continued Rob, soliloquizing; "to sit from morning till night painting, when she might be coasting or skating! But, then, if I could make such pictures, I might like it, too. See here, aunt Ray,"—and he pulled his drawing-book from the pile of school-books,— "don't you feel proud of your neevy? Here's my last work of art—a tumble-down old pile, popularly called a castle, with a scraggy old tree that is not fit for firewood. What do you suppose I care about *that*? If the teacher'd let me draw horses or dogs, there might be some fun in it. As it is, I just *hate* my drawing, and I always get marked down on it, and that lowers my rank, while in everything that *is* anything I stand at the head. And then father looks severe, and mother looks shocked, and there's a row generally."

Having at last come to a period, Rob stopped for breath and sympathy. Aunt Ray smiled, and then looked more serious as she turned the leaves of the despised book.

"I think," she said, gently, "a lad of your size could at least keep his pages clean."

Rob blushed a little at the rebuke.

"Well, you see, a fellow has to rub out so much! at least, I do, for the lines never go where they ought to: and then the rubber makes a smooch, and then I get mad, and don't care what happens."

"Yes; I know how it is: if you would think longer before making a line, it would be surer to be right; if you made it lightly, it would rub out easily if wrong; and if you kept cool, patience would get you out of your

difficulties. But I feel sure you *can* learn to draw well, and to *love* it, too; but I doubt whether this is the way to do it."

"I've no doubt," said Rob, decidedly. "I may draw till doomsday, I shan't like it. I don't think boys ought to draw, any way: it's mere girl's work."

"If I had a boy and girl," said aunt Ray, "and could teach but one of them drawing, I think it would be the boy, provided there was no special talent in either case, but it was intended merely as an accomplishment. As a general thing, girls have many occupations for leisure hours; but every accomplishment you teach a boy lessens so much the temptations to idleness and bad companions. Now let us talk this over. There is no getting away from the drawing — is there?"

"I suppose not," rather dolorously.

"Very well then, what must be, must be; would it not be better to face the difficulty manfully, and conquer it?"

No answer.

"I feel sure that *I* could *interest* you in drawing."

"If I had you for a teacher it would be different."

"Well, I have long wanted a little class upon which to practise my theories. Will you join it?"

Rob hesitated. With the utmost confidence in his aunt's opinion, he was not to be convinced that pleasure lay in the way of drawing-lessons.

Aunt Rachel continued: "Nell and Mollie are eager to begin; and don't you think Lucy Morse and Percy would like to join us?"

"Of course they would," said Rob, with dawning enthusiasm; for prospects brightened if Lucy and Percy were to be of the number.

"With your brother Willie, we shall have six — just what my room will accommodate. All come to my room this evening, and we will arrange it."

No sooner was tea over, and Percy and Lucy Morse, who lived neighbors, notified of the proposed *talk*, than the six girls and boys trooped into the studio. A cheerful wood fire on the hearth served for light and warmth, and in its fitful glow the room looked even more enchanting than by day. The walls stretched away indefinitely — corners grew mysterious; the easel, hung with the painting-apron and crowned with aunt Rachel's hat, seemed extending a rather stiff welcome, while the lay figure in the corner, draped in white, with arms dramatically outstretched, looked ghostly enough. and in the flaring light

seemed to nod and beckon in a most blood-chilling manner to one unused to its harmless ways. Rob had christened this figure Demosthenes, and was fond of posing it in striking attitudes. The ferns upon the wall duplicated themselves in lively shadows, and the quaint old chairs seemed so sociably disposed that it required but a little imagination to hear them discourse of the hundred years of their eventful lives.

As the eager buzz of questions and answers gave no sign of quieting itself, Rob called the meeting to order peremptorily, with the mahlstick, and begged aunt Ray to "rise to explain." Signifying to her that his use of the word *rise* was metaphorical, she was permitted to remain sitting, and requested to "drive ahead."

"Perhaps it is my hobby," she began, "but I think art-study is an important element in the moral progress of the world. To teach a child to draw correctly gives him not only a pastime, or a possible means of earning a livelihood, but better than this, it opens his eye to the whole created world of beauty as nothing else can. For to draw well a tree or a flower one must see it with new eyes, must know and love it; and one cannot come to know well the works of creation, observing their beauty and order, without becoming wiser and better. Then there is scarcely a position in life to which a knowledge of drawing may not add something of richness or worth. No kind of manufacture in which the artistic taste may not be applied or the draughting pencil be made available. American manufactures can never compete with foreign in taste and beauty until the same means shall be taken here as there to produce artisans, namely, art schools, which graduate skilled draughtsmen. In this country we are beginning to have a glimmering sense of what we need in the way of art culture, but as yet the first step is hardly taken. So much for the *utility* of the thing. Then, as a source of pleasure, the knowledge of drawing is capable of affording the highest delight; and before the winter is over, I have no doubt you will be longing for the drawing day as for a holiday, and be spending your spare moments filling numberless sketch-books as a recreation."

Rob entered a decided protest against any such expectation as far as he was concerned.

"I hope I have convinced you how very desirable a thing we have in view, and to further this end I propose a club."

"Art Club shall we style ourselves, aunt Ray?"

"I think A. C. would sound better," said Nell; "a little more modest. To style our productions art, Rob's in particular, requires too great a stretch of the imagination."

Rob bowed his acknowledgment of the implied compliment.

"I think A. C. will do very well," said aunt Ray. "It certainly is unpretending, and for the present we shall be not only an A. C. but an A. B. C. Whatever special taste or desires you may develop in the future, the preliminary steps are the same for all. The same principle foreshortens alike a box and an arm, the side of a house and the leg of a horse. Shall we meet, then, Wednesday afternoons and Saturday evenings?"

"Can we draw in the evening?"

"Certainly. Artificial light, if strong, is especially good, as it is always the same, and the shadows made by it are unvarying. Next Wednesday afternoon, then, at three o'clock I shall expect you precisely at three, armed with pencil, paper, and a drawing-board. All those in favor say, Ay. 'Tis a vote."

On Wednesday afternoon the A. C. assembled punctually; even Mollie, who was always *expected* to be late, came to time. To be sure the day was rainy, and there were no counter attractions which may diminish somewhat from the credit due.

"We will hope this may always be so," said aunt Rachel. "My preparations are quite simple, as you see. You are all to draw this large, square box which you see upon this low table; and you are to sit in these chairs, seven or eight feet from it, resting your drawing-boards upon the back of the chair in front. Such an arrangement gives much more freedom to the arm than drawing upon a table. If you had never drawn at all, I should exercise you a while upon straight and curved lines and simple geometrical forms. As you have all done this, and know the nature of them, we will proceed at once to the box. You see it is a cube — the simplest form upon which to learn perspective. I have painted it white that you may the more easily perceive its light and shade; and I have hung this plain gray cloth behind it that nothing near it may distract the eye. Now give me your attention for a few moments, and I will give you the whole theory of perspective in a nutshell. In looking at an object, you see it not as it is, but as it appears under the laws of perspective, and it is this appearance of things which the artist strives to get. It is the way things

look, and not what they are, that you must see and represent. The first law of perspective is this — *that the farther a thing is from the eye, the smaller it looks*. Too simple a truth to need illustration. And the second law we will illustrate by the box. All sit in a row opposite the side marked A B E F. (Fig. 1.)

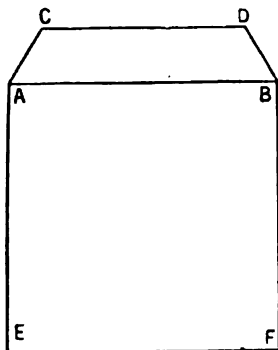


Fig. 1.

The top of your drawing-board is now parallel with the line A B, or a continuation of that line, you perceive. You would then represent A B and its parallel E F by lines parallel with the top of your board — would you not? All lines seen to be parallel with the top of the board must be so drawn on the paper. This we will call being parallel with the picture-plane.

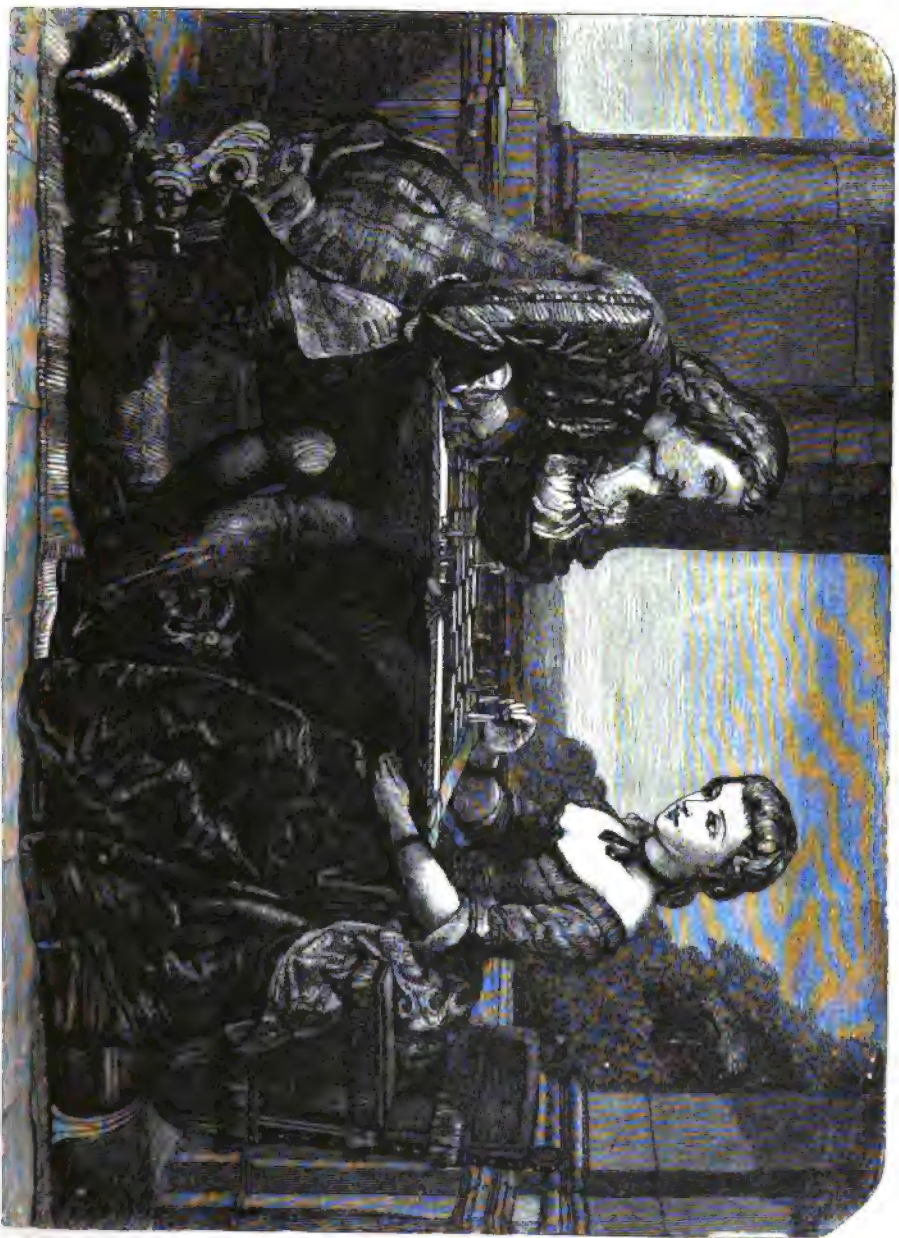
"If, now, the box is below the eye, so that you can see the top of it, where do you see the line C D? above or below the line A B?"

"Above."

"Then the lines A C and B D connecting A B to C D appear to slant up — do they not? And if I raise the box high above your head, the same lines will appear to slant down, proving the second great truth in perspective, that *lines above the eye* (not parallel to the picture-plane) *slant down, and similar lines below the eye slant up*. On these two truths hang most of the laws of perspective. Remembering them, you cannot go wholly wrong; having them always in mind, the eye learns to judge with great accuracy the direction of lines.

"I will now turn the box with its corner B F towards you, and raise it until the point B is on a level with your eyes, — supposing them to be all of a height. As you now see, the lines A B and B D, being neither above nor below the eye, can slant neither up nor down, but must form one continuous line, corresponding to the horizon line, — which of course is always at the height of the eye, —

A GAME OF CHESS.—THE IMPENDING MATE.



thus. (Fig. 2.) The moment I lower the box the same lines begin to slant up, according to law second. Of course, the more I lower it, the more they slant up. I will say no more now, but bid you all draw what you think you see. Willie may sit just opposite this side, Rob directly opposite the corner B F, so that the point C comes directly over B. You see as much of one side as the other — do you not? The two sides must be drawn then

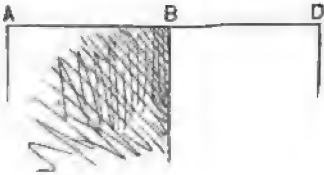


Fig. 2

just alike. Percy and Nell see it from this side; Mollie and Lucy from this. You have now all different views, but the principles upon which you draw them are the same.

"I will only suggest further, that you draw, first, the vertical line nearest you, to serve as a guide and measurement for the rest."

There was a busy silence for a time. Soon Rob announced his drawing ready for inspection.

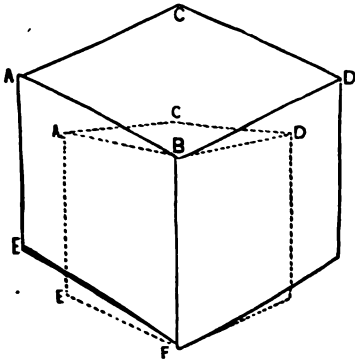


Fig. 3

"You have forgotten that I could raise the box but a very little before A B — B D would be one horizontal line. You see far less of the top than you suppose, as I will prove. I hold this yardstick close to the corner B F. How high is the box? — eighteen inches. Now tell me when the point C, which is directly over the point B, seems to touch the stick — at twenty-two inches. Then the top of the box appears — owing to the foreshortening — to be between a fourth and fifth of

the height only, while yours is nearly equal. I now hold the yardstick across the corner, parallel with your board, and ask you to notice the apparent width of the sides of the box — twelve inches, two thirds of the height. Now correct your drawing with a dotted line, not erasing it, and you will see the difference."

Profiting by the lesson to Rob, Percy had realized that he saw less than he supposed of the top.

"But you have forgotten," said aunt Ray, "that if lines on a level with the eye slant not at all, the farther they are below the eye the more they slant up, or, if above, slant down. Look through the window at the roof of the church, and notice how the lines run in comparison with the horizontal base of the sash. You see the line of the ridge-pole slants down more than the line of the eaves. I trace it thus on the glass with a little ink. A pane of glass marked off in squares and held between

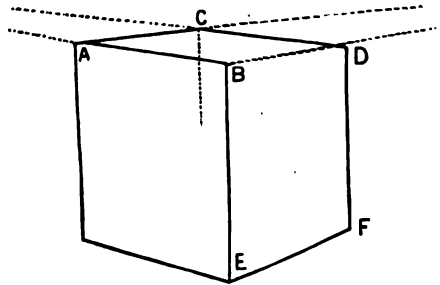


Fig. 4

the eye and object will teach one more of actual perspective than all the books. In the absence of glass, I have stretched this muslin upon a frame. Hold it before you, Percy, and trace upon it with charcoal the outlines of the box seen through it. Now you see exactly how the box looks to you."

"But why didn't you give us this in the beginning?"

"Because this is never to be used at first; otherwise your work would be only a copy. After doing your best by your eye, this comes in like a good teacher, and criticises."

"Pass me the critic, then," said Nell, "and I'll try to be merciful," she added, grasping the little frame tragically.

"'Twill be better than merciful — 'twill be just," said aunt Ray.

"This corner, C, is rather out of place, I find; I didn't know where to put it." (Fig. 4.)

"You should have noticed what point of the line A B it was above. A good many relative

things of this kind may be quite accurately determined by holding a pencil before the eye vertically or horizontally, as the case may require, and noting the direction of lines with reference to it — the angles formed by other lines meeting it, and the points which it cuts.

"In Lucy's drawing (fig. 5), we see she has forgotten that the line A C is farther from her than the line B D, and consequently a trifle shorter, which will of course cause the lines A B and C D — in reality parallel lines — to appear to approach each other, until, if extended far enough, they would meet in this case at the horizon, as *do all lines parallel with the surface of the earth.*

"The same is true of A E. A E appears shorter than B F because farther from the eye, — consequently the lines E F and A B approach each other, and would meet at the horizon.

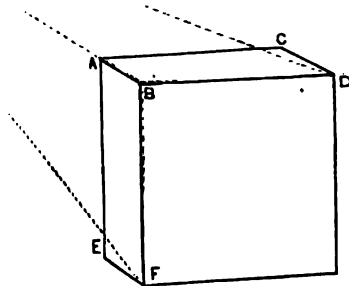


Fig. 5.

"*All parallel lines parallel with the earth's surface meet at the horizon, if continued so far. And all lines parallel with each other and the earth's surface and perpendicular to the picture plane meet at the point of sight, namely, that point of the horizon directly opposite the eye of the spectator.* These are important facts in perspective, the natural sequence of law first. A railroad track vanishing in the distance is a familiar illustration of this. And now we will call our first session ended. Before the next, I hope each of you will make several sketches — the more the better — of boxes, books, tables, and simple houses, according to these principles, that they may be thoroughly fixed in the mind before we go on. And if the lesson to-day has been rather dull, remember that the foundation of a temple is never as interesting as the towers and pinnacles which crown it; but it is nevertheless much more important, as without the former the latter are impossible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO MARJORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NO BABY IN THE HOUSE."

LONG lie the shadows, Geraldine;
Life's day is nearly done;

A tired face is this, I ween,
Turned to the setting sun.
A tired face, and tired eyes
Dim with too many tears;
Sad with the sights when tears arise,
Through all these busy years.

I mind me well, ah! long ago,
I was a bairnie wee,
And hardly stood, on full tip-toe,
High as my mother's knee:
Her eyes were fond; and thought has
wings;
She dreamed — I scarce would care
To tell the great and glorious things
That I should do and dare.

I had a playmate — Marjory Dean;
More womanly than I;
Fair as your fair self, Geraldine,
With eyes as sweet and shy.
Alike in years, alike in names, —
What shade could come between?
The lassie called me Marjory Ames;
And she — fair Marjory Dean.

My Marjory dear, your mother's gold,
And siller white to see,
But vainly bade you to be cold
To poor and humble me.
I, born to serve; you, proud and high, —
Both rebels to the thought;
For wealth may most of treasures buy,
But love can not be bought.

Her mother builded castles, too,
For Marjory rich and fair;
The greatest names too little grew*
For one so bright to bear.
And now, this many a year, I ween,
The long grass maketh moan
Above the place where Marjory Dean,
Forgotten, sleeps alone.

My hair is white, dear Geraldine,
My dim eyes hardly see;
Wrinkled, and bent, and weak, I seem
Each year to grow more wee;
But Marjory is forever fair,
She is forever young, —
Heaven's own light in her golden hair,
Its music on her tongue.

WOLF RUN;

OR,

THE BOYS OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER I.

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

WITHIN a stone's throw of a dwelling built of timber, to serve the double purpose both of shelter and defence, a remarkably strong-built, ruddy-cheeked man, apparently about twenty-three years of age, was hoeing corn, and whom, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the preceding story of the series, we will introduce as Mr. Edward Honeywood.

The valley in which this rude habitation, half house, half fortress, stood, had received from the settlers the name of Wolf Run; and the man thus busily occupied — like the seed that, borne on the wings of November winds, catches here and there, till finally, finding a lodgment in some sheltered nook, becomes rooted to the soil, and wanders no more — had already passed through a strange experience. When a child, picked up drifting in the English Channel, and brought to Baltimore, he found shelter in the house of a kind-hearted blacksmith and gunsmith, who sent him to school, and taught him a portion of both trades. His benefactor being accidentally killed in his own shop, the lad was again homeless, though now capable of labor. He next fell into the hands of a frontiersman, Bradford Holdness by name, living in the valley of the Alleghanies, in whose family, treated as a son, he grew up to manhood, learned to hunt, trap, and till the soil, — the latter occupation being his chosen employment, — and attaining remarkable skill in the use of the rifle.

By prudence and success in hunting and trapping, Honeywood obtained sufficient to purchase the land on which we find him at work, married the daughter of an emigrant from Vermont by the name of Blanchard, and, after experiencing such hardships during childhood and youth, was now in possession of a farm, fertile, and well stocked in proportion to the number of acres cleared. His family consisted of himself, wife, and two children.

The community of Wolf Run comprised some twenty families, living several miles apart, in different clearings. Honeywood was some two miles distant from Holdness, in whose family he had grown up, and about

three from Blanchard, his father-in-law. His house and the principal portion of his tillage land were situated upon a point, or ox-bow, as the settlers termed it, formed by the curves of the most capricious of streams, the Raystown branch of the Juniata. A narrow isthmus connected the ox-bow with the main shore, caused by the waters of a large brook that washed away the soil up one side.

Many such settlements were to be found among the valleys and coves, as they were called, of Pennsylvania at that period, — the year of grace 1755, — gradually creeping west, exciting the apprehensions and hostility of the Indians, on whose hunting-ground many of them trespassed without hesitation.

This settlement, however, small and isolated as it was, presented several features not often found among so small a number of inhabitants. The majority of them were Scotch-Irish, who had received the rudiments of education, and were disposed to obtain their living by tilling the soil, rather than by hunting or trapping, resorting to those occupations only as a diversion, or means of supplying their families with food and clothing, while bringing the land under cultivation, and obtaining a stock of cattle and hogs.

This little settlement enjoyed other advantages, by no means common in new places of much larger proportions. There were among them two mechanics: Honeywood could work in iron, though it was but recently he had been able to obtain an anvil and some few tools; while Israel Blanchard, his father-in-law, and the brother of Israel, Seth, could work in wood, and had a good stock of common tools.

Seth Blanchard was what is termed, in common parlance, a handy man; for, though his trade was that of a carpenter, he could lay brick, make wheels, weld and temper iron and steel, plaster, make shoes, farming tools, work on the land, and possessed a mechanical ingenuity that was equal to any emergency.

Our young readers will perceive that two such men, especially as Honeywood could repair firearms, were invaluable in a new and isolated settlement.

There was but one respect in which Mr. Seth was deficient: though not a coward, he was not accustomed to the use of weapons; and, while Honeywood was skilled in all forest lore, could handle the bow and the tomahawk with all the facility of an Indian, and it was certain death to come within the range of his rifle, it is very doubtful whether uncle Seth could have hit an elephant at twenty yards; and he often got lost in the woods, going after the cows.

We trust our young friends possess too much practical knowledge to smile when we add, as a matter of primary importance, that the Blanchards owned a whip-saw, and thus boards could be manufactured equal in quality to the products of the water-mill. In every family there were to be found persons of sincere piety, belonging to different religious persuasions. Honeywood, though always from childhood the subject of deep religious impressions, had never spoken of them except to Mrs. Raymond, a Quakeress, who kept house for Mr. Clavell during his residence with the latter. But at his marriage he resolved to be no longer thus reticent, and, the first night he passed in his new house, set up family worship.

Thus, amid this handful of settlers in a mountain gorge, hemmed in by the wilderness, existed the germs of power, culture, and progress — the husbandman, the mechanic, the soldier, and that without which no true growth is possible, the spirit, though not the forms, of religion; a state of feeling and longing of soul that in time would inevitably produce them.

It was a period of suspense and feverish anxiety to the settlers of Wolf Run, in common with all frontier inhabitants, both east and west. For some years they had been living in continual apprehension of an Indian war. But a short time before the date of our tale, a large force of British troops, commanded by a major-general, together with a thousand provincials, accustomed to all the wiles of Indian warfare, had marched from Fort Cumberland to capture the French fortress at the forks of the Ohio, and overawe the Indian tribes inclined to side with them. Holdness, his son George, — between whom and Honeywood existed the strongest attachment, — Putnam, the next in age, and several more of the settlers, had gone in the ranks of the provincial force.

Such extravagant ideas in respect to the prowess of British regulars were at that time current in the colonies, that no doubt was entertained in respect to the capture of the fort, and the defeat of the French and their savage allies; still, in the absence of those topics of general interest that, in more densely populated places, serve to occupy the mind, the subject matter, both of thought and conversation, was the probable result of the expedition against Fort Duquesne.

Aside from these sources of interest and expectation of a general nature, that he shared in common with his neighbors, Ned Honeywood (we beg pardon for the familiar term)

had in his personal affairs met with encouragements that rendered the year now passing one of marked character to him.

The fourth day of January his good wife had presented him with a fine boy, whom, in the fullness of his heart, he had named after his benefactor, Henry Clavell. Since his marriage, he had devoted himself, heart and soul, to the cultivation of the land; and, in consequence of relinquishing hunting and trapping almost wholly, seldom had any money, it being hard times, and trade carried on mostly by barter; but during the present spring he had sold his beef, corn, grain, and pork for army use, and was then in possession of a small stock of hard money.

He was then at work upon the first land cleared on the place; and the stump of the first tree cut (now sending up vigorous sprouts), that he meant to preserve as a memorial, stood among the hills of corn he was hoeing. Heretofore he had always planted and sowed on burns; but this land was now, for the first time, ploughed, and it presented a very rough appearance, not having been cleared long enough for the stumps to rot out to any great extent. Some of the smaller ones had, however, decayed, many of the larger ones partially, and, by a free use of the axe and a strong team, Ned had managed to tear the former out. They were piled around the larger stumps, in enormous pyramids, to dry, being at the time too wet to burn; but, notwithstanding their unsightly appearance, increased by the fact that there were no regular rows, the hills of corn standing here and there all over the land, — sometimes so close to a large stump that they could only be got at with the hoe on one side, — a stouter and handsomer crop of corn never grew out of the ground.

If there were stumps and pyramids of roots, there was not a pigeon-weed — that pest of new lands — nor any blackberry or raspberry bushes to be seen, neither sprouts from the stumps, except those on that of the memorial tree, which Ned intended (God willing) should remain at least as long as he did.

Near the edge of the lot nearest the house, a large tree had been torn up; and when, in clearing the land, the stump was severed from the trunk, it had fallen partly back into its original bed, thus leaving a large vacant space between the stump and the ground. Around this a great pile of old roots had been made, in order that, when dry, the whole might be burned together.

The little four-year-old had detected an open-

ing in the pile of roots, through which he managed to crawl into the cavity. This was a discovery that made the child's heart glad. Here by handfuls he brought hay from the barn, last year's acorns, hickory nuts, and old pine knots, that had become hollow with age, to put his nuts in, wild flowers, queer-shaped stones, and all those odds and ends precious to the little child as gems to children of larger growth. A favorite corner was reserved for his kitten and rag-baby. The coon was too mischievous to be allowed there, and was most of the time shut up, or led by a string.

Honeywood, as he plied his task, seemed to be in a very happy frame of mind: his lips would move as though talking to himself; and now and then he would lean upon his hoe, draw a long breath, and a glad smile break over his features.

Upon one of these occasions his attention was arrested by the words, "Coop! coop!" in the sharp tones of a child's voice, evidently proceeding from beneath a pile of roots. Paying no heed to the summons, he resumed his work.

"Father, you don't know where I be."

No answer.

"Coop! Coop!"

"I can't come now, child: I'm busy."

"Father, I want you to come and see my cubby-house. I want you to see kitty play with the acorns."

No answer.

"Father, I want you to come."

There was a little quaver in the tones, that went to the fond parent's heart; and, going to the spot, he peered into the opening, by getting down on his knees, to the unbounded delight of the child, who displayed all the treasures of his retreat.

It was now about five o'clock in the afternoon. Unperceived by her husband, Sarah Honeywood had come out with the babe in her arms, and stood watching him as he continued his work.

"Edward!"

"Well, wife?"

"Pray, what have you been thinking about that makes you so very happy? You've been smiling and talking to yourself this ever so long."

"Lots of things. I was thinking what Lord Courtenay's steward would say to such a piece of land as this, or my father, if he had to plough it. There, when they cut down a tree, they dig up every root and save it for firewood; and yet, after all their ploughing and manuring, picking up every rock as big as a marble,

they can't raise such a crop as I can in this rough way, among the stumps. And that set me to thinking how many acres my old father has ploughed for other folks, and never owned a foot of land himself; delving, slaving all his life; and, if he had an ache or pain, frightened for fear he should be sick, and we all starve together."

"Was that all?"

"All? No: I was thinking God had given me a good wife and these little ones, and we had our place paid for, and enough of it cleared to give us bread, and sheep and cattle, and a little money, if anything happened, and that this army of General Braddock's would soon settle matters with the French and Indians, and then we should have privileges, and go ahead."

"How will that give us privileges?"

"Why, in this way: here is a little handful of us poor people, camped down here in the woods because we could get land for little or nothing, and were willing to risk our lives, and leave everything else behind us; and all we've got is the land — no roads, no market, no schools, no gospel, no mill to grind our grain, and thankful to keep the hair on our heads. But when this French and Indian war is over, people will move in, and people, too, that have property, and we shall have roads and mills; or, if not, we can help ourselves. I can set up a blacksmith's shop, and your uncle Seth and the rest of us *could* build a mill."

"You wouldn't want to leave the farm and go into a shop; and there would not be work enough to give you a living if you did."

"No; but I could work in the winter; and I could learn the trade to some of the boys; and the thing would grow."

"I came out to call you to supper. Is it not time to hear something from the army?"

"Yes, about time for them to get news at Fort Cumberland."

"Coop! Coop!"

"There! there's Eddie: he's got a cubby-house under that stump; and we shall have to go and see it. Give me the baby."

The fond father took the child; but when they reached the spot, nothing short of having baby in the cubby-house would content Master Eddie, and, to still further complicate the matter, baby wanted to go. In this posture of affairs, the father was obliged to enlarge the entrance sufficiently to admit his own head and shoulders, and put in the baby, after which this happy little family made their way leisurely to the house.

CHAPTER II.

HARRY SUMERFORD.

HONEYWOOD held the child while his wife put the victuals on the table. They were just about to sit down when he exclaimed, looking out of the window, —

"Sarah, I see somebody coming through the woods — a boy; looks about the size of Cal Holdness; but the bushes hide him. Let's wait till he comes."

"It's Henry Sumerford, husband."

In a few moments a boy, apparently about seventeen years of age, entered, with a rifle in his hand, dressed in a hunting-shirt, and moccasins on his feet. He was not large for his years, but with a firm-knit frame, betokening great activity, and brown as a nut from constant exposure to the weather.

"Good evening, Henry," said Honeywood; "sit along and take a bite of supper with us. I never see you but you have a gun in your hand; do you take it to bed with you? There's nothing to shoot this time of year that's fit either for meat or fur."

"No, sir; but a rifle's kind of company to a body on a long road, and I thought there might be some fowl in the river."

"I hope, Henry," said Mr. Honeywood, "now your father is gone, and your mother depends on you, as the oldest boy, you will do the best you can, and not let the rifle run away with you."

"Didn't you love a rifle when you was a boy like me, Mr. Honeywood?"

"Indeed I did, Harry, and do now; but I never let it take too much time from my work; there is reason in all things; and there's no great profit in throwing away powder and lead on vermin."

"I mean, when I am free, to be a hunter and trapper, and then I can live in the woods, and shoot as much as I like. I think it must be a bunkum way for a man to get his living by his rifle."

"No, it ain't, my lad; it's a very uncertain way: better have a good piece of land under foot, and then hunt once in the while to help the meat barrel, or get a little ready money; but to follow it for a living, there is too much uncertainty, and too much broken time; an old, worn-out hunter or trapper is a good deal like an old wolf — a poor affair, after all. Never have anything but a rifle, blanket, pair of snow-shoes, and a few traps; don't add anything to society; live on the outside of creation, and beat the bush for somebody else to catch the bird. I hear you are very good

with a rifle, and I am glad of it; I would not say anything to discourage you; but don't let it kill all love for work on the farm; if you do you'll miss it, and be sorry when it's too late to mend."

"I expect, Mr. Honeywood, some of the neighbors have been telling you bad stories about me."

"Nothing very bad, Harry; only they say you are as smart as chain lightning, if you have a mind to be, and can turn off work; but you won't do anything on the land if you can help it, and think of nothing but ranging round with a rifle; that's what made me speak as I have. I thought you would take it better from an old hunter; it was kindly spoken and kindly meant; and now you will stop the night with us, for I don't think you was ever here before in your life."

"I know your advice is good, Mr. Honeywood, and ever since father went into the army I've been trying to be steadier to my work. Mother sent me over to see if you would let us have a mule to go to mill, because our horse is lame, and it's hard for Elick and I to pound corn, and she said I might stay all night."

"You may have a mule or the horse, just which you like."

"If it's all the same to you, sir, I'd much sooner have the horse."

Mr. Honeywood then took Harry over the place to look at the cattle and crops; and after returning to the house, showed him a rifle that had belonged to Henry Clavell, his benefactor, and which he had recently bought of Mr. Baxter Clavell's heir, and told Harry what shots he had seen Clavell make with it.

"I'm afraid you'll think me very bold, Mr. Honeywood, but I would give anything to see you shoot with that rifle, I've heard so much tell about your shooting."

"I will in the morning, and you shall shoot too, on condition that you take my advice about sticking to work; at any rate, while your father is gone."

"I will, Mr. Honeywood, do the best that ever I can; but I should look well shooting with you."

He did, however, shoot with Honeywood, received many compliments from him, and went away on the horse in high spirits.

"There's a good deal in that boy, wife," said Honeywood, after his departure. "I always liked the turn of him when he used to come to play with Cal Holdness. He is going to make a sharp-shooter; there are not many men in this run can outdo him now; he



"HARRY RESTED THE RIFLE OVER A LOG, AND PULLED." Page 42.

has good judgment, quick sight, and steady nerves."

"I'm sure I never heard a harmful word of him; everybody gives him the credit of being a good-principled boy, only he is crazy to be hunting and trapping; and I am glad you said what you did to him."

At the return of Harry, it was very evident that so far from being offended with Mr. Honeywood's plain speaking, it, on the other hand, had made a very favorable impression upon him; and that he had, moreover, conceived a great liking for his adviser. This was manifest from the time chosen by him to bring the horse home, which was the latter part of the afternoon, when he might expect to be invited to spend the night. Honeywood viewed his act in that light, and was gratified, for he had formed a high opinion of the lad's principles and capacity, having seen a great deal of him when himself a member of the family of Holdness, with whose boys Harry often associated.

After supper and milking, Honeywood went to fold the sheep; Harry accompanied him; and when the sheep were in the pen they sat down to talk. After telling his host the news he had heard at the mill, Harry said, —

"Mr. Honeywood, on the way to the mill and back (for I had to ride step and step), I thought over what you said, and as I don't want you to have a worse opinion of me than I deserve, I thought, when I got a chance, I would tell you a few things, if you wouldn't think it kind of bragging on myself."

"That's the very thing I should like to have you do, Harry, for I have always felt you didn't have the credit that you deserved. Cal Holdness, your playmate, said the same, and used to tell me so."

"I never was a *lazy* boy, Mr. Honeywood, and I'll tell you how I got into such a way of shooting, tracking game, and took such a longing for being in the woods, that it is victuals and drink. You see, when father come on ter his place, he was very poor; it took all he could muster to pay part down for his land and git on it with one cow, a mule, and a family of young children. I was the oldest; and all the house we had was some poles set up agin a high ledge, and some bark on 'em and up agin the sides."

"I remember all about it."

"The first year father raised a little corn on a piece of ground where he had girdled the trees; but it was a wet summer, and a good

many of the trees (the beech and poplar) leaved and shaded the corn, and an early frost nipped it so there was very little sound corn. When spring came we were awfully put to it; father said he never would plant again among girdled trees, and was falling for a burn. We had no bread; barely corn enough for seed; sometimes we didn't taste of bread for a fortnight, only milk and greens. Game was scarce; father couldn't spend time to hunt, 'cause he must chop, and was sometimes so faint and dizzy with hunger that he couldn't stand to chop. Sometimes father would shoot a coon, or squirrel, or catch a fish or two; but he was trying all he could to get something in the ground."

"How old was you?"

"I was goin' to say I was eleven, comin' twelve, and I was alkers a great hand for trackin' or findin' any creetur more'n most boys; 'twas kind of nat'ral. One day I heard mother prayin' to God to send us somethin' to keep us from starvin'; it made me feel raal bad. I thought I'd try and do somethin'."

"What could you do?"

"I'll tell you, sir. I wasn't 'lowed to touch father's rifle, but I had a smooth-bore that the barrel had been cut off that I used to shoot squirrels with, and coons, and birds, when father had any powder to spare — that wasn't very often. I allers tried desperate hard to shoot straight, 'cause I knowed if I didn't kill something I wouldn't git any powder or shot; but it had been a long time since I'd had anything to put in my little gun. Father had been out that mornin' to try to shoot a bear he seed the night afore, but couldn't find him, and went to his choppin'. Mother, she went arter greens. I got upon the table and took down the rifle and started."

"You didn't expect to kill the bear — did you?"

"No, sir, but I thought I might shoot somethin' we could eat, and I had seen deer two days before. I hadn't been long in the woods till I saw a coon coiled right round the body of a hemlock, where the limbs came out. I was workin' round tryin' to git a better sight, 'cause I knew father would lick me if I wasted the charge, when I heard something splash in the water, and seed a deer a standin' up to his belly in a pond hole right among the lily-pads. I got on my knees, rested the rifle over a log, and pulled. It seemed to me she kicked me a rod, and I thought my shoulder was broke."

"I don't wonder. What charge was in the gun?"

"I don't know, sir; but 'twas a charge for a bear; father is a great hand to load heavy, and the rifle was breech-burned and allers kicked like blazes. The deer never made but one leap, and fell dead in his tracks right at the edge of the water. Wasn't I tickled? It was as much as I could do to bring the rifle out, but I run home with it as though it had been a broomstick; seed mother most ter the house with her apron full of greens. I hol-lered, 'Mother, mother, I've shot a deer!' She was so glad she cried, and said, —

"God sent it, my boy! Give me the rifle, and run tell your father, and we'll have some on it for dinner."

"What did your father say?"

"He praised me up all the time we were dressin' the deer, and told all the neighbors. After that he 'lowed me to take the rifle; and I shot another deer, and coons, and in the fall a bear. Father raised a good piece of corn that year on a burn, and potatoes on the girdled piece; sold some maple sugar we made in the spring, and bought two pigs, and went trappin' after harvest, and bought another cow and a pig to winter over, and we had enough to eat after that."

"The misery was over soon as you began to raise something?"

"Yes, sir."

CHAPTER III.

WILDERNESS-BORN AND BRED.

"WHAT I was comin' at, Mr. Honeywood, was this ere. When father seed how every year I killed more and more game; filled up all the gaps; all they had to do, if they were scant of meat, was ter send me inter the woods; and in the fall of the year I killed so many deer, father could smoke the hams to eat ourselves, and sell his pork to buy other things; and I began to make dead-falls, trap foxes, and once in the while a beaver, — I say when father seed that, he laid in with Mr. Holdness (Mr. Holdness was allers a friend to father) to buy a rifle for me of Mr. Clavell, and he got one that had been used, and the stock had been chipped by a bullet; but Mr. Clavell sent me word how it was a good barrel and would send a bullet where it was panted."

"What I was comin' at was this. All these years, when father had to chop and we didn't raise much (father couldn't hunt and chop both), I, who wasn't big enough to chop, hunted, and nigh about supported the family; so they praised me up hill and down; afore

my face and behind my back; never was sich a boy! got me in sich a way of livin' in the woods that I couldn't live out of 'em. But jist so soon as I got growed up, father begun to raise crops, keep cattle, and could live off the farm, then they begun to call me a lazy lout, allers wantin' to be round in the woods with a rifle, just like an Indian, and said a hoe or an axe burnt my fingers. I say that ain't fair, Mr. Honeywood, for (though I say it myself) there isn't a boy of my age in this ere Run kin chop as much or hoe as much in a day as I kin, and as fur shootin', they don't care to try me on that. I don't use any bad words, nor lie, nor steal, nor try to hurt anybody; and I say 'tain't the fair thing, arter doin' all they could ter set me out ter shoot, trap, and be in the woods, ter turn square round and hoot, and run me for doin' that same. I say 'tain't to be spected of me ter do like boys that have allers been grubbin', specially all at once. I ain't a lazy boy, Mr. Honeywood, nor a bad principled one nuther. I am ignorant, cause I never had any chance to be any otherways, and I'm jist what our folks made me."

"Edward," cried Mrs. Honeywood, "why don't you and Harry come into the house; you'll take cold sitting there in your shirt sleeves in the dew."

"We'll come in a few minutes."

"Well, Harry," said Honeywood, "that is jist about as I thought it was; and as you say, it is not to be expected that after being thus situated and brought up, you should be contented to work steadily at first, like boys that have been trained to work longside of their fathers every day in the field, and with their brothers. But we get used to anything after a while. You will form, if you try, a habit of work, as you have formed a habit of living in the woods; and it will be much better; for, indeed, it will be the saving of you. Now, Harry, my lad (taking the boy by the hand), you recollect what I told you a while ago about the tilling of the soil being the foundation of everything really valuable?"

"Yes, sir, I thought a deal about that when I was on the road."

"Well, now, is it not true that when your father was clearing his land, and you was shooting deer, and bears, and trapping, that you lived from hand to mouth and saw pretty hard times, and longed for a little corn or wheat, and that you never began to live any ways comfortably till you were able to raise crops? Get the land into grass, and bear, beaver, and buckskin didn't begin to make

you as comfortable as flax and sheep's wool does now; nor did bear meat, wild pigeons, and venison compare with beef, mutton, barnyard fowl, pork, milk, potatoes, wheat bread, and hominy, if you do have to pound corn or go a long ways to mill?"

"Yes, sir, that is all true."

"Good reason for it, my boy. When an Indian (or a hunter, which is much the same) gets up in the morning, his breakfast is perhaps ten miles off, alive and running at that; when the farmer gets up in the morning, his breakfast is in the cellar, the field, the barn, or the corn-crib; he has not to spend hours trying to catch it, and then, perhaps, not succeed. Your father knew all this, and that was the reason why he stuck to the axe till he was dizzy and faint with hunger, let the rifle hang in the brackets and the charge rust in, because he had the welfare, the highest welfare, of his children for this world and the world to come, at heart; and because he looked ahead to a hog in the sty, cattle in the pasture, corn and grain in the field, sheep in the fold, schools, churches, mills — life that is life, — and knew they must come by the narrow axe and the plough, not by the rifle."

"He was glad to have you hunt to help along when you could do no better; but he wanted you to be something more than a hunter, who is not many removes from an Indian; and you ought to thank him for striving (as you grew older and became capable of it) to train you up to better habits, and for a higher position. If a boy has never done *anything* well, there's little hope of him; you've done one thing to perfection, and been praised for it; now take hold of a nobler thing, and be praised for that."

"I wish to God," cried Harry, leaping to his feet with the violence of his feelings, "I was an Injun. You don't know, Mr. Honeywood, how father grinds me down to work and scolds me sometimes. I'll tell you something I never breathed to live man, and what turned up this very summer. One mornin' father sent me out to hoein'. He stopped behind a bit to put up some fence. I got on ter the piece (I had my rifle with me) and hoed a hill or two. I was kind of lookin' round over the woods, and I heard the crows hollerin', and follerin' along, and makin' a great noise; so I thought I'd jist go and see what 'twas all fur, 'cause I know'd 'twan't fur nuthin'; bime by I seed a she bear with two cubs arter her. She wasn't worth killin' that time o' year; 'sides, she'd been an ugly customer, if she was only wounded; so I thought

I'd find where her den was. I soon got so taken up watchin' that ere bear, I forgot everything else. Jist ter see her work with them ere cubs, like an old hen with chickens ! She'd tear an old rotten windfall all ter pieces, and turn over great big logs ter git the wood worms fur them ter eat; then she'd lay down and let 'em suck, and lick 'em, and put her paws round 'em, jist as a cat does her kittens. 'Twas the greatest fun ter see her ketch a worm with them ere great paws of hers ! After a while the sun got hot, and she went into her den in a holler hemlock. Then I come ter my senses, and made tracks fur the lot. When I took up my hoe, mother blew the horn for dinner."

"Where was your father all this time?"

"He was there hoein'; he, and Elick, and Enoch, and Sam."

"What did he say to you?"

"He scolded awfully; made me hoe all the afternoon without any dinner, and scolded all that week. I told him how I found the bear's den, but he didn't seem to care; said, 'if I had been mindin' my work instead of gazin' round, I wouldn't have seen the crows, nor the bear nuther.' When it come Saturday night, I got up in the night, took my rifle and a hatchet, and started off. I knew I could git my livin' in the woods, and I had some notion of jinin' some Delawares I was 'quainted with that I knew was camping on the Loyalhanna. I went about two mile, then got a thinkin' about mother, and Elick, and Enoch, and Cal Holdness, what's jist like a brother ter me, and begun ter cool off; went back and crawled inter bed agin."

"Well, Harry, it's no use talking about what has been; you know you are going to turn over a new leaf now."

"If father would ony talk ter me as you do, Mr. Honeywood, and tell the reasons of things; but he rates me as if I didn't know anything; but I know when that bear and her cubs git fat next fall, and I kill 'em, father will like it well enough, and so will mother and all on 'em. I'll do anything you want me ter, Mr. Honeywood."

"I am glad you like me; and you can't be an Indian, because I shall want you to go to school next winter."

"I'm too old."

"Not a bit of it. Mr. Holt's going to learn to read and write, and he's a married man, with a family, as old as your father."

"Then I should think I might; at any rate, you'll see what I kin do 'twixt now and harvest."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SETTLERS ALARMED.

NED HONEYWOOD, after Harry's departure, went to the field. The corn he was hoeing had been planted rather late, and this was the last work of that kind before haying. Having finished his task about the middle of the forenoon, he shouldered his hoe, and went to look at a piece of ground he had sown with grass-seed the year before.

It was the custom of the settlers in the Run either to sow with their grain (when they laid the ground to grass after the crop was off) the chaff from the barn floor and the mangers, or to let it come in of itself, as it was termed; that is, to let it alone, and permit all kinds of weeds and native grass to occupy the ground, the latter being the prevailing fashion. The great majority paid not the least attention to raising grass, but cut that which grew on the intervals, and eked out with browse. It was a common thing for cattle to die in the spring for lack of food. But Ned — whose father, as the readers of the previous story well know, was a ploughman on an estate in Devonshire — retained a vivid recollection of the manner in which work was done there. He, therefore, at the very beginning of his farming operations, — even before moving on to his land, — went a long journey, with a pack-mule, into that part of the state that had been longer settled, and, though short of money, purchased grass-seed that had been imported from England and Germany; after which he raised his own seed.

Ned mounted the log fence, built very high to keep out deer, and seated himself where he could command a view of the corn he had been hoeing, the grass, and a large portion of the pasture, as this fence separated the grazing and tillage land. As he wiped the sweat of recent labor from his brow, and bared his bosom to the breeze, his eye rested at intervals upon the broad field of English hay, — the clover in bloom, and the long herds-grass waving in the wind, — the corn, and the lighter hue of the ripening wheat that occupied the entire end of the point; then upon the cattle that, having fed till the dew was off and the sun grew hot, were lying beneath the shade of a large sugar-tree, head to the wind, chewing their cuds, his heart swelled with joyous emotions, the rapture and intensity of which can be appreciated only by those who have passed through a like stormy and trying experience. Recollections of the past came rushing in upon his mind like a flood.

"Only look at that field of English grass!" he soliloquized; "as much as a man can get a scythe through! Look at those cattle — feed up to their knees! the bullocks good beef, fit to knock down! and the hogs on the side of the mountain, getting half their living! Ned Honeywood, you *ought* to be a good man. This is not much as it was in Devonshire, when my poor mother and all the rest of us used to go leasing (gleaning) after the reapers, till our bare feet were covered with blood from the pricking of the stubble, and our fingers sore as a boil; when father ventured, with fear and trembling, to run in debt for a cow; and I and my brothers and sisters used to pick the grass out between the hedge plants, put it in a bag, and carry home to dry for the cow, to get her through the winter.

"It seems just as if I was in that old cottage again, Saturday night, father, all bent up, looking worn out with his week's work, and all us children bringing our pennies that we had earned one way and another, putting them in mother's lap; she counting them over; then father putting his in, and then he and mother calculating; so much for the rent; that *must* come; so much to pay for the cow; that, too, *must* come; so much to buy a little barley for the pig; so much for a peck loaf; and, when it come out there was enough left to buy a little piece of butcher's meat to eat with our greens Sunday, how we did clap our hands and hug each other, and run shouting out doors to play! Ah, poor Mr. Clavell spoke the true word when he said, 'Many a fair day has had a stormy morning; and the best day's work you ever did in your life was when you crawled along on that old tree, to look into the robin's nest.'"

"Huter, tuter! huter, tuter, tute!"

"What's that horn blowing for? It isn't twelve o'clock," said Ned, glancing at the sun.

"Huter tuter! tute, tute, tu-te!"

"What! again? There must be something the matter, by the way she blows; hope there's nothing the matter with the children."

His wife met him at the door with anxiety depicted on her features.

"Anything the matter with the children?"

"No; father's in the house; he'll tell you all about it."

"What is the matter, father?" said Honeywood, noticing the anxious countenance of Israel Blanchard, who was a man by no means easily moved.

"Matter enough, if there's any truth in a story that is going about (but I trust there is not); they say our army has met with some

disaster, and it is feared by some that they have been defeated."

"Where did the story come from, and what foundation is there for it?"

"Mr. Crawford has a cousin who's a soldier in the company that is stationed at Fort Cumberland; he is sick; don't expect him to live, and Mr. Crawford has been over to see him. He says an Indian runner brought a letter from the army to the commander, at midnight of the night he got there, and took another back; that the commander was up all night writing letters, and expresses were sent off to Annapolis, Philadelphia, and Richmond. He says the officers keep mum, but look anxious; and that the next day they set the soldiers at work mounting some heavy guns that were left there by General Braddock, and repairing the stockade; and that the soldiers, and the settlers round the fort, think the army has been repulsed, at least."

"I don't believe a word of it. If they had taken the fort and captured a lot of prisoners, there might be cause sufficient for communications with the governors of the colonies, or with the fleet, and they might mount the guns and repair the fort to keep the soldiers out of idleness. Do you believe it?"

"I do, and I don't. Crawford is a cool-headed, understanding man, and I think much of his judgment. He says the Delawares, Shawnees, and Monseys have been for years hostile and seeking revenge; that for these several weeks not one of them has been seen near the settlements; he thinks they have gone to join the French; and that in the woods that the army has to pass through, Indians have the advantage of regular troops, and are by no means to be despised. He has been a soldier in Scotland, and says he'd, after all, give more for our fellows in their hunting-shirts, if he had to fight Indians in the woods, than the regulars, with all their fuss and feathers; and his cousin told him, that for all they looked so fierce with their powdered hair, gay uniforms, and polished gun-barrels, they had heard such stories about tomahawks and scalping-knives that they were mortally afraid of an Indian. He believed half on 'em would take to their heels at the sound of the war-whoop, and that they can't, with their smooth-bores, shoot as we do, that are brought up to get half our living by the rifle, and fight for our scalps."

"I believe it is all surmise; there is, Mr. Gist told me, with the army, a thousand Provincials, Virginians, and Maryland and Pennsylvania men, who are used to the woods, and

used to fighting Indians, and who would scour the woods and find out any ambush."

"Crawford says his cousin told him this general is a very proud, overbearing man; won't take any advice from anybody; goes to work just as though he was fighting white men in an old settled country; and it wouldn't be at all strange if there was trouble; and if that army should be defeated, God help us! We shall be at the mercy of French and Indians, if it is."

"When it comes I shall endeavor to make the best of it, but till there is something more reliable than you have told me, I shall keep about my work and remain easy."

"Husband," said his wife, "I don't see how you *can* remain easy; for I heard you say long ago, that we might any time have an Indian war."

"If the army has met with any repulse we shall know it very soon, and till that time we can accomplish nothing by fretting or surmising."

"Father, did you ever see such a man as my husband is?"

"He takes things more coolly than I can."

"Come, wife, let us have some dinner; your father has had a long walk, and must be hungry."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MEORO.

BY FRANCIS E. RALEIGH.

THROUGH the purple haze of evening,
Through the golden glow of morn,
Through the quivering heat of noontide,
Through the night until the dawn,
Is the spirit of Meoro
Still before me.

From the land of the forgotten,
From the mists of days gone by,
From the blessed dreams of waking,
From the zephyr-haunted sky,
Comes the story of Meoro
Now before me.

In the softly-sighing forest,
In the swiftly-surg-ing stream,
In the scented breath of Nature,
In the now half-missing dream,
Lived the Indian maid Meoro,
Long before me.

She was fair as any fairy;
She was graceful as the elm;

She was free as rushing water,
She, the pride of all the realm.
Thus does ever lost Meoro
Come before me.

On a day late in the autumn,
On a day when Nature glowed,
On this day the dark Meoro
On the rushing river rowed.
O, my velvet-eyed Meoro,
Stay before me!

Past the blooming moss-clad reaches,
Past the ferny, sedgy shore,
Past the red and golden forest,
Past them all forevermore,
Glided by the maid Meoro
From before me.

Down the hissing, whirling river,
Down, with swift, increasing speed,
Down into the angry rapids,
Down, like rush or bending reed,
Shot the darling, lost Meoro
On before me.

Towards the sharp and jagged boulders,
Towards the churning, seething fall,
Towards the land of the to-morrow,
Towards the death that waits for all,
Sped the calm and sad Meoro
Swift before me.

And the laughing of the water,
And the singing of the trees,
And the music of the rushes,
And the whistling of the breeze,
Changed to sobbing for Meoro,
Dead before me.

To the haven of the blessed,
To the rosy land of hope,
To the happy, heavenly haven,
To the peace towards which I grope,
Flew the angel-maid Meoro
On before me.

— A RIGHT KIND OF PRIDE. — Be too proud to be in company you cannot keep up with in expense; too proud to wear a coat that you cannot afford to buy; too proud to lie, or steal, or cheat; too proud to be stingy; too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty. Be stingy to your own appetites, but merciful to others' necessities.

"MIZZY MOPER'S FLITTING."

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"I HAVE a very sensitive nature," said the little girl to her Journal; "but when things go wrong and jar upon my nerves, mother calls me *cross*!"

"Yesterday she woke me too early, to send me to the store for molasses, and I told her I 'wished I was dead.' My head ached, or I shouldn't have said it. I hadn't slept much the night before, for I'd been reading in bed. I like to read, and everybody says that's the way to improve your mind; but sometimes mother hides the books; she says they are too exciting.

"Mother doesn't understand me, neither does father; and brother Sam is worst of all. It is sad not to be appreciated, but it is my lot, and I must bear it.

"I can't say a word to Sam about the horrid time I have at home, for he thinks girls were born to wash dishes. And, if I happen to sigh or shed a tear, he laughs, and calls me 'Mizzy Moper.'

"I should think 'twas about time he stopped it. Perhaps I did grumble and mope, once in a great while, when I was a small child; but I'm sure I look on the bright side now; I mean I look *for* the bright side; I can't always find it, though! There isn't much bright side to my life, if Sam only knew it.

"In the first place, I'm pinned down here at home, like a butterfly to a sheet of paper. I'm a natural lady, and it half kills me to live on a farm. What do I care about pigs, and cows, and hens, and geese? I'm a natural lady.

"How I *should* enjoy myself in the city! Pull a tassel with a string to it, and call for a glass of water. Pull it again, and call for your carriage. Then there is your box at the opera and the theatre; and when you are old enough, there are your balls and parties! O, dear, dear! I'm only fourteen, but I guess I'd like to have a bouquet and some white kid gloves! *Some* girls go to parties before they are ten!

"Growing up in the country! Isn't it awful?

"The splendid young man from Boston, who examined my organs last spring, said some of them were very remarkable; he thought I ought to be a poetess; but what chance do I have to improve my talents?

"I wouldn't grow up to be like mother for anything! But I shan't, for I know French,

and the piano, and can sing operatic. Still I never shall have real style unless I can go to boarding-school. Mother says, papa can't afford to send me, when I'm sure he has lots of money. Lucy Fairbrother says he has, and she thinks *some* girls wouldn't bear what I do, especially as I have twenty-five dollars of my own, left me by aunt Joanna.

"I've been thinking it over.

"Now this last book I've read tells of a beautiful young girl, with hair and eyes just the color of mine; and I think her figure must have been the same, 'slender and willowy.' Her parents were like mine, too; that is, they didn't understand her; wouldn't let her marry the man she loved. *My* parents will oppose me just so, when I am old enough!

"Well, she ran away. It sounds wicked, but she was a perfect angel, and did just right. It turned out beautifully, too. She taught music, and a rich old gentleman adopted her, &c., &c., &c. The story is splendiferous!

"Why can't I run away, too? That's the question. Now, there's Lucy Fairbrother, making money like a green bay tree, in a bonnet shop in New York; and she says, if I'll go there she'll let me room with her; and 'won't we have gay old times?'

"Yes, indeed; if I only dared! I do want to see the world; but then, as Lucy says, I'm sort of chicken-hearted. I could take the journey well enough, for I've been to Boston three or four times with nobody but Sam; it's the running away that I dread. It isn't as if father and mother were exactly cruel to me, and I had to go — for I really suppose they mean well, after all, only they are so old-fashioned, and narrow, and set.

"Dear, dear, I'm afraid to try it; but then, if I do go, I'll go before the pigs are killed; see if I don't!"

One morning, about the first of December, good Mrs. Streeter waited breakfast half an hour, but Sarah Ann did not appear. It was such a common thing for her to be late, that the family did not even allude to her absence; and after they had eaten, the indulgent mother merely put the steak, baked potatoes, and raised biscuits into the warming-oven, as a matter of course. But at half past eight it was high time to call her, or she would not be ready for school.

Mrs. Streeter went up stairs; and just afterwards, her husband and Sam heard a cry of distress.

Sarah Ann's bed had not been slept in; and on her bureau was a note which ran thus: —

"DEAR MOTHER: When you see this, I shall be far, far away. Do not try to find me; it will be of no use. My love to father; and tell Sam I mean to forget and forgive."

"Your loving daughter,

"SARA."

Mrs. Streeter turned faint. Mr. Streeter said, sternly, "Is the child a fool?" but Sam whistled, and remarked, coolly, that "it was only one of Sally's didoes; she would turn up before night."

But no; Sarah Ann had really gone, and taken all her best clothes. She had bribed the butcher's boy, the evening before, to convey her trunk to the station; but he averred that he "couldn't tell, if he should suffer, which way she was agoin' to go."

Now Alton Junction, where the Streeters lived, was a small village; but to quote Sam's words, "more cars met there than you could shake a stick at." Consequently, Sarah Ann might have gone north, south, east, west, or diagonally. Ticket-masters and conductors are very forgetful, and young ladies in gray travelling-suits are not such rare birds as to make a deep impression.

Meanwhile Sarah Ann was "far, far away," seated in a parlor car, solacing body and soul with pea nuts and a bran new novel.

As she neared New York, an expressman, who was walking down the aisle with tickets, asked if he should take her baggage. Then, and not till then, did Sarah Ann recollect that the card which bore Lucy Fairbrother's last address was packed in her trunk.

"O, dear, dear! It was 143, or 134, or 334 West Street. No, it wasn't! Maybe it was West 146th. Yes, she was almost sure."

The expressman passed on, and Sarah Ann dropped her little brass check into her pocket with trembling fingers.

If Lucy had only known the day, and could have met her! But the child's fitting had been a sudden thing at the last, hastened by a little "tiff" with Sam.

She put the new novel into her carpet-bag and reflected:—

"I'll have to go to a hotel, and then I can open my trunk. I'll look at the different hackmen, and choose a house with a pretty name, maybe St. Nicholas. Yes; that's what I'll do."

But things never turn out as we expect. The last part of the journey was made very slowly in horse-cars, the passengers leaving, one after another, till, by the time Sarah Ann reached the city, she was nearly alone.

And now where were the hackmen? There were only a very few to be seen, and though one of them insisted on driving our heroine, she ran away from him, frightened by the whiskey odor of his breath.

"Who would have thought it would be so different from Boston? What do folks do? Shall I walk to a hotel?"

O, no, for the "edge of the dark" was coming on. At a corner not far off, a Fifth Avenue stage was standing; and judging it wiser to be in a coach than wandering about the streets, Sarah Ann entered, and resolved to ride till it stopped.

But once started, it clattered and rumbled over the stones, till the little girl began to think that like Tennyson's "Brook," it would "go on forever."

When it did stop at last, she looked out of the window, and could see through the darkness what appeared like masts and sails. At the same moment the name "Fulton Ferry" was shouted in a tone that struck terror to her soul.

"What right had she here at eight o'clock at night? But, O, *dear*, dear, she couldn't take all that long ride back again! Wasn't it as well to cross the river now?"

And she alighted from the coach.

A smiling old lady, seeing her jostled in all directions by the crowd, said, "This way, my child," and gave her a ferry ticket.

Sarah Ann clung close to the kind stranger; but by the time they had reached the other side, her fear of the horses was so great, that the good old lady almost carried her in her arms.

"Which car do you take, child? Where are you going?" said she, drawing her young charge by main force into the waiting-room.

"O, I don't know, I really don't know," sobbed "Mizzy Moper," who had a great gift for breaking down at the wrong moment, poor child.

"Come, mother, we mustn't wait; the baby is worse," said a man's voice impatiently; and "Mizzy's" new friend was hurried away, with only time to say, —

"Get a City Directory, dear, and don't be afraid; you won't have any trouble."

But "Mizzy" was determined she *would* have trouble. Her slender stock of courage was all gone, and with it her common sense. She dared not step out into the darkness for fear of the dreadful horses. It was easier to cry than to struggle against difficulties.

So she did cry, with perfect abandonment, like one who has had long experience at the

A GAME OF CHESS.—MATED.



business; and a policeman, after watching her with interest for some time, came up at last, and asked what was the matter?

A policeman! What impertinence!

Sarah Ann straightened herself with sudden dignity.

"Nothing particular, sir; I've only got cold!"

"Then I should advise you to go home, miss," responded the policeman, smiling behind his whiskers.

But though he walked off with no more words, he did not forget the tearful young lady in gray. In another half hour, returning and finding her afflicted with the same "cold," and still too dignified to give any account of herself, he very prudently locked her up for the night.

It was a strange pass she was brought to, this daughter of a respectable Massachusetts farmer! Did she rave? You may guess!

But the policeman knew better than to consider her a common vagrant. He reported her case to one of the city authorities, who said he would visit her next day and try the effect of reasoning and moral suasion.

By morning Sarah Ann had cried herself sick. She had cried for despair, for vexation, for shame, for remorse; but most of all, I think, she had cried for her mother.

"If I starve to death 'twill be good enough for me," was her meek refrain, as hunger gnawed at her vitals.

She was prepared, therefore, to weep for joy, — with a small sprinkling for gratitude, — when a fatherly-looking gentleman released her from imprisonment and gave her a warm breakfast. Her heart opened to him at once. She answered all his questions, telling him of her privations at home, her discontent; in short, the whole miserable story — adding with fresh tears, "But it was real wicked to leave mother! Lucy Fairbrother ought not to have teased me."

After her disclosure, Sarah Ann was in the hands of the law, and had no choice but to do as she was told. In five minutes her parents received a despatch, which set their hearts at rest; and in five minutes more the young wanderer was crossing Fulton Ferry on her way to the Eastern cars.

It was a great mortification. People at Alton Junction never wearied of asking, "Well, how did you like it in the city, Sarah?" And Sam spouted forth his favorite proverb about "*this* little fish that expected to become a whale," till the poor child was fain to hide her head for shame.

The dear good mother alone never offered a single reproach; and for very gratitude Sarah Ann tried to be a better girl. She performed her small duties cheerfully, and gave up without a murmur the winter dress she had intended to buy with aunt Joanna's money.

You see she had spent half her little fortune in travelling; but never mind — "He that loses anything, and gets wisdom by it, is the gainer by the loss."

GALIFORNIA BOB.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

I.

BOB'S MIDNIGHT RIDE.

BOB lived in Virginia City. He was fifteen, and had never had a toothache, earache, or any other kind of an ache in his life, except the stomach-ache, and he had had very little of that, for his mother believed in feeding him on onion soup, and johnny-cake and milk, and oatmeal porridge; and the most peevish stomach would hardly dare ache on that fare.

But Bob had had the heartache dreadfully, though he was so round and rosy that you would not believe it unless he told you so. It wasn't about any girl; no, indeed, for Bob couldn't bear girls, as he often said, and girls couldn't bear him, either, as his two sisters, Let and Mary, often told him. Bob's heart ached because he had to work in his father's store, and go to school evenings: he had almost as decided objections to school as he had to girls. As for working — Well! Bob was born *tired*, and couldn't help it, I suppose. His father often declared that he wouldn't give him his salt for all he would do, if he was anybody's son but his own.

Mrs. Murch — that was Bob's mother — said that Robert — that was Bob's father — had a deal of charity for the boy's laziness, because he was so like himself.

Bob had read a great many dime novels, and longed to be a pirate, with a long, low cutter, manned by dark-skinned Moors, and to stand up in their midst, with a broad belt around his waist, stuck full of knives, cutlasses, and pistols.

He was disgusted with his round, rosy, good-natured face; he wished that he looked dark, melancholy, and wicked. Or he would have liked to have been the captain of a band of highwaymen, to ride a foaming black steed,

and make marvellous escapes from jails. Even to have been a bronzed hunter and trapper, in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, chasing redskins, was better by far than blacking his father's boots and running his father's errands.

Bob thought so much of these things that he determined at last to run away from his state of bondage, and follow the wild life which he fancied suited him. When he first thought of running away, he was very much pleased with the idea; it seemed to him to be a very dashing thing to do, and about like the boys in books; he thought he should be a little sorry to leave mother and the baby, but the rest he did not care for; in fact, I think he felt rather glad than otherwise to know that his father would have to black his own boots, after he was gone, and that Let and Mary couldn't get him out of bed early on cold mornings to build the fires.

He decided at once to go to San Francisco; that was a big city, where he could hide until he could find a ship which would take him; for Bob was bright enough to know that he would have to be cabin-boy before he could be captain.

He easily procured a flour-sack to carry his clothes in. All he needed then was the money to pay his fare: by stage and rail it came to a pretty big sum for a boy's purse. He could easily have obtained it, by taking a little every day from his father's money-drawer; but Bob was an honest boy, and his father knew it, and trusted him implicitly. And I really think that he would have given up his cherished dream of being a pirate, rather than have been guilty of the smallest theft.

He had a little money—about two dollars; and he revolved in his own mind night and day the problem of investing it so that it would increase tenfold. He had a friend in a kindred spirit named Bill Hill, to whom he confided his troubles and his plans. Bill was the only son of a wealthy widow. He had considerable money, and a great deal of his own way; so, although he longed to join Bob in his run-away scheme, he thought, with a great deal of truth, that he should hardly make a change for the better.

"I hate to let you start out on this here scheme alone, Bob," he said; "but you know how it is with me: I can't leave mother unprotected and alone, although I have always longed to be bounding on the raging sea."

"Your mother'll be marrying again some of these days, Bill," said Bob, with an air of wisdom, "and by that time I hope to be able

to invite you to be my first mate. I think I'll name my craft the 'Bill Hill,' too."

"Don't!" said Bill, with a look of disgust. "I hate my name. I mean to change it as soon as I have a chance."

"O!" responded Bob, rather crushed; "I—I didn't know."

Quite a long silence ensued before Bob could recover himself sufficiently to open the great financial question which occupied his mind.

"I'm glad you came to me," said Bill, "for I am able to tell you just what to do—just what to do to increase that here two dollars to twenty, or forty, or a hundred, if you wait long enough."

"Well!" asked Bob, his eyes distended to about the size of saucers. "What?"

"I-n-v-e-s-t i-n s-t-o-c-k-s," said Bill, slowly and emphatically.

"Will it pay immediately?" inquired Bob, anxiously. He had very little confidence in stocks, having seen his father lose by them invariably.

"Yes, sir!" said Bill. "I invested three dollars and a half in the Susie Jane mine, and doubled my money, sir, in a week."

"The Susie Jane!" repeated Bob, musingly. If it had been the name of anything else but a *girl*, he would have had more confidence in it.

"The Susie Jane!" he repeated.

"Yes, sir, the Susie Jane! One of the best mines ever opened up around here. I'm on the inside track, too, and know just when it is beared and bulled; so I can tell you just when to buy. You know Simpkins the broker?"

Bob nodded.

"Well," said Bill, in a sepulchral voice, intended for a confiding whisper, "that man wants to marry my mother. I shall never give my consent, of course; but I am willing to let him do any little favors for me in the brokerage business that he wants to."

After some more talk between the two boys, Bob finally handed over his two dollars to Bill, with the understanding that it was to be returned in two weeks at the farthest.

"One share in the Susie Jane costs three dollars and a half, but I'll lend you a dollar and a half, and you can pay it back without interest at the end of the two weeks," said Bill, generously.

Any one having the slightest experience in mining stocks could have told Bill and Bob that the Susie Jane was "wildcat" stock, and would have predicted that Bob's two dollars would never gladden his eyes again.

Yet Mr. Simpkins managed so well, that at the end of two weeks he handed Bill twelve dollars and a half. Bob was delighted, and utterly refused to keep more than ten dollars. He was anxious to invest this in more Susie Jane shares, but Mr. Simpkins advised them to keep a "good grip on what they'd got, and steer clear of mining stocks, or they'd be sure to get bit pretty bad some day."

Bob had very dim ideas as to the expense of the trip to San Francisco, but he knew that he had enough to pay his stage fare as far as Reno, and he had an idea that once on the cars, he could manage to get along in some way, even if he did not have a ticket.

He received his money one Friday evening, and resolved on the succeeding Thursday evening as the best time to leave his home.

It was in the early winter, and the evenings were long and dark. Bob was distinguished in his own family for an unflinching readiness to go to bed, so that when, on that eventful evening, he kissed his mother and little Jim "good night," and took up his candle, nobody expressed any surprise.

After he had gone up to his room, Letty said, glancing at the clock, —

"Well, I swan, it's only half after six. What a sleepy-head that Bob is!"

Bob had been down to the stage office that day to make inquiries, and he and Bill, between them, had discovered that an extra stage was going to leave that evening at half past seven.

Bill bought the ticket, giving a false name, and securing a seat with the driver on the outside. He presented Bob with his dog Major, and four Havana cigars, for which he paid fifty cents — rather a useless gift, as Bob could not smoke, on account of a deathly sickness at his stomach, — but Bill considered it about the most manly thing he could give his friend, and told him that he could make friends by giving them away, if he could not use them himself. As for Major, he howled so fearfully when Bill took him from his kennel, and gave such promise of continuing to howl all the way down to San Francisco, that Bob suggested that Bill keep him for him, and added that he could bring Major down when he came to be first mate of "the" craft.

Bill felt relieved, and promised he would do so.

When Bob went up to his own room, he had no time to spend in meditations; he had had his flour-sack ready for some days, but he had been afraid to pack it for fear of discovery.

"Just an hour!" thought he, with a beating heart. "What if I should lose the stage!"

Just at that moment it seemed to him that the greatest of earthly misfortunes would be the losing of the stage.

He turned the flour-sack inside out, and shook it out of the window; some flour still stuck to it, but he felt that a hero, especially the captain of a piratical craft, should not be fastidious; so he folded up his best clothes, and stuffed them in.

Then came his precious novels; then his clean shirts, socks, and handkerchiefs; then a variety of articles, some useful, and some decidedly more ornamental; for instance, a Valentine which had been sent to him the preceding year, and an old rusty pistol with a broken lock.

The clock was just striking seven when he climbed out of his bedroom window. The two girls were having a noisy discussion in the room below, and little Jim was screaming at the top of his voice, and Mr. Murch was reading the evening paper aloud, so that he might have gone down the stairs and out of the front door without running the slightest risk of being discovered.

But, besides feeling that it would be more romantic to get out of the window and creep along the shed, at the imminent risk of breaking his neck, Bob thought it would be safer to go, leaving his door locked on the inside.

He fairly thrilled with delight at the thought of their breaking it down the next morning with an axe, and discovering that his bed had not been slept in.

As he stumbled through the back yard, his heart beating up in the top of his head, — so it seemed to him, — he brushed against his mother's calico dress hung on the line to dry. There was nothing in the least sentimental about Bob; but he did love his mother, and kissed the faded calico softly as he passed it.

"I'll come back, some time, mother," he thought, "and then you shan't wear calico gowns any more."

He found Bill at the stage office, accompanied by Major, waiting to bid him "good by." Bob was glad that his friend came, for it seemed a dreadful way to go, to have no one bid him good by.

They shook hands cordially, Bob mounted the box, the driver took the reins, snapped his whip over the heads of the leaders, and away they dashed into the darkness.

They sped on for a long time in silence over the level road; there was nothing to look at

but the plains of sage-brush, stretching as far as the eye could reach on either side; and Bob was rejoiced to find that he *felt* melancholy, whether he looked so or not.

A red-faced man, a friend of the driver, — who was evidently not so sober as he might have been, — addressed a few remarks to Bob, and was evidently curious in regard to him; but Bob was very guarded, and somewhat mysterious in his replies; and after a few moments they left him to his own reflections.

Bob knew that the stage was frequently stopped and robbed by footpads; but, as he had only a few dollars and his cigars, besides his clothes, he did not have any personal fears, and rather hoped, than otherwise, that the stage would be stopped.

The driver and his friend had some apprehensions; that was evident; for they took several pulls at a flask of brandy carried by the driver, and looked carefully at their weapons.

Bob's eyes were staring wide open, and shone like stars with excitement; the horses threw up their heads, and dashed along as if they smelt danger in the air.

"What time is it, Jack?" asked the driver of his friend.

"Half past ten," was the response.

"Let's smile again," said the driver, taking out the flask.

"Be careful," said the man called Jack; "you're talking thick now."

"I'm all right," answered the driver, passing the flask, and putting his foot on the brake, as they went down a little incline.

At the foot of the little hill was a bridge; the feet of the leaders were already upon it, when a dark figure sprang out, and a hoarse voice cried, —

"Halt!"

"Whoop, Pomp, whoop!" shrieked the driver, just drunk enough to be perfectly reckless. The horses fairly trembled with excitement, and clattered across the bridge, and down another little hill, like the wind, the driver shrieking all the time like a madman; meanwhile Bob saw the flash and heard the crash of fire-arms and breaking glass, the terrified screams of the passengers, and the calls of the footpads for "the treasure-box."

"For Heaven's sake," cried Jack, trying to seize the reins, "pull up, pull up; we shall all be shot!"

More flashes, more crashes; Bob's head was in a whirl; then he felt something strike him, a dizzy, sick feeling came over him, and he felt himself falling.

The man Jack seized him by the waist, and put him down where his feet had just been, with his head against the dash-board; a wondering thought crept through Bob's mind, what his mother would do when she saw him cold and dead; then he knew no more until he opened his eyes in the dingy dining-room of Hackett's Station, and a grim-looking surgeon told him to keep still, or he'd open that wound again and bleed to death.

On the next table, so near that he could almost touch him, lay a man dead; the face was covered, but by a quartz ring on the little finger Bob recognized the driver. At that moment he felt that he did not care to be a pirate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

— GOATS. — There are nine different species of the Caprine, i. e., the Goat family: none attain any considerable size, but they are robust and capable of enduring great heat and cold. Endowed with great strength and agility, those inhabiting the mountainous regions of Europe and Asia will often spring down the slippery flanks of precipices with astonishing celerity, or mount a perpendicular rock, fifteen feet high, with three successive bounds, if assisted by the slightest projections. Much of history and mythology, of poetry and legend, is associated with them. In the Grecian annals, Pan, the fabled guardian of shepherds and huntsmen, is represented with the feet and horns of a goat. The goat holds a prominent place among the constellations, probably because the Egyptians and Chaldean shepherds named the stars within their range of vision, connecting them with animals and facts associated with pastoral life; and these, as time went on, became objects of idolatrous observances.

— ACCOMPLISHMENTS. — Was there ever a word more abused, misunderstood, or misapplied? This word, in its original meaning, signifies *completeness, perfectness*. To how many of our young ladies who are introduced to the world as "*accomplished young ladies*," can the true meaning of this word be applied? This term is generally applied to those who have been *taught* music, drawing, the languages, dancing — and English studies, in a fashionable boarding-school, or by teachers at home. A superficial knowledge of each study makes a modern accomplished belle: the knowledge of all domestic work is not considered necessary. Is that an education that is complete and perfect? *



ADVENTURES OF A WILD GOOSE.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL SKETCH BY A
HUNTER-NATURALIST.

THE BIRD ISLANDS OF THE ARCTIC SEA.

A STRANGER, I had visited the town of C., situated on one of the larger harbors of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on a quest of some little difficulty, as it involved an unsettled claim for marine insurance; but I received a kindly welcome, and among the many pleasant acquaintances I there formed, none interested me more than Major Orlebar.

One of the younger sons of an old English family, he received a good education, and a commission in the army, and for some years, as a subaltern, led that life of genteel poverty which has been the lot of so many of the "younger sons" of English gentlemen. At last a few short months of active service, and a day or two of sharp fighting, left him an open road to the majority, which had seemed so unattainable, and he returned to England, to fall in love with the daughter of the rector of his parish.

With prompt decision he sold out his commission, married his loving though dowerless bride, and crossing the ocean, bought a half-cleared farm, and settled down as one of the "gentlemen farmers" of C.

It is much to be doubted if the disapproval of his course, freely uttered by his relatives, was at all warranted; his pay would never have been more than adequate to his own support in fitting style; while the money received for his major's commission — some twenty thousand dollars — gave him at once a comfortable home, a farm from which he could

draw a fair yearly income, and a comparatively higher social position among the poor and uneducated colonists than he could have secured at home.

At all events, I never saw a happier, more contented man than he was, when, ten years after, I met him, as an invited guest, amid the old-time pleasures and jocund festivities of an English Christmas.

I can almost see that happy circle now, as after a furious game of "blindman's buff," we seated ourselves around the huge wood fire, where Yule logs of huge size crackled and blazed merrily, giving at once grateful warmth, and that flaring, changeful light so favorable to the enjoyment of story-telling. There were the major, with his grave, pleasant face; his wife, with their eldest boy resting his curly head in her lap; little May, climbing deftly to her father's knee; two young English girls, who had sought a home with their sister after the old rector's death, and were now, apparently, pretty certain of soon overseeing homes of their own — if one could judge by the ardor with which two young farmers of the neighborhood anticipated their slightest wish, and improved each opportunity which "ye Merry Christmas" is famous for affording to lover and maiden.

"You promised us," said little May, "to tell us about the life of poor Senunk."

"Perhaps, dear," said her father, "our older friends would prefer to hear something more interesting than the simple story of the wanderings of a poor wingless goose."

With one accord, all present averred that nothing would suit them better; and I must confess that, for my own part, I have seldom heard a tale that interested me more than this little bird romance of a true hunter-naturalist,

and can only regret that my young friends could not have heard it from the same source.

"You will all of you remember our pen of wild geese in the poultry-yard we visited to-day, and as I called particular attention to him — that wingless bird, which ate out of May's hand. It is the only specimen I have now living of the Brent Goose (*Anser Berniclea*), a species of bird very plentiful on this coast, and in which I take a great interest, both as furnishing unexcelled food and sport, and as a species whose young are hatched and reared where no living man has ever trod.

"I have associated much with Senunk since the time I found him half frozen, with two broken wings, three years ago; and for days in spring and fall he has imparted to me much knowledge of his tribe, and their habits, as we have watched together, seeking to decoy and slay his wild congeners. This is what Senunk has told me, on the icy

reach of frost. It was only after heavy gales that we could procure this sea-wrack, and we looked upon it as a great luxury; for, as a general thing, we live only on vegetable food.

"It was but a few days before we took our first lessons in swimming; and soon I found myself paddling clumsily around in the shallows, and eagerly gathering with my little bill the *infusoria*, or tiny insects, with which those northern waters, at certain seasons, may almost be said to be alive. I soon satisfied my hunger, however, and striving up the, to me, steep ascent of the shelving rock, I reached the highest point, from which I could survey the strange scene before me.

"Around me, in the shallow water, on the naked rocks, in the blue sky above, all was life, for the millions of our race seek this desolate sea from the coasts and harbors of two continents. Every where the mother birds led their callow young over the shallows, or

brought on swift wing some dainty morsel, picked up far beyond the reach of our youthful vision. The rocks above were crowded with nests, for many young birds had fallen behind in their northward migration, and their eggs, as a consequence, would not be hatched for some days; while overhead, flocks of male birds were darting to and fro on long flights to far distant shores.

"As I sat dreamily opening and shutting my eyes, I was suddenly disturbed by a sudden 'whiss-sh' of wings, a glimpse of a huge white bird, and a sudden shove which sent me headlong into the water twenty feet below. I plunged under, but coming to the surface, regained my balance and my breath, to find that I had been thus rudely sent overboard by my grandfather, who stood above, threatening with beak and wings a huge gull, who found himself balked of his intended supper, and was glad to retreat from the myriads of angry birds which immediately surrounded him.

"This was but the commencement of a life of continual exposure to never-ceasing persecutions and ever-attendant peril. Sometimes a huge falcon would descend into the midst of a young brood, and seizing a young goslin in his talons, would bear his victim away at a rate of speed which defied pursuit. Sometimes, as the water was covered with quietly-feeding birds, the stillness would be



floe, and amid the tangled reeds of the shallow harbors:—

"I was borne far to the northward in an ocean on which no sail ever glistened, and no oar or paddle ever measured, with sharp-smiting strokes, the swift course of boat or canoe. Our nest—for I had six brothers and sisters—was one of a myriad small, rocky islets, which rose far from any land in the midst of that mysterious sea; our islet was very small, being, in fact, nothing but a water-worn rock, three faces of which were steep and jagged, while the fourth sloped gently down into the sea. It contained but three nests, those of my parents and grand-parents.

"For the first few days I remember nothing, except that our parents brought us for food many sweet little shrimps, and other tiny mollusca, and at times, although more rarely, the tender marine plants which grow deep down in the sheltering waves, below the

suddenly broken by a loud splash, the fluttering of a new victim, and the roar of the wings, and discordant cries of the thousands of birds thus disturbed by the deadly rush of the Greenland shark.

"At last my mother almost gave way under her constant anxieties. 'Let us leave this place,' said she, 'or I shall lose all my children.' At her words my grandfather turned and said gravely, —

"'For us, from the day of our birth amid these desolate rocks, and these mysterious seas, until the hour when we fall before animal craft or human wile, there is no peace, no sure safety. Here our numbers repel the predaceous birds, for the most part, and the few who fall a prey to shark and seal are generally victims to their own want of caution. All happiness and safety are comparative, and in these islet fastnesses we find a peaceful refuge denied us elsewhere.'

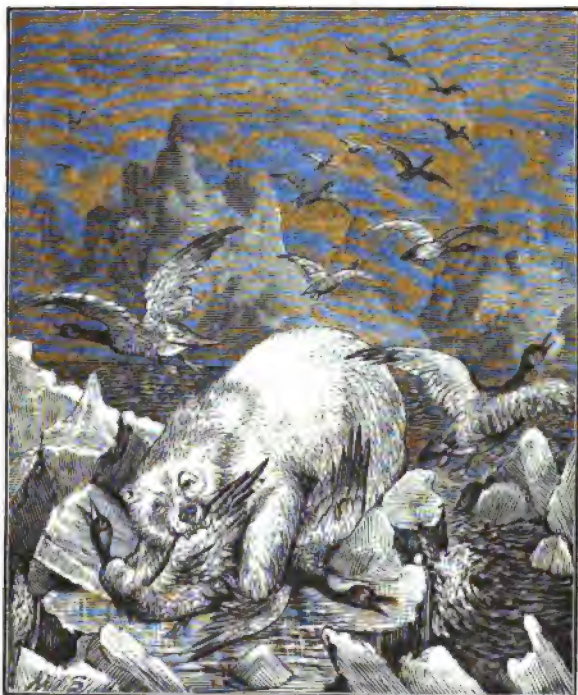
"It was of no use, however, for my grandfather to talk, and besides, the food supply lessened as our numbers increased, and we were forced at last to seek another location, where there were not so many mouths to be fed. The families of my four grandparents numbered four old and twelve young birds, and our eight more, old and young, so that twenty of us were gathered together on the old home rock, the evening before we flew away to commence, for the younger birds at least, a new and untried life.

"It was late in August, and already the nights were chill, and the winds, when they blew east or west, came laden with sleet and hail, while around our islets the young sharp ice began to form, to be broken by the tough legs of our comrades, and ploughed through by huge chill icebergs, set loose by the autumnal gales from their glacial birthplace far away across the open sea. I shall never forget that evening, for the sun was low down near the horizon, and the soft south wind which had sprung up wafted the massy bergs gently from the shallows into the eddying currents of that warm tide, which flows from the tropics to the poles; and as the white spires and snowy pinnacles gyrated slowly, tinted with a flood of crimson glory and refracted light, the surgeless eddies

reflected, in ever-changing mockery, fantastic shadows of a scene whose beauty I can never forget.

"But my grandsire, who, from his age and experience, was looked upon as the leader of our party, commenced conveying to us his final instructions for the next day's journeyings.

"'We leave to-morrow,' said he, 'the only place of safety now left to our persecuted race. I see no alternative, for the supply of food will otherwise be inadequate to the wants of the younger broods. To-morrow we shall seek the shores of the main land, where new dangers will await us — the midnight attack of



the arctic owl, the stealthy assault of the fox, and the clumsy cunning of the polar bear.

"'Trust only to continual vigilance, and a close attention to the counsels of your elders, and remember never to stray by land or water far from the main body, for it is with numbers alone that we can meet the talons and sharp beaks of our bloodthirsty enemies, the owl and falcon.'

"I remember still that northern islet-studded sea, the father-land of our winged millions, as it looked when, in the early dawn, I gazed upon it for the last time. The huge isolated rocks, washed by the desolate sea; the ever-

shifting icebergs gliding along in the distance like huge ships, to dash against each other, or be overwhelmed between the mighty surges and the outer cliffs of the archipelago; the crowded masses of mother-birds with their young broods upon the rocky slopes; the countless thousands which fed and swam over the shallows, with the constant flight of large flocks to east, and west, and south, are still before my memory, and each returning spring brings back to each of our race a homesick longing which is almost irresistible.

"But I thought little of what the future might have in store for me, and as, with a cry of farewell and encouragement, the older birds sprang into the air, their young followed, at first in a confused, disorderly rush, which gradually resolved itself into a sharply-defined and wedge-like phalanx, of which the eldest formed the point, and the youngest and weakest the last on the diverging flank-lines.

"It was nearly night when far ahead we saw before us the snow-covered cliffs, which stood on either side of the entrance of the harbor we were seeking; but as the sun sank low down in the horizon, we rapidly neared our haven, sweeping down from our lofty flight between the sentinel cliffs, when from behind them rang a shrill scream, and in an instant a broad-winged falcon towered high above our trembling company.

"'Alight, and face him with beak and wings,' shouted my grandsire, promptly setting the example, which was followed by the rest, but too late; for as the leading birds splashed into the water, my youngest brother, the last of the flock, fell dead among us, with his white breast-feathers crisscrossed with the drops that oozed from his wounded brain. We had no resource but to leave his body to the triumphant butcher, who, with shrill screams, circled above us until we took wing, and flew into the strange haven, weary and sad at heart.

"'Behold, O my children,' said our grandsire, 'a foretaste of the perils which await us. One victim has already fallen; and on every hand you may hear the shrill bark of the arctic fox; while over these shifting floes, alike indifferent to the crash of icebergs or the overwhelming seas, roams the huge but noiseless and terrible polar bear. A watch must be kept by night and day, for the perils which are past are as nothing to the mortal dangers which lie before.'

"Twice that night did our watchful elders warn us in season of the noiseless approach of the foxes, and as many times had we re-

moved to more isolated ice-fields, until at last we were several miles from the shore. The full moon silvered berg, floe, and motionless sea, gilding even the barren and misshapen cliff with that softened radiance which gives to all things some share of unreal beauty. Resting on a small floe we slept, but the old birds by turns watched as anxiously as ever. I awoke with a sense of peril for which there was no apparent cause, for nothing was in sight but a few small fragments of floating ice, of varied shape, one of which was, if anything, a little more rounded than the rest.

"One by one they came within our circle of attraction, and adhered to our floe. At last I missed the rounded fragment, but looking downward, saw with half-shut eyes a white mass shooting up from the depths of the sea. I heard the thrilling alarm-cry of our sentinel, as they broke into sudden foam, and a pair of armed jaws yawned below fiercely glaring eyes. A powerful blow swept among us, and the body of one of my companions, hurled along like a stone from a sling, struck just before me, and rebounding, flung me into the sea.

"I was unhurt, however, and taking to flight, joined the flock, as, unwilling to desert our murdered companions, we wheeled with wild cries around the glittering berg, on which, as on a throne, huge, powerful, stealthy, and merciless, sat triumphantly devouring our lost ones, the monarch of the undiscovered sea, the ranger of the untrodden floes, the terrible polar bear.

"As we sought, in fear and sorrow, an isolated rock, which rose high with steep and shelving sides above the sea, I listened to the voices of my grieving companions, now reduced in number to seventeen. Two of our leaders had fallen before that terrible paw: we were orphans."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

— GOOD FAITH IN SIBERIA. — The entire commerce among these wild races is founded solely on good faith. This principle is so deeply rooted, that a debtor will for no sum of money, however great, sell to another what he had once promised to his creditor. Sickness, death, or an unproductive season in hunting, may postpone a payment to the ensuing year, but so long as any member of the family survives, and can take part in hunting and fishing, the creditor may be *certain* that, at some period, his debt will be faithfully discharged. *

GETTING ON SEA-LEGS.

BY AN OLD SALT.

PART I.

HAVING a desire to see the world, and meet with adventure, I went to sea in a whaler. I had no doubt but what I would enjoy myself at sea; but when I got there, I was a bit disappointed.

I enjoyed myself while sailing down the bay — the Narragansett Bay — with the wind on our starboard quarter. Its shores were verdant and beautiful, and everything seemed lovely, on that last morning in May. We had been watching those verdant shores for a week, almost, waiting for a fair wind; and it had come at last from the nor'-west.

The nor'-west wind carried us out past Newport, till we were in sight of Block Island, — the first foreign land we saw, as some one remarked, — and then it left us; and then I began to see the sea. My first recollections of it are indistinct, yet I retain impressions. I am confident it had a greenish tinge, and it seemed very uneven. I remember that I felt — disappointed. It was so different from anything I had imagined, that I could not help feeling disappointed.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings more minutely; for I do not wish to work upon anybody's sympathies; and I doubt whether I could express all I felt in such a way that it would be understood by one who has not been to sea. I will merely say that I passed the last part of the day in the lee scuppers, in a reclining attitude, pensively meditating upon the sea, and looking at it occasionally through the hole they called the bow-port. At times the boat-steerer, called Tom, or somebody else, would ask me how it was coming on, — meaning the sea, probably, — but I seldom made any reply.

They said it was calm; but what made them think so, was more than I could tell; it did not seem calm to me. There was no wind, it is true, but there was a great deal of motion. Whenever I looked out of the port — and it was quite often — the green waters seemed to rise up, in a mountain as it were, so high that I could not see the top of it. I had read about seas that were mountains high, and I saw that it was all true. But what there was about them that was grand or magnificent, was more than I could understand.

At last they had supper, — a few of them, — and night came. I didn't care much about it then, and only mention it now because it must have been at about that time that I began to feel better. It was still calm, they said, and I suppose it must have been; but whether it was or not, the boat-steerer, Tom, — short and dumpy, but a real good fellow, — persuaded me to drink about three quarts of salt water, — it don't take long to drink three quarts of salt water after you get it a going, — and pretty soon I began to feel better. Tom staid by, to keep me from going out through the port-hole; and finally he took what there was left of me, and set it down beside him on the carpenter's bench, abaft the try-works.

The moon was full, and I began to see that it was really calm, although there was still



some motion. It was a beautiful night, I have no doubt; but I would much rather have been at home. Tom showed me Block Island; but it didn't do me any good. Neither did the shimmering of the sea, nor anything else that I could see. How long I sat there I have forgotten; but that was the way I ended my first day at sea.

I was very light for a few days, but Tom said it was most always so when one was getting his sea-legs on. We got out of the green water, to where it looked hard and blue, and yet it was not attractive. It was only the third night out, I think, that we had a blow, and I had an opportunity to help shorten sail. I would have preferred to stay on deck, but having got the impression that every man would be expected to do his duty, I went up — on to the main yard first — to help furl the

biggest sail in the ship. It was very fortunate that there was a strip of wood, called a jack-stay, on top of the yard. I held on to it, and edged away out, at the risk of my life, on a foot-rope that brought my chin up about to the top of the yard, and which, under the circumstances, seemed a very unsafe thing to depend on. I didn't do so much furling as some of them, but I was there, holding on. I had no idea the sail was so large and so heavy, till I went up there to help furl it.

But when the mainsail was stowed, we had to go up over the top; which also seemed a dangerous thing to do. If I had fallen, I don't think I should have known it, for I never knew how I got up. But when I heard the mate's order to hold on while he squared in the yard, I knew I was there, away out half way to Tom, who sat astride of the very end of the yard, as unconcerned as if he had been born there. I couldn't see, for the life of me, why he didn't fall, particularly when the mate ordered us to hold on. I should have obeyed that order had it been only a request. Very likely it was intended for Tom, and not for me. It seemed a piece of recklessness on the mate's part to let that yard loose while we were all on it. But I found out that the object was to get the wind out of the sail, so that we could handle it more easily. Fortunately there were enough of us, so that, with what little I could do, we were able to manage it. When it was all over, and we were down on deck again, Tom said I was a capital hand aloft. He even hinted that I must go to the earing with him every time.

Still I wondered what there could be that was attractive about the sea; and, particularly, how those men could eat anything that came out of that—cook's galley! The smell of it was enough for me. And the cook!—I didn't love him then; for he was a bareheaded, bare-breasted, barearmed, barefooted negro, with perspiration streaming and glistening all over him. How *could* the men relish their food!

One of the old hands learned us the ropes, — we green ones, — taking us round and calling every rope by name. I had no idea there were so many ropes in a ship before. There were tacks, sheets, braces, halyards, reef-tackles, buntlines, bowlines, clewlines, out-hauls, downhauls, &c., &c., a large variety of each, — except the cook's kettle halyards, of which there was but one, — and we must know just where to find each particular rope the instant an order was given; and how to haul on it, too. At the same time we learned to box the compass, and to steer the ship.

In a couple of weeks I knew the ropes, and

could take my turn at the wheel. Still I had no appetite. I could eat hard tack, but anything that came out of the cook's coppers was too hearty. One wet night, when we had been out about two weeks, I got the first thing that tasted good. It rained that night, and I felt very sorry. I never had been used to standing out in the rain four hours at a time in the middle of the night at home, and I was afraid it wouldn't agree with me. I had some thought of saying so to the second mate, in whose watch I stood; but remembering that he had on a good water-proof suit, I concluded not to. My clothes were not the kind that turned water, and it seemed a cold sort of rain.

We men were allowed to stand in the lee of the house, aft, however, where there was not quite so much wind. I remember that some of us talked about home, and the best way to get there, and I got the impression that there were others who were beginning to feel afraid that the sea would not agree with them. The fourth mate and the boat-steerers were with us, and once in a while they would try to make us laugh. Possibly I smiled once or twice, but if I did, I have no recollection of it; and it was so dark that a smile could not have been seen very far. When we had been there about three hours, something touched me — outwardly, I mean. I put out my hands to feel what it was, and it seemed like a bread-basket; as I had suspected, from the squeak, it might be.

"Take some," said a low voice, which was Tom's; "it's all right."

There was something soft in the basket, and I took three of them. They were cold biscuit, as we would call them on shore, but at sea they were "soft tack." The basket went round, and every man took some.

Tom was rather short and dumpy for an angel, but I sometimes thought he was almost good enough to be one. It's possible he is by this time.

While I was eating, a soft voice near me said, "It goes to the right spot."

I understood just what it meant, for mine went to the right spot too. It was the first food that really tasted good to me after I got to sea. It came by accident, — or, I am not sure but I might say, providentially. The steward had been baking soft tack the evening before — an extra lot of it — for the cabin table. His well-filled basket had been left near the window in his pantry. The pantry was on the same side of the house against which we were standing, and the window — a sliding one — had not been made fast. In rubbing

against it, Tom made the discovery. Very naturally he shoved the window clear back, and began to explore. Very fortunately the bread-basket was so near he could not miss of it, and the result was as I have stated.

After that I began to pick up gradually. The soft tack gave my appetite a start, as it were, and before we arrived at the Western Islands I could eat bean soup and duff with any of them. My appetite for salt junk was longer in coming; but finally I could master anything the cook had to offer. There is no telling what a man can eat till he goes to sea. To be sure I used to long for a little milk and sugar to put in my tea and coffee, but I even got over that before I had been at sea four years.

Then, too, there was a lack of knives, and forks, and earthen ware. All the crockery I had—and it was as much as any one had in the forecabin—was a tin pot that held a quart, an iron spoon, and a little tin pannikin for a plate. I took care of all these things myself, washing them occasionally when water was plenty, and cleaning them with oakum when it was not. I used to pick up all the rag-ends of ropes for dish-cloths. It was plain enough that some of the old sailors pitied me for being so nice. They did not think it necessary to wash dishes more than once a week, and some got along very well without washing them at all.

I got sympathy of various kinds. The second mate, Mr. Bowlegs, used to speak kindly to me, when there was nobody else about, and sometimes when I was at the wheel the captain seemed to feel an interest in me. I suppose it was seldom they got such a tender sprig at sea. None of them seemed to swear at me quite so hard as they did at the others. Even the cook had pity for me.

I'll tell you how it was about the cook ("the doctor" we always used to call him)—the black, shiny fellow! He first showed his good-will towards me by calling me slyly behind the galley, one evening at supper time, before I had come to my appetite, and thrusting into my hands some warm soft tack,—a part of his perquisite from the cabin table,—"*Put them* under your shirt and keep dark," said he, in his husky voice; and I knew very well what he meant. He wanted my washing; that was all.

I was very willing that the doctor should do my washing, all but the dishes, and after that I had as clean clothes as any one. In return I gave the doctor all the tobacco I had, and some other things that I thought I would

have no use for. Of course I did not go to sea without a supply of tobacco, expecting to learn how to use it. I did make a few feeble attempts in that direction before we weighed anchor, but after we got to sea I was so disappointed that I gave up my experiments, and have never had a desire to resume them since. I am getting along in years now, and I don't think I should have enjoyed any better health even if I had used tobacco.

One evening the doctor gave me a flying-fish for breakfast. Think of that!

The old lady whose sailor son told her about flying fish, didn't believe in such things, because it didn't tell about them in the Bible. But when he spoke about heaving up Pharaoh's chariot wheels out of the Red Sea, it was all right; because, according to the Bible, Pharaoh and his host were overwhelmed in that sea; and no doubt she was glad enough of it, not thinking what a weeping and wailing there must have been among the poor women and children at home.

But the doctor actually gave me a flying-fish for breakfast; fried, I think. At any rate, it was fried or broiled. It was a breezy morning, and the fish flew on board our ship. Poor fellow! he didn't know what he was coming to. We had just begun to wash off decks,—something I won't say anything about at present,—and there were flying-fish all around the ship, darting from sea to sea; that is, from the crest of one wave into another; sometimes going several ship's lengths clear of the water. It happened that the flight of this one was arrested by the inclined deck of our ship, and thus I got him. I gave it to the doctor to cook for me, and he could hardly do less than give it back, especially as he was my washer-man. And so it happened that the doctor gave me a flying-fish for breakfast.

And yet I was not happy. The sea had disappointed me. The ship, too. The customs, and the style of living that prevailed on board, were not in accordance with my tastes. I had been differently educated. I had a general tendency to feel sorry, and very early in the voyage I had made up my mind not to be a sailor. I remembered the old farm,—the best place in all the world,—and resolved to improve the first opportunity that should offer to return to it. I even spoke to the captain about it. He seemed pleased at my attachment to the old place, but thought I could do much better to stay with him. I told him, "I had no idea he was going to make so long a voyage. The shipping-master had told me it would only be an eighteen months'

voyage: which I had thought would be as long as I should care to be at sea the first time."

The captain tried to make it easy for me. "If we should have good luck," he said, "we would not be gone more than three years, and by that time I ought to be able to steer a boat." He promised to teach me navigation, too, and told me to come into the cabin that very day, after dinner, and show him how I could "figger." I got the impression that there was a book in the cabin with a great many figures in it; but I got little encouragement of reaching home till the end of the voyage. I gained something, however; for after that I spent an hour in the cabin almost every day, for a time, making figures. I had never seen so many figures before as I found in the captain's "Epitome."

I will just say here that the name of my ship was North Light; the "Old North," we used to call her. The captain's name was Lancer, — Captain Lancer, — generally known among the crew as the "*Old Man*." We seldom called him anything else. We were bound to the North-west Coast, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope and the Indian Ocean. And I will only remark further, in this connection, that the voyage lasted just four years. The ship arrived home in the same month of the year in which she had sailed away.

After my interview with the captain, concerning home and the way to get there, I came to the determination that I would be free. I began to think of it as soon as I left the captain to go forward, and by the time I reached the fore-castle, had resolved to be free. "Give me liberty or give me death," said Patrick Henry, "and give me freedom," thought I.

I knew that I could never be free at sea, but we were to touch at Fayal, — it was all the talk till we got there, — and I supposed that then we would all go ashore, for a few hours at least. Then I would strike for freedom and my native land.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SPHINX.

[OUR ANNUAL FULL-PAGE PUZZLE.]

AS a frontispiece to this number of OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE will be found Miss L. B. Humphrey's puzzle, for the solution of which the following cash prizes are offered:—

\$50 for the most correct answer.

\$35 " " next best "

\$25 " " third best "

This puzzle deals with history. It contains a certain number of events to be discovered, all of which can be ascertained by the use of the following

KEY TO THE SPHINX.

86, 6, 7, 28, 37, 73, 26, 51, 38, 67, 72, 74, 14, 26, 34, 67, 23, $\frac{1}{8}$ of 18, 6, 59, 34, 6, 7, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 27, 39, 75, 17, 60, 1, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 42, 54, 22, 30, 1, 73, 5, 7, 59, 75, 39, 70, 16, 41, 6, 5, 84, 41, 48, 35, 39, 75, 75, 6, 13, 75, 37, 73, 39, 23, 1, 10, 49, 4, 8, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 58, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 58, 6, 7, 8, 4, 36, 4, 3, 77, 6, 39, 18, 10, 5, 74, 3, 36, 66, 6, 51, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 42, 54, 16, 41, 6, 55, 39, 48, 75, 11, 6, 7, 38, 52, 4, 23, 6, 7, 25, 26, 59, 65, 5, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 77, 69, 32, 80, 18, 6, 26, 36, 10, 48, 51, 64, 6, 7, 3, 2, 15, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 77, 75, 36, 10, 63, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 28, 78, 6, 81, 3, 61, 4, 31, 73, 39, 41, 31, 4, 81, 36, 3, 54, 34, 6, 26, 37, 28, 37, 26, 31, 40, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 58, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 56, 45, 57, 75, 36, 4, 36, 41, 41, 75, 36, 4, 12, 1, 39, 54, 3, 39, 4, 26, 78, 65, 7, 10, 11, 6, 7, 60, 39, 83, 11, 6, 41, 73, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 56, 28, 6, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 44, 45, 1, 4, 3, 36, 18, 6, 7, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 58, 10, 41, 6, 73, 61, 4, 26, 51, 39, 10, 3, 36, 6, 4, 41, 68, 41, 16, 52, 1, 4, 6, 7, 59, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 62, 3, 36, 69, 2, 60, 75, 1, 10, 33, 82, 60, 64, 36, 59, 45, 6, 64, 74, 45, 6, 7, 41, 7, 8, 4, 77, 4, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 77, 75, 36, 4, 33, 39, 41, 3, 36, 26, 4, 60, 1, 7, 54, 6, 48, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 71, 29, 6, 69, 3, 2, 4, 12, 1, 73, 5, 6, 7, 57, 36, 4, 1, 73, 7, 47, 3, 5, 37, 37, 1, 10, 25, 69, 58, 34, 6, 8, 26, 36, 60, 1, 79, 8, 53, 51, 1, 73, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 67, 59, 48, 41, 70, 6, 7, 39, 75, 50, 60, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 11, 46, 45, 51, 48, 74, 68, 68, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 11, 81, 3, 36, 10, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 64, 43, 60, 2, 4, 61, 36, 1, 4, 39, 60, 75, 39, 47, 6, 10, 3, 41, 64, 49, 48, 40, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 58, 73, 8, 30, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 71, 29, 45, 6, 54, 10, 2, 80, 2, 26, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 77, 5, 6, 7, 9, 77, 81, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 28, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 77, 3, 36, 42, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 58, 4, 48, 36, 6, 5, 3, 1, 64, 1, 81, 8, 26, 48, 3, 36, 3, 39, 60, 37, 26, 31, 30 and 33, 41, 6, 10, $\frac{1}{4}$ of 47, 37, 64, 26, 8, $\frac{1}{8}$ of 18, 6, 43, 60, 2, 4, 57, 1, 73, 5, 6, 43, 60, 2, 4, 11, 6, 7, 66, 39, 24, 4, 7, 4, 72, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 72, 3, 26, 77, 39, 50, (Battles), 69, 41, 37, 73, 80, 4, 10, 75, 37, 37, 10, 2, 75, 51, 73, 4, 39, 3, 39, 14, 16, 21, 56, 4, 15, 20, 69, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 28, 2, 36, 10, 41, 28, 37, 73, 61, 36, 41, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 50, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 35, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 24, 34, 30, 51, 51, 5, 39, 69, 17, 3, 2, 73.

No other assistance will be given. Competitors can solve the mystery in any manner they choose, and the successful will be duly rewarded for their labors. The correct solution will be given in the July number. Answers received after June 1 will not be admitted. Correspondents must be careful to write name and residence upon the solution.

THE CAPTIVE COUNT.

BY ROTH.

THE following story is founded on a legend given by M. de Barants in his History of the Dukes of Burgundy. In the time of Charles the Bold, there lived a powerful nobleman much favored by the duke, and created by him Count de Chimai, in addition to his other titles and belongings. He married Margaret de Craon, whose lofty courage befitted her noble birth and high position.

Jean de Chimai's ardor for the chase often rendered him reckless of the privileges of others, and not caring on whose lands he hunted, he sometimes caused serious annoyance to his poorer neighbors.

In pursuit of this favorite amusement, he at length ventured on liberties, which gave umbrage to the citizens of a neighboring village, Comin, which boasted as its defence an almost impregnable fortress, and the indignant inhabitants vowed revenge. The Lord of Chimai, with no foreboding of what was in store for him, was setting out with his usual light-heartedness, in the early morning, when his countess surprised him by a remonstrance and earnest entreaty that he would not hunt that day. As she could, however, give no reason but a sort of presentiment that evil was brewing, he jested at her fears, and with a light caress, promised to be with her again ere the sun went down. Little did they think how many suns would set, how many weary years elapse, before they met again.

The hunt went on merrily and well, but late in the day the count separated from his less eager companions, dismounted, and carelessly holding his horse's bridle, sat down to rest in the shade of the forest. Engaged in idle reverie, and dreaming of no danger, he was thus suddenly surrounded by a band of armed men, who claimed him as their prisoner; and to their superior force resistance was worse than useless. His disguised foes conducted the unhappy count to the fortress of Comin, where they confined him in one of its most inaccessible towers, and as the setting sun sent one of its last rays through the narrow slit which served for a window, the prisoner thought bitterly of his rash promise to his wife.

Meanwhile the Lady Margaret awaited her lord's return with the utmost anxiety, and when the rest of the hunting-party returned without him, late at night, thinking, after a long, ineffectual search, that the count must

be at home, she at once headed another band to seek him.

For days and weeks the missing count was sought, but no tidings could be heard, and although mystery enveloped his fate, all agreed that he was dead. The change of the seasons brought no hope, no comfort, to the hapless prisoner, who, weary of looking at the bare walls of his cell, and with no occupation, sank at last into utter despondency. His hair and beard, in ragged and unrestrained confusion, covered his thin and hollow cheeks, and his clothes fluttered in tatters on his emaciated limbs. At length, after seven long years of hopeless captivity, his release was effected in a manner almost miraculous.

A shepherd of Comin, pasturing his flock in a meadow below the fortress, was one day amusing himself with his crossbow, and aimed his arrow at the lofty loophole of the count's prison chamber. The arrow lodged in the aperture, and the shepherd daringly scaled the rock and climbed to the window; but just as he seized his prize, he felt his hand grasped from within. Utterly unconscious of any human presence, the youth, almost paralyzed with fear, uttered a loud scream; but a voice reassured him, and asked him who he was, and from what place. Hearing that he was from Comin, the unfortunate count threw himself on the young man's mercy, and besought him to send his father secretly to him, with writing materials. The kind-hearted shepherd promised compliance, and in due time his father, Jean Basselaine, presented himself at the rendezvous. Here the count's sad story was transmitted to paper, and the compassionate peasants undertook to convey it to the faithful countess, who mourned her lord as dead.

Time and sorrow had changed the proud and beautiful Margaret de Craon, who received the humble ambassadors in widow's weeds, and with the listless, dejected air of one who hopes for no good tidings. The dark eyes, so dimmed with weeping, however, brightened with a lightning flash of joy, as they fell on the writing now handed to her.

With quick, incoherent inquiries, she elicited from the shepherd a narrative of his adventure; and then, with lavish reward to father and son, and promises of much greater favor, the noble lady hastened to action. At the head of an armed band of vassals, with aid from her powerful friends, the Countess of Chimai presented herself at the fortress of Comin, and, in an incredibly short time from his discovery by the shepherd, the captive was restored to his wife and position.

The inhabitants of Comin protested their utter ignorance of the count's imprisonment, attributing it to the secret machinations of a few unknown enemies, and vied with each other in their offers of assistance and service.

The story says that his best friends did not recognize the prisoner, in his extreme emaciation and squalor, and that his garments fell to pieces at the lightest touch. But a short time changed all this; and soon after his liberation he levelled the castle with the ground, saying that it should never cover another captive. Whether seven years of imprisonment taught the count more respect for the rights of others is left to conjecture.

CALIFORNIA DIALECT.

BY L. A. B. C.

CAN philologists or philosophers explain why it is so easy to adopt incorrect modes of speech, and so almost impossible to avoid the inaccuracies of expression which we are daily accustomed to hear? I suppose it must be because we have not yet "developed" out of the monkeyish propensity for *imitation*, inherited from our Darwinian ancestors. Yet it does seem easier to learn bad words than good ones, as anxious mothers well know, when their boys overwhelm them with torrents of slang phrases.

Bret Harte does not exaggerate the "dialect" of the mining districts in his unique sketches of California life. It seems to me that people from all parts of the world have brought here their peculiar idioms of speech, and the peculiarities have been generally adopted.

At first I was greatly confused, when, relating some incident to a strong-minded and intelligent lady, she interrupted me by ejaculating, "*Whick!*" where we are accustomed to say *what*. Now I am no longer confounded if, not understanding me, my listener says, "*Whick?*" meaning, "What did you say?" for it is a very common expression.

Instead of the "yes'm," or "yes, ma'am," of New England, California young people say, "Yes, mam," "No, mam," with the *a* exceedingly short and flat. Father and mother are alluded to as "paw" and "maw." It has been suggested that these expressions may have originated indirectly from the mighty grizzly.

Half and *calf*, are "*haf*" and "*caf*;" and it is amusing to hear the futile efforts of children to give the true Websterian pronunciation to these words. They will say, "cof,"

"couf," "cawf," "*carf*," but by no mere accident ever hit the correct pronunciation than if the words contained some German guttural entirely foreign to our language. So I suppose they will remain *caf* and *haf* to the end of the chapter.

Uneducated people tell you they "*jest seen* a man who *knowed* all about it," as the unlettered ones of the east declare, "*It's me*," or "*I done* a big stent to-day."

We are not surprised at these lapses from grammatical science in those whose early education was very limited; but it is quite astonishing to hear school-teachers and educated men and women say, "What time does the moon raise?" "I raised up in bed," "When the sun raised this morning." I even heard the minister say he "raised up from his knees."

I think this barbarism was imported from some of the western states, for I recently saw it in a gossipy article from the pen of a western editor.

Of course the old Spanish-Mexican inhabitants have given many words to the language of this state which are not to be found in the English dictionary. The terms *farm* and *farmer* are entirely superseded by *ranch* and *ranchman*. A cattle-driver is a *vaquero*.

Mining terms have also been adopted in common use. *Prospecting* for gold has given origin to the expressions, "He has gone to *prospect* for a job," "To *prospect* a stranger." Gold is usually found on the *bed-rock*; hence you will hear it said of a searching sermon, "He went to the *bed-rock*." A deep wound was "cut to the *bed-rock*." If a man fails in an undertaking, he "couldn't make the *riffs*."

Attention has been frequently called to the terms *tote* and *lug*, for *bring* or *carry*. Here they have a new word — "*Pack* me in some wood." "*Pack* this tub down cellar." This term arose from the custom of transporting all goods on pack-animals, in the early days. Everything was *packed* then, and so the word has come into universal use.

I never heard of a *pail* here; everything of that description is a *bucket*. *Bag* is entirely obsolete, and is called a *sack*. Barn-door fowls, old and young, are all *chickens*.

It would be refreshing to hear now and then the good old Saxon word *begin*; but it has fallen entirely into disuse, as though some plebeianism clung to it. Everybody *commenced*.

He commenced to eat his dinner, and the dog commenced to bark, and just as he commenced to raise up from the table, a man

came in packing a gun and his blankets and commenced to tell his story. This is not at all exaggerated. Do you wonder that it is tiresome?

But, as I said before, the worst feature of the case is, I find myself so ready to adopt the errors, and I actually stammered this morning in saying "The cream will not *rise*," and nearly put an *a* in it.

THE SIRENS.

BY JENNIE JOY.

TWAS a day when the tint of the clear
June skies

Was as soft as the blue in a first-born's eyes,
And the coast wore the freshness of Paradise.

The vessel — a shallop, whose whole-souled
crew

Carried hearts fresh and pure as the breath
they drew,

And as fearless and brave as their souls were
true —

Off the fair coast of Naples was nearing the isle
Where three beautiful sirens, with song and
smile,

And glances love-fashioned, and tricks of guile,

Had whitened the beach with full many a bone,
Till it looked like huge cliffs of the white lime-
stone,

Towering high and around where the sea
makes moan.

Not a crew had yet passed this isle of the sea,
With its gleaming white cliffs and weird mel-
ody,

Who heard those sweet songs full of witchery.

They were caught in the meshes of rippling
hair,

Which floated about them, a golden snare,
And perished like fools on the white beach
there.

Now Orpheus heard, as his light shallop sped
Swift towards the snare so cleverly spread,
Most ravishing music, around and o'erhead, —

And now in the distance, plaintively low:
It drew his glance towards the white cliffs,
when, lo!

There rose the three, waving green wands to
and fro.

'Twas then he grew strong in the power of his
might,

And raising a hymn to the gods, swift as light
His ship cleared the isle in her glorious flight.

VOL. XVII. — NO. 258.

The sirens in vain tossed the gold of their hair,
Soft rippling the waves and flashing the air:
The harper triumphant passed safely the snare.

Odysseus now had permission to see
These sirens who lived on this isle of the sea;
So he manned a light vessel, and off sailed he.

He was wise, if not good, and as cautious as
wise;

Then availing himself of wise Circe's advice,
He took plastic wax, and, with cunning device,

Stopped the ears of the sailors, anon making
fast

Himself, with the aid of the crew, to the mast.
Thus bound, he in safety sailed wistfully past;

Yet lusty and long to the deaf tars made cry:
"Quick! loosen these ropes ere the vessel
speeds by!"

They heard not his voice nor the song's witch-
ing sigh.

Twice baffled, the charmers were changed into
stone

As white as their own cliffs of petrified bone, —
Ay, hard, senseless rocks, where the sea makes
moan.

Alas for our race! and alas for our times!
This act did not expiate fully their crimes.

Less fair, though as subtle, they live yet (in
rhymes).

Long ages rolled on: Greece's downfall had
come;

She sank in the dust at the feet of old Rome;
And she, in her turn, to the Goths did suc-
cumb.

Anon, from the great northern hive 'neath the
sea,

A wizard arose, — prince of sorcerers he, —
And, waving a wand, thundered forth his de-
cree.

"Let a wind from our centre sweep over yon
isle,

And melt those white rocks with the warmth
of its smile,

Till they creep in the sea, huge things, sleek
with guile.

"Where the sun sets, there lieth a country
scarce known;

Let the creatures go seek it, accursed and
alone,

Nor longer abide where the sea maketh moan."

To the wilds of America, long leagues away,
In lowest of reptile forms,* forth glided they.
Is it true that they're found in our land to this
day?

* Said to be the Perennibranchiate Batrachian.



HIRING HELP.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

CHARACTERS. — MRS. MERWIN; EMMA, her daughter; BRIDGET ROONEY; NORAH McCARTY; ELLEN FLYNN; JOANNA O'NEIL; ANGELINA SIMPER, MARY AMES.

SCENE. — MRS. MERVIN'S Sitting-room.

Emma. Well, mother, as our advertisement appeared in the paper last evening, I suppose we may expect any amount of answers in the shape of Irish girls.

Mrs. Mervin. Quite likely; and I must confess I dread the ordeal. It is better, however, to advertise and have the girls call at the house, than to seek them at the intelligence office.

Emma. O, yes, indeed. I made a vow the last time you sent me there for a girl, that if I could possibly help it, I would never enter such a place again.

Mrs. Mervin. Well, I hope our present plan will be successful, and we shall be fortunate enough to secure a good girl. If we had less company, and our family was not so large, we would try to do the work together, and get along without help.

Emma. I wish we might, mother. I have often felt, after the disorderly reign of some tyrannical Bridget, that I would like to banish them all from whence they came, and wield the kitchen sceptre alone. (*Bell rings.*) There comes number one, I'll warrant.

Enter BRIDGET ROONEY.

Bridget. The top of the mornin' to ye, ma'am; and sure is yer name Mervin?

Mrs. Mervin. It is; and I suppose you have come to answer my advertisement for a girl.

Bridget. Indade I have, ma'am. Is it a cook ye would be ather wantin'?

Mrs. Mervin. I wish a girl to do general housework; and of course that includes a

knowledge of plain cooking. Would you like such a place?

Bridget. And shure I can't tell, ma'am, till I ax ye a few questions and finds out the character of the place intirely. What wages do ye give?

Mrs. Mervin. Three dollars.

Bridget. And how many have ye in the family, ma'am?

Mrs. Mervin. Seven persons.

Bridget. Well, indade, and if ever I heard the like! Sivin persons, and only three dollars wages! Shure me cousin, Kate Murphy, gits four dollars, and there's only three in the house! I'll come for no three dollars, unless yer house has all the modern convainyences. Do ye have gas in the kitchen and girl's room?

Mrs. Mervin. We have gas in the kitchen, but we do not think it necessary in the girl's sleeping-room.

Bridget. And faith it's as much wanted there as anywhere. A poor girl doesn't want to be groping about with a nasty kerosene lamp. How much time in a week do you give a girl to herself, ma'am?

Mrs. Mervin. One afternoon and evening a week. I believe that is a general rule.

Bridget. It's not a rule I goes by, ma'am. I wants two afternoons a week, and every evenin' besides, and I'm used to have me friends come whenever I like.

Mrs. Mervin. I see you wouldn't suit me at all; so you had better not remain here any longer. I don't intend to pay a girl wages, and give her half her time besides.

Bridget. And shure yer no lady, ma'am; and I wouldn't set fut in yer house if ye'd give me five dollars a week, bad luck to ye.

[*Exit BRIDGET.*]

Mrs. Mervin. Not a very promising specimen to begin with, surely.

Emma. I should think not, indeed. The idea of her asking four dollars a week, and wanting, as you said, nearly half her time! (*Bell rings.*) There's another. I shall find full employment in tending the door bell, at this rate.

Enter NORAH MCCARTY.

Norah. Are you the lady, ma'am, the paper said wanted a girl?

Mrs. Mervin. Yes; I advertised for one yesterday. Can you do general housework?

Norah. Faith I can, ma'am; it's a gineral's housework I've been doing, and I might have staid in the place foriver, only that herself was that fussy that niver a soul could plaze her.

Mrs. Mervin. Can you make good bread?

Norah. Good bread is it ye say? And indade I can make that same. I makes it with intens, ma'am; and if it sours a bit, I puts a handful of salerathus into it, and it comes out of the oven as swate as a nut, and a fine color on it besides.

Emma. Dear me! I should think it might have a fine color with a handful of saleratus in it!

Mrs. Mervin. At what other place have you lived besides the one you mentioned?

Norah. Nowheres at all, ma'am; that's the first place I wint when I came from the ould counthry.

Mrs. Mervin. How long did you live there, and what part of the work did you do?

Norah. Well, ma'am, I lived there three weeks, 'liven days, and a fortnight — barrin' the two days that I staid out to take care of me cousin Mike; and I did the fine work, mostly, ma'am; scrubbing, sifting ashes, and the likes of that. Do ye think ye would like to hire me, ma'am?

Mrs. Mervin. I guess not. I am afraid you haven't had experience enough to do my work properly.

Norah. Well, ma'am, if that's anything I could buy at the store, I would be willing to spend a thrifle to get some, for the sake of livin' wid ye.

Mrs. Mervin. Experience in housework cannot be bought at the stores; so you had better look somewhere else for a place.

[*Exit* NORAH.]

Emma. Well, mother, did you ever hear of such stupidity before?

Mrs. Mervin. She's the greenest specimen I've seen yet. I wonder who will come next? [*Bell rings.*]

Emma. We shall soon see.

Enter ELLEN FLYNN.

Ellen. A fine day, ma'am. Is it yerself that wants a girl?

Mrs. Mervin. Yes, if I can find a good one; but I am sorry to say they seem to be growing very scarce.

Ellen. You are mistaken there, ma'am; it's good places that's gittin' scarce. How big a family do ye have?

Mrs. Mervin. There are seven of us, and we of course have company occasionally.

Ellen. That's too many intirely; but I 'spose with all thim ye keep two girls and a man besides.

Mrs. Mervin. No, we keep but one servant.

Ellen. Servint is it! Well, ma'am, that's what I nivr allows meself to be called. What sort of convainyences is 'there in the house? Is there a rocking-chair in the kitchen, where I can rest meself while the pot's a bilin'?

Mrs. Mervin. No; I don't consider that a necessary article of kitchen furniture.

Ellen. We differs there, ma'am; I can't do without a rocking-chair. I see you have a pianny. I s'pose ye wouldn't mind if I learned to play on it afther me work is done — would ye?

Mrs. Mervin. I should object very strongly to giving a girl such a privilege.

Ellen. Well, ma'am, it's gittin' quite the fashion for the ladies that live out to play. Me cousin Kate Donnelly plays "St. Pathrick's Day in the Mornin'," and "Rory O'More," illigant; and I've made up me mind I'll live in no place agin where I can't have the chance to play the pianny.

Mrs. Mervin. Then the quicker you look for such a place the better. It isn't worth while for me to spend any more time talking with you.

Ellen. Indade, it's a very uncivil tongue ye have, ma'am; and it's meself that ought to grumble for spendin' me precious time talkin' to the likes of you. [*Exit* ELLEN.]

Emma. It grows worse and worse, mother! What are we coming to?

Mrs. Mervin. Dear me! I don't know! I am fairly discouraged! [*Bell rings.*]

Enter JOANNA.

Joanna. Are ye afther wantin' a girl, ma'am?

Mrs. Mervin. Yes; I want a good one.

Joanna. Faith, thin, it's glad I am that my brother Pathrick read me the scrap in the paper last night, for I'm wantin' a place.

Mrs. Mervin. What can you do?

Joanna. Well, thin, I can do anything at all that ye likes. I washes beautiful; and me clothes has such a fine blue color on thim, when I takes thim in, it would do yer sowl good to see thim.

Mrs. Mervin. O, dear! I don't like so much bluing in my clothes.

Joanna. Faith, thin, I'll jist lave out the blue a few times, and they'll be as fine a yaller as ye wish; anything to suit ye, ma'am.

Emma. Can you do common cooking?

Joanna. I niver does anything common, miss; all I cooks is in the fust style. I can make Meringo pies that would melt in your mouth; Charlotte Russians, and Blue Munge, too.

Emma. Indeed! you seem quite an adept in cooking.

Joanna. I don't know what an adipt is; but if you mean I'm a good cook, I am that. Ye ought to see the fine roast pig I cooked the other day; sich a handsome baste was niver set before on a gintleman's table, I'll warrant.

Mrs. Mervin. You seem to despise common cooking. I have very little else done in my family. We live quite plainly, and I hardly think you would suit me.

Joanna. Well, now, ma'am, we won't let the cooking come betwixt us. I can cook plain, if I like; so, if ye plaze, I'd like to come and try.

Mrs. Mervin. Can you bring me a certificate of good character from the lady who last employed you?

Joanna. A stifkit! What's that, shure?

Mrs. Mervin. A paper, stating what character you bear.

Joanna. Indade, ma'am, I niver carries my charactercher round in a dirty piece of paper, that's liable to be torn up any day. I thinks more of meself than that.

Mrs. Mervin. Very well; I cannot take you, unless you can bring me such a paper.

Joanna. Faith ye won't have the chance; and I'm thinkin' it'll be a long time before ye gets suited. Ye'll find no dacent girl will carry her charactercher loose in her hand.

[Exit JOANNA.]

Emma. Another verdant specimen. These interviews grow interesting. I'm beginning to enjoy them. I wonder who will come next? (Bell rings).

Mrs. Mervin. We shall soon see who has given the bell such a gentle pull.

Enter ANGELINA SIMPER.

Angelina. Are you the lady who manifested her desire to secure an assistant in her family, by inserting an advertisement in the Gazette of last evening?

Mrs. Mervin. Yes; I advertised for a servant girl. Do you wish such a situation?

Angelina. I might be induced, madam, to

accept a position in your family for a sufficient consideration.

Mrs. Mervin. Are you familiar with housework?

Angelina. Yes, in a certain way. I am in the habit of idealizing, and etherealizing everything which I undertake. I think I have discovered the method of extracting the poetry from housework, and instead of regarding it as a wearisome drudgery, I make it a grand poem.

Emma. I think you must be an inventive genius if you can find any poetry in washing greasy dishes, or scrubbing kitchen floors.

Angelina. Ah, miss, there is poetry in everything. I revel in it, morning, noon, and night. Its glorious beams brighten my pathway at every step of my earthly progress. I have written a volume of sweet verses, and if they can only be properly brought before the public, my name will be immortalized, and the poet's laurels forever crown my brow. It is to gain a sufficient sum to publish this gem among poetical works, that I have decided, for a short time, to put in practice my ideal method of housekeeping.

Mrs. Mervin. Can you make bread and do up shirts?

Angelina. Yes; I can insert the rising element in a liquid form into the snowy flour; or I can use those subtle powders that permeate the mass of doughy particles, and make them rise in comely proportions.

Emma. Indeed! but how about the shirts?

Angelina. Well, after bringing them in from their bath in the sunlight, I immerse them in starch of pearly whiteness, and after sufficient time has elapsed, I press to their bosoms a hot iron. I am reminded by this, that only through fiery trials we can be made to shine with becoming lustre ourselves.

Mrs. Mervin. I think you will have to find some other place in which to practise your fine ideas of housework. You soar quite too high for us.

Angelina. Adieu; this weary birdling seeks another nest. [Exit ANGELINA.]

Emma. O, mother! I thought I should burst out laughing in her face. She is an escaped lunatic, I do believe.

Mrs. Mervin. I should think she was. (Bell rings.) There's another; this time an artist, perhaps. I'll go straight to the office and have that advertisement taken out.

Enter MARY.

Mary. Is this Mrs. Mervin who advertised for a girl?

Mrs. Mervin. Yes, I am the lady. Do you know of any good girl?

Mary. I would like to get a place myself. I have worked in a shop since I left my home in the country three years ago, but I find the confinement doesn't agree with me, and I had rather do housework.

Mrs. Mervin. You understand it then, I suppose.

Mary. O, yes. I am next to the oldest in a family of nine children, and my mother commenced teaching me to do housework almost as soon as I could go alone. As soon as the sister next me could take my place, I left home to see if I could earn something to help along. A man like my father, with a small farm and a large family of children, finds it rather hard to get along sometimes.

Mrs. Mervin. Yes, he must find it hard to feed and clothe so many, with so little ready money as farmers generally have. You are a dutiful daughter to endeavor to assist him what you can; but would your parents approve of your living out in the city?

Mary. Yes; ever since my side has ached with such constant sewing, mother has been urging me to live out; and I should have tried to get a place long before this, only I dreaded so much to go to an intelligence office. When I saw your advertisement, I decided to apply here immediately.

Mrs. Mervin. I am very glad you did, for I should like to engage you without further delay. How soon can you come?

Mary. To-night, if you wish; my week is out at my boarding-place, and I shouldn't care to commence another.

Mrs. Mervin. Very well, you can come, then, and I will give you three dollars a week; will that be satisfactory?

Mary. Quite so; that is more than I clear some weeks now; and it will be such a relief to have done with so much sewing. Good morning, ma'am. I'll be here about five o'clock. [Exit MARY.]

Emma. There, mother; see what has come by advertising in a respectable paper. I think you have secured a jewel; so tidy, and civil; and I know by her looks she knows how to do everything.

Mrs. Mervin. Yes, I am greatly pleased with her appearance; and how much more sensible in her to do housework than kill herself sewing in a shop! I hope the time will soon come when a great many more in her circumstances will go and do likewise.

CURTAIN DROPS.

— A NEW RHYMING GAME. — The players first select one of their number to commence the game. Then all the players seat themselves in a circle. The leader begins by addressing a question or remark to his right-hand neighbor; she, in answering, must make the first word of her reply rhyme with the last in her companion's speech. She then, in her turn, addresses the person next to her, who replies in the same manner. Any one failing to find a rhyme, pays a forfeit.

Example.

First Player. Do you love me, dear?

Second Player. Clear as a brook is my love to thee.

Third Player. See the stars, how they glitter!

Fourth Player. Bitter is your lot — is it not so?

Fifth Player. No, not bitter, but very sad. *

— WORD FORFEIT. — To commence the game, the players select certain words, such as *I, is, may, can, yes, &c.*, which are called "forbidden words;" one of the players is chosen as leader; he then asks questions, trying, of course, to puzzle each player. If, in answering the questions, a player uses any *forbidden word* he or she must take the leader's place. This game requires wit and cleverness, to avoid using common words. It is of Italian origin. *

— THE Orientals are extremely fond of titles, the simple governor of Schiraz, for instance, after a pompous enumeration of qualities, lordships, &c., adds the titles, "Flower of Courtesy," "Nutmeg of Consolation," and "Rose of Delight." *

— ICELAND was discovered in 860; settled in 870; became an independent republic in 928; was Christianized in the year 1000. For over nine hundred years the dress, habits, manners, and characters of the people have remained unchanged. *

— THE sound of thunder may be heard for twenty or twenty-five miles, or, with the ear on the ground, much more. Lightning is reflected one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles. *

— THE earth has an area of about 197,552,160 square miles, of which fifty millions constitute the dry land, and the remainder is covered by water. *



THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE.

BY ARTHUR WM. AUSTIN.

"AND so thou say'st, my brother, to-morrow the end shall be,
And I must perish amid the flames of the awful
auto-da-fe!

"Thus let it be, for 'tis well to die, that the
Word of the Lord may live:
O, blessed Jesu! be near to the last, that I,
like thee, may forgive."

On the damp dungeon floor she knelt, and
prayed, in a tremulous voice,
For strength to endure the fiery trial, and faith
to retain her choice;

While the cowl'd priest stood mute, and gazed
through the strong bars, yellow with rust,
And trembled, as in her pallid face he read an
unfaltering trust.

At last he whispered, "O, sister mine, recant
ere it be too late.
In the youthful bloom of a beautiful life, why
choose ye so cruel a fate?"

"Renounce thine heresies even now, and the
condemnation dire
Of the Inquisition shall be revoked — the tor-
turing death by fire!

"O, sister beloved, remember well, thou art
last of our kin and race:
The name of our father is dear to the land;
shall it fade in this cloud of disgrace?"

"Great Galileo at Rome hath knelt and abjured
his errors vain;
Why do ye not even as he hath done, while
the way of escape is plain?"

So pleaded the priest, though he knew for
nought, as she rose in the dismal gloom,
Possessed of the hope and the peace not of
earth, fixed far beyond terror of doom.

More beautiful then, in her strength of soul
she seemed than whenever, of old,
She had graced the palace or regal court, ra-
diant with jewels and gold.

No lady of all the wide kingdom of Spain, from
the Pyrenees to the sea,
Might boast of a lineage prouder than hers, or
a name from reproach more free.

And he, the priest, though a soldier bred, yet,
forced from the glory and strife
For the solemn peace and the sacred vows of
the stern monastic life.

And she answered him: "I will never renounce
the priceless joys of my faith,
But brave the impotent curse of the church,
and choose the heretic's death!"

"Thou servest the church, but I serve Him
whose temple is built above,
And will die, as the martyred saints of old, for
the sake of the truth I love."

The hour had come, and they led her forth, in
the yellow robe arrayed,
And she stood among the group of the doomed,
still fearless and undismayed.

And she saw not the eager multitude, nor the
king enthroned on high,
Nor the stern Inquisitors, robed in black, who
had judged her worthy to die.

They bound her fast to the fatal stake, and
piled the fagots around,
Then paused till the solemn chant had ceased,
and the signal of doom should sound.

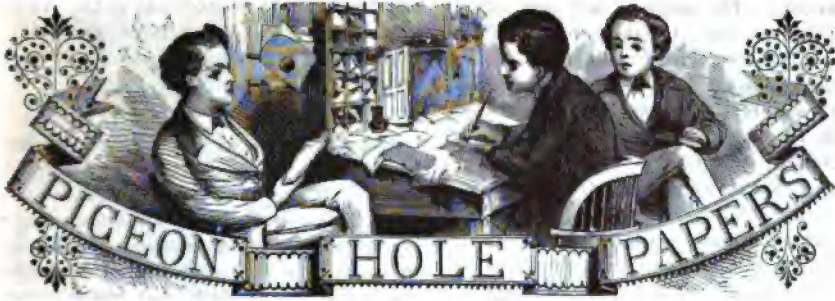
Then the flames burst forth, and the smoke
rolled high and blinded her lifted eyes,
And she murmured in agony, "Courage, O
soul; thou hast almost gained the prize!"

And he who had stood at the dungeon door,
and strove to save her in vain,
When he saw her thus in the grasp of death,
swift madness seized on his brain.

With the strong resolve of a frenzied hope, he
sprang in the midst of the fire,
Which rose and leaped like a wrathful fiend,
hissing with baleful ire.

Too late, alas! the vengeful flame withered
the outstretched hand,
And the two freed souls together passed into
the spirit land!

BUFFALO, 1874.



AUDAX. — We were very glad to hear from Audax, as an old contributor to the Head Work, and we see that he has lost none of his skill in this department. He rather desires to have a tilt between the puzzlers of "ye olden time" and those who labor on this line at the present time. We should not object, but we do not consider it practicable, "since ye ancient head workers" have "other fish to fry." We had a letter from "Yorick," one of the most famous of them, the other day. He has lately been engaged with the Harpers, and has illustrated several of Wilkie Collins's novels, but is now established in business for himself, and we hope during the coming year to see some of his designs in our Magazine. "Ned Sketchley," "Walt Putnam," and "Harry Lennox," forming the Rambler Sketch Club, are now abroad studying art. Once in a while one of them favors us with a note, but we do not think they could be brought together for an organized effort. Audax warns us to watch the plagiarists, and so we do; but an idea so palpable as "Newcastle on Tyne" may be produced as a rebus a dozen times, without any collusion. Wheeling (wheel in G.) has been printed three times to our knowledge. A publisher wrote us some years ago, charging one of our contributors with taking it from his Magazine; but we assured him *we* had made it ourself years before he ever published an illustrated rebus. We could name a dozen or twenty more, which have been produced over and over again, and will continue to be reproduced for years to come.

TYRO. — The best arrangement we know of for coins is take one or more boards of the size of the box or drawer in which they are to be kept; bore holes of the size of the coins in them, about an eighth of an inch deep, or according to the thickness of the coins. Cover the boards with fine cloth, or velvet, and press the coins into their places. This is the a-

rrangement for exhibiting coins and medals in the museums and galleries in Europe and in our own country.

CONVENTIONS. — The Pacific Coast Amateur Association met in convention in San Francisco, November 20. Being a little hurried about our work, we were unable to cross the continent to attend, but we are just as much obliged to Mr. President Louis H. Lichtenstein for his polite invitation as though we had been able to go. — The American Amateur Editors' Association hold their first convention and exhibition at Walcott, N. Y., December 29. We are invited, and are informed that "no excuses are in order," and therefore we have none to offer. If we attend we will make a note of it. Five Dollars for the best, and Two Dollars for the second best, Amateur Paper; One Dollar for the best Puzzle, and One for the best News Departments; and One Dollar for the best specimen of Amateur Printing, are offered. The entrance fee is twenty-five cents.

FERAMORZ. — "Is there no protection for those who answer advertisements in your 'Wish Correspondents' column against illiterate young children, or perhaps ignorant young men? You ask, why do I make this inquiry? I will tell you. In answer to a letter written by me to a young man who inserted his name in the October number, I have just received an 'excommunication' of about twenty lines; within whose small compass are comprised more grammatical and orthographical errors than I ever before even dreamed of." — Feramorz details the misspelled words in the letter, which are the stereotyped blunders of bad spellers. Of course, if our letter writers do not like their correspondents they can drop them. This is all the protection we can suggest, though we don't intend to insert the addresses of those who spell very badly.

HOODLUM. — The word square No. 198, in the October number, is said to be very like a "sextuple square word" published in the September number of another Magazine. Hoodlum and Hyperion make the same point, and the former is severe upon Eureka of Philadelphia, who fathers *our* word square. The squares are the same, except in the first and last words — "Oliver," "Olivet;" "Tattle," "Rattle." We made up the Head Work department for our October number about the middle of August, while the other Magazine did not appear till about the same time. Judging from the place it is noticed in — the Letter Bag — it was in our drawer before the tenth of the month. We believe Eureka is an honest and upright young man, given to speaking the truth, and he will no doubt "rise and explain." We hear before we condemn.

QUESTIONS. — H. D. A. asks them. "What are the dimensions of the Queen of England's yacht, the Victoria and Albert?" We saw her in the Scheldt some years ago, but we do not know her dimensions in detail. She is of about twenty-five hundred tons' burden. "Where can I find the dimensions of the Great Eastern?" In the New American Cyclopædia, Year Book for 1861. "What are the size and rig of the largest yacht belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron of England? Is the Sappho the largest American yacht in existence?" We have not a list of the Royal Yacht Squadron, but the Sappho is the largest American yacht, three hundred and ten tons. — L., S. & D. do not bind; send to the Publishers for a cover, and get it done at the nearest binders.

THE OLD MAN. — "In answer to a certain paragraph in 'Our Letter Bag' for November, beginning with my signature, I wish to state that I *sincerely* beg your pardon, for I do not wish to 'kill the old man.' When I wrote, asking you to write two more stories a year for the Magazine, I meant such as the 'Woodville Stories,' and the 'Young America Abroad' Series, which you wrote, but did not publish in the Magazine. But what is the use in my asking *you* to do so and so; for are you not old (!) enough to know your own business?" — Ed Garrigues writes this. We acquit him of all murderous intentions. Ed is a good boy. He does not wish to "kill the old man." The last "Woodville Story" was published before the Magazine was started, and "Young America Abroad" was commenced before it was born. We can't use old stories.

No, Edward. It seemeth not good. The boys would grumble. Some boys grumble. No amateurs in Europe, Edward. Boys are boys there.

PRINCE FUZZ. — We are not mistaken, Prince. No, John. Romeo was a bogus Buff, John S. The good Romeo hath shrived himself. Thou wert not his Shriver, John S. We were. What other Romeos there may be we know not. He of Wilmington may have the name, since flesh and blood have not claimed it.

A CRITIC. — E. H. S. is sensible when he says our Magazine "has no rival, and but few faults." — No rival, of course. We love those who point out our faults, Edward. They mean business. We hug them. We take them to our heart. About the stories, Edward. "Let them be boys', not girls' stories." Why, Edward! The girls shall not kiss you, after that! "Who wants to read cooking receipts?" We know some boys who like to eat the doughnuts made after them. Not you, Edward. You don't like doughnuts, cottage-pudding, and flapjacks. "And the idea of your writing stories for girls such as 'The Dorcas Club!'" But we like the girls, Edward. *You* needn't write any Dorcas Clubs, if you don't want to, Eddie. We can't afford to sacrifice the girls. We wouldn't if we could. We shook hands with forty of them the other evening, and felt as though we had fallen into a sugar hogshead. "O, do (after the conclusion of the Yacht Club Series) write something like the 'Upward and Onward Stories,' which are, without exception, the best I ever read." But, Edward, there were girls in those stories. The very first one might just as well have been called "The Daughter of the Forest," or some such name. But, Edward, thanks for your honest opinion. We shall "go west, young man," for the next stories.

OLD READER. — It is sometimes difficult to determine what is good taste in pronouncing foreign names. It would be rather ridiculous to call Paris, Par-ee; Tagus, Tah-hoos; and perhaps equally so to say Don Kee-hó-tay for Don Quixote. People who know how to pronounce these words both ways, take their choice between them. We prefer the Spanish pronunciation, and use it. Lucia di Lammermoor, is Loó-tchee-ah dee Lahm-mehr-moor. But, Old Leader, you are a veteran, and you do as you please.



ANSWERS FOR DECEMBER.

221.

M
FIT
SALEM
TAN
N

222.

R I B
E V E
I N D I A
G N U
N O X

223.

DOVER
OLIVE
VIXEN
EVENE
RENEW

224. 1. Steal. 2. Tea. 3. Teak. 4. Leak. 5. Beak.
6. Peak. 7. Pea. 225. (D on T) (cow) (NT)
(ewe) (R) (chickens) (bee) (IV) (T) (hay)
(R) (hat) (sea) (head) — Don't count your
chickens before they are hatched. 226. De-
partment. 227. 1. Bright. 2. Fight. 3. Right.
4. Sigh. 228. (Soldier rest) (T high) (wharf)
(ARE) (oar) (S) (leap) (tea) (he) (S) (50 =
L) (EE) (pea) (T) (hat) (nose) (knot) (bee)
(rake in G) (500 = D) (ream) (OF) (bat) (T)
(ell) (E) (F) (eel) (DS) (No) (1000 = M o'er
DAA) (OF) (D) (anger) (knights) (OF) (W)
(AK in G) —

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking:
Dream of battle-fields no more:
Days of danger, nights of waking.

229. 1. Oak. 2. Mad. 3. Hart. 4. Czar.
5. Onion. 6. Niger — Amazon. 230. Von
Moltke.

231.

L O U I S
O L I V E T
C Y A N I D E
O N E I D A
M I R I A M
O R B
T O L E D O
I N D I A
V I O L E T
E V E R G R E E N S

232. (Bees) (50 = L) (O) (toes) (peak) (can)
(500 500 = D's) (uu) (i) (FT) (toe) (H)
(Ear) — Be slow to speak and swift to hear.

233.

A H A
N O O N
N U N
A R U R A

1. KING'S TOUR. (Chess Movement.) Com-
mence on white.

1 T	2 Y	3 R	4 O	5 N	6 Y	7 L	8 H
9 L	10 A	11 W	12 E	13 F	14 E	15 C	16 O
17 S	18 I	19 E	20 E	21 W	22 N	23 W	24 S
25 E	26 O	27 B	28 R	29 E	30 A	31 T	32 A
33 T	34 W	35 K	36 R	37 C	38 L	39 T	40 H
41 O	42 N	43 E	44 M	45 E	46 S	47 G	48 W
49 D	50 T	51 T	52 E	53 O	54 R	55 I	56 E
57 L	58 O	59 H	60 D	61 L	62 W	63 O	64 T

TOMMY HAWKE.

DIAMOND PUZZLES.

2. 1. A consonant. 2. A name given to the
sun. 3. Pertaining to the sun. 4. A warrior.
5. A lord. 6. A color. 7. A consonant.

MAGGIE.

3. 1. A consonant. 2. A sticky substance.
3. A small light. 4. A military title. 5. A
kingdom. 6. A border. 7. A consonant.

E. C. H.

4. 1. One fifth of Maine. 2. A city of Wur-
temburg. 3. A European river. 4. A city of
Africa. 5. A city of New York. 6. A river
of England. 7. One fifth of Texas.

ITALIAN BOY.

5. 1. A consonant. 2. The bottom of river

or stream. 3. Relating to a banality. 4. Relating to the centre. 5. The perfect participle of a verb which means to defy. 6. A boy. 7. A consonant.

HOODLUM.

WORD SQUARE.

6. 1. The offspring of man. 2. Glory. 3. To pass in use. 4. Noblemen. 5. Attire.

TELEGRAPH.

WORD SQUARE.

7. 1. A musical drama. 2. Relating to the pole. 3. To exalt. 4. A small cane. 5. An open space.

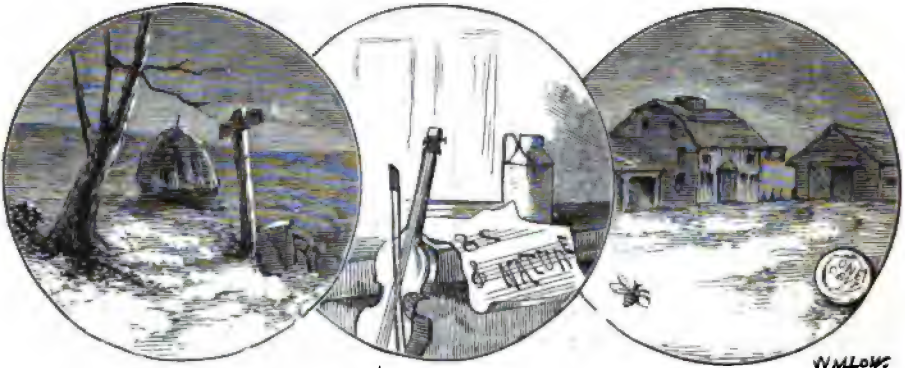
BUCKSHOT.

ANAGRAMS.

8. 1. Acorns die on it. 2. A steep rent. 3. Labor, Tom! hew!

FRANKLIN M. WELSH.

9. REBUS.



ENIGMAS.

10. I am composed of thirty-four letters.

My 32, 11, 30, 5, 15, 2, is not sweet. My 16, 3, 26, 23, 12, 6, is riches. My 9, 4, 20, 31, 1, 25, is to hurt. My 10, 17, 13, 34, 22, 7, is small. My 24, 8, 18, is an island in Green Bay. My 27, 33, 21, 14, is part of a clock. My 19, 29, 28, is a native of a country. My whole is a saying.

MARCUS.

11. I am composed of forty-six letters.

My 1, 6, 4, is a river of Switzerland. My 5, 24, 26, 12, 40, is an era. My 39, 36, 7, is to rove idly. My 8, 19, 14, 46, is the refuse of sifted meal. My 2, 3, 9, 4, 1, is to melt. My 44, 21, 45, 35, is a trench round a castle. My 37, 38, 34, is a pronoun. My 43, 42, 20, is a large esculent root. My 23, 16, 13, 15, is an uproar. My 30, 33, 22, is an animal. My 17, 27, 28, 31, is an article of furniture. My 11, 25, 18, is a period of time. My 29, 32, 10, is a tune. My whole is a proverb.

JUANITO.

LETTER REBUS.

12.

II W

TH

FERAMORZ.

PI PUZZLE.

13. Og nigr cht lebls dna refi teh ngus, Nad glfin teh rastyr narneb tou; Tohus dmofoeer lilt rouy pnigiplis nsoe, Vgie ckba eth delrac htuos.

LAURIE LANCE.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

14. My first is in state, but not in shire.

My second is in mournful, but not in dire.

My third is in Greece, but not in Spain.

My fourth is in Turk, but not in Dane.

My fifth is in tinkle, but not in sound.

My sixth is in clay, but not in ground.

My seventh is in Grant, but not in Lee.

My whole names the great land of the free.

MOHAWK.

HALF WORD SQUARE.

15. 1. A minute account. 2. Elevate. 3. Lofty. 4. The whole. 5. A pronoun. 6. A liquid.

PRINCE FUZZ.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials, a city; finals, its county.

16. 1. To speak. 2. A city in Finland. 3. A carriage. 4. A kind of tree. WYOMING.

WORD SQUARE.

17. 1. A heavenly body. 2. Domesticated. 3. The ending of a prayer. 4. A fracture.

E. H. S.

WORD SQUARE.

18. 1. To irrigate. 2. Hastily. 3. Extremities. 4. Brilliancy. 5. Stops.

MEDLEY.

19. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



ENIGMA.

20. I am composed of twenty-five letters.
My 1, 12, 25, 16, is to cry. My 10, 6, 17, 4,
9, is used in war. My 18, 7, 13, 14, 15, is a car-
dinal point. My 11, 8, 2, 3, is a bird. My 20,
23, 5, is to soak. My 22, 24, 19, is a fallen tree.
My 25, 21, is a pronoun. Whole, I am a poet.
WILLIE SMITH.

REBUS.

21.



CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

22. My first is in sod, but not in earth.
My second is in value, but not in worth.
My third is in water, but not in land.
My fourth is in wrist, but not in hand.
My fifth is in swing, but not in walk.
My sixth is in gape, but not in talk.
My seventh is in swim, but not in float.

My eighth is in carry, but not in tote.
My ninth is in cushion, but not in seat.
My tenth is in head, but not in feet.
My eleventh in precise, but not in neat.
My twelfth is in turnip, but not in beet.
My thirteenth in earth, but not in sand.
My whole is useful all over the land.

FRISCO.

23. PROVERB.



METAGRAM.

24. Complete, I am the rear. Change my
head, and I am a horse kept for hire. Change
my head again, and I am a boy's nickname.
Again, and I am destitution. Again, and I am a
bundle. Again, and I am an engine of torture.
Again, and I am a small nail. Again, and I
am a bag. Transpose me, and I am a wooden
vessel. Behead me, and I inquire. U. GENE.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

A MERRY CHRISTMAS! A Happy New Year! We extend them both to all our readers with as much earnestness and sincerity as though we were permitted to say it to them individually. We welcome them — all the old readers and all the new ones — to our Magazine for the year 1875. But we cannot say much in a general way in this place, for there is an enormous pile of letters to be answered for the first number of the year. — Juanito's enigma is good now, except the u in "armor." Maunder's Dictionary is not authority on this side the ocean; but we will save the puzzle. — "Thompson with a P." is not a good name, though the rebus is a good one; and we shall not blame the artist if it is thrown aside, because it is too much name to engrave. — Little Bobtail is Feramorz now; and we take the letter rebus. — Caxton's rebus will pass; we have concluded not to publish the photos. — Blazer don't send his name with his puzzles; transposing is not allowable in diamonds or squares; and the cross word is faulty.

Willie Smith's enigma will answer very well, and he will find it in this number if ever. — C. I. S. should know that those boys whose names are in "Our Letter Writers" wish to solicit correspondence; but we don't advertise anybody's stamps. — Can't read Gage's address — subscriber? — Our little friend, "a subscriber," did not think any editor "could or would give a chromo so handsome as 'The Coming Wave'" — fact! And the Magazine will be better than ever in 1875. — Iron Duke's cryptogram is filed for insertion if space permits. — Alphonzo Chubber's rebus will pass, and so would his other matter, if fair play allowed us to take more than one puzzle from

each writer. — Apollo, who hails from Colorado Territory, and not from the western part of New York State, sends a knight's tour; but one can only be made from an eight-line verse, long metre, without misdividing the syllable. In the word square, a "man or boy" is not exactly a "mail;" and so Apollo must "cast" again.

Audax sends a first-class rebus, which reminds us of old times, especially as he was one of our oldest puzzlers, under the name of "Dictator." — Do any of our readers know of a "humorous speech" on Duluth, by a congressman? — Verbena has a diamond which is pure carbon. — A word square by E. H. S., tinkered, will do. — Thompson with a P. again; one a month; but the "thin G." is too thin; mend it, and send it again with a shorter signature. — Buckshot is pleased with the prospectus for next year, and hits the mark with his word square. — Prince Fuzz's half word square is of the right material. — We have no doubt we *could* understand Tommy Hawk's king's tour — not *four* — if we had the time to study it; but we prefer to hand it to one of our associates, who understands the game. — It looks to Jesse Healey "as if some partiality was shown to certain contributors," as Vigilax — proof, read V.'s growls. Healey's definitions are wrong, and his verse execrable in the double, and the initials and finals are not represented in the pictorial.

Meta, we have two daughters — not interested in amateur affairs. In the hour-glass, one definition is omitted, which mixes the whole thing. — Lychopinax's first rebus meets our views. — Con's rebus is good enough to print, and we hope the large supply this month will not ruin its chances. — Laurie Lance's pi puzzle will do; but College was not one of the Buffs. — Medley's word square is good; and the printer uses as many of the puzzles sent to him as he can. — We do not feel called upon to meddle with the Georgetown egg-dealer;

our readers must make their own trades. — We should be glad to oblige Edmund Earle, but we do not like the subject of his enigma. — U. Gene's metagram goes to the printer. — Maggie's diamond will answer, but not under the name of that departed head worker in any form — it is banished. — "Dashing Dilligence" is as faulty in definitions as in spelling; a D. D. ought to spell better. We should feel guilty if we accepted "to councele" as a definition for "advise." But D. D.'s case is hopeful.

Frisco's cross word will pass, and his writing is very fair, but he should not flourish or sprawl his letter all over a large sheet. — Italian Boy's geographical diamond is accepted. Solely for information we asked who he was, and we do *not* insinuate that he is a plagiarist. The question was simply to indicate the reason why we ought to have the address of the sender. — Hyperion's double diamond is very good, but the name of the small town in Sicily will bother the puzzlers. — Willie Smith's head is level — we all have to laugh at times, even in school. — Marcus's enigma will do nicely, and the Letter Bag closes about the fifteenth of the month. — Coldstream don't send his address. In large places, the P. O. box or number of the street should be given. — Juinito, one a month. — Hoodlum, who is genuine, sends a diamond, which shall try for its chances. — Wyoming's double is good enough. — E. C. H.'s diamond is satisfactory. — Mohawk's cross word suits us. The issue on which his parody is based is now a dead one. He likes "that Honeywood" because he came from Devon, England. Mohawk's ancestors came from there — so did ours.

The Berkshire Three send an enigma which contains too many repetitions. *Not more than one in ten of the letters should be used more than once.* We have applied this rule for many years, and it works well. — Caxton comes for the third time this month; but, while we are grateful to him for his constant remembrance of us, we can't use his double. — A. C. B. must know we cannot insert that long story he sends for Our Letter Writers, however grateful we may be for his pleasant words. — Why should we send our card to A. J. H.? — Xit Xingle sends a long double, the first line of which is "A town of Westphalia, in the Duchy of Cleaves." He gives the town as "Dinslacen." There is no such place. He means Dinslaken; it is not in Westphalia, but in Rhenish Prussia. There is no Duchy of Cleaves; there was a Duchy of Cleves; it is now in the government of Düsseldorf. — Three out of four of Welsh's anagrams are good, and we take

them because they will be a novelty in our pages.

We welcome College to our columns again, and this time he comes with a Shakesperian rebus. We are happy to hear from him; and he will be glad to hear from former puzzler friends, Care J. R. Sever, 39-41 Park Place, New York. — Telegraph sends a square which is good enough to use. — Will the author of "Memo" send us his address? — Those who sent addresses for "Our Letter Writers," if they do not find them under this head, will understand that they have not complied with our rules, — which we have given several times within the last year, and they may now be found under the heading of this department.

OUR LETTER WRITERS.

[For the use of subscribers and regular purchasers only, who should state that they are such. Addresses on postal cards are not inserted, and only one name from each letter. No advertisements admitted here.]

C. E. Joyce, Little Rock, Ark. (stamps, coins, and curiosities). — Feramorz, 48 West Forty-eighth St., New York City (autograph collection). — Charles I. Sturgis, St. Mark's School, Southboro', Mass. (stamps). — Frank L. Walker, Box 822, New York City. — Joseph H. Simonton, Box 105, Belfast, Me. (stamps and fun). — David Merrill, Erie, Pa. (amateur authors). — Charles E. Lord, Metuchen, N. J. (birds' eggs). — Harry A. Whipple, 73 Wooster St., New Haven, Conn. (visiting cards). — Charles S. McCoy, Cadiz, Ohio. — N. W. Sanborn, Marblehead, Mass. (specimens and engravings). — Frank D. Mills, L. B. 987, Pittsfield, Mass. (stamps, autographs, and amateurs). — Harry Wyman, Frank Whittemore, Stoneham, Mass. — A. C. Barler, Upper Alton, Ill. (with phonographic students). — Stereograph, Box 128, Copenhagen, N. Y. (pictures and stereoscopic views). — Stu Dent, Box 484, Walcott, Wayne Co., N. Y. (amateurs and mathematics). — Henry P. White, Box 9, Belfast, Me. (stamps and fun).

No Name's puzzles are capital, but he does not send his post-office address, and we hastily commit them to the open waste-basket, which always gapes at our side when we make up this department. We ask everybody interested to read the standing notice at the head of the Letter Bag. The address should be given every time, for we cannot undertake to remember any one's name and residence. No Name's puzzles, we repeat, are capital; but how can we know that they are not copied from some other magazine? Such things are done.



EDITORIAL.

A NEW YEAR.

THOUGH New Year's Day comes round every twelvemonth, it does not become an old story, and its festivities, its kind wishes, and its loving gifts are as welcome as ever. It is the beginning of a new season of probation, whose mysterious events are as uncertain as they are unseen and unfathomable. It may be full of bereavement, misfortune, and disaster, or running over with prosperity and gladness. The issues of the future are not with us, and from our hearts we *wish* our friends a Happy New Year, sincerely desiring and praying that it may be such to them. But even if misfortune and disaster come to blight our worldly hopes, it may still be a Happy New Year in a higher sense, for adversity is not the worst foe of humanity, since it may lead to higher hopes, nobler aspirations, and a truer life. We extend to all our friends, young and old, a Happy New Year, whether it be in the enjoyment of the best that earth has to give, or of the holiest and purest which heaven promises in the future. But earth and heaven may come together even here below, and mingling, make the realities of the present a foretaste of the glories of the future.

THE NEW VOLUME.

WE present to our readers the first number of the seventeenth volume of OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE. Eight full years of service on this, and ten of labor on another of similar character in former years, have given the editor an abundant experience, which he hopes to make available in the work before him. The thousands of letters which come to him during the year assure him that he has succeeded, even beyond his warmest expectations, in meeting the wants of young and old, of both sexes.

We have labored diligently and earnestly to make the initial number of the present volume a good beginning for the new year, and to have it indicate what we intend to do in the successive numbers. We do not indulge in any foam or froth for a first number, or raise

a standard which we cannot uniformly maintain. We ask our friends, old, new, and casual, to examine this number, and then compare its contents with those of any similar publication. We do not cater for the babies in the cradle or the little ones in the nursery, for these are excellently well provided for by others, with whom we do not seek to compete, and who have our best wishes for their success. We offer a monthly visitor for the family which shall contain something to please all its members, young and old; something amusing, interesting, instructing, and elevating.

The publishers and the editor are working for the future as well as the present. They do not desire to raise a breeze which shall subside after the present month; to make a spasmodic effort at the beginning of the year, and then relapse into idleness and indifference till another starting-point is reached; but they wish to make an "even thing" of their work, which shall indicate a steady progress. What the Magazine for January is, it will be through the year. Of course we depend upon the exertions of our friends and subscribers for co-operation, and we assure them that, in this connection, whatever they do for others they do for themselves.

TIME LOOKS.

A FEW months since, at Milford, N. H., a gang of masked robbers broke into the house of the cashier of the bank, locked up or tied up the members of his family, and compelled him, with a rope around his neck, to open the bank and the vault thereof, which they plundered of a large sum in money and bonds. Several similar outrages have been perpetrated in various parts of the country, and the position of cashier of a bank has really become a perilous one to hold.

During a recent trip to the west, we met a gentleman in a sleeping car, with whom we talked for some time about the Milford outrage. He had been to the scene of this daring robbery, visited the bank, and conversed with the cashier and his family; and his account of the affair was exceedingly interesting. When

something was said about the remedy for such outrages, we discovered that the gentleman was Mr. James Sargent, who has a national reputation as an inventor of locks, and who has completely outdone the famous Hobbs in picking locks, as a test of their security. He has already provided the means of defeating the operations of "masked burglars," who make the cashier their first victim. This is what is called the "patent time lock," and it affords all the security that can possibly be desired against this class of robbers. It is a bank-lock attachment, consisting of two independent clocks, so that if one stops or fails, the other will do the work. The clocks are wound and set so as to run from one to forty-eight hours.

The bank officer, in closing the vault, sets the clocks, for example, to run till nine the next morning. The door cannot be opened until that time by any one, not even by the cashier, or other person, who sets it. The vault can only be opened at nine o'clock, unless the door be broken down. The bank officer is unable to do it; knives and pistols in the hands of masked burglars cannot compel him to do it. Bank robbers know all about these things before they commence a job; and where there is a "time lock" they will not disturb innocent cashiers sleeping in their warm beds. The invention has been extensively applied, and we read the testimonials of a score of bank officials, who feel perfectly secure with this means of safety on the doors of the vault.

FAST FRIENDS.—This is Mr. J. F. Trowbridge's latest story in book form, published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. It is a very good story, introducing Jack Hazard, who has figured largely in the author's recent stories, and we find no "wicked sensationalism" in it, to demoralize the boys, unless we except the opportune recovery of the hero's money, near the close of the volume.

GAMES.—"Portrait authors" is a new game, published by the West & Lee Game Co., Worcester, Mass. On the cards are very good portraits of thirty-two historians, poets, novelists, journalists, and other authors.

Milton Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass., who issue a catalogue of a vast number of Games and Home Amusements, have recently published three new games, called "American History, or the Patriots of the Revolution;" "The Game of Figures;" and "Corona, or the Game of the Banner and Crown."

PUZZLEDOM COMPLETE.—This is a description and history of all sorts of puzzles, by Canoe, which would be a great help to those interested. We indorse it. Our Boys Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

AMATEURS.—The Dew Drop, Ernest K. Packard, South Boston, Mass., 35 cents a year, still lives, moves onward and upward, and has its being. It is just entering on its eighth volume, and is one of the best amateurs of the day. — The Western Amateur, Ed. S. Henderson, Burlington, Kansas, is very well got up, and well edited. 30 cents a year. — The Mouse (two and one half inches by two inches), Art. J. Huss, Tiffin, Ohio, 6 cents a year. — The Seaside Monthly (four inches by two and one half), N. W. Sanborn, Marblehead, Mass., 10 cents a year. — The Amateur Globe, Hotel Berkeley, Boston, is a handsome, first-class paper (ten by eight), with an "editorial staff" of five, and Sphinx is the puzzle editor. 25 cents for six months. — Our Gem, Sherlock, Smith & Co., Syracuse, N. Y. (twelve by nine), holds its own, at 25 cents a year. — Our Boys hails from Toledo, Ohio, now, where it steps into the shoes of Corn City's Compliments: Geo. C. Smith & Co., Drawer 25. 15 cents a year.—No "Novelty" received.

THE DISGRACED POET.—We will forgive him if he will send no more poems for ten years. We accept the apology, James. In spite of thy fault we love thee still, poet. To prove it, we print the best verse we can find in the two poems before us:—

"The maid with a cry ran into the woods,
And off to her cottage she sped;
She stumbled and fell; her head struck a rock,
And she lay on the ground as if dead."

The maid had a dog. A wolf came. "Off to her cottage she sped." She did not like wolves. They made "horrible yells." The dog attended to the matter. "The battle raged fiercely for hours." The wolf went under. So did the dog. We publish this verse in justice to the poet. We publish another from "Home is Nought without a Mother," in justice to ourself, to prove that we don't persecute the prophets or the poets:—

"Fathers may control the family,
Though his voice is rough, yet kind;
Yet that smiling face will haunt you,
Ever be within your mind.
Sons and daughters who are wayward
Bear in mind you'll get none other,
Who will bear thy many troubles,
Like an ever-loving mother!"

WE HAVE MET, AND WE HAVE PARTED.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by CONSTANCE BRUCH.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

Affettuoso.

1. We have met, and we have parted, And the
2. Thine will flow like some fair river, Bright'ning

*Rit.**a Tempo.*

stream of life flows on; Thine in gladness, mine in sadness, As it did in days ago, Thine, per-
in the glowing beam; Mine the shadows ne'er forsaking, Stealing on without a gleam; But tho'
colla voce.

chance, is sometimes troubled By some pass-ing tho't of me; Mine has won a darkness
here their course may differ, One thro' meadow, one thro' glen, Both will end in death's dark

*Rall.**Chorus.*

doubled, By its ceaseless dreams of thee. We have met, and we have parted, And the
o - cean, And 'twill mat - ter little then.
Colla voce. We have met, and we have parted, And the

Rit.

stream of life flows on; Thine in gladness, mine in sadness, As it did in days a - gone.
stream of life flows on; Thine in gladness, mine in sadness, As it did in days a - gone.



AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

No. 259.



"BRANDON!" EXCLAIMED CAPTAIN BILDER. Page 85.

OCEAN-BORN:

OR,

THE CRUISE OF THE CLUBS.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER IV.

BOUNDING BILLOW BEN.

THE party in the forward cabin of the Ocean-Born had finished their supper, when the steamer was hailed by the yacht squadron, and were listening to the nautical talk of Ben Lunder. They all went on deck,

except Neil and Don John, who entered the pilot-house to relieve Berry Owen.

"This is part of our yacht fleet," said Don John. "Here is the Skylark on our port side, and she is Commodore Montague's yacht."

Berry Owen had already rung one bell, and the steamer had nearly lost her headway. A boat was putting off from the Skylark, and presently it came alongside.

"You have had hard luck, Ned," said Commodore Montague, whilom "Little Bobtail," as he leaped on the Ocean-Born.

"No; on the contrary, I have had good luck in falling in with this steamer."

"Bad and good, then, for it was certainly

unfortunate to have your mast carried away," added the commodore, as he greeted the Belfast party on board.

He was then introduced to the officers of the Ocean-Born, whom he regarded with no little interest and curiosity.

"We did not expect to see you, commodore," continued Ned Patterdale.

"We had a tremendous excitement in the city, when a despatch came from Portland that the Sea Foam had been wrecked," replied Robert Montague.

"How in the world did they know anything about it in Portland? We were dismayed at least twenty miles to the eastward of Cape Elizabeth," added Ned.

"A party that started for Seguin, but had to put back because it was so rough, reported you. They arrived at noon. Of course your family were terribly alarmed. Your father telegraphed to his friends in Portland to send a steamer out after you."

"I saw a sail-boat making towards Portland," said Don John.

"I am sorry the news got to Belfast," added Ned, much troubled. "I suppose they are still worrying about us."

"Of course they cannot have heard from you. The fellows in the Yacht Club were so uneasy that we decided at once to go on a cruise in search of you," continued Ned.

"Our first business, then, ought to be to make a telegraph station," suggested Neil. "We shall hardly get to Belfast before midnight, towing the yacht, with the tide against us. We had better put into Rockland."

"I thought of that before; for, as the breeze has been fresh all day, we were probably expected to arrive by five or six o'clock. But I did not like to ask you to vary your course, captain," said Ned.

"Rockland it is," replied Neil.

The commodore of the yacht squadron bade the party good night, and returned to the Skylark. The fleet filled away again, headed up the bay, and the steamer proceeded on her course. The young ladies were very much disturbed by the knowledge that their friends at home were worrying about them, and they were not in condition to enjoy the wild talk of Ben Lunder; but before nine o'clock the Ocean-Born arrived at Rockland. Ned Patterdale went on shore, and sent off his despatch as follows: "Dismasted; picked up by steam-yacht Ocean-Born; all well; having a first-rate time; home to-morrow morning: answer." Ned was not obliged to wait long for a reply, for his father and mother were both at the

telegraph office, anxiously waiting for further intelligence.

"Thank God, you are safe; all well at home now!" was the answer; and Ned hastened on board with it.

The young ladies were very much relieved by this message from the loved ones at home, and their spirits rose wonderfully after they had read it. The after-cabin was brilliantly lighted; Nellie played on the Chickering upright piano, — the gift of Madam Brandon, — and Ben Lunder sang his choicest songs; for he was a good singer. But the girls were very much fatigued after the labor and excitement of the day, and Neil considerably induced his companions to retire at an early hour. At his suggestion, Ned had telegraphed that the party would not return till the next morning, so that they and their friends at home might sleep in peace. Except Prince, who was steering the Sea Foam, and Don John, who was the pilot of the Ocean-Born, all the guests turned in about ten o'clock, when the steamer was off Camden. Berry Owen had his watch below, while Neil remained in the pilot-house with Don John. At half past twelve the captain let go the anchor off the boat-builder's wharf in Belfast. In another half hour every soul on board was asleep.

As early as five o'clock in the morning some of the people on board of the steamer were stirring; but it was seven o'clock when the young ladies appeared, and eight when Neil and Don John turned out.

The beautiful steam yacht had been discovered by the people on shore, and a score of boats had visited her before breakfast. The morning meal was almost as elaborate as the supper on the preceding evening, and it was heartily enjoyed by the party.

"Now, Captain Brandon, we must go on shore, or our folks will be worrying about us again," said Nellie Patterdale, as they retired from the table. "We are ever so much obliged to you for your kindness."

"O, no. I am the party obliged, Miss Patterdale," gallantly replied Neil. "I am sorry to have you go; but the boats of the steamer are at your disposal."

"And your humble servant, also," added Ben Lunder. "I hope I shall have the pleasure of navigating you to the blessed shore which is to receive you, in the mainto'-gallant quarter-boat."

"Thank you, Mr. Lunder."

"I pull the foreto'-starboard oar."

"All right, Ben. You and I will pull the ladies ashore," added Neil.

"Thanks, noble captain! There is a party headed for the steamer," replied Ben, pointing to a boat in which were a lady and two gentlemen.

"My father and mother!" exclaimed Nellie.

"And my father," said Kate Bilder.

In a few moments the boat was alongside. Ned and Nellie were affectionately greeted by their parents, and Captain Bilder folded Kate in his arms, exhibiting the most intense emotion as he did so. The latter had been in New York for a week, and had only returned the day before, just in time to hear the alarming intelligence concerning his absent daughter. Though he had been away a week, he seemed to display more emotion than the occasion called for. Captain Bilder was very pale and haggard, and it was evident to all that he had been suffering intensely, though it did not as yet appear that he had any greater cause for anxiety than the recent peril of Kate.

The visitors were duly and properly introduced to the officers of the steamer, after the first affectionate greetings had been exchanged. Then Ned and Nellie related their startling adventures at sea, and mentioned the handsome manner in which the shipwrecked party had been entertained on board of the Ocean-Born. Of course Captain Patterdale and his wife were very grateful. So, doubtless, was Captain Bilder; but he did not say so, and seemed to be rather absent-minded.

"Why don't you say something to the captain of the steamer, father?" said Kate, mortified by his silence.

"I beg your pardon, but I am very grateful for all the service you have rendered to my daughter," added Captain Bilder, with sudden energy. "I am sure no one could appreciate your kindness more than I. But the fact is, I am in trouble just now. If you will excuse me, Captain — Captain —"

"Captain Brandon, father," Kate interposed, helping him out.

"Brandon!" exclaimed Captain Bilder, with a start.

"Captain Neil Brandon," interposed Ben Lunder.

"Neil Brandon!" repeated Captain Bilder.

"Where did you get that name?"

"From my father," replied Neil.

"What was his name?"

"Neil Brandon."

"Where is he now?"

"He died twelve years ago."

"It is very singular!" mused Captain Bilder. "Where did he live?"

"In Philadelphia."

"It's the same name; but it can hardly be the same man."

"The same as what, sir?" asked Neil, curiously.

"When I went to sea I had a mate of that name."

"My father went to sea."

"Indeed! It may have been the same. He was a good sailor. But, if you will excuse me, Captain Brandon, I will go on shore with Kate."

"I hope we shall see you on board again, Miss Bilder. — And you, too, sir," replied Neil.

"I'm afraid not."

"Why, what's the matter, father? How strange you seem to-day!" exclaimed Kate.

"I am in very great trouble, my child; but I am sorry only for you. I dare say you can visit the — the — the steamer again."

"The Ocean-Born, father," added Kate. "Isn't it an odd name?"

"Ocean-Born!" exclaimed Captain Bilder, with another start.

"That is the name of the yacht, sir," Neil explained.

"Ocean-Born! Why is she called by that name?"

"It was a fancy of my own," answered Neil. "My friends liked the name, and so we christened her."

"But why did you call her so?"

"For two reasons. We got the idea of a steam yacht when we were on the ocean, off Cape May; and therefore the idea was ocean-born. The other reason is, that I was born at sea, and sometimes my mother called me the Ocean-Born."

"Very strange!" said Captain Bilder.

"Very strange, indeed!" added Kate, who seemed to understand her father, if no one else did.

"I don't see anything very strange about it," laughed Neil.

"If you will excuse us, Captain Brandon, we will endeavor to see you again. I have much to say to Kate now," continued Captain Bilder, as he walked towards the gangway.

The father and daughter walked down the gangway steps into the boat, and the man at the oars pulled them ashore.

"What is the matter with Captain Bilder, father?" asked Nellie Patterdale, as soon as they had gone.

"He has been speculating in stocks for the last year, and to-day he is a ruined man," replied Captain Patterdale, sadly shaking his head. "About a year ago he lost a consider-

able portion of his property by the failure of his brother in Baltimore, though he had enough left to afford him a handsome income. Instead of reducing his expenses, which were rather extravagant, he attempted to regain what he had lost. In order to save what he had invested, he was compelled to imperil all he had. The chances were against him, and when the current set the wrong way, everything he had went by the board. Even his house and furniture are mortgaged for all they are worth."

"I am sorry for poor Kate," said Minnie Darling.

"And we are all sorry for Captain Bilder," added Captain Patterdale. "He is a noble-hearted, generous man, and everybody regrets his misfortune. At fifty, without a dollar in the world, he must commence life anew."

"I hope Kate won't have to leave the Dorcas Club, we shall miss her so much," said Nellie.

After Captain Bilder's misfortunes had been fully discussed, the visitors from the shore were shown over the steamer; and they bestowed many commendations upon the elegance and convenience of her accommodations. Ben Lunder had something to say all the time, and Captain Patterdale, senior, was rather pleased with his humor, encouraging him by laughing at his travesty of nautical terms.

"This is the mizzen to'gallant fo'castle," said Ben, as the party descended to the apartment where the deck-hand was quartered.

"It seems to be a very comfortable place," replied Captain Patterdale.

"Very comfortable, sir, except when the steamer rolls entirely over, like a log in a mill-pond, as she did early this morning; and then it makes a fellow's head swim, as it did mine, though I am a sailor from the heel of my bobstay to the crown of my sky-scraper. I occupy the foreto'-port berth on the mainto'-starboard side."

"Precisely so, Mr. Lunder," laughed the old ship-master. "One can readily identify it from your description."

"Well, any one who has been to sea can, though it might bother a land-lubber," added Ben, scratching his head. "Before I went to sea, I used to get terribly mixed with the sea slang in the dime novels. It takes an old salt like me to understand and reel 'em off. I can do it now, though sometimes it takes all the half-hitches out my jaw-tackle, to get 'em off."

"How long have you been to sea, Mr. Lunder?" asked the captain.

"It's about four days now, I think. I haven't

overhauled my log-book, but I believe it was four days this morning."

"You have made remarkable progress in that time, for I have known old men, who had been at sea forty years, that could not talk half as salt as you do," added the ship-master.

"But I give my whole mind to it, sir. I am the deck-hand of the Ocean-Born, a place of great responsibility, as you are aware; and I give my undivided attention to the duties of the position. But the fore-royal scuttle gapes for our exit."

The visitors returned to the deck. By this time the boat which had conveyed Captain Bilder and Kate to the shore had returned, and the Patterdales began to make their adieus. All the officers were engaged to dine at the elegant mansion of the retired ship-master.

"I depend upon seeing you, Mr. Lunder," said the captain; "and I hope you will bring your nautical vocabulary with you."

"I shall, certainly; in fact, I can hardly express myself without it now," replied Ben. "But, I beg your pardon, we were to have the honor of pulling the ladies ashore in the mainto'-gallant quarter-boat. I wish them to see how well I can handle the foreto'-starboard oar."

"Your vanity shall be gratified, Mr. Lunder," interposed Minnie Darling.

"Thanks."

"But it seems a little anomalous to call a deck-hand *Mr. Lunder*," laughed Captain Patterdale.

"I am only called so by lollipops and land-lubbers," replied Ben. "The old salts on board never call me *mister* — do they, Neil?"

"Never."

"I am Bounding Billow Ben; but, as this name is as long as the coach-whip of the foreto'-bowsprit, they call me Ben for short."

Captain Patterdale and his wife embarked in the shore boat; and when it had pulled away, the starboard quarter-boat was hauled up to the steps.

"Allow me to h'ist you in, Miss Darling," said Ben, politely.

"No, I thank you, Bounding Billow Ben," replied she. "I prefer to h'ist myself in."

"I beg your pardon; but I only used the nautical expression for 'assist,'" added Ben, as she took his offered hand.

"I must say I don't think the expression is well chosen, when addressed to a young lady."

"I acknowledge the error of my briny tongue; and I repent in ash-cloth and sashes."

The ladies were seated in the stern-sheets, and the captain and deck-hand took their places on the thwarts.

"Where, O, where is the weather-mizzen rowlock?" asked Ben.

"Made fast with a lanyard there," replied Neil.

"By the weather or the lee lanyard? Be explicit, great captain. Is it the skysail lanyard, or the forto-mizzen lanyard?"

"There it is," added Neil, pointing to a string leading down from the rail to the ceiling.

"I see it not. I see the foreto'-royal yard, the main-yard, the back yard, and the front yard; but I don't see any lanyard."

"You don't know what a lanyard is, Ben," laughed the captain. "That string that comes out of the hole for the rowlock."

"That's not kind of you, Neil," exclaimed the deck-hand, fixing a lugubrious gaze upon the captain. "It is not kind of you to challenge my knowledge of sea things before these ladies. I am an old sea dog, crusted all over with salt, and my tongue has been in the pickle for four days. It's cruel! it's ungrateful! Where would you have been, if I hadn't stood by the foreto'-backstay, when the main-royal moon-raker went by the board?"

"True, Ben. Forgive me."

"Freely, great captain. To err is human; to forgive is the highest duty of an old ocean monster like me, who has sported for four days in the eel grass and among the dolphins. Lot's wife was only a little salt compared with me. Now I'll top up this lanyard, and bend on the weather rowlock."

Ben inserted the rowlock, and shipped his oar. He was one of the college rowists, and certainly he did not lack in skill. He and Neil pulled very well together; but they had hardly gone a length from the steamer before Ben dropped his oar, stood up in the boat, and elevated both hands.

"My heyes! Shiver my topsail boom!" exclaimed he.

"What's the matter, Ben?" demanded Neil, rather impatiently.

"Dowse my tarry top-lights! Break my benders, and mash my mizzen to'-gallant mud-hook! Grind my ground-tackle, and slush down my starboard tacks!" roared the deck-hand.

"What ails you, Ben?"

"Don't you see? Open up your dead-lights, and glance out of your port peeper."

At this moment, three boats of the Dorcas Club, which had been concealed by the steamer, dashed up to the Ocean-Born, with their oars up. Ben, being in the bow, had seen them first, and filled the air with his mongrel slang.

"Here are three of our boats!" said Minnie Darling.

"Three of them!" ejaculated Ben. "Otto of roses! essence of peppermint, and extract of new-mown clover! Mine eyes have seen, and mine heart is gladdened!"

"There's the Undine," said Nellie.

"Oon-di-neh!" gasped Ben. "Bright Paracelsist vision! Haste to her ere she sinks beneath the glittering wave!"

"Why, what's the matter, Bounding Billow Ben?" laughed Minnie.

"Five nymphs of the sea, and all in the same boat! Five Undines come up from the shadowy deep to ravish our mortal senses!"

"And the Fairy!" said Nellie.

"The Fairy! O, my! Rained down from Cloudland!"

"And the Psyche!" added Minnie.

"Psyche! Hold me down, Neil. I am Cupid."

"Stupid, you mean," replied the captain.

"Both — stupefied by the nymphs that dawn upon our earth-born eyes."

Certainly the club boats were beautiful; and in the deck-hand's estimation the young ladies, dressed in their uniform of blue, with their saucy straw hats, turned up on one side, were infinitely more beautiful. They came alongside the quarter-boats, anxious to hear about the wreck of the Sea Foam. Neil and Ben were introduced, and shook hands with the whole fifteen in the boats. The story was told by Nellie, and the three clubs dashed away again.

"All the boats will be out at three o'clock this afternoon," said Minnie.

"Then I shall go up finally and forever," groaned Ben. "See them! They look like Fairies, Undines, and Psyches. — Is this sea water under us, Miss Darling?"

"Certainly it is."

"I didn't know but it might be cream, nectar, honey, an ocean of Lubin's extracts, or something of that sort. Of course those boats are made of sugar."

"I think not: they would melt if they were."

"I shall melt as it is," replied Ben, bending to his oar. "How they go it — like a boom through a bobstay!"

In a moment the boat was at the wharf, and the young ladies were assisted up the steps.

"Good by," said Nellie. "But we shall see you at dinner."

"We shall call upon all the ladies who have been our guests before we leave," replied Neil.

"You must not leave for a week yet. You must go with us on our excursion up the river."

"I shall be glad to do so."

The boat pulled back to the Ocean-Born, and all hands hastened to dress for dinner.

CHAPTER V.

THE LOST CHILD.

NEIL BRANDON and Ben Lunder were soon ready to dine in the elegant mansion of Captain Patterdale, though the deck of the Ocean-Born was crowded with visitors from the shore, who had come off to see the beautiful craft. The cabins were thrown open to their inspection, and every attention was bestowed upon them by the officers and crew. The Sea Foam had been towed to Don John's wharf early in the morning, and the boat-builder and his men were hard at work making a new mast for her, so that she could join the cruise of the clubs up the river.

"I beg your pawdon," said a young man wearing a white 'stove-pipe' hat, stepping up to Ben Lunder, as he came out of the cabin, dressed in black for the great occasion of the day.

The stranger was a young man of not more than nineteen. He was dressed in fashionably shaped garments, though one skilled in the draper's art would have seen that the dry goods of which they were composed were of the cheapest material. The style was in the cut, rather than in the quality of the goods. The coat, pants, and vest were of a very light color—a cross between yellow and white. At a little distance they looked as if they were made of light-colored chamois skins. He wore white socks with patent leather shoes, and on his white "stove-pipe" hat was a weed not more than three inches wide, worn because it was the fashion, and not because he had "lost any friend," or had any to lose. His neck-tie was of glaring red, "stunningly" ample, and as prominent to the view as a red light on a snow-bound coast. He wore an immense vest chain, which, however, was composed of base metal, and in genteel society the owner never pulled out the second-hand silver watch attached to it, purchased at a pawn-broker's for four dollars and twenty-five cents. Of course, the impression produced by this young gentleman when he dawned upon the vision of the beholder was tremendous. And yet he was a young man of great aspirations.

"I beg your pawdon," said he, politely touching his white hat to the deck-hand of the Ocean-Born.

Ben surveyed him from head to foot; and residing most of the year in New York city, he knew the genus well.

"Well, my hearty, what can I do for you?" he replied, in a voice which seemed to come from the depths of his lower stomach.

"Am I wight in supposing that you belong to this—aw—this ship?" inquired the "swell," with an effort.

"You aw—quite wight. I am the foreto'-starboard deck-hand of this ship. My name is Benjamin Lunder, otherwise Bounding Billow Ben, at your service. Who are you, my hearty?"

"I beg your pawdon: allow me to pwesent my cawd:" and the young gentleman gracefully offered the pasteboard, which was big enough to be an invitation to a grand diplomatic ball in Paris, Vienna, or Berlin.

"Arthur McGusher, with Hewlins and Heavybones, Dry Goods, forty-nine twenty-eight Broadway, New York," said Ben, reading from the card. "Aw, then you aw a doo-wum-aw, Mr. Gush-aw?"

"No, saw; I am not a dwummaw, if by this wawd you mean a commawcial twaveller, as we call them in our house. I am a salesman, saw."

"Glad to know you, Mr. McGusher. You look all right and tight about the toplights. I suppose you want to ship as a boiler-heaver or a lobster-boy?"

"No, saw," protested Mr. McGusher, with a slight blush, and no little indignation in his tones. "I have no desiaw to ship."

"I am glad of it, for we are all full just now."

"I only wish to make an inqwiwy."

"An inqwiwy!" exclaimed Ben. "What's the use of making one, when you can buy them ready made? We have nineteen of them stowed away in the mizzen run, with the main royal hatches battened down over them."

"I beg your pawdon; I spoke of an inqwiwy," interposed the visitor.

"So did I, my hearty. You can't play that on your uncle, who is an old salt, pickled down in four days of hard sea service," added Ben, shaking his head.

"I beg your pawdon; I only wish to ask a question. Do you—"

"A question! You said you wanted to make an inquiry. I beg *your* pardon, but you must speak in plain English to us old salts. We haven't much larnin' in shore things! 'To be, or not to be,'—that's the question."

"Not exactly my question, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Bounding Billow Ben; that's my name; and when I sneeze the salt spray flies."

"I beg your pawdon, Mr. Bounding Bennow Bill," said the visitor, with a soft smile.



MR. MCGUSHER ROSE FOR THE EFFORT. Page 95.

"Bounding Benbow Bill!" S'dearth, sir! Do you mean to insult me?"

"I beg your paw —"

"My paw shall fall upon you like a hurricane upon a flying-jib topsail, if you trifle with my name. I am a sailor, sir! I was cradled on the foamy brine — four days ago."

"I weally beg your pawdon."

"All right; now heave ahead, my hearty."

"I beg your pawdon, but —"

"You did that once before. Now clear away your ground-tackle, let go your stunsail bobstay, overhaul your jib-boom, clap a jaw-tackle on your fore-stoppers, and let go that question," blustered Ben.

"I beg you paw —"

"Stung in hays again! Good by, Mr. McGusher. It's no use. Your yarn is longer than the hitch of the foreto'-bobstay;" and the deck-hand moved towards the accommodation steps, where the rest of the dinner party were waiting for him.

"I beg your pawdon — do you —"

"Don't do it again, you beggar!"

"Make an end of it, Ben," shouted Neil, on the quarter.

"Do you know Captain Bilder, Mr. Bounding Billow?" said the visitor, desperately.

"Bravo, Mr. McGusher! You have achieved it, like a good ship rolling into port with her sheets shaking, and her stunsail boom flying alow and aloft. Captain Bilder?" mused Ben. "Do you happen to have the other half-hitch of his cognominal appellation?"

"I beg your —"

"Come, now, don't! That's played out; it's no longer original."

"I did not quite undawstand you."

"Stand by with your ear ports open tight. You spoke of Captain Bilder. I asked for the other half-hitch of his cognominal appellation?"

"His what?" gasped Mr. McGusher, aghast!

"His other half-hitch — the complementary portion of his cognominal appellation, you know."

"Weally, Mr. Bounding Billow —"

"It's no use; if you won't answer me, I can't keep the high and mighty captain of the Ocean-Born waiting for me."

"I don't undawstand you, Mr. — Billow."

"O, you don't! Well, I want Captain Bilder's sky-scraper boom; the fore-hitch of his main-royal cognomen; the fore-royal smoke-stack of the after-mizzen boiler. Do you understand that?"

"I confess I do not; I am no sailaw;" replied the visitor, peacefully giving up the conundrum.

"I see you are not. What's Captain Bilder's other name?"

"O, Wichard!" exclaimed Mr. McGusher, smiling as sweetly as a rose in June, when Ben's meaning dawned upon him.

"Wichard! Begins with a W — does it?"

"No, saw; not at all; Wichard begins with an R."

"O, Richard! Richard's himself again, as he ought to be if his name ever was Wichard. Captain Bilder was on board the Ocean-Born, but he hauled his wind, let go tacks and sheets, and bore away."

"Bore away?" queried the visitor. "That means that he —"

"Precisely so, Mr. McGusher. You understand it perfectly," added Ben, moving off.

"Bore away?" repeated the inquirer.

"Just as you do," replied Ben, as a Parthian arrow.

"You don't petter wait all day, Pen, ven we goes to meet mit die ladies — don't you?" said Karl, as the deck-hand leaped into the boat.

"Such a swell!" laughed Ben, as he took his place at the oar. "Now heave ahead at your weather skysail oar, Karl."

The boat pulled for the shore, leaving Mr. Peter Blossom, dressed in his best clothes, in charge of the steamer. He was abundantly competent to do the honors of such an occasion; and he was as polite as half a dozen French dancing-masters.

"I beg your pawdon, but can you tell me where I may find Captain Bildaw," said Mr. McGusher, addressing the cook.

"He has gone on shore," replied Mr. Blossom.

"You will find him at his house," said one of the visitors, indicating the locality of the captain's residence.

Mr. McGusher called his boatman, and embarked for the shore. As the party from the Ocean-Born will do very well at the elegant mansion of Captain Patterdale without any attention from us, we will go with the New York swell to the residence of Kate's father; or rather we will go a little in advance, leaving him to find his way as best he can by inquiring.

Captain Bilder had told Kate all about it; that he was absolutely ruined in fortune; that he had lost everything, and was not worth a single dollar. He must give up his fine house to his creditors, sell his horses and carriages,

and move into a humble tenement. Kate heard him with no little emotion; but she was a brave girl. She realized how much her father was suffering; how it grieved him to tell her that she could no longer live in an elegant house, ride behind a pair of horses, or even a single one. Her only thought was to comfort her father, and she told him she didn't care a straw for herself; she was only sorry for him. Full of hope and courage, she was ready to grapple with the situation, which her age and experience did not fully fit her to understand.

"I can teach music, teach a school, or do something else to support myself, father," said Kate.

"It hasn't come to that yet, Kate, for I am still able to support you," replied Captain Bilder, with a faint smile. "I have lost all my own property, but I have lost that of no other person. I am still an honest man, and my friends have not lost confidence in me. When I had lost all, I did not run in debt. When I have sold the horses, carriages, and furniture we no longer need, I hope to be able to pay all I owe in this city. Then I shall be a free man, though a poor one."

"I am glad it is no worse," added Kate.

"It is bad enough; but I am still an honest man, and I shall pay every dollar I owe."

Some people would have regarded the honest captain as a sort of fanatic, because he paid the debts incurred in his speculation, rather than cheat his creditors or continue his operations after all his means were gone. No doubt he was a remarkably honest man for these degenerate times.

"What shall you do, father?" asked Kate.

"I shall go to sea again after I have closed my affairs here, or as soon as I can get a ship," replied her father. "I am not an old man, and I hope to retrieve myself yet. I must find you a good place to board, and I hope you will make the best of our altered circumstances."

"O, I shall, father! You need not worry about me."

"I shall be happy if you are, my child," added the captain, wiping away a tear, for he felt that the blow fell almost entirely on his daughter.

He was old and tough; she was young and tender, and had been brought up in affluence and luxury. It would be hard for her, and he wept only for her sake. They talked longer about the future, but at last the conversation turned upon the steamer which had brought Kate to her home.

"You said you used to call your little boy the Ocean-Born, father," said Kate.

"I did, sometimes, as a pleasantry. He was born on the China Seas. I named him after my best friend, who was part owner of the ship in which I sailed; and his initials were those of "Ocean-Born," replied Captain Bilder. "However, anybody else may have used the term as well as I. It was more strange that the young man in charge of the steam-yacht should have had the name of my mate."

"It is, certainly, very odd; and he says that Neil Brandon was his father's name, as well as his own."

"Perhaps his father was my mate," mused Captain Bilder. "He was a good man in the main, but violent and revengeful at times. I will inquire into the matter when I see the young man again."

"I have not heard you speak of my little brother for years, father," continued Kate.

"You know the story, my child," replied her father, with something like a shudder.

"Not the whole of it; or, at least, I have forgotten part of it," she added; and perhaps the incidents on the steam yacht had given her some new idea.

"It is a very sad story, and the loss of the little boy was one of the most afflicting experiences of my whole life. It was only equalled at the death of your mother, when you were only three years old."

"Won't you tell me all about my little brother once more, and I never will ask you to do so again, for I know it is very sad to you?" asked Kate.

"Perhaps it is well that I should repeat the story to you, for I must go to sea again in a few weeks."

Kate shuddered, for her father meant that he might never return, though he did not say this.

"I wish you to know all the facts in the case, and when you have time, I wish you would write them down, and let me correct the paper before I go away."

"I will, father. I will take notes as you go along," added the daughter, seating herself at the little cabinet desk in the library, where she wrote her school exercises and her letters.

"Your little brother's name was Oscar Blake Bilder," the captain began. "He was born, as I said, on the China Seas. I could give you the latitude and longitude by referring to my old log-books. You were born in New York, when Oscar was two years old. Your mother was never willing that I should leave her, even for a few weeks; but when I was to

make a voyage around the world, she insisted upon going with me. My last voyages were in the *Coriolanus*. I owned half of her, and Oscar Blake the other half, and your mother went with me in her when you were only eighteen months old. She had a nurse for the children, whose name was Marguerite, a French woman, whom I engaged in New Orleans, where I loaded the *Coriolanus* with cotton for Liverpool. She was a capital nurse, and we thought everything of her.

"The mate of the ship was Neil Brandon. I shipped him in New York, and never knew where he belonged. I had a large, roomy cabin, and we were as happy at sea as we should have been on shore. Brandon had been my mate for two voyages before this one, and I had every confidence in him. He was the best mate I ever had till Marguerite came on board, and I had often told him he should be the master of the *Coriolanus* as soon as I left her, which I intended to do after this voyage. I soon discovered that he was enamoured of the nurse, who was always on deck with the children in fine weather. She was about twenty-five years old, and a very good girl indeed. The mate began to neglect his duties, and Marguerite to be less careful of the children. Between them both I was afraid that some accident would happen to you and your little brother. I sharply reproved Brandon; he did not take my rebuke kindly, but was sulky, cross, and indifferent about his duties. Finally, I removed him at Hong Kong, putting in his place the master of an Indian man who had lost his ship in a typhoon. Brandon staid about the ship till we were ready to sail for home, and insisted upon returning in her. I told him he could make the voyage only as a seaman. He desired to be near Marguerite; and this was the very thing I could not permit, for I felt that his presence endangered the lives of my children, — as your mother was then an invalid. I took him before the consul, and formally discharged him for insubordination and gross neglect of duty. I left him at Hong Kong, and though I never saw him again, I learned that he had arrived in New York three days before the *Coriolanus* reached that port. Before we parted in Hong Kong, he swore he would ruin me.

"Captain Waters, who had come from China with me as my mate, wanted a ship, and I decided to give him the *Coriolanus* at New Orleans, where she was to load with cotton for Liverpool. I was obliged to go to New Orleans in order to settle up my business

there. I wanted to leave your mother and the children in New York, but she would not think of a separation even for a month. She was in better health at sea than on shore, and felt quite at home in the cabin. During our stay in the great city, Marguerite was absent nearly every evening, and I have no doubt she met Brandon. We had a fine trip to New Orleans, but I saw that your mother was rapidly failing, and I was in a hurry to return to our home in New York, where I could obtain the best medical attendance for her. She preferred to go by steamer to Cincinnati, and we started.

"I had the two best state-rooms on the boat. Your mother and I had one, and you were with us; and the other was occupied by Marguerite and your little brother. On the first night of the trip, I was awakened at midnight by a shrill scream from the nurse. I rushed into her room, and found her crying, groaning, and tearing her hair like an insane person. Finally, she told me that your little brother was gone. She was nearly distracted, and so was I, for I could not make her tell me what had happened. I had seen my little boy in his berth at eight o'clock, and kissed him—it was the last time. After a while I wrung it out of Marguerite that she had got up to shut the door of the state-room,—for the evening had been intensely hot, and I had told her to leave it partly open. When she went to his berth to put more clothes on him, she found the boy was not there; and then she had screamed, she was so terrified. She had no idea what had become of him. She had retired herself at about ten o'clock, just as the boat was leaving a wood-yard, where it had stopped for half an hour to 'wood up,' and had immediately dropped asleep. The chill air, caused by a change in the weather, had waked her, she said; and this was all she knew about the matter.

"I called the captain, and I think every person on board was aroused by the search instituted for the little boy. He certainly was not on board of the steamer. The captain ran back to the wood-yard where the boat had stopped. There was nothing there but the cabin of the woodman, and he had not seen the child, or any one else except the deck-hands of the steamer. Your little brother had either left his room and fallen into the river, or some one had stolen him. I shall not attempt to describe the anguish of your mother in her feeble condition, or my own sufferings as I thought of my darling boy. We left the boat when she arrived at Baton Rouge, the

next morning, and I obtained a steamer with a force of twenty men, in order to renew the search. Not to dwell on the details, I spent a fortnight on the river. There was not a white man or a negro within twenty miles of that wood-yard who was not seen and questioned; but no clew whatever could be obtained to the lost child.

"I returned to New York only when the alarming condition of your mother's health absolutely required; but I employed the best detectives in the country to continue the search. I thought if the boy had been drowned, his little form might be found; but it never was. If he had been stolen, it had been done in order to obtain money of me; but I was ready to give all that was asked to recover my darling child. I watched with this hope for years, but I have never heard anything to encourage me."

"What do you think became of him, father?" asked Kate, breathless with interest.

"I have to believe that he was drowned, and that his little body was carried out to sea by the swift current, or, or—or that something else happened to it," replied Captain Bilder, with a shudder; but he meant that it had been consumed by the fishes.

There was a pause for some time; but at last the captain went to a book-case and took from a drawer an envelope.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LONG-LOST.

"WHAT became of Marguerite, father?" asked Kate, as Captain Bilder seated himself in the arm-chair, with the envelope in his hand.

"Shortly after our return to New York, your mother died," replied her father. "Her grief at the loss of her little boy aggravated her disease, so that the skill of the doctors was unavailing. She died a month after her arrival in the city. We had a house, and Marguerite remained to take care of you. I employed a Mrs. Banford as my housekeeper, who came to Belfast when I bought this place. She lived with me five years. But I suppose you do not remember her."

"No, father, I do not."

"Marguerite came here with us; but she was not contented, and wanted to go back to her friends in New Orleans. She was a faithful nurse, and I desired very much to retain her. I could not blame her for the loss of my little boy, for she seemed to be almost as much grieved as the child's mother. The door of the state-room was left open by my own order,

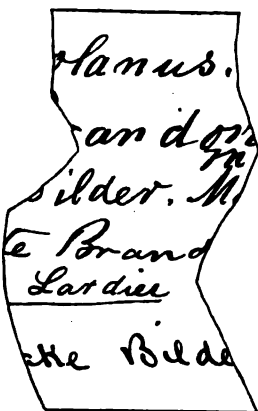
and I could only blame myself. Marguerite would not stay in Belfast, and I had to consent to her leaving. She left for New York with the intention of going to New Orleans. I suppose she did go there; but I never heard a word from her from that day to this."

"But did you never hear anything about the little boy?" asked Kate, who had an indistinct remembrance of something.

"I was going to tell you, my child," added Captain Bilder, opening the envelope in his hand, and taking a note from it. "Ten years ago I received this letter, which appears to have been written by a woman. I will read it to you.

"CAPTAIN BILDER: Your little boy was not drowned. He is still living. Some time he might go to you. He is well brought up. He lives with rich folks, who love him very much. They will do everything for him. He thinks his father is dead. I said some time he might go to you. I do not know as he will. If he does, he will give you one of three peaces of a card, which have six lines of writing on it. I send to you the middle peace of the card. Your son will fetch to you the left hand peace. On your son's peace it is written where you will get the third peace. Your son may never go to you. If he does go, you will know it is your son by the first peace of card, which just fits your peace."

"There was no signature to this note, and it was evidently written in a disguised hand. It was penned by an illiterate person, or by one who pretended to be so. A few words are spelled wrong. Here is the piece of card which came in the letter," continued Captain Bilder, as he handed the piece of paste-board to Kate.



It was irregular in its shape, as may be seen in the diagram. It had been cut into the three pieces after the six lines had been written upon it, and was cut so as to divide most of the words and some of the letters. When the other parts should be produced, it would be impossible to make any mistake in regard to their identity.

"I see the six lines of writing," said Kate, with the most intense interest.

"Yes; and I can supply the words and letters which are on the other parts of the card," added her father.

"The first line is the name of your ship — 'Coriolanus;' the next is 'andon.'"

"Neil Brandon, without a doubt; and the 'm' under it is the first letter of the word mate."

"The third line must be your name, father; but there is another m after it."

"Yes, a capital, the initial of 'Master.' The fourth line is not so clear. The second word is 'Brandon,' and the 'te' is the end of 'Marguerite.'"

"Then the mate married the nurse?"

"I suppose he did. The fifth line has only a single word, underscored, which was Marguerite's last name. The word 'formerly' may be before it, or something implying the same thing. If the card means anything, we must infer that Marguerite Lardier was married to Brandon."

"But were they married, father?"

"I don't know. She never said a word to me or your mother about Brandon, after he was discharged. Whether she saw him in New York, while we were there, I have no means of knowing. When this letter came to me, ten years ago, I had a long talk with Mrs. Banford about it, for she was my housekeeper then."

"Where is she now?" asked Kate.

"She went to California to live with her brother, about a year after this letter came. I have never heard a word from her or of her."

"The last line is written back-handed," added the daughter.

"That must be the little boy's name in full — 'Oscar Blake Bilder.' Whoever wrote this card knows all about me and my affairs."

"Who do you think it was, father?"

"I can form no idea. After the search I made on the Mississippi River, I can hardly believe the boy was stolen, as the letter and card imply that he was. At first I was inclined to think it was a scheme to extort money from me. But as no one has yet appeared with the first part of the card, I concluded long ago that it was a heartless joke by some enemy, who knew the story of my life."

"Perhaps Marguerite wrote the letter," suggested Kate.

"She had no motive for doing so."

"Possibly she had. Do you know her handwriting?"

"I never saw any of it. I don't even know that she could write."

"This card indicates that she became the wife of Neil Brandon, your mate," continued Kate. "He may have induced her to write it."

"It may be. And I am confident that the one who wrote the note also wrote the card; for, though the hand is disguised, certain letters are just alike in both."

"You said Neil Brandon swore he would ruin you if he could," added Kate.

"I am ruined; but he did not do it."

"But perhaps he stole your little boy."

"I have thought of that before; but I can hardly reconcile the deed with what I know of the man, or with the facts in the case. Perhaps he was wicked enough to do it; but if he had been near the Mississippi, I think the detectives would have obtained some clew to him."

"A young man at the door wishes to see you, sir," said a servant, at the door of the library.

"Who is he?" asked Captain Bilder.

"I don't know, sir."

"Tell him I am busy, and can't see him now," added the captain.

The servant retired, but presently returned with Mr. McGusher's ample pasteboard in her hand.

"This is the young man's card, he says; and he has come all the way from New York to see you on very important business," said she.

"Arthur McGusher," added Captain Bilder, reading from the card. "He seems to be a drummer. But send him in, for I believe I have finished my story, Kate."

"A drummer? What's that, father?" asked the daughter; but before the captain could explain, Mr. McGusher was shown into the room.

"I beg your pawdon," the young gentleman began, with an extensive flourish and a very reverential bow; "have I the honaw to address Captain Bilder?"

"That's my name; and you are Mr. Arthur McGusher, I suppose," added the ship-master, glancing at the card in his hand.

"I have the honaw," said the representative of Hewlins & Heavybones, with another profound obeisance.

"Take a seat, Mr. McGusher."

Mr. McGusher took a seat. Possibly he was a student of art, and had critically studied the positions of all the sitting statues, and all the figures in the pictures, though it is not probable that he had done so. At any rate, his posture was not entirely accidental. He arranged himself gracefully in the chair, as though he had practised sitting down in the

attic of the cheap boarding-house where he lived. He wore yellow gloves, and carried a light cane. Kate looked at him with the same interest she would have bestowed upon the funny actor in a play; and, in spite of the sadness with which her father's story had filled her, she was inclined to laugh, or at least to smile.

"Perhaps I had better inform you in the beginning that I am not in business of any kind, as you seem to be a drummer," said Captain Bilder, when the visitor had adjusted himself to his own satisfaction in the chair.

"Not a dwummaw, saw — I beg your pawdon," promptly interposed Mr. McGusher. "I do not wait upon you as the wepresentsative of the commawcial house in which I have the honaw to be engaged. My business is entiawly pawsonal and pwivate."

"Well, sir, what is your business?"

"I will pwoceed with it without any unneces-sawwy delay. You had a son, Captain Bilder."

Kate was startled, the ship-master frowned, and the visitor paused to note the effect of his sudden announcement.

"Who told you I had?" demanded the captain.

"One who knows, saw."

"Who was he?" added Captain Bilder, sharply, for he regarded the young man's answer as an evasion.

"I beg your pawdon; I don't know, saw," replied Mr. McGusher, rather disturbed by the sharp tone of the ship-master.

"You don't know! Somebody told you, but you don't know who!"

"I beg your pawdon; I didn't say somebody told me. I received the information in a lettaw signed 'One who Knows.'"

"An anonymous letter."

"Anonymous, if you please, saw. I do not know who wote it. I did not wite it."

"Where did you get it?"

"I found it in the stoaw one mawning thwee weeks ago. It was addressed to Mr. Awthur McGushaw, which is my name."

"Did it come to you by mail?"

"No, saw; it came by pwivate hand; at least, there was no post-mawwk on it. The lettaw was a most extwaordinawwy one."

"You were informed in it that I had a son — were you?" asked Captain Bilder, wondering what the young fellow was driving at.

"Not in tawms, saw — only by infewence. The lettaw infawmed me that I was the son of Captain Wichard Bildaw; and if I was yaw son, why, of cawse, you had a son. I think the infewence was justifiable," replied Mr.

McGusher, whose face wore a triumphant expression.

"The letter informed you that you were my son!" exclaimed Captain Bildaw.

"That is pweicisely what it infawmed me," answered the young man, taking from the breast pocket of his coat the letter. "I have it heaw, saw."

"Let me see it."

"I beg yaw pawdon: but will you pawmit me to wead it to you?"

"Let me see it first."

"Will you pawdon me if I decline to do so for the pwsent? This lettaw is a very impawtant one to me."

"It seems to be a very important one to me, also."

"I beg your pawdon; but it is my pwopawty, and I pwefaw to wetain it for the pwsent. You are a stwangaw to me, Captain Bildaw; though it seems to be dooced odd that one's ownfawther should be a stwangaw to him; but I know you to be a vewy wespectable gentleman. As you are a stwangaw, I don't know that you evaw had a son. You have not said you had. If you nevaw had a son, why, of cawse, I can't be your son, whatever One who Knows may wite to me."

"Do let him read the letter, father," Kate interposed, more willing than the ship-master that the visitor should proceed in his own way.

"Thank you, Miss Bildaw—I pwesume I have the honaw of speaking to Miss Bildaw, whom I should be pwoud to acknowledge as my sistaw," said Mr. McGusher, with a graceful bow, and a smile as soft as the smiler's head.

"Go on," replied the captain.

"If you nevaw had a son, Captain Bildaw, of cawse it would be a waste of your valuable time for me to wead the lettaw," suggested Mr. McGusher.

"I had a son, who is believed to have been drowned when he was four years old," added the ship-master.

"Not dwowned, saw. I am that son," said the young man, placing one of his yellow-gloved hands on the place where his heart belonged, and bestowing a look of unutterable affection upon the captain and his daughter.

"Read the letter!" said the ship-master, sternly.

"I will wead it at once," replied Mr. McGusher, opening the letter, and taking from it something which he placed in his vest pocket.

We shall give the letter as it was written, and not as the young man read it, for it would be quite impossible for dull types to give it any of the eloquent flourish he gave it. Mr.

McGusher rose for the effort, and placed his hat and cane on a chair. Perhaps he could not be eloquent in a sitting posture, however graceful it might be. The letter was as follows:—

"MR. ARTHUR MCGUSHER. Dear Sir: I want to do justice to the living and the dead; but I have not the courage to face the indignation of those I have wronged, or to take the penalty of my transgression.

"The man whom you supposed to be your father was not your father. You were stolen from your parents when you were four years old. The one who did this is now dead—has been dead for many years. I am guilty only of concealing my knowledge of the truth. The name of the man who took you from a steamboat on the Mississippi River was Neil Brandon. He has been dead at least ten years. He carried you to England. He and his wife claimed you as their own child. He left you in Liverpool with a man of your name,—Mr. McGusher,—who came to America thirteen years ago. He told me all I know about you; and I ought to have told your real father; but I did not. I am guilty; but I hope to be forgiven.

"Captain Richard Bildaw, who lives in Belfast, Maine, is your real father. I send you a piece of a card, which you will give to your father when you go to him. He will know what it means. You were stolen from your parents the first night after they left New Orleans. Neil Brandon did it. Your father is a very rich man, and I hope you will be happy with him. It will only be necessary to give your father the piece of card. He will know you are his son by this. I have kept this secret for many years. It has been like a coal of fire in my soul. If you ask how I know that you are the son of Captain Richard Bildaw, of Belfast, Maine, I will answer that Mr. McGusher told me so on his death-bed. He said that Neil Brandon gave him a hundred pounds to take care of the boy till he was able to work and support himself. With this money he came to America. He boarded with me ('a year,' erased), and died in my house. I could not take care of you, and I sent you to the Orphan Asylum. But I have kept watch of you ever since. Some time I may make myself known to you; but I dare not do so yet. All that I have written is true; and I am

"ONE WHO KNOWS."

Captain Bildaw and Kate listened with the most intense interest to the reading of this rambling letter. Kate had suggested before

that Neil Brandon might have stolen her little brother in revenge for being discharged from the Coriolanus, and thus losing the command of her at a future time. The explanation of the mystery contained in the letter was plausible to her. Her father was silent, and was evidently weighing and comparing the statements made in the letter.

"I have finished the lettaw, saw," said Mr. McGusher, who stood ready to throw himself into the arms of the ship-master, and more especially into the arms of his lovely daughter: but there was no demonstration on the part of either of them.

Captain Bilder did not even ask for the piece of the card alluded to in the epistle. He didn't get excited worth a cent. He didn't say a word about "my long-lost son, come to my arms!" Mr. McGusher could not understand his coolness and self-possession. It was not exactly the way a long-lost son ought to be received, in his opinion.

"How old are you, Mr. McGusher?" asked Captain Bilder, after a long silence.

"I don't know, saw. You ought to know better than I," replied the long-lost.

"How old do you think you are?"

"As neaw as I can figaw it, I am eighteen."

"Where do you live when you are at home?"

"In New Yawk city."

"What part of the city?"

"I bawd in Twenty-Second Stweet."

"How long have you boarded there?"

"About thwee yeaws."

"Will you let me see that letter?" asked Captain Bilder, extending his hand for the document.

"I beg your pawdon, saw. Some fellow in the Scwipchaw sold his bawthwight for a mess of potash. If his bawthwight was in the fawm of a lettaw like this, he oughtn't to have sold it for all the potash in the wawld — not if the soap-boiling business was wuined by it. But you are a vewy wespectable pawson, Captain Bilder. If you will give me your wawd that you will wstaw the lettaw to me, I will submit it for your inspection."

"I will give it back to you," answered the ship-master.

Captain Bilder examined the letter, Kate looking over his shoulder as he did so. It was in a woman's handwriting, and it was plain that she was a person of some culture, for the spelling was good, and the capitals were rightly used. The writer was a person of mature age. The repetitions and the rambling character of the letter were evidently intended, and the penmanship was hardly the writer's usual

hand. But a person writing such a letter would naturally seek to conceal his agency in the matter.

"This was not written by the person who sent me the piece of card," said Captain Bilder, in a low tone, as he compared the two letters.

"But it is very strange!" whispered Kate.

"Very strange; yet I can't believe that fellow is my son."

"I don't wish to believe he is my brother," added Kate.

If Mr. McGusher heard any of this conversation, it was not intended for his ear; and, perhaps to avoid anything disagreeable, he sauntered over to a window which looked out upon the garden.

"This letter says you were sent to an Orphan Asylum," continued Captain Bilder, "renewing the charge upon the long-lost."

"Yes, saw," replied Mr. McGusher, resuming his chair in front of the ship-master and his daughter.

"What institution was it?"

"An Awphan Asylum where they take in small childwen who have no pawents — you know."

"I know," added the captain, biting his lip. "But what was the name of the institution?"

"The name?"

"Was it the New York Orphan Asylum, the Leake and Watts Orphan House, or the Colored Orphan Asylum?"

"Colawed!" gasped Mr. McGusher. "I'm not a pawson of colaw, Captain Bildaw."

"Was it either of the other institutions I mentioned?" demanded the ship-master.

"I don't know, saw," replied the long-lost, blankly.

"You don't know?"

"I do not, saw. That lettaw is all the infawmation I have on the subject."

"How long were you in the asylum?"

"I have no means of knowing."

"Don't you remember anything about it?"

"I wember nothing about it, from which I infaw that I was taken from the institution at a vewy tendaw age."

"Very tender, I should judge. In a word, Mr. McGusher, I wish to test the truth of the statements in this letter."

"You are vewy cwitical, Captain Bildaw."

"Critical!" exclaimed the captain, angrily. "Do you think I am going to accept a monkey like you as my son on no better evidence than this letter?"

"Monkey! Is this the weception to give a son, when he comes home to the patawnal



THE OLD, OLD STORY.



woof!" exclaimed Mr. McGusher, utterly disgusted.

"Again: this letter says your father is a very rich man. I want to add now that I have lost all my property. I am not worth a dollar in the world. If you should prove to be my son, which I grant is possible, you will have to go to work, as I must, and earn your own living."

Mr. McGusher opened his eyes, and looked more disgusted than ever; but, concluding that the last appalling statement of his "long-lost father" was a joke, intended to test his filial sentiment, he did not retire from the field.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS.

BY MARIA.

[WITH A FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATION.]

CHEERLESSLY the north winds moaning,

Sighing through the branches bare,
While the barren earth beneath them
Wears of snow its carpet fair.

Mid the trees there stands a mansion,
Coldly grand, its turrets high,
Warmed not by the winter sunshine,
Rise up proudly to the sky.

Low down on the steps of marble,
Leading to this home so fair,
Crouches now a woman, shivering,
As she feels the cutting air.

Cowering by the cold stone railing,
Clad in garments poor and old,
Clasps her babe close to her bosom,
As to shield him from the cold.

Bearing on her face so care-worn,
Marks of such a life of woe,
Not a thought of joy or gladness,
Seemed she in this world to know.

Slowly down this same broad stairway,
Come two forms, whose faces fair
Show no trace that care or sorrow
E'er have left their impress there.

Clad in garments rich and costly
Proudly tread the topmost stair,
Never dreaming, far above her
Of the grief below them there.

So the world has been forever,
And the rich man gives no more,
Thinks not of the poor and needy
Cowering at his very door,

Ye possessed of wealth and standing,
Look down on the *lower stair*;
Look, and give of your abundance
To the poor who're always there.

POPULATION OF THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE GLOBE IN 1874.

ACCORDING to the latest accounts from the most authentic sources, the total population of the globe is at the present time, 1,391,000,000 souls.

These are distributed over the globe as follows:—

In Europe there are 300,530,000 inhabitants; in Asia, 798,220,000; in Africa, 203,300,000; in America, 84,542,000; in Australia and Polynesia, 4,438,000. Total population of the globe, 1,391,030,000 inhabitants.

The division of the world the most thickly populated according to its extent is Europe, which supports, on the average, 30 inhabitants to the square kilometer.* For the same surface, Asia has only 14 inhabitants; Africa, 6½; America, 2; and Oceanica, a half of one.

The population of Europe is distributed as follows:—

Russia has 69,360,000 inhabitants; Germany, 41,060,000; France, 36,102,000; Austria-Hungary, 35,900,000; England, 31,800,000; Italy, 26,800,000; Spain, 16,550,000; Turkey, 9,790,000; Sweden and Norway, 5,990,000; Belgium, 5,080,000; Roumania, 4,500,900; Portugal, 3,990,000; Holland, 3,675,000; Switzerland, 2,670,000; the small states, 1,263,000. Total population of Europe, 300,530,000 inhabitants.

The most densely peopled country in Europe is Belgium, which has 173 inhabitants to the square kilometer; Holland has 112; Germany, 76; France, 68; Russia, 14; and Norway, 5.

The most extensive country of Europe is Russia, which has a surface of more than 5,000,000 square kilometers; whilst France has little more than half a million, or, more precisely, 528,573 square kilometers.

The two smallest countries in Europe are the republic of San Marino, which has 57 square kilometers of territory, and the principality of Monaco, which has but 15.

* 13 square kilometers make 5 square miles, very nearly.



ARRIVAL OF AUNT BETSEY. Page 101.

AUNT BETSEY'S TREASURE.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY.

CHAPTER IV.

AUNT BETSEY DROPS DOWN AT JOHN'S.

THE elegant residence of Mr. John Blessing awaited the guests invited to the dinner party. It was six o'clock of a short winter day, and the gas shed its light upon a scene of luxury which only unlimited means could justify. Velvet carpets, yielding no sound to the footfall, vied in beauty with rare exotics which perfumed the air, and were arranged upon bower, by the plate-glass paintings and sculptures, and the tables, sumptuous

in furniture, and a dinner table glittering in costly china and solid silver, should have spoken of substantial wealth, if the voice of such luxury could ever be trusted.

In the drawing-room, where all these glories culminated, arrayed to do justice to the place and the hour, Augusta and Angelina awaited the arrival of the guests, having stationed a servant to report the first approach, that the rest of the family might be called in season to receive.

"There is a carriage stopping, miss; but I think 'tis not one of the parties invited," reported the colored waiter.

The sisters hastened to satisfy themselves of facts by peeping from behind a gorgeous drape of gimson tapestry and embroidered lace, which served the useful purpose of curtains.

"What can it mean?" cried Angelina: "a common station cab, and such a ridiculous figure of an old woman getting out. She must be some kind of a beggar. Who ever beheld such a cloak! green merino hanging straight from her neck to her heels, and a monstrosity of a bonnet. I verily believe it would hold a peck of potatoes."

"You should be elegant on this grand occasion, and say a box of oranges, not a peck of potatoes," replied Augusta; "and, begging your pardon, the cloak isn't 'to heels,' only to ankles, just as long as the dress, showing a reach of blue knit yarn stocking, above a pair of indescribable leather shoes. My! there comes something which I suppose goes for a trunk, round as a stove-pipe, covered with hair and brass nails, only surpassed in oddity by that bellows-bottomed red reticule in her hand."

"See, she has grabbed the trunk, and is actually carrying it up the front steps herself!" cried Angelina; "and there comes Mrs. Bigbug's carriage with some of our guests. Run, Augusta, and get the old creature out of sight and hearing before they alight; find out what she wants, and order the servants to pack her off by the back door. What a narrow escape! What if Mrs. Bigbug had been three minutes sooner, and witnessed that arrival!"

"She says she is 'Miss Elizabeth Blessing, Mr. John Blessing's aunt, dropped down to make a little visit,'" whispered Augusta to Angelina, when she returned to the drawing-room.

"What did you do?"

"I sent her and her trunk up to the green room, and gave orders —"

Augusta was here interrupted by the entrance of her father, mother, and Flora, from another apartment, and by the simultaneous arrival of the Bigbugs, who were so rapidly followed by other Bugs, of various dimensions, that the mystery of the old woman's advent was quite crowded out of recollection.

Meantime, Miss Elizabeth Blessing had briskly followed the waiter, who preceded her with her trunk, up three flights to an apartment on the fourth floor, unlighted and unwarmed, where hastily depositing the hair trunk, he had left her to her own reflections, while he hastened to his more legitimate work of receiving the Bugs. As Mrs. Bigbug's ring slightly anticipated his readiness to open the door, he quite forgot that part of Augusta's charge included in the command, "Pass the word for some of the kitchen folks to go up and attend to her."

Thus left to reflection, Miss Blessing reflected, —

"Pretty works, I should think, after coming two hundred miles, at my time of life, to give my nephew's folks an agreeable surprise! Having one of those parties. I used to be so high for attending in my young days. I suppose they didn't think aunt Betsey looked justly fit to go in till she'd got off her outside fixings and spruced up. Don't blame them for that, neither; but they needn't be anxious; it is past my bed time now, and I shall keep out of sight, and eat my supper and go straight to bed, if ever they get ready to bring me a light and show me to a fire. My old bones ache, riding all day at seventy-five, and finishing off with three endless flights of stairs, any one of them long enough to reach a meeting-house belfry. What ringings and rustlings! I will see for myself."

Going to the staircase, aunt Betsey looked down upon the scene below. The arrivals were at their height, and the rustlings were occasioned by guests passing up and down stairs to and from the dressing-rooms, previous to their announcement in the drawing-room. The forsaken guest looked on, leaning upon the banister, until her limbs grew cold and cramped, and her heart hot and indignant. She then found her way into one of the deserted rooms of the servants, where the gas was lighted, and which opened into the same passage as the green room. Aunt Betsey was not accustomed to gas, but a little experimenting with the screw of the lighted burner told her its simple management. Kindlings lay in an open grate in the servant's room, and a full hod of coal stood upon the hearth; and she thought, —

"I may as well make myself comfortable, since nobody seems inclined to do it for me. I suppose their furnace fixings do not go above the third floor, and they couldn't afford me a resting-place short of the fourth."

Throwing open her cloak, she gathered the kindlings from the grate into a big black apron, which she wore beneath it, thrust a card of matches from the mantel into her pocket, and seizing the coal-hod in the unoccupied hand, stole like a thief back to the room where she had been dropped, and locking the door, proceeded to make herself comfortable. Having lighted first the gas and then a fire, she laid aside her bonnet and cloak, and opening the reticule, spread its contents upon a clean towel taken from her trunk, and laid over the dingy green covering of a little table, which she drew before the

fire. The green room had received its name from holding a set of faded and otherwise dilapidated green furniture, unfit for use elsewhere. From the reticule came forth, first, a partially emptied bottle of strong tea, then a half pint silver porringer, into which aunt Betsey poured some tea ready for heating, as soon as the fire should burn clear, which promised to be soon, as it was made of small coal intermingled with charcoal. Following the bottle of tea came the remains of a comfortable luncheon of sandwiches, apple turnovers, and cheese; after which she drew from the very depths a tin case, twelve and a half inches long, four and a half inches wide, and three fourths of an inch thick, opening at one end, which she regarded reflectively, and apparently with high satisfaction, as if it contained some crowning dainty for her repast; she did not, however, open it, but put it carefully back into a secret depository within the lining of the reticule, which thus had the appearance of emptiness, while yet it held the tin case.

"I wonder what John's folks would say and do if they knew what aunt Betsey brought in her reticule," remarked that lady to herself, as she carefully balanced her porringer of tea upon the coals. "One thing is certain; they never could have mistrusted she had a cup of tea; so no excuse to them for not providing it. It is a pretty story if every name that is called sets darkies running, and blazing rooms flying open, but the name of Miss Elizabeth Blessing. That girl in her satins and jewels heard it, too, in plain English, 'Miss Elizabeth Blessing, Mr. John Blessing's aunt,' and the waiter began to drop all his airs, and be mighty obsequious; but the girl put in her word to him, never taking a bit of notice of me, any more than if I was one of those figures on the stairway! Says she,—

"'Take her, and her old trunk,' says she, 'up to the green room, quick; and pass the word to some of the kitchen folks to go up and see to her.'

"Green room, indeed; cold, damp, dingy old hole to huddle a poor lone relation into, tired, hungry, and shivering! What if she hadn't happened to have a reticule? No danger of John's folks entertaining angels unawares! What is going on now, I wonder?"

Sounds of cheerful voices and rich-toned rustlings came up through the halls even to the green room. Going to the door to satisfy her curiosity, aunt Betsey met face to face a corpulent Irish girl, who started back in fright

at the sudden apparition in the chamber door, exclaiming,—

"The saints defend us! An' what would ye please to want, ma'am?"

"What is going on, now, down stairs?"

"The parrrthy is jist goin' down to the dinner."

"Dinner!" exclaimed aunt Betsey. "Dinner at this time of night?"

"An' is it not a good time? Do ye belong to the family, or to the company, ma'am?"

"I am one more guest than was expected. and concluded to dine in my own room. Who are you, my good girl?"

"I'm hired to wash dishes; but the same is all clain as yit. Sure an' if ye please to want anything, I'll sarve ye before the time of me hurry."

"I am doing very well," replied aunt Betsey; "but a pitcher of clean water, and something a little bigger to heat it in, would not be amiss."

At this point the porringer boiled over, causing the girl to follow aunt Betsey into her room, where she saw the shivering old lady eagerly drink the hot tea, and beheld the scanty provision for a guest's entertainment who had chosen to dine in her own room. Exclaiming against the negligence of rich folks' servants, she speedily produced from the kitchen, not only the water and a kettle for heating it, but a tray containing a dish of hot turtle soup, some scalloped oysters and cold tongue, with pickles, tarts, jellies, fruit, cream, and other delicacies enough for half a dozen, all of which she set down, with many apologies that all the hot meats were as yet uncarved, and she could get none of them."

"Here is ten times more than I want; but I like oysters, and don't often get them in the country where I live; and after riding twelve hours, at seventy-five years old, a good meal is in place. I thank you for the trouble you have taken. Are you one of the family servants?"

"Feth, an' I thold ye no! I am hired for a shillin' the hour to wash the dishes, an' clain an' clair in the kitchen for the dinner parrrthy. I jist come up to laive me duds safe in Bridget's room, an' I slape with her to-night, an' go home early in the mornin'."

"I am a lone old woman, my good girl," said aunt Betsey, "and Mrs. Blessing might not be pleased if she knew you spent your time serving me with dainties intended for other guests; so say nothing to any living soul about me, and don't come near me again;

only open my door without knocking when you go out in the morning, and I will give you as much more." Here a dollar bill was slipped into the girl's hand.

"The saints an' the Virgin bless ye, and kape ye, an' defend ye, ma'am! an' niver a word of ye will I spake; an' I'll be shure to call ye in the mornin'. But what more will I be doin' for ye to-night?"

"Nothing. I have all I want, and have detained you too long already."

During this interview the gay guests had all passed to the dining-room, and aunt Betsey, giving a parting glance over the banister to regions below before returning to her room for the night, saw the halls entirely deserted, and, seized with some new purpose, began to descend the stairs.

The drawing-rooms, towards which she directed her steps, were down two flights, and were quite forsaken for the dining-room on the ground floor. The scene of luxury which met her view, although nothing unusual at the present day in that locality, was such as aunt Betsey's eyes had never before beheld; and although it was her purpose to see without being seen or heard, several subdued exclamations of profound wonder, such as, "My sakes!" "It beats all!" "Did I ever!" and "I never!" abundantly testified her inward astonishment.

"How long, in all conscience, is John's house, and how many more rooms just alike?" remarked aunt Betsey to herself, in reflective tones of wonder; as, after walking through two lofty apartments furnished alike, and capable of separation by folding doors, she saw the same scene still outstretched in gorgeous vista before her wondering eyes. One more step and the toe of her heavy shoe came in contact with a vast mirror, stretching from ceiling to floor, which effectually cut off further exploration in that direction, save by the eye. Aunt Betsey, who was not aware that a plate mirror will bear a very heavy blow, exclaimed in horror, —

"Sakes alive, what a looking-glass that is! 'tis Heaven's mercy I didn't break it to smash! and I never did break a looking-glass since I was born, and hope to goodness I never shall, it is such a fearful sign. I do think so many prodigious looking-glasses are supremely ridiculous; can't turn any way without seeing half a dozen yourselves walking up to yourself. I wonder what the world is coming to! Well, I've seen enough. The green room is better than all this fol-de-rol."

The unattended guest hastened to her retreat in the fourth story, now warm and cheerful with its lighted gas, open fire, and inviting repast, which stood as yet untasted.

"Now this looks comfortable," remarked aunt Betsey, locking herself in and proceeding to make fresh tea in the porringer, from a paper of hyson produced from the reticule, and water which she found boiling in the kettle. Apparently quite at home in her quarters, she ate a hearty meal, then stripped the bed, airing the sheets, and re-making it to her own liking. Before eight o'clock she was sound asleep for the night.

As Augusta was languidly dressing, the following morning, she suddenly thought of the guest she had sent to the green room the previous evening, and ringing the bell, sent a servant to attend to her wants.

"There is no one in the green room, and it does not seem to have been occupied," reported the maid to Augusta.

"A mistake of the waiter respecting the room, I suppose," replied the young lady. "Look in the other bedrooms."

"Please, my lady, I thought the same, and have looked in them all; but they are all empty."

"Very well; you can go," replied Augusta, in tones indicating neither surprise nor interest; but when her maid had retired, she ran up to the green room to satisfy her concealed curiosity. The bed was made as usual, the furniture in its accustomed place, the grate empty and cold, the blinds closed; in short, there was no indication whatever that the room, or any other room, had been occupied for the night by a guest.

Augusta consulted with Angelina, and they decided, as they had neglected to inform their parents of the arrival, that they would continue to keep their own counsel, only asking their father, incidentally, at some convenient time, if he had an aunt Elizabeth. "For if he has not," remarked Augusta, "the person was probably a thief, seeking entrance under false pretences; only, to be sure, nothing is stolen."

While these investigations were going on at her nephew's, their subject was rapidly increasing a distance which she meant should be final; speeding, by the morning lightning express, towards her little cottage in the old Bay State, infinitely disgusted with cities, city ways, city homes, city hospitalities, and city relations.

CHAPTER V.

AUNT BETSEY'S SOLILOQUY.

"GIRLS ain't what they were, that is certain," remarked aunt Betsey, reflectively, to herself, the day following her return from New York.

Aunt Betsey, living all alone in a little cottage in the country, was much given to talking to herself, a person whom she justly regarded as the best of company; for she was a character; there is no denying that.

It was not for lack of opportunities that aunt Betsey was an old maid (begging her pardon for using a term she repudiated); on the contrary, having been a beauty and a belle in her day, she had refused lovers enough to satisfy half a dozen reasonable girls. But Miss Elizabeth Blessing was never reasonable: she always angled adroitly until her fish was caught, then threw him ruthlessly back into the sea, as nothing worth, and flung in her hook for a bigger bite. Such goings on ever have their end either in married wretchedness or single blessedness, which latter was aunt Betsey's cherished refuge, in which she continually congratulated herself, —

"There never was any man living for whom I'd agree to keep his buttons set on, mend his pantaloons, and get three meals a day till death did part."

Moreover, she congratulated herself that it wasn't her fate to spend her days in mending and making for a set of ungrateful nephews and nieces. She always earned her own living with her needle, making kid arms and legs for a wax doll merchant, and said she had a little money laid up, enough to bury her with, not to be beholden to anybody for that service.

Being hale and hearty at seventy-five, aunt Betsey did not seem likely "to be beholden to anybody for that service" soon. She led a frugal and healthy life; breakfasted at five, dined at eleven, supped at four, and retired before candle-lighting; always declaring, with emphasis, when any one offered condolence respecting her solitary life, —

"I should have been in my grave years ago if I'd lived with other folks."

"Girls ain't what they were, that's certain," reflected aunt Betsey aloud. "Fifty years ago a girl spun her stent, all summer, to earn enough to buy her a new calico gown; and when she got it she thought she had something. A girl was rich with a hundred dollars of her own. But what's a hundred dollars now? Land sakes! it don't go a quarter way to covering her back for one suit. Then, such

airs and graces, works and accomplishments! 'Tis a piany-stool for a milking-stool; a croquet-stick for a broomstick; a crochet-needle for a darning-needle; coach-wheels for spinning-wheels, and confectionery-buying for herself, instead of bread-making for the family. Good gracious! if I had a girl to bring up, I'd teach her —"

At this important point aunt Betsey ceased talking aloud, and fell into deep reflection, all the time sewing up kid toes and fingers with unabated alacrity. At last she burst out afresh: —

"Goodness me! I wish there was just one decent one amongst 'em all, for me to give my money to when I've done with it. I've a notion I shall die all of a sudden some day, and shan't use much; and I don't want the whole pack dividing up to nothing what I've tried so hard to keep together. If I could find one good, sensible girl amongst my grand-nieces, I'd give her every cent I've got.

"Let me consider. Nephew John's folks don't need it, for he is rich as Cræsus, or pretends to be; nobody knows which is which nowadays; and his girls! the land alive! why, the Queen of Sheby couldn't hold a candle to them! Having a dinner party at six o'clock of a winter night — just my bed time! They have heard the last they ever will from the aunt they despised for a poor, old-fashioned old maid. Old maid, indeed! Just as if I couldn't have married Augustus Williams, or Smith Anderson, or —"

Here followed the long list of rejected lovers, which aunt Betsey invariably enumerated to herself as a sufficient reason for never being called an old maid. After the enumeration, she reflected long and silently, as was her wont, upon the character and appearance of each old-time suitor, rejecting each afresh for the thousandth time, ending up in thought, —

"Then there was that lawyer, Benjamin Blake. Head and ears over in love he was, boarding at sister Willard's when I was there a visiting. I did think I might take up with him, for he was handsome and smart. He hung on for dear life, too; kept me up till midnight pleading his case, and wouldn't take no for an answer, but made me promise to think of it another day, and see him the next evening. Then, after dinner of that decisive day, I'll die if he didn't go to sleep in his chair, waiting by the window for somebody that promised to call on him; yes, with *that* on his mind he went to sleep, and dropped his under jaw like an idiot, and let the flies crawl down his throat. Happened to see him as I crossed

the piazza. I told him that night, if I was to live with him a million years, I never should see him anything but the idiot he was that minute, with his under jaw lopped; and I'd never marry a man that would let the flies crawl down his throat—never! What do I care if he did marry a splendid girl, and come out a rich lawyer and United States senator?"

Returning from reverie of her lovers, aunt Betsey resumed, aloud, her direct subject of remark.

"As to the grand-nieces, John's girls are out of the question; but there are Charles's; he's got three, besides two boys; and I scarcely ever set eyes on any of them to take notice. I hear he has been unfortunate in business, and relinquished all his property to settle up honorable, and pay every debt, instead of turning bankrupt, according to present fashion, with his wife and girls wearing velvet and diamonds in a fifty thousand dollar dwelling-house. I'd like to pick out the best of his girls, give her a hundred dollar bill, and see how she would use it. And if she used that well, I'd make her my heir. I'll drop down on Charles's folks some day, as I did on John's."

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES'S GIRLS.

UTTERLY unmindful of aunt Betsey's existence, and utterly unconscious of the intended honor of being dropped down upon, Charles's three girls slumbered late of a cold winter morning. It was a little less than a year later than the loss of the Belle Blessing, and the family, cheerfully conforming to their changed fortunes, had removed to a cheap tenement more remote from the city than their delightful home, which had been sold. William and Mary, who had been married nearly a year, occupied the "little bit of a tenement just big enough for two," about a mile from his father's.

The sun, well up, looked in through the cheap cotton curtains, when a quick rap, and brother Charley's cheerful call, "Girls, girls!" at the chamber door aroused them. Belle jumped out of bed into a wrapper, and opened the door in a twinkling.

"Dress yourselves quick, girls, and come down. I have something to tell you; and I will tell you this now: it is eight o'clock;" and away he went.

In less than ten minutes Belle was below, listening to what Charley had to say.

"Brother Will came over in the night and carried mother off. Mary is sick. Father got

his own breakfast, and only called me just now, when he went to the store. We must manage for ourselves till mother gets back."

"I'm so glad mother has gone! She'll know just what to do," said Belle.

"You girls won't know just what to do at home, I'll warrant," said Charley, gayly. "I heard mother telling father the other day that she ought not to have let the girls grow up without knowing how to work. The property lost, hard times, father plagued for money to buy goods,—all that dismal story you know, Belle. So the last servant is dismissed; and now mother is off, and we're in a fine pickle, with nothing in the house to eat."

"Isn't there anything to eat, Charley? I guess we can find something."

"Father ate a bit of cold beefsteak, and a bowl of crackers and milk; the last of the steak, the last of the crackers, and the last of the milk. Meat will be sent from the market for dinner, and the milkman will soon be here; but there isn't any bread: 'tis baking-day, and everything is out. But there is a pan of bread rising, and another of buckwheats for breakfast, if you girls can cook them."

Belle pulled a pan of buckwheat batter from under the stove, which, when uncovered, expressed indignation, in view of extraordinary neglect, by foaming, fuming, sputtering, and spitting, without an attempt at self-restraint.

"Is that the way it looks mornings when mother cooks it?" asked Belle, innocently, as she stirred it with a large wooden spoon.

"Who ought to know best, you or I?" laughed Charley.

"Hush, and be respectful, as you hope for any breakfast," replied Belle. "Hunt up the griddle for me, and I will try a cake, and see if it tastes right. 'Tisn't likely to be in the china closet: but who expects correct reasoning from a Sophomore in vacation? Goosey, goosey, gander, whither dost thou wander? Pray, look in the pantry before trying the parlor! Thank you. What a good boy to find it. As mighty a hunter as Nimrod, and as cunning a hunter as Esau. Now it must be buttered, I suppose; and here goes a spoonful for an experiment. How it acts! Clara, do you know how to cook buckwheats?"

Clara had just come in. She was the eldest, and esteemed the beauty, although brothers Will and Charley always insisted between themselves that their pet Belle, with her lustrous black eyes and hair, was brilliant, and would one day carry the palm. Clara had regular features, blue eyes, a clear complexion, and symmetrical figure, well displayed by a

toilet which had evidently not been neglected on account of the pressing exigencies of the morning. Belle's beauty, on the contrary, did not show to advantage on the present occasion, for her usually glossy curls were snarledly tucked into the most unbecoming of nets; her print wrapper was belted somewhat awry at the waist, was without collar or cuffs to relieve its plainness, and over it, for neatness, she had tied one of her mother's long kitchen aprons. One thing was certain — her heart was in the frying-pan with the cakes, not on her own toilet.

To her sister's question concerning the cakes, Clara replied indifferently, —

"No. How should I know? The cook always did them until —"

Her sentence died in a lugubrious sigh.

"It is a shame we haven't any of us helped dear mother since the servants left," cried Belle, as she scraped and washed the griddle, upon which the cake had stuck and burned black. "I've got my eyes open now; but I know no more than the man in the moon about house-keeping, or cooking. Do you, Lucretia?"

"No, indeed, Belle," replied Lucretia, who had just entered. "You know mother always said I must make the most of my genius for music. I know I have little talent or strength for anything else."

Lucretia was pale and languid; her words and motions were slow and studied, as if she first stopped to calculate the exact amount of vital force required, before expending it. Her countenance, however, was pleasing, and expressed gentleness and good nature, if not energy; and latent force might be there.

"Isn't there something I can eat, and go to my practising? 'Tis my lesson day," added Lucretia.

"There comes the milk!" cried Charley. "You can have some of that, Lu, and search the closets for crumbs: the house is free."

"O, Charley! stop him, and take two quarts extra!" cried Belle, just as the milk cart was driving off.

Charley caught a pan, ran, shouted, and returned triumphant, slopping the milk upon his clothes by the way. Belle caught the full pan at the door, balanced it skilfully, and set it down without spilling a drop.

"Wipe your clothes with this clean wet towel, and then brush them, Charley, and it won't show," said Belle. — "Now, Clara, or Lu, why couldn't you turn those cakes? I want just one to try the taste."

They were once more burned black.

"I can tell you, without another trial, that

they are not fit to eat," pronounced Clara, daintily picking with a fork from the unburned side of one: "they are sour."

"I thought so, by the looks of the batter," said Belle. "They've been so hot, and stood so long rising, that they are in a fearful ferment. I wonder what's the remedy! Where's mother's old cook-book?"

"Soda!" suggested Charley, in reply to the first question.

But Belle had darted off to seek the best answer to both her questions in the discovery of the book.

"Yes, I think that is it," replied Clara to Charley. "I think I have heard mother say, 'Put a spoonful of soda if it gets over-raised.'"

"Here, then, is the soda-box," cried Charley, "and here goes the spoonful. We will have a chemical experiment, and the mischief all remedied, while Belle is after her book. She is too much after books, I fancy, to make a good cook."

Charley emphasized his most unjust reflection by smartly stirring a heaping table-spoonful of soda into the batter, which instantly fumed up and foamed over upon the chair in which the pan was conveniently seated beside the stove.

"Sho, sho! What's the use?" remarked Charley soothingly to the excited mass, which, heeding his exhortation, fell back, with a death-struggle, far below its former level.

"Let us now see," commenced Charley, oratorically; but, pausing, manfully buttered the griddle by intention, and the stove by accident, and dipped a spoonful of batter partly upon the floor, "in passing," but chiefly and ultimately upon the prepared pan. "Let us now see," resumed Charley, recovering from the embarrassment of disposing of the contents of his full spoon, and turning it to good effect, empty, in emphasizing his speech, "let us now see the triumph of modern chemical erudition, as benevolently applied by the thoughtful student and philanthropist to the humble concerns of domestic econ —"

"I've found it," interrupted Belle, triumphantly, coming in with Miss Beecher's "Domestic Economy" and "Domestic Receipt Book," the latter open in her hand. "Youthful orator, pause and listen. 'If the batter is over-raised, an even teaspoonful of soda —'"

"Even teaspoonful!" cried the orator, dropping his spoon, and resuming his natural accents. "I've dished it, then. I've put in about ten even teaspoonfuls; *c'est à dire*, a heaping table-spoonful!"

"You are not a bit dear, but a real naugh-

ty boy," cried Belle, pouting in pretence and laughing in earnest. "Why didn't you wait? They'll be yellow as the yolk of an egg."

"And so they are, little prophet," cried Charley, tearing the one from the pan in two. "What a pity we haven't a pig to eat this mess! But I'm afraid he would refuse it. I will throw it away for you. It is too bad, Belle, dear. I ought to have waited. But neither Clara nor Lu objected to the table-spoon, which was a silver one, and small beside this wooden concern, which I verily believe holds half a pint; and Clara thought she knew something about it."

"I will go and dust the parlor, and not embarrass your wise proceedings any further," said Clara, withdrawing with an air of injured innocence.

"I really wish I knew how to help you, Belle," said Lu, "but I don't; so I will drink a glass of milk, and go to my lesson. I shan't want any more breakfast;" and she, too, went away.

"Monarch of all I survey," said Charley, with another oratorical flourish of the wooden spoon, with which he was now accelerating the ignoble retreat of the buckwheat batter down the sink-spout. "How do you find that bread?" Belle was smelling and tasting critically over a deep opening suddenly made in the centre of the dough.

"Hush! let me smell. It is a little over-raised, too, I am pretty sure, although father set it back from the stove. Let me study Miss Beecher, while you get some potatoes, and put them baking."

"O, I forgot to say that father told me to put some potatoes in the oven, and with my usual promptitude, I did it before you came down."

"My famous cook! Did you wash them?"

"Feth, an' I did not, ma'am. I jist throwed 'em in; the dirt and the peraties together; shure an' will not the dirt dust itsilf off before we ate them?"

"Take them out, do, Charley, and scrub them in warm water, and put them back as quickly as possible," said Belle, too seriously concerned to keep up the pleasantry. "I hope the taste of the dirt hasn't struck through the skin yet."

"You cherish a consoling hope," said Charley, as he rattled the potatoes in a gallon of hot water, in a four-gallon dish-pan.

"I am going to try an experiment," said Belle, with her head in the flour barrel, which was getting low.

"What is that?"

"Take out a pint of that dough, and add a small half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a pint of warm milk; mix these thoroughly together, add an egg and more flour, and make some muffins for our breakfast."

"Have you learned all that from your book already?"

"Yes; read the rule; it is not exactly what I propose, but either will amount to the same thing in the end: shouldn't you say so?"

"How should I know?" as Clara would say."

"You can think and reason, can't you, about cooking, as well as about mechanics, or chemistry, or physics?"

"I am encouraged to hope so, from my experience in domestic chemistry this morning." He spoke with comical solemnity.

"Nonsense! You didn't use your wits, or try to inform yourself; and 'tisn't worth while for you, but it is for me, and a pity I had not begun sooner. Look here, Charley. I don't believe the oven is quite hot enough to bake, while certainly there is fire enough. Do you know which way this damper goes to make the oven hotter?"

"No; but let us hear a woman's logic about it."

Belle took off a cover and tried the effect of turning the damper.

"Come here and help me, Charley. Now the damper is back, the heat goes directly up towards the stove-pipe; but turning it forward shuts up that opening, so that it must go round under the oven and heat it. Don't you think so?"

"Yes; I will put in some shavings and see how the flame goes. You're right, sis. I should have philosophized, and turned the damper, when I put in the unwashed potatoes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

— A FOUNTAIN OF PUNCH. — We lately read of a famous bowl of punch made in Europe in 1844. A large canopy was built over the fountain, in a beautiful garden of orange and lemon trees; and in this fountain were mingled 4 hogsheads of brandy, 25,000 lemons, 20 gallons of lime-juice, 1,300 pounds of white sugar, 31 pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits, and one pipe of dry mountain Malaga. It is said more than six thousand men drank from the fountain. A little boat was built on purpose, wherein a boy rowed round and filled the cups of the company. *

GETTING ON SEA-LEGS.

BY AN OLD SALT.

PART II.

I LOOKED eagerly forward for the Western Islands. It was a hazy, soft summer day when we first saw Flores, like a great bank of smoke, away to the eastward. Almost at the moment we first saw it, the ship lurched so heavily, that our allowance of bean-soup, just passed out of the galley for dinner, was capsized upon deck, and went in diagonal lines towards the scuppers. Shanks, who was at the wheel, was accused of capsizing the soup on purpose; but probably it was all owing to his trying to see the land. I am sure he regretted the loss as much as any of us, for he was affectionately fond of beans. The second morning after that we were in sight of Fayal.

It was the Fourth of July, — the day of all others when thoughts of freedom come, — and I was still firm in my resolve. We had arrived off the entrance to the harbor in the night, and at sunrise the white walls of the town were in sight, the ship running in towards them. I put on some extra clothes that morning, although the weather was warm, and watched the shores, and the town we were approaching, with much interest.

The island looked inviting, its attractions increasing as we sailed farther into the bay, past a yellow-walled convent, or church, on the left. It was really a foreign land; but I felt very willing to stop there, till I could get a chance to go home. To be sure, there might be a difficulty in interchanging ideas with the inhabitants; but probably that could be overcome.

Back of the town, whose low white walls stretched around the head of the bay, were beautiful green sloping fields stretching away up the hills, surrounded by hedge-rows, as it seemed at that distance. Some of these fields were under cultivation, apparently, donkeys and men being seen moving about in them. The rising sun shone brightly over all, scarce a cloud being in the sky.

We ran in till we were within a mile of the town; and then the ship was hove to. I was not the only green hand who expected to go ashore. Most of us were ready for an excursion, and the old hands probably thought it would be well enough to let us believe that we would have an opportunity to enjoy one. But again I was disappointed. When the main yards were aback, the captain told Mr. Shooks, the fourth mate, to lower his boat — the star-

board quarter-boat. It was manned by a picked crew, of whom Mr. Shooks was one, Tom another, and the balance all regular old salts who wouldn't run if they could. Then the captain got in, and they pulled away. Then I saw Captain Lancer's game, and my confidence in him was greatly shaken. I never had so good an opinion of Captain Lancer after that.

As soon as the boat was gone, Mr. Plump — that was the mate — ordered us to brace forward; and we were soon standing right away from the town, out to sea again. I can hardly tell how I felt, when I found that nobody else was going ashore. I had been so sure, all along, that I should stop at Fayal, that I was for the time a little sore in spirit. I wondered how any captain could have the heart to treat honest and confiding men in that way. It occurred to me, at last, that he must have been a green hand himself some time.

But there was no help for it; and finding my clothes rather warm, I went down and took off part of them. Vain hope! Fatal delusion! When should I ever see my home? I thought hard of my captain all day, and for some time after. He looked like a guilty thing when he came on board at night, and retired so quickly to his cabin that I was sure he was conscious of having done wrong.

We stood out, past the yellow building that was on our right now, till we were half way over towards Pico. The highest land I had ever seen was right before me, but it did not interest me much. The Peak of Pico rose almost eight thousand feet directly from the sea; but it would have been all the same to me if it had been only five thousand feet. The water was covered with "Portuguese men-of-war," all around us; yet they did not look very formidable. They were said to be capable of inflicting pain, however, and we were advised not to go overboard among them. The advice was well thought of, for there was one, at least, who was meditating something of that kind, should night come early enough.

Those "men-of-war" carried no guns. They were merely little floating nautilæ, provided with membranous appendages, of a pinkish hue, which they raised above them and used as sails. They were delicate-looking little things, and very numerous. Their touch upon one's flesh, when in the water, produces a stinging sensation, and therefore, as the water was literally covered with them, a swim towards the shore would have been very painful, to say the least. Having learned these things, I lost all hope of reaching the shore in any way.

At last we wore ship, and stood back towards Fayal. It was nearly noon by the time we got well in towards the town again, and not near so cool and pleasant as it had been in the morning. By this time our captain had made purchases on shore, and we met a large shallop coming off with supplies. It was accompanied by several smaller boats, containing articles to be yet disposed of on private account. We hove to, and the boats all came alongside. Then those who were in them spoke Portuguese; and it was wonderful how much they could talk in a short time. They had on quaint steeple-crowned hats, and looked odd in their dress generally.

The supplies consisted of hogs, — covered skeletons, as Short remarked, while he helped one on board, — fowls, potatoes, onions, and four bushels of apricots. The apricots looked nice; but they were for cabin use. The most I could do was to wish I lived in the cabin. The hogs — they were funny fellows. They consisted mostly of nose and tail. Between those points they had not much to brag of. They had no end of tail — that we could discover. They wore them in ringlets — a fashion that used to prevail to some extent among our own hogs.

There was nothing peculiar about the fowls, or the onions and potatoes; but in the small boats were some fruits, such as were in season, that we could have by paying for. There were also cheeses, pressed in little flat, round cakes, that would weigh about a pound each. The old hands seemed to know all about them, and called them jackass cheeses. I bought a few of them, and some fruit, with a reckless disregard of cost; and retiring to a corner, refreshed myself, and found some comfort still.

It was impossible to keep my eyes off those swine while I was eating. There were about fifty of them, and it seemed strange that the captain should take so many such things to sea with him. I wondered if any of them would go into the cabin. One of them came up and smelt of me with the end of his nose, and I gave him some cheese. They seemed inclined to be friendly, all of them. As we were to be shipmates, it would be well to be on good terms with them. It occurred to me, as I watched them, that they were of the same breed that ran down the mountain into the sea.

The boatmen staid by till they could sell us nothing more, and then they cast off and ran back towards the town, while we stood out to

sea again. Returning, and running well in late in the afternoon, we met the captain, who had in his boat three Portuguese youth, whom he was going to make seamen of. It was evident that the poor fellows had on their best clothes, and I pitied them. If I could have talked in Portuguese, I am not sure but I should have told them how it was; but not one in the ship could speak to them in that language, nor could they speak to us in ours. As I have before remarked, the captain retired quietly to his cabin soon after his return. Then Mr. Plump once more headed the ship out to sea again.

The breeze left us soon after sunset, and as it was near the full of the moon, we had a lovely night — drifting upon the shimmering sea between the shores of the two islands.



Having given up all hope of reaching either shore, my mind was becoming resigned, — to wait for the next chance, — and I was in a measure prepared to enjoy the beauties of the scene. I will not attempt to describe them, as such beauties can hardly be appreciated unless they are seen.

The next morning there was a breeze, and when I turned out at breakfast time, having had the morning watch in, we were running to southward in the very shadow of the Peak of Pica. It soon became known that we were to touch next at the Cape de Verdes, for a supply of goats; to be companions for the pigs, perhaps. (I am sorry to say the pigs were all sick as soon as we got them fairly to sea; and not only the pigs, but the fowls, and the three Portuguese youths. Poor things! they all seemed disappointed.)

For two or three days I did not visit the cabin; but finally the captain ventured to

speak to me again, when it was my trick at the wheel; and as I answered him kindly, he invited me to resume my studies. After all, I could not very well lay up anything against him; he had the advantage of me, and, of course, a right to use it. It was possible, I thought, that I might do the same if I were captain. So I forgave him as much as I could, although I resolved that I would get on shore, if possible, at the Cape de Verdes. I resumed my studies, spending about an hour each day in the cabin, as before; and again the captain and I were on very good terms.

And now I will speak of the steward, with whom I came in daily contact. He was very black; blacker than the doctor, if possible, but not so shiny. His was a more gloomy, sombre hue, like the darkness we see — when we can't see anything. That was the color of the steward. He had a very large and very angular frame. He had but one eye, and that looked always across his nose, as if hunting after the other eye that used to be there. I never saw a man with only one eye who squinted so extremely before. On his head he always wore a bright, stiff bandanna handkerchief, in the form of a turban, so drawn down as to cover his blind eye. I never saw, before or since, on any other man, such a solemn, mournful visage as that steward had. His English, when speaking, was much broken. It was said he was a native African, and I have no doubt he was. He had a deep scar upon one cheek, that looked as if it had been made by a hot gridiron. In short, his general appearance was such as to suggest that he had been severely kicked by Fate.

This steward was the cabin housekeeper. He was neat, and very efficient in his place. He had the dispensing of all the luxuries that went forward for the men, and therefore he was respected. Soon after leaving the Azores, he spoke to me one day, when I was pursuing my studies alone. He wanted to learn to read, he said, and he'd got a spelling-book in his chest; wouldn't I learn him? I promised to assist him, and agreed to meet him that night, during the dog-watch, in his *state-room* — a little cuddy-hole with a berth in it just forward of his pantry.

I kept my engagement, and found the steward ready with his spelling-book. It was a new book, — not a leaf soiled, — and the old fellow felt proud of it. We looked it through, and turned back to the alphabet, and I tried to learn him A.

"Now, steward," said I, "that's A; the letter we all begin with."

"I wanter know," said he; "less twig him

agin. Don't look suff he'd be very hard to lun."

Then we tried B; and the steward seemed to think he'd be a hard one. Finally he got an idea.

"It looks like de darbies deys put on us when we kick up dat rumpus in Callao. Ise got him now, shuah."

Then came C.

"I doesn't quite unstan wat dey calls him see for," said the steward.

My pupil had me there. For the life of me I couldn't tell why they called him see, and the best thing I could do was to go on to D.

When we had got through with about half of them, the steward wanted to go back and review. So we went back. He had forgotten about A, but remembering the darbies, he was just going to say B — but couldn't think of it. And it was so with all the others. Finally, after several vain attempts to remember the names of the different letters, he closed the book in disgust.

"If dat's what you calls readin'," says he, "dis chile kin get along well 'nuff widout it. I don't wants no more book lurnin' for me."

I felt a bit relieved at this decision, and made no effort to persuade him to another effort. Nothing else occurred worthy of mention till we sighted Fogo, one of the Cape de Verde Islands.

Fogo was not the island the captain wished to touch at, and it was not till two days after that we were off Brava, when it was proposed to land. I learned from Tom, who had it from the fourth mate, who of course got it from the captain, that *two* boats were to land, and that the regular crew belonging to each boat would go with it. Of course, one of the boats was the fourth mate's; and the other was not mine; for I belonged to the bow-boat, which was Mr. Sharp's, or the third mate's. I did not stop to consider what sort of a place Brava was, or anything about it, but having advantage of this information, I determined to make a desperate venture. Tom knew very well that I was anxious to go ashore, though he may not have understood the reason why. I asked him if I might take the place of his after-oarsman, if I could arrange it with that man. He said it would be all the same to him, he didn't care who went, though it was possible that Mr. Shooks or the captain might object. I did not apply for leave to Mr. Shooks or the captain, but went forward for my man.

It was Shanks who pulled the after-oar in Tom's boat, and to him I went, though with no appearance of haste. "Shanks," says I,

"what will you take for your chance of going ashore?"

"I dunno," says he; "what'll ye give?"

"That wasn't what I asked you; what will you take?"

"Ye ain't such a darned fool as to think we'll get a chance to go ashore — are ye?"

"I don't know," says I; "it's possible some of us will have a chance."

"Wal, I'll sell mine cheap. What'll ye give for it, naow?"

"I'll give you one of my red shirts, Shanks."

"It's a bargain!" and Shanks clasped my hand. "Bring on yer shirt."

The shirt was transferred to Shanks's chest before plenty of witnesses, and I was sure of his chance of going ashore, — provided the captain should not object. The price was cheap, I thought, considering that the climate was so warm there. I had three good woollen shirts left, which would certainly be as many as I would need should I stop at Brava.

The aforesaid bargain was completed the evening we arrived off the island. We were to lie off and on through the night, and land the next morning. When the morning came, I dressed myself, before it was very light, much as I had done at Fayal. That is, I put on two shirts and an extra pair of trousers. (Sailors never wear pants.) I was careful not to make much show with my clothes; and when I was dressed, I put what money I had left — about two dollars, I think — no scrip among it — in my pocket, and went on deck to look at the land.

"It's a hard looking old place," said Shanks, quite happy, evidently, that he had no chance of getting to it.

And so it was; but even such a place was better than none. It seemed only a great brown mountain rising out of the sea. We could see nothing green upon it, nor any sign that anybody lived there. I said to Shanks, —

"It's possible the old man has made a mistake."

The breeze was light, and it was very warm, especially for two suits of clothes. By the time we were through breakfast it was almost calm; the wind seemed dying out. We were still some three or four miles from the shore; but we had been well exercised in the boats, and it would not be much of a pull to reach it. So, as soon as breakfast was over, the order was given to lower the two quarter-boats, and for their crews to man them.

"Darn it!" said Shanks. "I say, Eph, you may have your shirt back; I don't want it."

"Twas a fair bargain, Shanks."

"I know it; but you may have the darned thing back — I don't want it."

But there were witnesses at hand who put Shanks to shame, and I went to take his place in the boat.

"Where's Shanks?" inquired Mr. Shooks, as I went down the side.

"He isn't going, sir; he ain't feeling well, and I'm going to pull his oar for him."

"Out with it then, and give the stroke;" and related by my success I went to work with such a will that I was soon blinded by the perspiration that trickled into my eyes. I sat face to face with the captain, who never made any remark whatever to me, though he talked all the time with Mr. Shooks, and the drift of his conversation was landward. He said Brava was a fearfully unhealthy place — everybody had the yellow fever there. It was as much as a man's life was worth to try to stay there more than a few hours at a time. I overheard and reflected upon what the captain said, and the perspiration poured down me. It is possible that the captain suspected I had some thought of staying there, and had too much regard for my feelings to say to me, directly, that the place was unhealthy.

It was very warm, as I will again remark. I don't know how it happened to be so warm that morning, unless it was because I had on so many clothes. And it was a long way to the little bay where we landed. It was a hot little bay, or cove, with steep, craggy cliffs all around it. The sun poured straight down into it, and it was warm. I could only look backward, while I was pulling, and could not see what we were coming to; but I got the impression that it was quite a different place from Fayal. I could hear the surf dashing upon the rocky shores ahead, and right and left, and a sickening odor — sickening to me — came from the land. It was a smell of tropic sweets and roasted earth, as it were, all overdone. Presently there was a clattering of tongues, — Portuguese tongues, — a braying of jackasses, a bleating of goats, a squealing of pigs, a crowing of cocks and cackling of hens, harmoniously mingled with the roar of the surf — and we landed.

I could see no town, but I could hear all the noises, and see where they all came from. My first impressions were unfavorable. I thought I would not like the island for a residence. There was but a very small area of level ground where we landed, the brown, barren cliffs rising almost perpendicularly all around it. Two or three huts could be seen near the entrance to a ravine, that probably led to a

better country beyond; and perched upon shelves of the cliffs above, were two or three more. That single narrow passage between the mountain walls seemed the only way by which people living beyond could reach or leave the shore. Should I attempt it? I could not at once decide.

There must have been a hundred natives there to meet us. Probably there were many more, — and they had brought down a little of everything that the island produced to sell to us. They didn't know that I had only two dollars in my pocket. Everything was so strange, and so noisy, that I was almost be-

reflected. I had not been there long before a fine-looking young Portuguese came to me, and put a question. Says he, —

"You know my broder, Joseef? You no come Salem?"

I was almost sorry that I didn't know his brother, for I saw that he wanted to hear from him very bad; but — I couldn't tell a lie. 'So I had to tell him that I had never been to Salem; and he seemed disappointed.

"You 'Merican! How dat, no go Salem?"

I had to explain that every American did not go to Salem; but I thought he seemed to distrust my sincerity.

He was a fine-looking fellow, neatly dressed, — that is, he had on a clean shirt, — and I *would* have liked to have told him about his brother — the more because I had a brother in America also, whom I wished to hear from very much. How he came to speak English so well I could not understand, — unless he had learned it expressly to inquire after his brother.

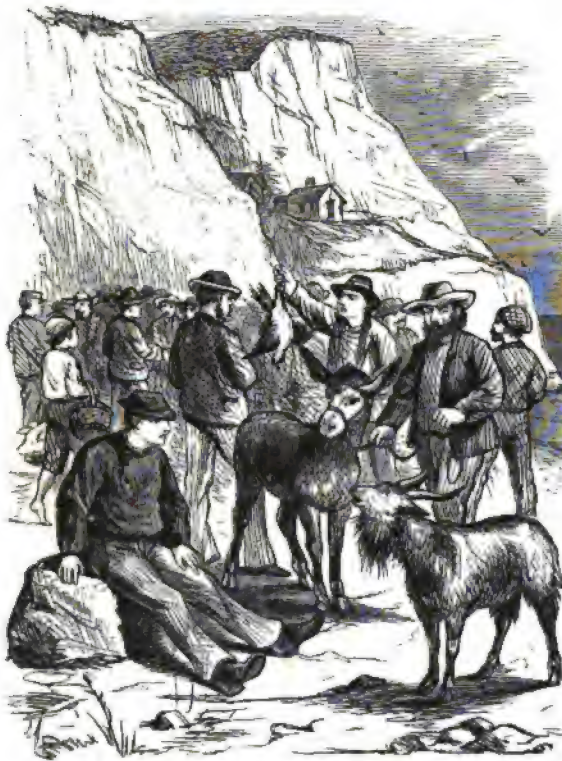
Before I was aware of it — before I was done sitting on that rock, even — the captain was ready to go back; he had bought all he wanted. Tom came to me and told me so, and of course I must wait till another time. It was very hard, but it was all fair. The captain had the advantage of me.

We piled a lot of bananas, and fowls, and other things into the boats, and then, getting in ourselves, pulled back towards the ship. We were followed by two or three boats that belonged to the islanders, bringing the goats, of which the captain had bought a large number. The weather had not changed; still I did not feel quite so warm while going back. We reached the ship before noon, and

by dinner time all the goats were aboard, and we were ready to go on our way again towards the *Croazets*, in the Indian Ocean, where we were to do our first whaling.

I couldn't help thinking of my shirt, — or rather of Shanks's shirt, which I had given him, and which it occurred to me that I might as well have kept. Shanks, evidently, was as much dissatisfied as I was; but it was too late to trade back then. He did not know for some time that he had the best of the bargain.

We stood to southward again; and before night Brava was almost out of sight. I had fairly got my sea-legs on.



wildered. There was no cessation of the noises I have mentioned; everybody wanted to sell, and everything seemed to want to be sold. A goat with a very long beard looked at me, and pleaded pitifully; but I hadn't the money to spare. A donkey with a sorrowful face looked at me as if he had found a friend at last; but I couldn't take him. Perhaps I might stay with him; I could do no more.

There was nothing to go away from the shore for — unless one had special business, like mine. There were rocks about, large enough to sit on, and I went a little to one side and sat upon one, and looked about and



WOLF RUN;

OR,

THE BOYS OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER V.

"I'LL DIE FOR THE LAND."

WHEN dinner was placed on the table, Honeywood ate heartily. He seemed in the best of spirits, and endeavored, by the liveliness of his conversation and by introducing interesting topics, to divert the minds of his wife and father-in-law from the more recent subject of discourse; but the effort was a failure; conversation lagged; his guest ate sparingly, and left soon after dinner, declining the invitation of his son-in-law to look at the cattle and crops.

After Mr. Blanchard's departure, Ned employed himself in making a sloop (a kind of rack with short stakes stuck in it, sharpened at the top end), and fitting it to a sled for hauling in hay; there was not a pair of wheels in the Run; everything was either hauled on sleds on a pair of shafts, very long, and attached to the collar of a horse, while the other extremities dragged on the ground, and which were either bent up like the runner of a sleigh, or made of a natural crook, in order that they might drag more easily; and upright stakes were put in them to hold the load. Israel Blanchard, to be sure, possessed the iron-work of a wagon, but had not made the wood; waiting for the defeat of the French, the erection of forts to control the Indians, and for matters to become settled and property secure.

Ned had got his sills together, pinned his bunks on the sled, and was boring the stake-holes with a small pod-auger, intending to burn them to the proper dimensions with a hot iron (such were the shifts they were put to in those days), when he saw Calvin Holdness ride up to the door with Mrs. Holdness behind him on a pillion. Delighted, he ran to greet her, exclaiming, —

"Mother, welcome a thousand times, and you, too, Cal. What good wind blew you here?"

"No good wind, Edward, but fear and anxiety. I suppose, of course, you've heard the terrible news about the army."

"Father Blanchard has been here, and gone away since dinner, with a rumor he got from Crawford; but I put no faith in it."

"It's no rumor, but all true; and ten times worse than the first news. The captain of Raystown Fort has sent over a soldier to tell the settlers that the army is defeated by the French and Indians. General Braddock is killed, and most all his officers killed or wounded; and Dunbar is retreating to Fort Cumberland with what of the army is left, and sent the messenger to put people on their guard."

"Can this be true? About two thousand regular troops and a thousand of our people defeated by French and Indians!"

"It is true. I heard it from the man's own lips. He said, if it had not been for Colonel Washington, not one of the regulars would have got off; and that nearly every man in some of the Virginia companies was killed. You may well think I feel worried and broken-hearted about my poor husband and boys; they were not the kind of men to flinch or spare themselves."

"Well, mother," replied Honeywood (desiring to administer consolation and quiet alarm, yet scarcely knowing how to set about it), if they are resolute and venturesome, they are also accustomed to the woods; and Mr. Holdness is an old ranger, knows the country perfectly, and is used to Indian fights; and I think they would be likely to fare better than others on that account. I think they will be home by and by."

"But what is to become of us? What are we to do? They say that now the Indians will be down on the settlements with tomahawk and knife, scalping and murdering all they come across."

"It will be some time first; and to-morrow we must get together and consult in respect to what is best to do — build a block-house, stay here and fight it out, or flee to the forts and large towns."

"What do you think is best to do?"

"My mind is made up. Here I will stay, come what may. If Sarah thinks best, I will take her and the children to a place of safety; either to Carlisle, where she has some relatives, or to Baltimore, with Mrs. Raymond, who was housekeeper for Mr. Clavell when I lived with him, — and a mother to me. A kind Providence has given me a small sum of money, so that I am the better able to do this."

Mrs. Honeywood turned very pale; her eyelids quivered, but no tears fell; and putting her hand in that of her husband, she said firmly, —

"Edward, where you go, I shall go; and

where you stay, I shall stay; and, as to the rest, God's will be done."

"You will stay all night, mother, of course," said Honeywood, "you and Calvin."

"I didn't think of it, Edward; and Calvin must go home, at any rate."

"Well, let him, when he goes home, invite the neighbors to meet to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, at M'Clure's, — that's a central place, — and decide what is best to do: and you can go out with me; unless, indeed, you'll stop longer. I needn't say how welcome you are."

The next morning the settlers met at the place appointed; and the anxiety manifest in every countenance evinced the importance of the matter concerning which they were to deliberate; indeed, it was one of life and death. Had Holdness been present, he would have taken the lead in the debate, and his opinion would have carried with it great weight; but in his absence, M'Clure — a man of resolution and good judgment — stated the condition of affairs, the sufferings and peril they must encounter should they resolve to build a garrison for the common security, and remain; and also the great loss and hardship consequent upon abandoning the settlement, and either fleeing to the settled portions of the state or to some of the nearest forts.

He was followed by Israel Blanchard, Seth Blanchard, Grant Maccoy, and several others, but all in the same line of remark in regard to the advantages and disadvantages of going or remaining; no one of them expressed any decided opinion of his own, or whether it was his settled conviction that it was best to go; each speaker seemed to wish or wait for some other one to go or stay, or do that.

Honeywood remained a patient listener till, every one having expressed his opinion, there was a dead silence.

"Mr. Honeywood," said M'Clure, "you have not opened your mouth; we want to hear from you; no man's opinion is more thought of."

Upon this Honeywood, rising, said, —

"Neighbors, my mind is already made up. In a matter like this, where so much, I may say, *everything* is at stake, I wish no one to be biassed by me; let each man decide for himself. I will, however, mention some things, that I believe have not been touched upon, so far as I have been able, by close attention (though no one has expressed a decided opinion), to determine. The majority seem inclined to flee at once, and abandon the settlement, as many, perhaps most of the

settlers still nearer to the Ohio than we, have already done.

"In regard to that matter, I suppose no one will take offence at my saying that, being poor men, we came here because land could be obtained for a trifle, and we hoped that, by risking our lives and enduring great hardships, we might make for ourselves homes where we could live comfortably when past labor, and that in time our children, if not ourselves, might enjoy school and sanctuary privileges.

"As to the matter of getting bread for our families, that is already settled. We live in log houses, to be sure, but they protect us from the cold. We have cattle and hogs, corn, wheat, and potatoes, wool and flour. We no longer faint with hunger nor shiver with cold. Our wives do not now go barefoot, nor our children cry for bread. Shall we — who, when we came here, understood that we came at the peril of our lives — abandon the fruits of all this hard work, rather than take the chance of some further risk?

"Suppose, now, we flee into some of the older settlements, or to the forts; what is to become of us and our families when there?

"Our crops are in the ground, half grown, and we must leave our bread behind us. A few household articles we can carry with us on pack-horses, and drive the cattle; but when there, we have no land to till, no pastures for the stock, no houses to shelter us, nor money to help ourselves with, and winter coming on.

"Now we are independent; live in our own houses, till our own land, and the rifle hangs in the brackets over the fireplace. When we reach the settlements we shall be beggars; dependent upon the charity of others, to a great extent, or upon the pittance granted by the government, and be sneered at as men who, with arms in their hands, lacked the courage to defend their homes.

"That the Indians will come down on the settlements is as certain as that the sun is to-day in the heavens; but they will not come to-day, to-morrow, nor the day after. They have obtained a great victory; killed and scalped to their hearts' content, and will have plenty to occupy them for some time.

"They will return to Duquesne to divide the plunder and captives, and have a grand debauch. Some of them will go to Canada with their prisoners; some, to their distant towns, to dance the scalp-dance, and celebrate their triumph. When at length they begin to meet in council (for Indians do nothing rashly) to

plan assaults upon the settlements, they will not forget that it is the British regulars whom they have defeated, and who ran like sheep before wolves; that the men of the thirteen fires and the long knives—as they call us and the Virginians, and who have always held them at bay—are neither cowed nor slain, to any extent; and they have learned, to their sorrow, how the frontiersmen defend their homes.

"In the mean time our corn and grain will be ripening, and we shall have abundant time to build a garrison. We have tools to do it with, and men enough to handle the timber. We can procure powder and lead, and our women can use the rifle in case of necessity. There will be suffering, but not so much as in running away.

"Neighbors, you have asked my opinion as to whether we shall abandon the settlement for the present and seek refuge elsewhere, or stay here and fight it out? I have given it to the best of my ability; and now, before I quit, I am going to do what nobody else has done—tell what I mean to do.

"When this news came, I told my wife I should stay; but if she wished it, I would take her and the children to Carlisle or Baltimore. She, however, has made up her mind to stay; and as I don't wish to be thought odd, or obstinate, I'll give my reasons.

"I was born on the other side of the water, of honest but poor parents, and when little more than a child, found myself adrift on the waters of the English Channel; was picked up by the captain of an American vessel, and brought into Baltimore. Here I fell into the hands of Henry Clavell, whom you all know. He was a father to me; sent me to school; taught me his trade; how to handle the rifle, and to fear God. O, how I loved that man! He was killed before my eyes, at his own anvil; and there I was, crushed to the earth with sorrow, and again homeless; and I was a home boy—home was everything to me. Afterwards I was brought here by Mr. Holdness, who took me to his heart and household as though a child of his own. No one of my ancestors ever had a foot of land or a house of their own; they were tenants all. By the blessing of God on my labor I have a home. I don't know how much *home* means to the rest of you, but it means everything to me. I have land, crops, cattle, a wife and children. I am *rooted* to the soil; and here I will stay in spite of French or Indians. If after so many years of toil and longing I am to lose the fruits of my labor and be again set adrift, I'll lose life with it.

"I want to influence no man's opinion; let every one decide for himself according to the light given him. If the neighbors decide to go, I wish them success and God speed; but if every family leaves this Run at sunrise tomorrow morning, it won't change my purpose one hair's breadth. Here I cut the first tree and planted the first hill of corn. Here, for the first time, I sat down at my own table, knelt to pray at my own fireside; and, so help me God, *here* I'll stay and *die* for the ground."

CHAPTER VI.

FRIEND CUTHBERT:

As he uttered the last words, Harry Sumerford, unable to restrain himself, gave vent to his feelings in a loud cheer, Cal Holdness and the rest of the boys following suit.

"That's the talk!" shouted M'Clure. "Stick by the stuff. Most of us have been in Indian fights. Reckon we ain't like Braddock's reg'lers—run at the sound of the war-whoop. Kalkerlate we can whoop, too."

"Holler—will ye?" said Hiram Woodbridge, not at all pleased with the turn matters were taking. "Them what knows nothing fears nothing."

"I," said Alexander Stewart, speaking very deliberately, and with a strong Scotch accent, "opine that every man should haud his ain gear wi' his ain grip, get all he can, and keep all he gets. I am weel satisfied wi' what Maister Honeywood has said. I'll stand by him, or any ither man who sticks by the stuff, and will fight to the death for his ain chimla an' lug (fireside)."

"I," said Maccoy, "go in for fighting it out, if it comes to that. But it seems to me that a handful of settlers like us, living in a run to which there is no road, where there's no mill, store, or tavern where pack-horses are put up, may be overlooked, or not thought worth the risk of attacking, if a stout resistance is expected. However, let 'em come, if they want to. As neighbor M'Clure says, we can whoop, too; yes, and scalp, and throw the tomahawk. He and I have stood side by side in Indian fights afore now."

"If," said Honeywood, "an Indian comes to take my life or property, I'll kill him, if I can; but I'll not make a savage of myself by scalping him afterwards. They have good qualities as well as bad ones; have souls, and know when they are treated justly; and are only what we should have been with the same training."

"Souls!" cried M'Clure. "They've no

more souls than a rattlesnake, and ten times their venom, for they give no warning before they strike, as the snake does, and ought to be treated in the same way — mash their heads."

"Indians," said Israel Blanchard, "are just the same everywhere: the Delawares, Shawnees, Twightwees, and Monseys, and the whole lot on 'em round here, are just like the Penobscots, St. Francis, Saco, and Naragansett Indians in the eastern country — deceitful as foxes and bloodthirsty as wolves; who, where they eat one sheep, bite the throats and suck the blood of a whole flock, lambs and all. Nothing suits them better than killing some gray-headed man, with one foot in the grave, or a babe at its mother's breast, or putting some poor prisoner, who's got into their clutches, to death by inches, as a cat plays with a mouse; and it's a wonder to me that a man so resolute and well-informed as my son-in-law can think any differently; and I can't think he would if he knew them as well as we do, and had his own kindred murdered by them in all sorts of ways."

"I am well acquainted with them, can speak their language, know what they are; and I know Indians in whose hands I would trust my life and property as quick as in those of any man here. But for all that, I should expect no mercy when once they dug up the hatchet," replied Honeywood.

Astonishment at this bold assertion, so contrary to the opinions and prejudices of his companions, occasioned a pause, which was instantly improved by Ephraim Cuthbert, a Quaker, and the only head of a family of that persuasion in the valley.

"Friends and neighbors," he said, in a mild, unassuming tone, "I must, in the name of my Master, protest against such unchristian sentiments as some that have been advanced. It pains me to listen to them. Mr. Honeywood has well said that the Indians have had great provocations. So long as they were treated justly, their land and furs bought at a fair rate, there was no difficulty. It is to be expected that men who have grown up like the beasts of the forest will revenge themselves when injured, and do as they are done by."

He was interrupted by M'Clure, who shouted, —

"Shut up! I know you, Ephraim Cuthbert, and all your sneaking, cowardly, whining, chicken-hearted set. You want somebody else to beat the bush for you to ketch the bird, for all your fine-spun talk about religion, principle, and all that ere. Your principle is not to lift a finger to defend the country, nor give

one cent to buy powder and lead for them that will. But you are ready enough to camp down on what other people have shed their heart's blood to keep these red fiends from overrunning. It gars my heartstrings dirle," he shouted, becoming more vehement, and getting to his Scotch as his passion rose, "to see a white-livered thing like you sitting here so bauld and sonsie, wi' your hat on, like any laird, and laying down the law, while honest men are uncovered;" and, suiting the action to the word, with a blow of his hand he set the broad-brim of the Quaker flying across the room. It was instantly replaced upon the head of the wearer by Honeywood, who said, as he did so, —

"Neighbor M'Clure, this is no time to fall out among ourselves; but friend Cuthbert shall be as free to express his opinion as you or me, so long as I have power to protect him. I am not a Quaker, haven't moral courage enough to be; but I have had dear friends of that persuasion, who helped me in my day of distress. No Quaker shall ever lack help from me."

"Every man," said Israel Blanchard, "has a right to express his opinion, and is lord of his own conscience."

The sharp click of a gunlock was now distinctly heard.

"What are you going to do wi' that rifle, you whelp?" said Stewart to Harry Sumerford, who stood with his finger on the trigger of his rifle, that he seldom went anywhere without.

"Shoot M'Clure, or any other man what lifts a finger agin Mr. Honeywood. I'm good for shooting, if I ain't for anything else."

"By my troth, but you're a bluidthirsty cal-lant! What'll you be when your beard's grown? Let the mon say his say, M'Clure. Words break nae bones. There's nae muckle bravery in cursing or striking a mon that won't strike nor curse back."

"Friend M'Clure," said the Quaker, without a trace of passion in his calm features, "I trust thee will allow that I have not been wanting in neighborly kindness, nor backward in bearing my part of the general expenses."

"Yes, I'll allow that. But now, when it has come to a matter of life and death, you'll neither help build a garrison, pull a trigger to defend it, nor give one penny to buy powder and lead for others to do it with. I say a man who'll do that ere is no man at all, but a mean coward. I don't believe there's one mite of *principle* in it."

"There need be no ill feeling between us, friend M'Clure, though we differ in opinion."

I cannot use the carnal weapon against my fellow-creatures, nor aid others to do it; neither can I abandon the principles I have learned from above and by following that inward light which God bestows. But I can suffer for them, as did my Master. I feel the same attachment to my property that friend Honeywood does to his, and shall remain on it; but I shall not seek shelter in your garrison, nor protection from your weapons."

"You don't mean that you are going to stay outside the garrison when the Indians come! They'll murder every mother's son of you," said Blanchard.

"Yea, verily, friend Blanchard. I have, in all my doings and dealings with Indians, endeavored to govern myself by the principles professed by our society since the time of William Penn, and long before; to treat them as those whom God made of the same blood as myself. They have eaten of my bread, drank of my cup, and slept by my fire. I shall keep about my work. If they wish to take my life, they can easily do it, for I shall neither fight nor flee. A man's principles can be but skin deep if he's not prepared to die for, rather than abandon, them."

The good Quaker uttered these words (that, in the circumstances in which he was placed, were no idle boast) in his usual tone of voice. There was no evidence of passion, or any rallying or working up of the feelings for an unusual and desperate resolve: it was the well-considered declaration of a man prepared to avow, and determined to discharge, what he esteemed his duty in the sight of Heaven.

The breathless silence that prevailed while the Quaker was uttering these sentiments was broken by an audible murmur of surprise.

"I've wronged you, neighbor," exclaimed M'Clure. "I take back all I have said; but I'm soon angered, and you'll make some sma' allowance for a man who has muckle reason to fear his poor boy's scalp is drying in the wind afore some Indian wigwam."

"And I make bold to say," exclaimed Stewart, "in the name o' a' the neebors, that ye sall, wi' your wife an' bairns, be as welcome to the garrison as ony man of us a'; for I now ken richt weel it's nae for love of gear, nor yet faint-heartedness, that ye dinna take on wi' us; but because ye have respect to your ain conscience; whereas mine, gin I hae sic a thing, disna lie in the same direction. But ye maun gang your ain gait, neebor, an' see what'll come o' it."

"Mein Gott ein himmel!" said Gottlieb Stouber, a German; "what ish dat you call cour-

age? To fight for de gelt, fight for de wife and de little childern ish courage; but stretch out de neck for an Indian to cut off your head, open de door for him to walk in — I don't know what ish de name of dat."

Harmony was now restored. A few resolved to remove to safer quarters, the rest to build a garrison, and to set about the work the next morning.

That the settlers entertained, many of them, serious thoughts of abandoning their homesteads, by no means implies any lack of courage. It was a fearful risk to remain, and there were wives, children, and even infants, whose lives were at stake.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GARRISON.

HITHERTO the province of Pennsylvania had not, like the other colonies, experienced the terrors of Indian warfare to any extent, although M'Clure, Stewart, Maccoy, the Blanchards, and others, had, during a previous residence in Virginia, Maryland, and in New England, suffered from these relentless foes. The friendship between the Indians and Quakers, and the affection cherished by the former for the memory of William Penn, had, in a great measure, warded off the blow. But that day had now passed; the just and peaceful policy of the Quakers had been supplanted by the more aggressive one of other races, and wrongs inflicted and provocations given through a series of years were, now that the savage perceived his opportunity and felt his power, to be atoned for with blood, — the blood not merely of those who had done the wrong, but — in accordance with the ruthless spirit of Indian warfare — of any belonging to the hated race; the babe at the breast or the aged grand-parent tottering to the grave.

The denizens of Wolf Run, in their perilous undertaking, were in some important respects better off than most other settlers would have been in like circumstances. There were no aged or decrepit persons in the little community; they had tools sufficient for their purpose, and in the persons of the Blanchards men who knew right well how to use them, and who had been accustomed to building frontier defences. The boys likewise, who had been reared amid the hardships and exigencies of a wilderness life, hardy, self-reliant, and trained to the use of the rifle almost from childhood, were no small addition to their means of defence.

The next morning at sunrise they again

met, to decide upon the location for their garrison. To the previous meeting no one came armed except Harry Sumerford; but now each man brought his rifle and the tools he expected to use.

It was by no means an easy matter to agree upon the site; each one was naturally anxious to locate the garrison near to his own house; but as some must be at a distance, it was necessary to choose a spot that would accommodate the greatest number. Our young readers will recollect that the bread of these poor settlers was in the field, and their cattle must feed in the pastures; and it made a vast difference to a man whether he was a mile from the garrison, gathering his harvest or sowing his seed, when the war-whoop sounded, the alarm-gun was fired, the savage, with catlike tread, got between him and his rifle, or within half that distance; a few rods, indeed, might constitute all the difference between life and death.

Water was also an article of the last importance, both for themselves and cattle, and in case of fire being resorted to, as it frequently was by the Indians. There was no lack of springs and small brooks that ran into the river, but some of them could not be depended upon in a drought, and they were also situated at low levels, at the foot of hills and precipices, or in the bottoms of deep ravines, where if a fortification was built, it would be commanded by the higher ground around, and water outside the walls was of little use in case of siege. It might indeed be obtained by digging a well; but to do this with hoes and wooden shovels—all the tools in possession of the settlers—was a matter of great difficulty.

A long search revealed no site anywhere near the centre, that combined the requisite advantages.

"We can't dig a well now; there's not time," said Honeywood; "we must build on neighbor Shorey's lot, get our water from the river, and dig a well afterwards at odd jobs."

"S'pose we should be attacked and cut off from the water before we get the well dug," said Wood.

"We must take the risk of that; it is no use to build at the bottom of a hill for the sake of having water inside, when the enemy can get above us, and we can't step outside the block-house to fetch a bucket of water, or water or feed our cattle, without getting a bullet through our heads."

Harry Sumerford, whose vagrant habits and love of wandering through the woods had so

often exposed him to the reproaches of his father, and gained him a very questionable reputation among the neighbors, exclaimed,—

"I know where's a place, and it's a biling spring; and it's on high ground, too."

"I'll warrant it, there's not a place, I believe, as big as my barn-yard, within fifty miles of here, that you don't know; out with it, Hal; if it's the right spot, I'll forgive you for your wanting to shoot me yesterday," said M'Clure.

"It's in the woods."

"No matter," said Blanchard; "it will save hauling if the timber's on the spot."

"Whereabouts is it, Harry?" said John Wood.

"Close ter the line 'twixt Mr. Stiefel and Mr. Cuthbert, on Mr. Stiefel's land."

"That's a good place," was the universal cry.

"And are ye right sure, callant, that it's a raal spring?" said Stewart.

"Yes, sir; you can see it bubble up and roll the sand in the bottom over and over; it don't never freeze, but will smoke the coldest morning in the winter."

Harry now led the way to the spot, that proved to be a level piece of high ground, heavily timbered, on one side of which a small, narrow run, gradually widening and deepening as it proceeded, extended to the river; the spring, that came from the ground very near the head of the ravine, was all Harry had described it to be, and sent a little but constant stream trickling down through trees and bushes to the stream below.

"By Heaven! that's a noble spring," said Wood; "wish the gully wasn't there; but the spring is so high up it won't matter much;" and he flung off his jacket.

Sentries were posted, and nothing was heard for hours but the sound of axes, the crash of falling trees, and the noise of the cross-cut saw. The garrison was designed as a place to flee to in emergency, when they had reason to apprehend an attack from prowling Indians; to offer an effectual resistance when it actually occurred. As the Indians had no cannon, these garrisons (bullet-proof, and defended by resolute and skilful marksmen) were sufficient for the purpose; and even the log houses of the settlers were often defended against overwhelming numbers of the savage foe.

In order to raise their bread, the settlers must remain on their land, except when the visits of the Indians were so frequent and in such numbers as to render living out of the



JUST THEN HIS LEGS WERE GRASPED BY SCIP. Page 124.

garrisons certain death. Imagination feeding apprehension ever invests an unseen foe with tenfold terror. Thus the amazing cunning, and a perseverance that yielded to no obstacles whenever in pursuit of revenge, coupled with his merciless mode of warfare, rendered the Indian a fearful foe.

The settler lived among alarms; peril dogged his footsteps; and there was no moment during which he might feel secure when once the savage had dug up the hatchet. The rocks, the trees, grass, grain, fences, even the water, might conceal this wily enemy, who, with eyes keener than the snake's, watched him at his daily toil, and was ever nearest when least expected. The garrison, therefore, was intended both for an occasional resort and to sustain a siege, and even for a lengthened abode. Our young readers will now perceive what peril and hardship were involved in thus abiding the brunt of Indian warfare.

The first thing done was to build a stockade, by enclosing a space of ground sufficient to contain block-houses, their cattle and crops, and also to serve as a means of partial defence while completing the remainder of the work. It was made by setting logs, a foot in diameter, upright in the ground, touching each

other, and ten feet in height: to these were treenailed stout pieces of timber. Wherever a tree grew in the right place, it was suffered to remain; and the stockade was loop-holed. It was also made to enclose the spring.

Three sides were finished, by dint of great exertion, as a portion of the inhabitants were detailed to scour the woods and detect any signs of lurking Indians. The remaining side of the enclosure was filled up by the walls of the block-houses. These were seventeen feet in height, built of hewn timber, the upper story projecting over the lower, and the walls loop-holed, the loop-holes being cut largest on the inside, in order that guns might be pointed in any direction against any enemies coming to burn the walls.

Block-houses of smaller size, called *flankers*, were built at the two remaining corners, and projecting beyond the stockade, so as to rake along the line of it with their fire. A gate of sufficient size to admit a loaded cart was constructed of oak plank, by means of the whip-saw. Boards to cover the roofs of the block-houses were made with the same invaluable instrument. The block-houses and flankers were built with one roof, that slanted inwards, as they thus afforded less lodgment for fire-

arrows, and the water that fell on them could be easily caught.

The fortification being now capable of defence, the people no longer labored with that unremitting diligence upon their defences, but kept watch and ward, no man going to work in the field without his gun; and two days in the week were set apart to clear sufficient space around the garrison to enable its inmates to detect the approach of an enemy. The gully that led to the river was also cleared, that it might afford less shelter to a lurking foe. The fallen timber and brush was too green to burn, and therefore could not be removed in that manner; but a great many trees were got rid of in building the garrison and stockade.

They now proceeded to build a yard, near the walls, for their cattle. This work disposed of many more trees. In order that an enemy might not take advantage of this mass of wood and brush, by setting it on fire when it should become dry, or using it as a means of ambush, all in close proximity to the walls was hauled off and rolled over a precipice, that rose perpendicularly from an intervalle skirting the bank of the stream.

Ned Honeywood and Mrs. Sumerford were the farthest from the garrison, following the river, Stuart and M'Clure in the opposite direction, while it happened, most singularly, that Ephraim Cuthbert, the Quaker, the only man who would not avail himself of its protection, and utterly eschewed the carnal weapon, was within two gunshots of it.

During the last few months a road had been made by cutting from neighbor to neighbor through the settlement, and throwing logs into the miry spots. It was used in the summer as a horse-path, and in the winter for a sled-road. They now began to cut a road from the garrison to enter this road, over which they might haul their supplies.

CHAPTER VIII.

SCIPIO AND THE WOLVES.

WHEN the road referred to was nearly cut through, Honeywood, who was farther ahead with his work than most of his neighbors, volunteered to take part of the boys and finish it; and, knowing how popular Harry Sumerford was with his mates (though his disinclination to steady work had made him somewhat the reverse with the older portion of the community), he employed Harry to drum up recruits.

On the morning appointed. Harry was on the spot, and with him Calvin Holdness, Abiel

Holt, Ned Armstrong, Hugh Crawford, Nat Cuthbert (Ephraim Cuthbert found it impossible to make his son Nat conform strictly to Quaker principles, or to prevent him from associating with the world's people), David and James Blanchard, Conrad Stiefel, Charles Musgrave, and a negro, called Scipio, belonging to Israel Blanchard, and sent by him, Mr. Honeywood being the only grown person present to direct their work.

Harry, whose affection for Mr. Honeywood (the first among the older portion of the community to take him by the hand, and appreciate the really sterling qualities of the boy) amounted to idolatry, was ambitious to show himself smart in the presence of his friend, and exclaimed, —

"Where's the boy kin take the heart of a tree away from me?"

"Here he is," said Andrew M'Clure, who just then came up with an axe on his shoulder.

He didn't do it, however, for Harry got to the heart of the tree first. His challenge, nevertheless, had the effect intended — it excited a general emulation among the boys, who, pairing off, chopped with might and main; and it was soon evident that the road would be finished long before night. No sooner was this perceived, than the boys, who were desirous to make the job hold out for the sake of being together, began to work with less vigor, to laugh and talk, and amuse themselves at the expense of the negro.

The black, then in his twentieth year, was raised in Baltimore, where Israel Blanchard found and purchased him the preceding fall. Scipio cherished the most fearful apprehensions in respect to Indians. While in Baltimore he greedily drank in the stories of their cruelties in circulation; but when he found himself on the frontiers, and heard these relations from M'Clure, Crawford, Armstrong, and others, who spoke from actual experience, his fears were very much increased, and rose to agony when he perceived the alarm occasioned in the minds of the settlers by the defeat of Braddock, and the strenuous efforts they were making for defence.

Not so, however, with his companions. Timidity formed no part of their characters: and it may well be doubted whether some of them were not reckless enough to desire an Indian war, for the excitement and opportunity of distinguishing themselves it would afford: and all seemed quite disposed to amuse themselves at the expense of the poor negro.

"Ander," said Harry to Andrew M'Clure, "have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Why, about what the Indians did at Rays-town Fort."

At this, Scipio, who was trimming out a tree Harry had just cut down, began to prick up his ears.

"Tell us about it, Harry."

"You see, there was a man named Oldham, that lived close ter the fort. He had a wife, and one child a year old. He was so close ter the fort it made him careless; didn't think Indians would come there. One night all the cows come up only the one what had the bell on, and he went a hunting for her. Bimeby he heard the bell agoin' way in the woods, and follered the sound, when two Injuns jumped out from under a windfall, and grabbed him. He hadn't no gun. They took him, and carried him along a piece, and met another Injun with the bell in his hand. They d killed the cow, cut the bell off her neck, and that Injun he'd been ringing it. A leetle further on, and they found the cow, with two arrows sticking in her, and her throat cut. They skinned one of her hind quarters, gave it ter him ter lug, and kept on, he thought, about a mile into a deep gully, where was a spring, and laid down.

"Arter a while two more Injuns come along, bringing his wife and child. They talked together a spell, and one of the Injuns took the meat, and give him the child ter carry. The child begun to cry, and one of the Indians knocked it on the head, and flung it inter the woods; then they went on fast: made him carry the meat part of the time and his wife part. 'Twan't long afore the poor woman gin out, and couldn't keep up. They killed and sculped her. Bimeby he tired out, and couldn't keep up. Seems they didn't want ter kill him; so one of the Injuns took the meat.

"He was an old trapper. Just afore break of day, they come ter a pond what he knew, made a fire, cooked their meat, fed him, and painted his face black."

"What dey paint he face black fur, Massa Harry?" said Scipio.

"Don't know. What was it fur, Mr. Honeywood?"

"That meant they were going to burn him alive when they got to their town."

"Guess they would burn him, Scip. They would roast him by a slow fire, and burn him with hot ramrods and gun-barrels," said Cal Holdness. "I've heard my father tell about it, and about them. — Go ahead, Harry: let's hear the rest."

"When they'd got done eating, they flung all the coals where their fire had been inter the

pond, strewed dirt and leaves all over the place ter hide the sign, then they pulled up a canoe that was sunk in the pond, and went across, put the canoe in a hollow log, tied a rope round his waist and then to an Injun on each side of him, and all went ter sleep, 'cept one what kept guard. That ere Injun got asleep, and he gnawed the rope in two, — 'twas made of elem (elm) bark, — got the canoe inter the water, and got off."

"Massa David, tink de Injun come here away?"

"Reckon they will, else we wouldn't have built the garrison. Maybe they are right round here now."

"Golly!" screamed Scip; "what be dat in de tree dere?"

"A coon!" shouted Cal. "Climb it, and shake him off, Con."

Stiefel, who was very active, ascended the tree, the coon running towards the top, and the boys standing ready to receive him when he should strike the ground. Suddenly Conrad paused in his efforts, and exclaimed, —

"There's a man coming along the path, and seems most gone, can't but just drag one foot before t'other, and uses his gun for a cane."

"It's somebody got home from the army!" cried Honeywood.

The coon was forgotten, and all rushed to see who it was. The traveller, stopping, leaned upon his weapon as he espied them.

"Father, father!" shouted Cal Holdness, and rushed to fling his arms around his parent's neck.

"Gently, my boy; you'll upset me: I'm that weak — all but gone."

"Are you wounded, Mr. Holdness?" said Honeywood.

"I've got a wound in the hip, but not bad: it's more hunger and fatigue."

"Where's George and Put, father?"

"You never'll see your brothers agin, my son," was the reply; and a tear rolled down the cheek of the bereaved parent.

"Did the Indians git 'em, father?"

"No. We took trees arter Braddock was killed. They was close to me. There was so many Indians they outflanked us, and shot 'em both. George killed the Indian who shot Putnam; and Jack Andrews hit the one who killed poor George, while he was running up to scalp him. We had to retreat; but we brought both the boys off; and that night we put 'em in the ground (the Indians didn't get a chance to scalp 'em), and marked the spot."

"Mr. Holdness," said Harry, "do you know anything about my father?"

"I don't, Harry; that is, anything sartain, for I haven't seen him nor Jeff M'Clure since the day afore we crossed the Monongahela. One thing's sartain — they are missing; and I heard that Jeff was killed, and your father was taken and carried off by the Indians.

"Don't be down-hearted, my boy; perhaps tain't so; and if it is he may get clear; people often do; or they'll take him to Canada and sell him, and he'll be redeemed; perhaps he's wounded, and will come along by and by, same as I have."

They now, by the direction of Honeywood, made a litter, — as Holdness could not ride a horse by reason of his wound, — and placed him on it. As they were about to take it on their shoulders, Holdness said, —

"Calvin, go ahead and let your mother know I'm not wounded bad; she'll be scared to see me come in this way; and, my boy, tell her what's taken place, for I can't."

A part of the boys went with Honeywood to carry the litter; the rest returned to their labor.

"Don't carry me by neighbor M'Clure's, boys; the moment he sees us, he'll want to know about Jeff, and I can't bear to tell him just now."

They therefore went through the woods behind the house. When they were near the house of Holdness, he said, —

"Now, boys, put me down: I don't want to go any further in this shape; if Harry here'll just take my rifle and bullet-pouch, and Ned'll steady me a little, I can walk to the house well enough."

The story told by Harry, the sight of Mr. Holdness, wounded, pale, and scarcely able to stand, together with the sad tidings he brought, had excited the fears of Scipio afresh. On the way home he fancied an Indian behind every bush; the tread of a squirrel on the dry leaves, the creak of a limb, a bush waving in the wind, or even the gnawing of the wood worms in the old hemlocks, would make him jump and quicken his pace: till at length coming in sight of the house, he fairly took to his heels, to the no small amusement of the Blanchards and their companions, Ned Armstrong doing his best to imitate the Indian scalp yell.

"Only see that darky go it," said 'Biel Holt; "yell again, Ned; let's all yell."

The readers of the previous story will recollect that when Israel Blanchard built his house, with the single exception of having glass in the windows, he built it after the rudest fashion of log houses, bestowing very

little labor upon it, for the reason that in clearing new land, the first house is very liable to be burned up; intending, when the forest for a good distance around it was cut off, and he should be more at leisure, to put up one of hewn timber, or with a frame and boards, as he and his brother had tools, and were capable of doing the work. They had even gone so far as to select a site for the new building, and at leisure moments dig a good part of the cellar.

In consequence of this, very little interest was taken in repairing the log house; the cracks between the logs were stuffed with stones, clay, moss, or a junk of wood, just as it happened, a good deal of the chinking being permitted to fall out during the summer for the sake of air. Very near to the back part of the house, and to the corner in which the negro slept, was a strip of forest that had been suffered to remain, both because it afforded shelter from the cold winds and because the land was very rocky, the soil thin, and not worth clearing.

In the hurry of putting up the house a large chip had been left in the kerf of one of the corner logs, that prevented the log over it from coming down to its place, thus leaving quite a space: into this opening a stone had been hastily thrust, and daubed with clay mortar. The spring rains having washed away the clay that held it, the stone fell out, and the hole thus made was on a level with the negro's head as he lay in bed.

The moment Dave Blanchard and James came home, they informed their parents of all they had heard from Mr. Holdness; and the whole evening was spent in talking over the matter, and conjecturing when the Indians would probably come; after which the priming of the guns was carefully examined, and all retired to rest.

Their slumbers were broken by the most fearful shrieks, proceeding from the corner in which the negro slept.

"O, massa! murder, murder! Injuns scalp-ing me, massa! O!" instantly succeeded by a great crash, as the poor negro, in attempting to reach his master in the dark, tumbled over and upset the table.

Israel Blanchard, leaping from the bed, and grasping his rifle that stood near it, made his way to the door, which he found secure. Just then his legs were grasped by Scip, still uttering the most terrible screams.

"Hold your tongue, you black whelp, and get up, or I'll brain you! There's no Indians in the house, whatever there may be outside."

"Father," said Dave, "he's been dreaming. Harry Sumerford's been telling him Indian stories all the afternoon; and he saw an Indian in every bush coming home."

"O, Massa David, my head all bleeding. I be scalped; smart's awful!"

"There's a great hole between the logs at the head of his bed," said Mrs. Blanchard. "If there were Indians round, they could reach their hands in."

"It's well to be prudent," said Israel Blanchard in a whisper. "Put up some blankets at the windows, to keep the light from shining through and making us a mark for them."

This was soon effected by Mrs. Blanchard and Rebecca.

"Now light a pitch-wood sliver, and see if anything is the matter with Scip."

"Golly, massa! my head feel just like 'he be in de fire!"

To the great surprise of the family, especially the boys, the wool and scalp-skin were found to be torn from the head of Scip, leaving the skull bare, in one long, narrow strip, extending from front to back and across the middle of the crown, while his ears and neck were covered with clotted blood.

"We are beset!" said Mrs. Blanchard. "There are Indians round this house, and that is their work."

"I suppose it must be," said her husband; "still, I can't understand it. I should have thought an Indian would have driven his tomhawk through his skull,—the hole is big enough,—and not have made such a wound as that, which don't seem to be the work either of a tomahawk or a knife."

The wound was bound up, and in a state of feverish anxiety they spoke in whispers, and, sitting in the dark, kept watch, rifle in hand, every moment expecting to hear the dread sound of the war-whoop, or that the house might be fired over their heads, as it was a common log house, without loop-holes, overhang, or anything of the kind.

The night, however, passed away without further disturbance; and as the day broke, Israel Blanchard and David were about to sally out and examine the premises, when some one knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" said Seth.

"Me, Harry Sumerford."

The door was instantly opened, and Harry, much wondering at the anxious looks of the women, and to see the men-folks rifle in hand, exclaimed,—

"What's the matter with you all?"

"We've had an alarm," said Israel: "Indians round the house."

"Injuns? How do you know? Did you see 'em?"

"No; but they reached through a chink in the logs, and tore Scip's head all to pieces. We kept watch all the rest of the night, but haven't heard or seen anything of 'em."

"Should thought I'd seen 'em: ain't many things I don't see when I'm in the woods. If they've been round this house, we kin track 'em, of coorse."

They now began to examine the ground around the house, when Harry exclaimed,—

"It's wolves—that's what 'tis. There's every claw ter be seen in that dirt what's wet with dew. There's where he stood upon his hind legs, to git his head inter the hole. There's some of his hair on the side of it: them's wolf hairs on the upper side; but that ere on the t'other's nigger's wool."

The Blanchards were much relieved to find there were no Indians round, but somewhat mortified to have spent the greater portion of the night in perturbation on account of wolves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

— LAUGHTER. — A hearty laugh is the best of medicines for both the mind and body. It is stated by good medical authority that there is not the remotest place in the human body that does not feel moved by hearty laughter. Thus "it sends new tides of life and strength to the surface, and tends to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein." Boys and girls, laugh all you can. It is quite as necessary to "laugh with those that laugh," as to "mourn with those that mourn." Why should there not be a "laughter cure" as well as "movement cures," "water cures," &c.?

— LIONS, tigers, leopards, jaguars, and hyenas, in confinement, upon an average live twenty-five years; the smaller cats, as the tiger-cat, lynx, ocelot, margay, and serval, sixteen to eighteen years; monkeys and baboons, sixteen to eighteen; the coatimondi, raccoon, beaver, and civet-cats, twelve to fourteen years; the antelope, sixteen to eighteen.

— EULER declared the direct light of the sun to be equal to six thousand five hundred candles, a foot distance; that of the moon to one candle, seven and a half feet distance.

ALBUM VERSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NO BABY IN THE HOUSE."

I WILL not say, "Forget-me-not,"
 Nor, "Dear, remember me."
 The one you'll do, the other not;
 When I'm not there to see.
 But I may ask you something here, —
 And this I hope you'll do:
 Remember me, dear friend, as long
 As I remember you.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL WOMAN.

A TRUE STORY OF THE WAR.

BY MRS. M. L. MOODY.

IN my youth I married a physician from the north, who, for his health's sake, had made his home in the lovely valley of the Shenandoah. My head was full of stories of fable and romance; and it seemed to me this fair land, too, was fit to be sung in story and in song, so well it realized the ideal pictures that filled my youthful brain.

My husband, who was many years my senior, was a grave, conservative man. He had never been a politician; and he learned to love his adopted country well.

We had five sons and three daughters, born in quick succession; and I was a young and thoughtless mother with my young children. I told them stories of chivalry and romance; I sang, and romped, and played with them; and, with their earliest lessons, they imbibed from me a passionate love for their country and their class.

For me, my country was the south. I was identified with all its loves and hates, its hopes and prejudices. I was a southerner of southerners. It was all beautiful; and, I was so happy, why should I not love it?

This was in the old, palmy days, when "there were giants in the land;" when Clay and Calhoun measured their strength in the Senate, when the south was a garden; the old, patriarchal days, when the master sat in his door and counted his slaves, as Lot and Abraham of old counted their sheep; when every woman had her handmaidens; ere the outlawed Ishmael, returning from the wilderness, brought his terrible retribution.

I embraced it all, for I saw only the fair side of the system. I was a lady, waited on by supple hands and humble knees. My sons were cavaliers, every one; and my husband,

not a whit behind the rest, conspired to do me homage. For them I, the woman with the tory blood, was the queen mother.

The stories I loved so well to tell caught the hearts of the blacks, and brought me an audience many a time, while the dishes went unwashed and the rooms unswept; for life was a gay pageant then, and these children of toil must share in the pleasures of the recital.

"You will spoil them all, Margaret, children and blacks," my husband said, with his sad and tender smile.

But for me there was not yet any sin, or sorrow, or wrong in the world. I lived to make others happy, and to be happy myself.

My boys grew apace. They were tall, handsome, brave fellows. How splendid they were — my five sons! They were reared in the saddle; they were born marksmen; they knew no fear. Every one of them was a fit Paladin to lead a crusade. And yet I, the mother of these stalwart boys, in my sweeping robes and flying plumes, led the chase; the fastest lagged behind me; the bravest faltered where I leaped. I was earliest at the death, and bore away the brush. O, blissful days! were ye worth all the anguish that followed?

The war-cloud dropped like a pall upon all this brightness. The first drum-beat told me my sons were men, and transformed me into a Pythoness. I prophesied only of victory.

"Go, go," I cried to my sons, "and fight the battles of your country!"

My husband stood trembling and speechless. For an instant it flashed across my soul that he was a coward. I turned upon him with withering scorn.

"You are too old —"

He laid his hand upon my arm.

"Do you know you are sending your boys to their graves, Margaret?"

"Better lie in honored graves than live in dishonored homes!"

I broke away from him; I could not be reasoned with. Every instinct of my being was aroused. All my past life surged up to meet the invasion of the foe. There was no faltering in my boys, either; each one of them rose to the station of a hero, and sprang to arms. My eldest boys were twins, and all were over age.

In those days of fiery preparation, I walked on air: my head was in the clouds. No dream of defeat or death held a place in my thoughts. It was victory, victory alone. And when, after days of drill, my boys, shorn, bronzed, uniformed in softest gray touched with crimson and gold,

filed before my door, and gave me a military salute, my heart was like to burst with pride and joy. The crusade was come again, and my sons were gone to fight the battles of the Holy Land.

On the first day of conflict, I never ceased to walk the nursery floor. Here I had trained my soldiers; and now they were gone, never, perhaps, to return. My first tears fell here, for the broken toys, the useless books, the outgrown garments that were treasured by their black mammy, told of a life that had passed as a tale.

But soon the glad tidings came of victory, and of the safety of our sons. My husband brought the news, and I drew him to his knees.

"Let us thank God!" I cried.

His lips moved; but he made no sound. He realized the greatness of the struggle from the first; but now he hoped it might soon be over.

I began to look for the return of my sons. Had they not won the victory, and broken the spirit of the north? They did not come; but Jesse wrote, —

"Dearest mother, I have been under fire, and have smelled gunpowder, and have seen gallons of blood spilled. I just begin to realize the awfulness of the conflict. You remember the day we boys rode up and gave you a military salute! That was a gala day. War has not many such: it is stern, remorseless, bloody work. May God give us the victory!"

Was there, then, no victory? Was the war not ended? Were my heroes not coming home unscathed? Alas! such children as we were, to dream this idle dream! But the war made a woman of me fast, and I set to work in earnest to meet the contest. My husband bought great stores of flour, and hid it under our supply of winter's wood. I laughed at his folly, and told him the war would be over before another harvest. I would not permit him to lay in other stores, it seemed such idle waste of money we would need for the boys.

The war spread from north to south, and from east to west. My sons were scattered, and communication became every day more difficult. O, the weariness and heaviness of suspense!

But troubles at home began to press upon me. Our eldest daughter, who inherited her father's melancholy spirit, drooped at the first cry of war; and, when her lover joined the army, her mind gave way. For a while she was passive; but she soon grew violent, and we were compelled, for her own sake, to send

her to the asylum for the insane. This shock broke my husband's heart. He was not the same man from that day. In striving to divert his grief, I forgot my own. I had faith to believe that all would be well. The past had been so happy, the future *must* be bright.

The day that Jesse marched away with the army, he had married the girl of his heart, a rich and beautiful orphan, who remained on her plantation with her negroes. Why should she fear? They were her friends, and she was theirs; and surely a kinder, gentler mistress never lived.

We soon began to feel the rigors of the blockade. Everything advanced in price. We were obliged to stint ourselves of what we once thought necessities. We bought no clothes; we lived solely on bread and meat, and what few vegetables our servants could raise. My husband failed visibly. One morning I made him a cup of coffee, that was treasured for sickness. He burst into tears.

"I will not drink what my wife and daughters cannot have."

As I stood holding the cup, and begging him to drink, a neighbor ran in, in breathless haste, exclaiming, —

"Jesse's wife is murdered, and the place deserted!"

My husband fell heavily to the floor. We got him to bed; but he neither spoke nor moved. I remember now I drank the coffee, and it gave me strength. It was true. Jesse's wife was dead, shot through the heart with a pistol which was lying at her side. The house was rifled; silver and jewels all gone. Not a negro was on the place. Who did the deed it was useless to ask in a land that knew nothing but war. I brought the body home, and prepared it for the grave, thinking only of Jesse.

That night my husband died. It was no time for grief. My boys were fighting the battles of their country, and I was fighting the battle of life.

The town was in possession of the federal army. A large public building, from which source our principal revenue was derived, was occupied as a government hospital. Our means were greatly straitened, but my spirit was not yet broken. My pride was only equalled by my hatred for my enemies.

I strained every nerve to have a decent funeral for my dead. The Yankees should never suspect our poverty. I esteemed it a matter of conscience to make a display.

Some rude lads in uniform, seeing a black badge on the door, cried to their comrades as they passed, —

"There's *one* more rebel less."

They called us "rebels," and *I* was one; but the gentle heart, so quiet in its coffin, had never rebelled at anything but evil. As we passed the federal camp on our way to the cemetery, a military band struck up a dead march. I thought that it was in derision of our woe, until I saw a long file of reversed muskets and a flag-draped bier. Then I knew that death had come to my enemies; and the thought gave me comfort.

The next letter from Jesse, who had long been silent because he could not send through the federal lines, announced that he had lost an arm.

"It is my left arm, mother," he wrote; "and I will fight for my home and country with my right, till there is but a stump of that left."

His home! He had no home. His house was a federal hospital; his negroes had fled; his plantation was laid waste; his wife was in her grave. But he should hear nothing of this from me. His brave and martial spirit inspired me with new courage. While my children lived, I could still hope.

Another year passed. We had all our strength in the field, and yet the north held out. How we had miscalculated the strength and resources of our enemies! Our servants had gone, one by one, to the federal army. Of all the tribe, none remained faithful but our old, black mammy. It was well for us that they went, for our supply of provisions was waxing low, and prices were prodigious.

O, how long the days were to us household women, with nothing to sew, with nothing to read, with nothing to do but to wait. But we did not have long to wait for evil news. Reuben wrote (how long the letter had been coming!),—

"Our army is cut to pieces, and Jesse went down with the rest."

Jesse went down with the rest! My God, what did this mean? I walked into the open air. The pressure of the universe was on my head. My stay, my idol, was killed! A black shadow crept to my side. Mammy's voice sobbed,—

"De Lord gawe, and de Lord taketh away; but God still reigns."

"Hush, mammy; there is no God!"

At that moment I believed it.

"Yis, dar is, honey. It's de blessed truf. God he want Mar's Jesse, an' he call him up higher. Dar's sumppin bet'er'n de souf up dar."

I only heard her words.

"Don't look so wite and scared, Miss Margaret. Come in de house."

I was passive in her hands. She chafed my throbbing head, trying all the time to make me comprehend the comforts of her religion. And then, in a burst of impatient grief, she cried out,—

"You tink ole black slave mammy got no heart. He was as much my chile as yourn!"

That was the touch of Nature that made us kin. I threw myself on her bosom, and my tears flowed with hers.

O, the days in the barren, echoing house! O, the nights of dreadful dreams! They came and went as all such times must come and go; and I lived on.

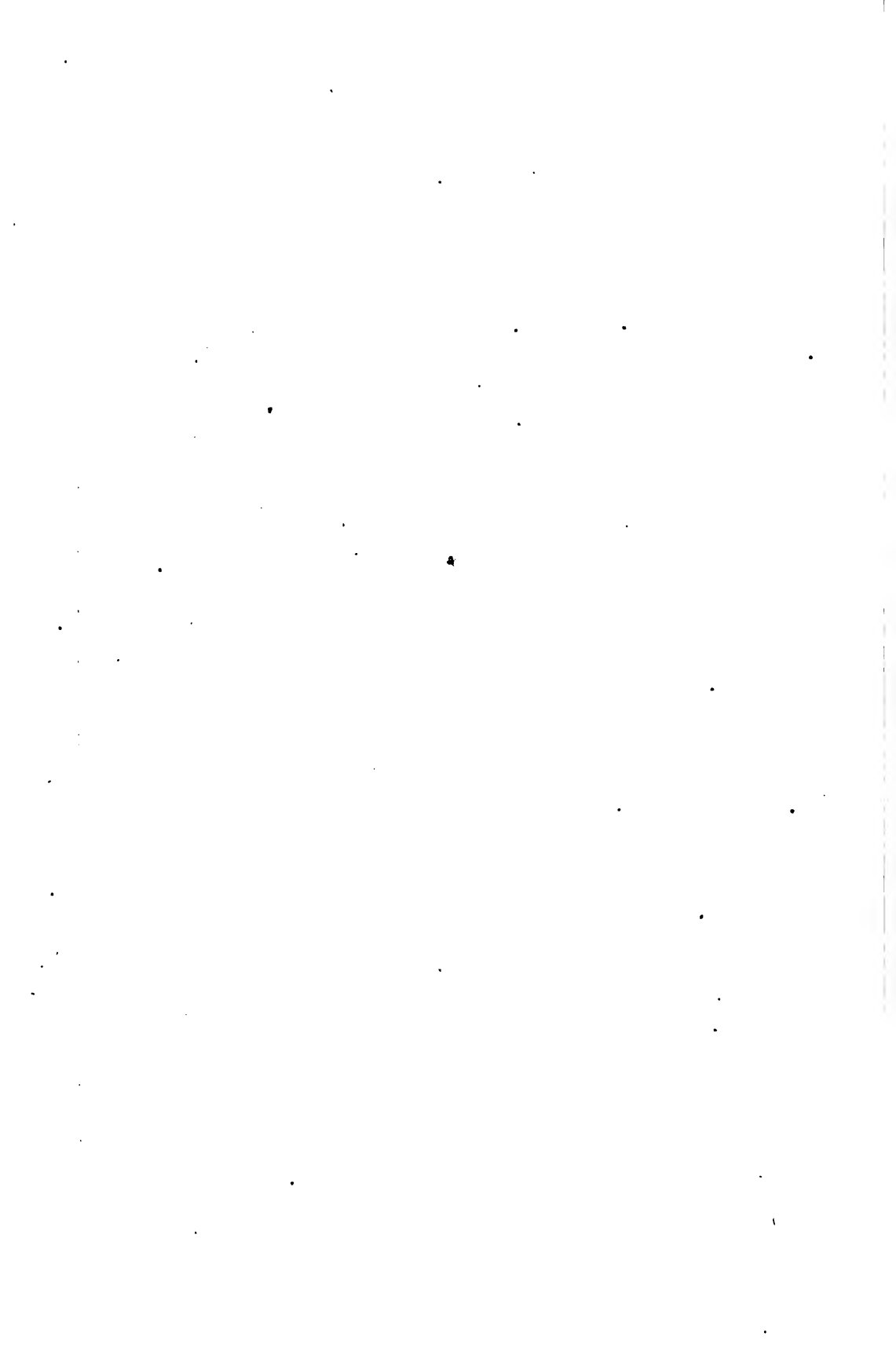
Our town lay in the line of march of the advancing and retreating armies. Every day brought troops *en route*, or flying from defeat. Sometimes it was a lot of prisoners, *in gray*, marching past; sometimes it was a wagon train or artillery train, or an army of contrabands. From the empty rooms, through the ever-closed blinds, my daughters and I looked out upon the pageantry of war. The "pomp and circumstance" were for those far away in the north, who read the glowing accounts of battle-pictures in their daily papers. My daughters and I read it on the spot, "writ in burnished rows of steel." We needed no reporters to tell us the story of the war. In all the desert country there was no life but war. No flowers bloomed, no birds sang, no merry laughter shook the heavy air. The rattle of musketry, the booming of cannon, the tramp of armed men were all the sounds we heard.

As if to fill the measure of my grief, the elder of my two girls at home was stricken with a malignant fever. She was a beautiful, delicate creature, who shared my pride and enthusiasm, and who had comforted and counselled me through all. I did not dream how she must have suffered, until she was laid low. And what could this desolate house yield of healing or balm for my child?

But mammy's stores seemed unfailing. She came and went many times a day. Sometimes it was wine Mrs. — had concealed; sometimes it was tea, or coffee, or sugar. Ah, I little dreamed she was feeding me from stores she had begged from my enemy! My daughter was ill unto death, and I took no heed of aught else. She was constantly delirious, and all the days and nights she was marching with the army. She heard its tread in the rain, upon the roof; she heard its music in the waiting wind. Sometimes she talked with Reuben, sometimes it was with William; and, O, my heart stood still when she talked with Jesse.

At last an opiate brought a dreamless sleep.





"If she wakes from this in her right mind, her life is saved," said the wise friend in whose skill I had placed her case.

This day General — and army were in full retreat. I darkened the windows, to shut out sight and sound; and, through all the route of retreat, — thank God! — she slept. As the last of the army fled down the street, some lawless men fired an old building opposite the room in which my daughter lay sleeping. I screened the windows with all the rags I had, and bent over her in breathless suspense. The front door burst open, and I heard a tumult below. I rushed down stairs to find the hall full of armed men, whom mammy was keeping at bay with a broomstick. I ran to the commanding officer, who advanced with drawn sword, and clasped him in my arms. He looked on me with Jesse's joyous blue eyes (I remembered, long afterwards, that they were full of tears).

I cried with bated breath, —

"I am a rebel, but a woman and a mother. My daughter lies dying —"

"Softly, softly, my men!" he said. And then, in great haste, "We must have water to quench the fire over the way."

As he put me aside, my enemy stooped and kissed my cheek; and I knew the boy's heart was yearning for his mother.

For once mammy commanded a federal company, as, with a wash-tub on her head, she crossed the street, followed by the soldiers, with pots, and pans, and buckets of water. Shortly after, she was shaking her fist at the departing Yankees, who gave three cheers for "the black fire-engine."

The tumult woke my sick girl, who was raving again. All the armies of the south seemed marching through her brain. She was marching, ever marching. Sometimes she would beg to stop just for one moment. O, it was pitiful to hear her! And then she marched on to her death. She woke at day-break with a look of recognition.

"Ah, I am so glad to get home again, mother!" she said; and then the truth flashed on her. I had no need to tell her she was going home indeed.

I could feel no more. My pride broke down. The gay and debonair spirit had long fled. The queen of the household, the daring leader of the chase, rode out with the rebel army, and never returned. In their stead was an old woman, with blanched locks and a white face.

The girl with the wonderful golden hair and the voice of a seraph, that had rung through the house, and won for her the name of

Birdling, — must be buried. The voice was hushed; the glorious hair belonged to the grave.

Neighbors came in with offers of help; but she was mine. All her dainty white garments had been sent, one by one, to the army for bandages and lint. There was not one left. She who should never be a bride must wear her mother's bridal robe in the tomb. It was all I had to give. I went, with mammy, by night to the garden, and dug up the silver. It was old and rare. Some of it had come over with the Cavaliers. I took it to the *women* (there were no men) who dealt in coffins.

"You know what I want," I said. "Give me your best, and all my silver you shall have."

My beautiful dead girl, in her bridal robe, must have a decent coffin. There was not a clergyman in the town; they were gone with the army. Mammy came to me in great trouble.

"What you gwine to do for a preacher, Miss Margaret?"

"O, mammy, I had not thought of that."

"But I has, Miss Margaret. De chaplain ob de Ind. — Vols. says he'll come, if you want him."

"He is my enemy; I don't want him, mammy."

"You won't done go bury Miss Birdie like a dog! 'Pears like, when de f's in de house, you mought fogive your enemy, Miss Margaret."

"Old Dr. Green is our friend, and he will read the burial service, mammy."

"He got no call to hold services, honey. De Scripters say, 'Do all tings in decency and order.'"

But there could be no decency and order in a battle-doomed country. I could not make mammy see this, for half her heart was with the enemy, who, she believed, was fighting the battles of her people. Dr. Green did read the services; and when the singing faltered, through the emotion of the choir of young girls, of which my Birdie had been one, knowing how she loved the solemn church music, I lifted up my voice and bore the tune triumphant to the end.

And now there was left in the house only the old black mammy, the stricken white mother, and a scared and pallid girl who, I feared, would never live to be a woman.

There had long been rumors of the emancipation of the slaves, and the proclamation came at last. Mammy was one of the first to hear of it. I suspected it from her demeanor, which was lofty and dignified, though she forbore to boast of her freedom to me.

She went out one night — something she had never done since the war began; for in the absence of our protectors she was the self-constituted guardian of the household. Now she was gone, and my last prop fell when mammy deserted me. I was not sure of the negroes under the excitement the new state of things brought them. They too might think it their duty to make war on rebels; they had only to combine against us to complete the desolation of the land.

I was greatly alarmed as I saw stealthy forms moving about in the dark. They were making their way to an old stable at the rear of our dwelling, and from their numbers and the order they observed, I feared it was a rendezvous that boded the whites no good. I sent my timid daughter to neighbors, and with one resolute woman I took what no southern woman ever went without, — a loaded pistol, — and stole to the barn. The building was lighted with tallow candles (a luxury we had long been without) which the blacks had made from the offal of the federal camp. They were seated in rows on the floor — for every scrap of lumber had been used by the enemy for firewood, and there was none left for seats. Their peaceable intentions were soon disclosed; for the meeting opened with fervent prayer and praise. Mammy, who, from her superior intelligence and integrity, was a leader among the blacks, sat bolt upright, with a serious, almost stern composure.

As there was nothing to fear or fly from, we resolved to watch and see in what spirit the blacks received their freedom. After numerous vociferous prayers and noisy songs expressive of gratitude for the long-desired boon of freedom, the brethren and sisters were called upon for their experience. They all talked vaguely about leaving the house of bondage and joining their deliverers. They evidently expected their freedom to make some great change in their feelings and situation; and the more they talked about it, the more excited and incoherent they grew.

After the first prayer which had been offered by her, Mammy sat silent, carefully taking the sense of the meeting; and when she was called upon for her experience, she lifted up her tall figure and spoke: —

"Look yer, chillen; dis is de time fur to put away childish tings. Yo donno nuffin' 'bout freedom if yo tink it means dressin' up in yo good clo'es an' runnin' off an' leavin' your ole missuses in de time ob trouble. An' whar yo gwine to? Mar's Banks he don't want yo, an' Mar's Lee he don't want yo; an' de

norf he don't want yo; an I 'spects whar ever yo go you'll hab to pick up de shobble an' de hoe mighty quick. Freedom don't grow on de bushes, dat yod's gwine to eat him, or dat you's gwine to wear him; an' freedom's not gwine to put a roof ober your heads; jes go 'long home like 'spectable Christians, an' 'tend to yo business."

"Yo gwine to say, Aunt Becky, 'tain't right to praise de Lord for dis?"

"I gwine to say de Lord he know 'bout dis freedom business. De Lord he touch Mar's Lincoln's heart an' say, 'Let my people go.' De Lord done his part; Mar's Lincoln done his part; now you's got to do you's part; an' 'taint shoutin' to de Lord's if he was def, an' tellin' him 'bout it. He don't car nuffin' 'bout dis nigger meetin' wen he got dis war on his hands."

"I 'spects it's his people's war, Aunt Becky."

"Yo g'long, Nicodemus. De Lord's got more'n one people. Yo talk's if de wite folks got no Lord. Wat dey gwine to do widout de Lord, honey? De norf an' de souf's been mad, an' slavery's been de red rag to de bull long enough. De Lord he take de red rag away, dat's all. You needn't feel so drefful sot up 'bout dat."

"But *you's* gwine to bress de Lord 'cause you's free, Aunt Becky?"

"Hope I never get so free as not to do my duty, Nicodemus. Wen I makes de fire in de mornin', I pray de Lord to kindle de fire ob his lub in my pore heart. Wen I sweeps de house, I pray, purge me with hysop an' I shall be clean. Wen I wash de clo'es, I pray, wash me, an' I shall be witer dan snow. Wen I set de table, I pray, make me fit to 'pear at de marriage supper ob de Lamb. I works an' prays all de time. If you's gwine to run off jes 'cause you's free, yo don't deserve your freedom. If it don't make me a better Christian, den I be ole brack slave; an' wite folks' lub's better'n brack folks' freedom."

Perfectly satisfied with mammy's loyalty, I went home with a grateful heart that this black slave woman was my faithful friend.

Later I heard a tap at the door. I could not open to my enemy; after nightfall I had no friend.

"Open de do, honey; it's me. I'se jes been to de meetin' to see dat de darkies didn't do no harm wid der fireworks."

Word was brought me at this time that the federal troops had seized the hospital for the insane for army purposes, and in consequence the inmates were turned adrift to take care of themselves. I had not seen my daughter

since the war broke out, for I could not cross the federal lines, though I had sought a conduct many times. Here was a new horror, worse than even death. The thought that my poor insane daughter might become the sport of lawless men drove me wild. I took my pale, cowering girl by the hand and started to the army headquarters. I would have gone to the army headquarters if I had known the commanding officer would blow me to atoms from the mouth of his cannon.

"Why do you tremble so?" I cried to the girl, who held my hand; "they can but kill us."

As I walked across the battle-scarred country, stripped of houses, fences, trees, everything that made it habitable, the turf trodden out and cut by counter-marching armies, a vision of all my happy days and youthful hopes rushed past my soul, when the world was lovely and I looked on it through "a light that never was on sea or land." Then I knew why my girl trembled; hope was not yet crushed out of this young, growing thing. *She* was waiting to live. I was waiting to die. I stopped and took her in my arms on the highway. "Forgive me, child; sorrow has made me stern. Our enemies will not even kill us, Elinor. You may yet ride, as I have ridden, over the green turf with plumed and mounted knights in your train."

"Do you think the war will soon be over, mother?"

"It *must* soon be over," I said, thinking only of myself.

A sad and faded woman needed no passport to the general's headquarters. He was playing at cards with his staff, and he rose and offered me a camp-stool. "I came to ask no favor of my enemy. I only wished to be informed if his troops were in possession of the Asylum at W."

"There is not a word of truth in the rumor, madam. On the contrary, I have detailed a guard to protect the Asylum."

The relief was so sudden and unexpected that my head swam. The general poured a glass from the flask upon the table and offered it to me. I would not drink from the cup of my enemy, but Elinor drained it to the bottom.

"Proud as Lucifer," muttered the sentinel, as we passed the tent door. Pride was all we had left.

Our army was now in the greatest distress. We had strained every nerve to succor them. The clothes upon our beds, the carpets from our floors, the very garments off our backs, had been sent to the army. I had shared with

them the flour my husband had stored, but it was now all gone. My daughter and I lived on corn bread and water for months. Mammy had made us what she called yarb tea, until I loathed the very smell of herbs, and was glad to drink water. In this stress an order came from the army of federal re-enforcements who were to pass through on the evening train for rations. It seemed like mockery to ask of those who had not; but to hear was to obey. We did the best we could, which was poor enough indeed. It was a city of women, and we carried the rations to the depot ourselves. Women who had never known a wish ungratified, who had all their lives been waited on by slaves, went because they had none to send. I would not shame my neighbors by sending mammy, and bore my burden with the rest. We were a motley crew. Fashion had fled at the first blast of war. We had sold our best for bread; we had shared our last rag with our famishing army. If it had been possible, we were too wise to proclaim our losses to the enemy by weeds of mourning. In old-time gowns worn by our mothers and grandmothers, we resembled a party of masqueraders. How the Yankees shouted when they saw us! And when we gave them the best we had, many of them pelted us with our corn-dodgers and tainted bacon. These royally-fed troops naturally thought that the rebel women were practising a small revenge, by offering them food that their slaves would once have scorned. Ah! through much suffering, all thought of revenge had died out of us.

This was our last humiliation until our returning braves brought us word of Lee's surrender. We had fought and suffered in vain!

Of the five sons who rode away so bright and brave, four came back to me, pale, emaciated, and tattered past recognition. One had lost an arm, another a leg, the third had a bullet in his right lung, while the fourth, unhurt, was the vanquished brigadier general of an army corps of phantoms.

Jesse's bones were never found, but he had joined his wife, and father, and sister in that blessed country, where, as his black mammy had truly said, was to be found something better than even a victorious south.

— GAS-LIGHT was unknown in 1800; it was not until two years after this that Murdoch made his first public exhibition at Soho. Since that time his discovery has encircled the earth.



HISTORY OF THE A. O.

BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.

"YOU see, aunt Rachel, that new brooms sweep clean," said Nell, as she handed to her for inspection the pocket sketch-books with which the club had provided themselves, and in which they had all drawn something since the first lesson. "Indeed, the tinted pages of the dainty book proved so inspiring to me, that it was only by the exercise of great self-control that I refrained from filling it at once."

"I shall not complain of zeal," replied aunt Rachel, "unless it burns so fiercely as to consume itself. But as advising counsellor you must permit me to suggest that one object drawn with *thought* is better than hundreds drawn without. Unless your drawing teaches you to *think*, and *see*, it fails utterly of its desired end, no matter how dexterous your fingers may become in turning off the meaningless sketches. And now we will put on our critical eye-glasses and see what can be learned from the sketches these books contain. First we will look at this drawing of a chair by Percy (1), which, by the way, is an excellent subject; for when one can draw a chair well in every and all positions, few other problems in perspective will present troublesome difficulties.

"You must all constitute yourselves critics; for the critical eye precedes the skilful hand; and, in order to correct faults, we must first see them."

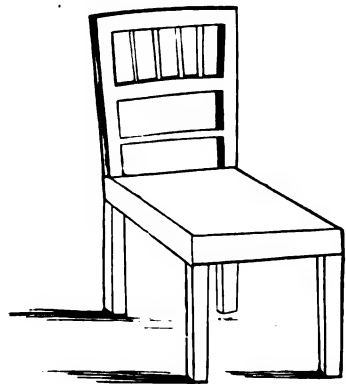
"There is something wrong with the seat," said Rob, promptly.

"I can hardly consider that a criticism which can neither tell what is the matter nor how to remedy it."

"The seat looks too wide," suggested Lucy.

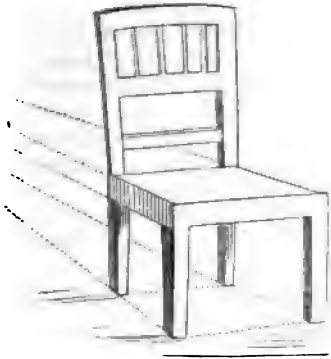
"That is true. It is a foreshortened surface, and as such is immensely deceptive to an unpractised eye. You should have called in the aid of the muslin critic, or asked some one to hold before the chair a yardstick, that you might have seen the apparent width of the seat in comparison with its height from the floor.

"Our knowledge of the *real form* of things is, oftentimes, an impertinent upstart, crowding itself between us and the object we are looking at, and blinding our eyes to the thing as we really see it. The distant hill seems but a mile



away when it is really ten, because the intervening country is a foreshortened surface, like the seat of this chair, and as deceptive. You perceive that the seat, and the space on the floor enclosed by the legs, form the parallel planes, enclosed by parallel lines, the same as the top and bottom of a box, and of course governed by the same rules which, in the first lesson, we found to govern the box. Both planes, being below the eye, appear to slant up, tending to the horizon; and the lines forming the back of the chair, being on a level with the eye, slant neither up nor down. The

chair probably looked more like this to you (2), the dotted lines showing how the lines tend to meet at the horizon.

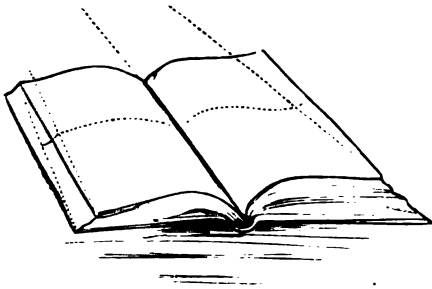


"This drawing of an open book by Nell (3) has the same fault. It does not lie flat, as she probably intended to represent it as doing. I correct it by a dotted line. The application of these simple rules you will be likely to forget again and again, and as often I must remind you. If you will have patience in the hearing, I will have patience in the repeating."

"But, auntie," said Nell, "I did think, and held up my pencil as a guide, and thought I had it nearly right."

"Then where did you place the book? Upon the floor? And did you stand over it to make your drawing?"

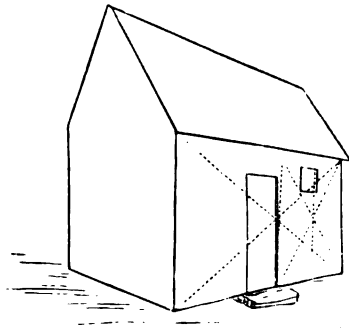
"Not quite so near as that; but I must con-



less it was upon the lounge, and I pretty near it."

"Then your selection of a view was unwise. Objects to be drawn should be placed somewhere nearly on a level with the eye, that one may get a just relation of all the parts. And it is in this selection of a point of view that Lucy's drawing of a wood-shed is amiss. (4.) She has remembered the rules governing the direction of the lines, and in

the main the drawing is correctly done. But the result is unpleasant, because she stood so near as to make the perspective *violent*. While a distance of six or eight feet is the proper point from which to view a chair, it is altogether too near in looking at a house, for the eye refuses to take it all in, and in the endeavor to do so, everything is distorted. Very much depends upon your choice of a point of view. If you want to draw a house, do not select a view of its chimney-top from a third-story window, nor dive into the basement of the house opposite. Better draw it from such points than not at all; but do not expect lovely results. A distance of twenty-nine feet would have made a drawing that anybody would have said, 'How like!' As it is, you would have hard work to make a person who was ignorant of perspective believe



he could ever see a shed look like that. You may be quite sure that if a thing looks wrong it is wrong; if not in principle, in application of the principle."

"The door does not *look* in the centre, but I am sure it is, for I measured carefully," said Lucy.

"How shall we find the centre of this side of the shed, which is a parallelogram? Simply as we find the centre of a square not in perspective; by its diagonals. You now see where the centre of your door should be, and why it does not look in the centre."

"I think I was very stupid not to think of that," said Lucy; "and the window, being midway between the door and end, I can locate in the same way."

"Certainly."

"Will you give us some rule, aunt Ray, by which we may know how far from a thing to place ourselves, if we wish to draw it?"

"Decide how much in horizontal length you will include in your sketch, and place yourself about three times that distance from

it. This is a useful rule both for drawing pictures and viewing them."

"And are horizontal and perpendicular lines all the guides we need in drawing things correctly in perspective? I hope it is so, I am sure; but I always thought perspective something very complicated and difficult."

"And so it is complicated, and requires clear elucidation to make it plain to be understood. But after it is all learned, the eye may still be untrained. All the rules of all the books cannot give to an artist the judicious eye, which, if I may so express it, feels an error in perspective rather than sees it. That comes only by a great deal of study of lines and their apparent direction. An excellent artist and teacher used to say, 'One should know all about perspective, and then never apply it.' Add the word 'consciously' to this somewhat sweeping remark, and you may catch his meaning. A knowledge of the rules, combined with constant practice, will so train the eye that it will be almost impossible for it to see amiss.

"To the architect and draughtsman, who draw things as they know they would be seen under certain circumstances, a thorough knowledge of perspective is absolutely indispensable; but for a class like ourselves, working in a small way from the objects around us, a knowledge only of general principles, together with the use of simple horizontal and vertical lines for the testing of the direction of other lines, is a truer way to begin the training of the eye than to confuse the mind with a multiplicity of rules.

"Take this sketch of quaint old Marblehead, for instance. (See heading.) To attempt to draw accurately by rule its many-angled irregularities would drive an artist insane before he got half the necessary measurements. It is hard to account for the perverse independence with which each and every building in the queer old town refuses utterly to be held responsible to any law of order, unless the crotchety builders were maliciously intent upon confounding the unwary student of perspective. Some one suggests that an earthquake may have jumbled things; which seems not unreasonable, when one sees how the houses stand elbowing each other for a foothold upon the inhospitable ledges.

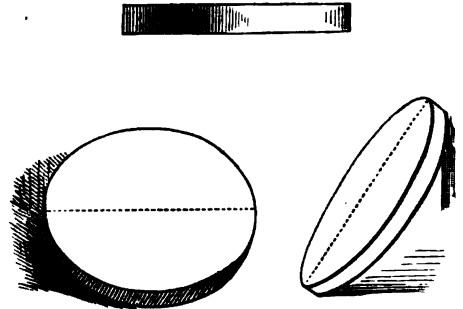
"Mollie's outline drawings of leaves and flowers are carefully done, but lack decision. Boston's most eminent artist says, 'It is better to be frankly wrong than doubtfully right,' which is the thought for her to act upon.

"I will suggest this method in your sketch-

ing. First, a drawing from memory of the object done in the class; then at least one drawing of something you have carefully noticed, with a view to reproducing it upon paper, also drawn from memory.

"This habit of looking at things with a view to remembering them that you may draw them, is a habit of the utmost importance. Begin with something simple — a vase, a cup, a barrel; something with which you can compare your drawing afterwards, and verify its accuracy.

"Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his book, 'Thoughts about Art,' — which I think you would be interested to read, — strongly recommends this practice, and suggests some pretty severe training. He says, 'When we can memorize the lines of a cathedral front with tolerable accuracy, we may begin to memorize light and shade!' By training the memory in this way it becomes strong and quick to catch and retain the shape of the



changing cloud, the tint of the sunset sky, and the lines of action in the running horse or leaping boy. After the memory, sketch as many carefully drawn objects as you please to offer.

"The object for this evening's drawing is the cover of this strawberry box. I hold it directly before you, and you see it is a perfect circle, with a diameter of perhaps seven inches. I lay it upon the table, and while its horizontal diameter is unchanged, the opposite diameter is foreshortened, making it to appear not like a circle but like an ellipse. Hence a circle in perspective becomes an ellipse — wide, if far below the eye; narrow as it is raised, until at the level of the eye the circular lines become straight, and it is only by the light and shade of the rim of the cover that you would know it to be round." (6.)

After the cover had been drawn in several different ways, aunt Rachel insisting that the longer diameter of the ellipse *should always*

be drawn first to serve as a guide in forming the two halves alike, she gave them an exercise in shading.

"Draw me six squares, three inches in diameter. Now rub a No. 3 pencil on a piece of waste paper until it makes a broad mark, and with light strokes from right to left cover the first square with a tint as delicate and even as possible. If there are light places, touch them in carefully, being particular not to darken places already sufficiently dark. The next square make a shade darker, the third darker still, the fourth shade from light to dark, the fifth from dark to light, and the sixth from light to dark and to light again. When you can do this with considerable facility, making an evenly graded tint, you will be prepared to study light and shade upon some object. But that we will reserve for the next time."

The club adjourned after a hearty laugh



over Lucy's sketch of Mr. Gregory, the committee man.

"Tis capital!" said Nell. "I should know it anywhere; and I know exactly what he is saying—'Where are your brains, young miss?'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

— THE little kingdom of the Sandwich Islands has something to be proud of besides its fine climate. It has the largest active volcanic crater in the world, and also the largest known extinct crater. The latter is a pit thirty miles in circumference, and two thousand feet deep.

This kingdom, we are told, boasts but one hotel; but that is a good one, having cost about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and is owned by the government.

CALIFORNIA BOB.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

II.

BOB ON THE SAGE BRUSH PLAINS.

AS soon as possible, Bob's leg was set by the surgeon, and he was carried up stairs to a tiny little bedroom, where he lay for many days so still and weak that he was hardly-conscious of anything. When he began to mend, and was strong enough to be able to talk a little, the stage agent came to see him.

When Blue Mary—the buxom Indian girl who had brought him his food and given him such nursing as he had received—first ushered in Mr. Tarbell, Bob was determined to give him no information whatever, being more willing to be turned out of doors with his broken leg than to go back to his home in Virginia City, to be severely questioned by his father, tormented by his sisters, and to give his worn and weary mother the extra care and trouble of nursing him. He pressed his lips together hard, looked dully at the agent with his half-open eyes, and thought to himself,—

"Pump, now, and see what you'll get out of me."

But Bob, for all his former desire of being a fierce pirate, was only an innocent boy, while Mr. Tarbell was well versed in the ways and wiles of the world. He had hardly looked at Bob before he saw that he did not mean to give him any information in regard to himself; and from this fact he instantly drew the conclusion that the young man had run away from home.

Mr. Tarbell smiled, and sat down on the edge of the bed, the scanty furniture of the room boasting no chair. He asked him no questions, for he thought he knew how to manage him, and obtain all the information he wished without asking questions, which would only serve to put Bob on his guard. He spoke kindly about his accident, and the pain and weariness which he had endured, and must endure before he would be able to be about again. He said that his own leg was broken once, and related all the circumstances; and in the end he won Bob's confidence entirely, so that he told him everything, just as he had intended not to, and just as Mr. Tarbell expected that he would.

"Well, Bob," said the agent, "I suppose about the best thing I can do for you is to telegraph to your father to come and take you home."

"Indeed, sir," said Bob, the tears rising to

his eyes in spite of all his efforts to keep them back, "if you want to do me a favor, you will do anything with me but that. I ain't afraid, or anything like that, of father; but you see I feel kind of proud about it, and want to go back well and strong, and with a little money in my pocket. I'll write to mother, and tell her I'm all right, and coming home some time a rich man. But I'll work hard as soon as I get well, and do anything to pay the doctor's bill and my board, if you only won't send me back home like a sick baby."

Mr. Tarbell didn't laugh. Perhaps he felt like it, but he didn't.

"Your board and doctor's bill are all right, my lad," he said. "The company are altogether responsible for them; and I won't do anything about sending for your father, if you desire me not to. I guess you've got considerable grit in you; though I don't think much, as a general thing, of boys who run away from home. But any boy who hasn't any nonsense in his head about going to sea, and is willing to work, will get along all right, I'll bet a pair of boots."

Bob, you see, had not confided to Mr. Tarbell the secret of his piratical aspirations, being already rather ashamed to acknowledge to them. He wondered, as he lay there helpless on his back, how he ever *could* have felt lazy, and wanted to go to sea.

As soon as he was able to sit up, he wrote a silly, boyish letter to his mother, telling her a very little of his accident and a great deal of the silk dress and fine jewelry she was going to have when he was *rich*, and winding up with an earnest entreaty not to tell his father or anybody else where he was.

It was seven long weeks before poor Bob was on his feet again. Even then his leg had to be closely bound up in a starched bandage, and he was obliged to hobble about, leaning heavily on a stout hickory cane, presented to him with many hideous grins by the buxom Blue Mary, who really seemed to have become quite attached to her charge. She gave Bob to understand, when she presented the cane, that it was a stick to be depended upon, being the identical one that Lame Billy, her husband, used for purposes of family discipline, before he departed to the land of spirits.

Bob staid around the station a couple of weeks after he got well, helping about the stable, the dining-room, the kitchen, or any other place where he could give any assistance. If he had ever been ashamed and provoked with his round and rosy cheeks, he had no need to be so now, for he was so pale and terribly thin that he

hardly recognized himself when he looked in the glass.

The stage agent had advised him not to give his real name to any one who might ask him, but to decide upon some plain, common name, and adopt it for his own.

"Brown's a good name, or Green," said Mr. Tarbell. "Smith is rather *too* common. Bob Green sounds natural enough."

"I hate the name of Green," returned Bob: "Brown is well enough."

The agent looked a little astonished, and Bob a little sheepish at this outbreak; but the truth was, his sisters had formerly delighted in calling him Bobby Green, in derision, perhaps, because he didn't like girls; but the name had always annoyed him exceedingly, and he had no idea of adopting it permanently. Bob Brown was the name he finally settled on, being guided by Mr. Tarbell's advice, though he secretly inclined to St. Clair or Mortimer, not having yet quite discarded the dime novel nonsense. When he told his friend, the agent, that he was going to San Francisco, that gentleman heartily approved of the plan.

"No fear but you'll be able to make a living there, any way, he said, "if you work hard; and save up your dimes, Bob, now you're young, if you ever want to be rich. By the by, you have no money: how are you going to get there?"

"Walk, sir," said Bob, laconically.

"Good!" said Mr. Tarbell; "but how's your leg? Do you think it will stand it?"

"O, yes. It's all well now, as far as I see. I'm going to follow the railroad, and take it pretty easy. I ain't in no hurry."

Two days afterwards he set out on his long tramp. Blue Mary, and the fat landlady, and the agent, all shook hands with him heartily, wished him God-speed and a good fortune. At the last moment Mr. Tarbell handed him a letter with one hand, and squeezed something into his jacket pocket, under his handkerchief, with the other, saying,—

"Deliver that letter, and I guess the man will help you to get work. If he likes you, you'll have a friend in the great city worth having. And, my boy, I wish I had more cash; then your half would be bigger. Good by." And before Bob could say, Thank you, he had rushed into the house, and there was nothing for him to do but set off on the long and weary walk which was before him.

"Good by, Bob!" cried the landlady, from an upper window. "Here's good luck!" and she threw a couple of old shoes after him, one of which gave him a sharp rap on the head, to

the intense delight of Blue Mary, who was watching proceedings.

At the end of the first day's journey, Bob was tired and lame, but not at all discouraged; the "something" which kind Mr. Tarbell had slipped into his pocket proved to be a twenty-dollar gold piece — no doubt the full half of all that somewhat improvident gentleman had in the world.

"Maybe he'll want a friend some time," thought Bob, his gratitude rising up, warm and true, in his heart; "then I can show him that I have never forgotten. I won't change you, my little yellow boy, until I'm obliged to. Until then you can live in my boot."

He stopped the first night at one of the ugly, little, dull-red station-houses on the line of the Central Pacific, the good woman giving him his supper and bed for nothing, because, she said, "I reckon ye've been sick; and I've got a boy, about your age and cut, down in Frisco, goin' to skule. Ye're welcome t'all we kin gin yer."

As he was about to start the next morning, he asked his host what time the train would pass him.

"The western-boun' train gits ter the bridge over Coot's Crik at ten minutes past ten; and I reckon it'll pass yer somewhere along by there."

Bob nodded, thanked him, bade him good by, and started off over the long, dreary road, bounded on both sides, as far as the eye could see, with pale-green sage brush.

"If there was only something to look at," thought Bob, "I might forget my feet."

He had a good deal to think of, however, if nothing to look at, and he had reached the bridge over Coot's Creek before he was aware that he had walked so far. He looked back to see if he could see the train. It was just barely visible, a mere speck in the far distance.

"I wouldn't wonder if I could get to Bamford's before it catches up to me," thought Bob. "It's a long way off yet; one can see so far over these level plains."

He struck off well, and had walked perhaps a mile, when, just after turning a sharp curve, he came across a number of ties and rails laid square across the track. Bob stopped short, and looked this way and that, with a frightened apprehension of evil. No human being, or even living being, was in sight. The rails and ties had evidently been left by the side of the road by some construction or wrecking train, for Bob could see the place from which they had evidently just been removed. Who had done it, and why had it been done?

Who had done it was a hard question to answer. Somebody who had passed that way since daylight; that was all anybody could know, standing where startled and horrified Bob stood. Why it had been done was plain — the western-bound train would be there in less than five minutes; and they were cunningly placed just beyond the curve, just where the engineer could not see them in time to whistle "down brakes," and reverse his engine.

In five minutes! Bob's heart beat like a drum. He put his ear down to the rails, and heard distinctly the hum of the coming wheels. The blood rushed to his face. What was he doing? What was he thinking of? There were hundreds of human beings in the most dreadful danger, and he doing nothing, with the power in his hands to do everything to save them. He knew what to do; had heard it, or read it, somewhere: he must flag the train. He tore up a sage brush by the roots, and stripped off the longest branch. It seemed to him that it was taking him forever. He could hear the thunder of the coming train now without putting his ear down to the rails.

He had it ready at last, tied his handkerchief to it, and ran down the road as fast as he could towards the bridge. He made very poor time: he was excited and trembling, and was half afraid that they would not see him, but would run him down with the ponderous engine. He was no coward, however, and stood between the rails, waving his sage-brush branch furiously with one hand, and his battered old hat with the other. He was not a pious boy, but his heart begged God then to look down upon him and have mercy.

The train slowed up a little crossing the bridge, and had just started up again, when the engineer's eye caught sight of the flag. He whistled "down brakes" (a welcome sound it was to Bob's ears), and reversed his engine. In two minutes a crowd of excited men surrounded Bob, — who felt ready to faint, now the danger was over, — eagerly questioning him in regard to the rails, of which he knew just as much as they did, and no more.

They asked him his name, where he came from, where he was going, and why he didn't ride. He felt a little queer when he gave Bob Brown as his name; but the other questions he answered straight enough.

He lingered idly by while the men removed the obstructions from the track, partly because he felt idle, and partly because a thought had crept into his mind that they *might* ask him to ride on the engine, or somewhere; it would

be such a help to him, and no loss whatever to them.

He noticed the engineer, baggage-master, and another man talking earnestly together, and glancing curiously at him now and then, as though he was the subject of their conversation. Pretty soon the engineer came up and said, —

"Like to ride to Truckee on the horse?"

"Yes, *sir*!" responded Bob; and, without waiting for a second invitation, he jumped on to the "horse," and seated himself on one of the high, dingy-red seats. The engineer seemed to be an exceedingly talkative man, and chatted with Bob continually. He was very pleasant, too, and Bob would have liked him very much if he had not had an unpleasant suspicion that he was "pumping" him. As he did not fancy everybody knowing that he was a runaway, he was a little awkward and embarrassed now and then in his answers — a circumstance which was evidently noticed by the engineer.

When they arrived at Truckee, Bob took his bundle, and the stout hickory stick which had been presented to him by Blue Mary, and, bidding the engineer and fireman good by, he was about to step off the train, when the former put himself in the way, and the latter seized Bob by the shoulder, and both said at once, —

"Hold on!"

Bob did hold on, but the fireman didn't, for the boy gave himself such a fierce shake, and turned around with so indignant a look, that the fireman took his hand off his shoulder in very quick order, muttering, —

"Jist stay where ye air, thin!"

"What do you want of me?" said Bob to the engineer, looking more astonishment than fear.

"We want to know a little more about them rails and ties," was the answer.

"I told you all I knew. Didn't I save the train for you? Do you think I put the rails on the track?"

"I don't think nothing till it's proved," was the reply. "Don't be scared. You'll have a fair chance."

Bob was scared, though he instantly and indignantly denied it. He saw now what their suspicions were: they thought he had just put the rails on the track, and then flagged the train for the purpose of getting a free ride.

His heart sank within him. How was he to prove the contrary? When they found the twenty dollar piece in his boot, would they not think that he had stolen it? Would he have to send for his father? What would his

mother think when she heard that he was in jail? What would his sisters say?

It seemed to him that no boy was ever so unfortunate as he; and, while he was still thinking, a policeman came up with the baggage-master, and he was walked off between them to the Truckee jail. Here he was locked up, with the cheering information that he would be brought before the magistrate in the course of a few days. As he sat down on the rough stool, and covered his face with his hands, he wondered how he ever *could* have wished to be a pirate!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIRST SNOW.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THE wind blew out of the north,
Bitter and cold, I ween:
It blew as if it were wroth
With the white stars' silver sheen.

"Gather your clans and come,"
It shrilled to the clouds that sped;
"For the earth lies frozen and dumb,
And ere long the roots will be dead.

"Fill the torn nests, whence, now,
Robin and song have fled;
Weave garlands about the bare bough;
On the hills your splendor spread.

"Yonder, the sweet red clover
Is shivering under the mould:
Heap all your snow-drifts over,
Before it perish of cold."

Then the snow-clouds all came sailing
From the west, at this command,
With their frozen tears came veiling
The naked, shivering land.

— HEADS AND TAILS.* — One of the most exquisite books of the past holiday season, both in style of mechanical execution and in subject-matter, was that by Grace Greenwood, bearing the above title. It is a series of studies and stories of household pets. It is written in this charming author's usual bright, sparkling, and easy style, and constitutes a valuable addition to the choice series of light essays on familiar subjects occasionally sent out by our publishers.

ADVENTURES OF A WILD GOOSE.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL SKETCH BY A HUNTER-NATURALIST.

BY CHARLES W. HALL.

"WE mourned the loss of our parents sadly, but, luckily, repeated afflictions and constant perils blunt the edge of the keenest shafts of misfortune, and diminish the sense of fear; and our wanderings on the shores of the open sea were not devoid of pleasure.

"Within the lofty and desolate range of cliffs, there were many secluded havens, studded with islets, the resort of many species of birds. Here congregated the breeding myriads of the glaucous and burgomaster gulls; there the greater and lesser tern wheeled and circled in the air, in dizzying gyrations; again we swept by a huge cliff, white with tiny auks; and there we visited rocky ledges, covered with the downy nests of the eider-ducks. Along the shores were icy rivers running from the eternal glaciers on the distant mountain ranges, through meadows green with the scant vegetation of lichen, moss, crucifer and willow, which alone give verdant glory to the short-lived Arctic summer; and amid these sounded the querulous calls of sand-piper, and snow-bunting, and the startling 'scaipe! scaipe!' of the snipe.

"To other harbors summer brought no change, except balmier air, and freedom to the tranquil waters, which lay surrounded by rocky bluffs, across whose adamantine surface was ground and scored in eternal letters the history of the never-ceasing, majestic march of the glaciers, which ever move from the mountains to the sea. How often have I noted the vast ocean of ice projecting its shattered edges more and more over the supporting cliffs, overshadowing the haven below, until the grassy surface grew black and indistinct; then at last, as the groaning mass became too heavy to sustain its own weight, a deafening crash would break on the ear, a glittering and stupendous mass would divide the glassy waters, and amid the tortured waves lashed into inconceivable fury; then rocking, and revolving, the newly-created iceberg, with the ebbing tide, would float out to join the countless company of its predecessors, which for centuries have melted into the waters of that sailless sea.

"About the last of August, the growing cold warned us that it was time to set out on our long journey southward, and at last it

was decided to depart on a certain day. It was a strange and an imposing sight to view the marshalling of our countless hosts for our eventful exodus. The day was warm and clear, the sea calm and unruffled, and our little flock rested at ease on the glassy tide, near the end of a long promontory, from whence we could discern for miles the savage coast-line, trending to the north-west.

"Suddenly a black speck, like a rising cloud, appeared to sweep down the coast, growing ever blacker and more voluminous as countless little bodies seemed to circle up through the clear air, and join the advancing wonder. As it drew near, a hoarse murmur, like the roar of distant surf, became audible, which grew into an almost deafening rush of pinions, and confused clamor of calling birds, as the distant cloud resolved itself into the general host of our migrating legions, and from every cove, harbor, and ledge, as the vast army advanced, flocks, of scores, hundreds, and thousands, flew up in swift circles, to join the millions, whose vast shadow shut out the very sun from view.

"We, too, joined the host, and all day long swept along the shores of our natal sea, from every hand receiving reinforcements, and attended on every side by our natural enemies. For many feeble birds, wearied with flight, and lagging behind the rest, fell victims by day to the thronging gulls, and swift, fierce falcon; or escaping these, while buried in too sound a slumber, awakened too late in the cruel talons of the Arctic owl. Even the crows found victims among the weak and ailing, and when we halted for food, the white and blue foxes, and the polar bears, gathered from miles around to the unwonted feast.

"At the close of the third day, the open waters beat in vain against the barriers of that region of eternal ice which stretches between the icy waters of the North Atlantic and our haven of refuge. As we flew over this, the vast host divided into smaller bodies, which flew, more or less, east or west of south, as their leaders chose to follow the multitudinous open areas of water, which from our vast height lay like black threads on the broad white surface of the Arctic zone.

"Our own leader took the course of the main channel, along the Greenland coast-line. 'Beware of the Esquimaux,' said he; 'their bird-spears are not as dangerous as the fire-weapons of the men of the south, but we shall lose many by them, simple and weak as they are.'

"We were soon to have ample proof of the

wisdom of his warning, for as we wheeled by the floating icebergs, which everywhere crowded the narrow channel, our leader suddenly gave a cry of alarm, and instinctively we wheeled away from the unknown danger. It was too late, however; for, hurled with terrific force, a slender shaft, with four or five spiky barbs, struck a victim from the very centre of the flock. It was a young stranger, between whom and one of my sisters a strong attachment had sprung up, which had ended in his attaching himself to our fortunes. He received no mortal wound, but the ivory barbs had transixed the membrane of one wing, and two others held his glossy neck in a grasp from which there was no escape, as he fairly beat the water with his remaining pinion, calling to us, in an agony of fear, for help and protection.

"His captor, a hideous, dwarfish savage, clad in dirty furs of the polar bear, was seated in a low, sharp boat, which scarcely rose, in the centre, a hand's breath above the water, and whose sharp and slightly elevated prow and stern were guarded by snowy carved strips of white bone. Lashed to its covered deck of seal-skin were a heavy spear, a clumsy lance, a coil or two of raw-hide cordage, and a number of the cruel javelins, like the one in whose fatal hold our lost Fleetwing was now striving. With powerful strokes of a double-bladed paddle, carefully guarded with edges of sharp bone, he darted towards the crippled bird, his narrow boat cleaving the still waters with fish-like velocity.

"The doomed bird uttered such piteous cries and appeals for help, that we circled nearer and nearer the savage, who silently seized with his right hand another bird-spear, and awaited another victim. He was not doomed to disappointment, for when my poor sister, the unfortunate Dark-eye, saw her doomed lover in such dreadful danger, and heard his imploring cries for aid, she forgot her helplessness, her prudence, and the wiser counsels of our grandsire, who in vain called to her not to uselessly afford another victim to the deadly darts of the Esquimaux.

"'I will never desert him in life or death,' was all that she said, as, with a devotion common enough among the females of our race, she threw off her natural fear of man, and the terror inspired by the terrible fate of her lover, and on swift pinions, circled down to her unfortunate friend. Alas! just as she waved her broad wings to settle down by his side, the fur-clad arm of the Esquimaux was drawn quickly back, the slender shaft vibrated,

until the bone-tipped points formed but a whitish blur against the blue sky, and with tremendous velocity the javelin leapt twenty yards of blue water, and struck my devoted sister.

"The stroke was instantly fatal, and she fell lifeless beside her less fortunate lover, whose body, revolving quickly around the head of our cruel foe, struck a deadly chill into our sorrowful hearts, as we sped away from the fatal spot. Two days after we were feeding along the southern shores of Hudson's Bay.

"Before entering these waters, our leader took occasion to warn us as follows: 'You are now about to meet with new trials and greater dangers, you know the wiles of ravenous fishes, predatory birds and beasts, and have learned the range of the weak but deadly missiles of the Esquimaux; but we are soon to reach a country where the fire-weapons of our great enemy, man, will work their deadly will on our bodies, and where even our love of each other's society, and even our signals of welcome, and hospitable interest, may be snares to lead us to our ruin. Beware how you allow any human being to approach, and never leave the flock, or trust yourself to your own vigilance or sagacity.'

"It was about the middle of September, and a thick snow-storm had set in, when we first approached the desolate shores, on whose drifted-banks rose the lovely ramparts of Fort York. As we passed over the buildings, a number of reports echoed from below, and many small missiles, invisible to the eye, gave to several of our party painful but trivial injuries; but others followed, and the magical missiles sent from these whistled savagely through the midst of the flock, and far into the clouds above us, while one struck a large feather from the wing of our leader. As we wheeled upward at the sudden attack, we saw behind us a flock of our more powerful cousins, the Canada geese, and our leader said,—

"'If he is wise, the gander who conducts that flock will sheer off to the leeward, for they seldom shoot into a flock without killing, and our motions will warn our kinsmen what to expect.' Whether he did not notice our peril, or whether he preferred to run the risk, rather than lose ground in such a gale, we never knew; but the doomed leader led right on in our track, and as they passed above the fort, a terrible blast forced them to descend a little to hold their own.

"With anxious eyes, from our lofty flight we saw their perilous position, and the tragedy that followed. There were a few sharp puffs

of smoke, and a blending of low-voiced muskets and the sharp crack of the trapper's rifle. A half dozen of bulky bodies fell, with pierced vitals and shattered pinions, into the fort, and I thought that their leader seemed, for a moment, about to follow; but redoubling his efforts, and uttering a cheery trumpet-call, he led his surviving companions swiftly after us, gaining so fast upon our less powerful company, that soon the flock of geese were side by side with ourselves. The huge leader, however, no longer led the van, but seemed gradually to sink below the flock; and as he hung a moment beside us in mid-air, I felt his warm blood spurt over me, and saw a ghastly orifice beneath each wing, where a rifle-ball had transfigured his body. A moment later, and the brave bird was released from his hopeless torture, so bravely concealed, and the broad pinions fell nerveless, flapping uselessly, as the huge body fell into the marsh below.

"As we flew on, the storm increased in fury, and it was with pleasure that we heard, through the blinding snow and eddying gusts, the call of birds of our own kind, who had found rest and shelter; but our leader seemed more anxious as he answered the call, and then carefully listened to the familiar welcome, which came down the wind, from our concealed friends. 'It must be all right,' said my grandsire, gravely; 'but be careful and wary, however natural and safe may appear the surroundings.'

"Even as he spoke the black bodies of a score of our companions appeared, resting and standing on the shore of a small creek, under the lee of a low bank, covered with snow-tipped bushes. Tired, hungry, and longing for shelter, we still swung around and above the flock, from whose midst came calls full of genial welcome and liberal hospitality; and we could even observe that the feathers of some individual birds moved when little gusts of wind penetrated to their sheltered resting-place.

"'We must rest somewhere, and it may as well be here; and yet—' muttered our leader, as he gave the welcome signal, and we circled over the flock, scaling down amid mutual and clamorous calls of greeting and welcome; but even as the feet of our leaders touched the earth, two tall savages, in hunting-shirts and leggins of deer-skins, rose from their shelter of piled-up brush, and trained their long fowling-pieces upon us. Their black eyes seemed to bear death in their fierce regards, as they glanced along the dark tubes which followed our frantic attempt to escape; for with a last gallant effort to save his charge, my grandsire

gave the signal for retreat, and sprang into the air.

"It was in vain. Two deafening reports followed the puffs of vivid flame and blinding smoke which heralded the deadly storm of *mitraille* which swept through our midst. Six fell dead or disabled, and I thought for a moment that our leader must join the victims; but with a visible effort he headed the flock, and flew with headlong speed away from the blinding storm and the fatal ambush, alighting at last on a barren hill, under the lee of a rock, at whose base a few tufts of tall grass afforded us a soft couch.

"With a sigh of satisfaction which blended strangely with an involuntary groan of mortal agony, my grandsire settled down into the dry grass, and called to us to gather around him. His creamy breast-feathers were torn and disarranged, and his crested neck of glossy black seemed to grow strangely changed and faded, while from his broad pinions more than one shapely feather was wanting, or shattered and useless, and from half a score of hidden wounds oozed the life-blood which had marked the spotless snow under every foot of our last desperate flight.

"'It is all over,' said he, feebly. 'The destiny of my race has overtaken me, and I can lead you no more. Perchance it is well that I should pay the price of my want of vigilance; but the device was too subtle, and the fury of the storm would cover any defect in the modulation of the false calls which have lured half our flock to their destruction. For four generations I have guided the young and untried of my race from their birthplace to the land of flowers, and from its winterless shores to the unknown sea. Each year the task has grown harder, as the feeble spear and arrow of the savage have been exchanged for the deadly gun and long-ranged rifle, and with every season some new refinement of savage snare, or civilized appliance, has added to the dangers and anxieties of our persecuted race. But with me the final goal is attained, and in this my last resting-place I shall be resolved into the elements, unless bird or beast of prey penetrate to this lonely spot. On you, my colleague, will now rest the responsibility of the care of so many orphaned and untried voyagers. I will sleep now, and after a little rest, will give directions.' He sank into a stupor, and then into a seemingly calm and easy slumber. We followed his example, for we were weary with fatigue, fear, and sorrow, and awoke only to find the storm over, the sky clear and bright, and the snow melting away

from the searching warmth of the autumn sun.

"We gathered around our wounded leader, and gently the companion of his long wanderings strove to arouse him; but all was over, and as we resumed our mournful journey, we left him in the attitude of sleep, curtained by the coarse grasses which were his only tomb.

"It was late in December that, after many similar perils in the wilds of Labrador, on the coast of New England, and the lagoons of the south, we reached the place of our destination, a lonely islet, in a mangrove marsh on the Florida coast. Here we spent the winter; and it only remains to tell you of our surroundings there, and the perils of our northward migration."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"MY CONSCIENCE."

NAY, pretty red lips,
I beg that you'll be
A little more honest,
At least before me;
For I happen to know,
Whatever you say,
That Conscience has left
This many a day;
For she is a servant
Who never will stay
Where always considered
As quite in the way;
Or Nature forgot,
And, gazing about,
Gave somebody *two*,
And left you without.

The fortuneless wight
Who looks in your eyes
Draws back with a start
Of excessive surprise;
So soft as they look,
So brilliant and dark,
The windows they are
Of that wicked young heart.
Such knowledge he gains,
Through the curtainless panes,
Of secrets and wiles,
And graces and guiles,
That (curious men!)
He always is longing
To look in again.

O, glossy bright hair,
All speckled with gold,

You braid many hearts

In your exquisite fold:

Each hair is a line,
And thrown every time
With such magical art
From that wicked young heart,
That the innocent fish,

In a terrible state,
Are certain to fight
For a bite at the bait.

We read in the Book,

The Word of the blest,

That each has a soul;

But who would have guessed

That you, lady fair,

With your sins' weight to bear,

Had one like the rest?

Even he of the lies

Must hear with surprise

The cry of "My conscience!" from you.

We pray you'll refrain,

And try not to claim

That treasure again.

We wish not to blame;

But 'tis wicked to feign,

And we *know* that it cannot be true.

KEEPING TAVERN.

AN equestrian, travelling over an old turnpike drew rein at midday before an extensive but dilapidated public house, heralded by a lofty sign bearing, in faded letters, the inscription, "Entertainment for Man and Beast." To a tow-headed urchin, swinging upon the front gate, he addressed himself.

"Boy, will you take my horse and give him half a peck of oats?"

"Don't keep no grain."

"No grain! Well, then, give my horse some good hay."

"Don't keep no hay, nuther."

"No grain nor hay! On what do you feed your horses?"

"Don't keep no horses."

"I would like some dinner. Can I have meat and potatoes without delay?"

"Don't keep no meat-barrel, since we don't keep no hog."

"Then I will take a lunch of bread and milk, or bread and butter."

"Don't keep no butter nor milk, since we don't keep no cow."

"Pray, my lad, what do you keep?"

"Keep *tavern*!"

MENZIKOFF.

BY ROTH.

IN the latter part of the seventeenth century, there lived near Moscow a peasant boy, whose parents were so excessively poor, that they could not have him taught to read or write. At their death the young orphan, finding himself entirely thrown on his own resources, sought an asylum with a pastry-cook, and having a musical voice, was soon known even in that great city, when he cried his master's pastry through the streets. His fine voice became the means of his admission into the houses of many noblemen, and he happened one day to be in the kitchen of a great lord, with whom the emperor was to dine. The preparations in the culinary department were of course on an unusually extensive scale, and in his anxiety that all should be right, the noble proprietor of the mansion himself came into the kitchen, to give directions about a dish, of which he said the emperor was particularly fond.

The observant boy noticed that in bending over this dish, and when he thought himself unperceived, the nobleman dropped into it a white powder. Slipping out of the house, without communicating his discovery to any one, the pastry-cook's apprentice waited for the emperor's carriage, and at its approach began to sing. Peter the Great, attracted by his melodious voice, called him, and purchased the contents of his basket, and pleased with the lad's intelligent answers to his questions, commanded him to return to the house he had just left, and stand behind the imperial chair at dinner. The attendants were amazed at this whim, but it resulted most fortunately for their royal master. When seated at table, the noble host pressed the emperor to partake of his favorite dish, a request which would certainly have been complied with, had not the new servant gently pulled the sleeve of the intended victim, and asked a private interview. In spite of his astonishment at so unusual a request, Peter immediately withdrew with the boy, who revealed his suspicions, and returning to the dining-hall, the czar surprised his host by pressing him first to taste his much commended dish. Pale with terror and surprise, the conscience-stricken traitor faltered out that it did not become the servant to eat before his master. Without a word of reply, Peter threw the contents of the dish to a dog, which eagerly devoured them, and soon after died in great agony.

From this time the new favorite's rise was rapid, and the quondam servant boy successively attained the highest offices in Russia. The great abilities of Alexander Menzikoff were, however, tarnished by his avarice, selfishness, and cruelty, and his ambitious designs were at length defeated. He was always warmly attached to his royal patron, and faithful after the czar's decease to Catherine, but the star of his fortune declined with the accession of Peter III., whom Menzikoff had been chiefly instrumental in placing on the throne. The young emperor listened to the artful insinuations of a powerful and vindictive noble, who hated Menzikoff, and was at length induced to banish him from court. This decree was quickly followed by a sentence of exile to Siberia; and to this twilight region of frost and snow, the once haughty, imperial favorite, now deprived of honors, employments, and luxuries, was conveyed with every mark of indignity heaped on his family and himself. The Princess Menzikoff, whose eyes were weak; lost her sight before half the journey was completed, from the effects of cold and excessive weeping, and death at length relieving her sufferings, she was buried on the banks of the Volga. The surviving prisoners, deprived of their costly garments and clothed in the coarsest stuffs, were conveyed to their destination like common criminals, in wooden carts without springs, and exposed to all the inclemencies of weather. Menzikoff and one of his children ended their days in this dreary banishment, but on the accession of the Empress Anne, his two surviving children were recalled to their home and honors. On his death-bed, Menzikoff is said to have told his children, that if he had only to account to the Supreme Judge for the time he had passed in misfortune, death would have no terrors for him, and that he only wished them to remember the part of his life which he had spent in exile.

— BILLINGSGATE, as applied to low and vulgar language, is the name of a fish market in London, where the female venders of fish are noted for their vile and abusive speech.

— BILLS of exchange were an expedient adopted, in 1160, by the Jews, to enable them to remove their wealth from one nation to another, when they were persecuted.

— DE FOE'S Robinson Crusoe was first published in 1719.



THE GRADUATES.

A DRAMATIC SCENE FOR SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

BY E. S. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED. — KATE, *one of the older girls.* ROSE, *a gay girl who can dance.* CLARA, *a singer.* LILLIE, *a poet.* GRACE, *a girl of dramatic ability.* LOUISE, *a girl of humorous power.* LUCY, *a quiet girl.* MILLY, *the largest in the class.* OTHERS, *for chorns, song, &c.* A FAIRY.

TIME — Graduating Day. **PLACE** — a School-room.

Enter the Class, the FAIRY concealed from view.

Kate. Well, girls, the longed-for, dreaded day has come at last; to-day we graduate!

Louise. Yes, as my good old aunt Sally said to me this morning, "To-day you're a goin' to gradooate!"

Several together. Longed for?

Several others. Dreaded?

Kate. Yes, both. Who does not long for independence — "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"?

Several together. (*With fervor.*) "Independence now, and Independence forever!"

Grace. (*Dramatically.*) "But as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

Kate. And yet do we not all *dread* the day of parting, the breaking of school ties, the plunge into the great untried world, the —

Rose. O, Kitty, pray don't be sentimental, for we shall all cry if you go on in that way; and, however lovely rosy cheeks and cherry lips may be, certainly scarlet eyelids and ruby noses are unbecoming as decorations.

Grace. Yes, beauty in distress is a humbug of the novelists. What is it, interpreted into the actual? Listen a moment, while I improvise. (*Sentimentally.*) "As Alphonse gazed tenderly upon her, she burst into a flood of tears; *never* had she appeared so lovely as at that moment. A deep flush, most like the rich crimson that burns in the heart of a

red, *red* rose, mounted to the very bridge of her exquisite Grecian nose, while a slender thread of scarlet shot along her fringed eyelids, making the lovely blue of her clear deep eyes bluer than ever, from the brilliant contrast."

Several together. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Louise. She wouldn't have suited my aunt Sally a bit. She always says, "I don't want no snivellin' gals round me."

Several together. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Kate. There seems to be no danger of making you *cry* at present, and for my own part, I would much rather make you laugh; but I have been thinking of the hopes and expectations that crowd our hearts to-day, and of the bright world that "lies all before us, where to choose," — and I have been wondering what we should all wish for, if we could, by wishing, decide each her own lot in life. Come, girls, let us be frank about it. Milly, you are brave; be the first to put on the wishing-cap and speak out.

Milly. Put on a *fool's* cap, you mean. No, no, the wishing-cap is an obsolete style of head-dress, belonging to a past age; it went out with fairies, dragons, enchanted beauties, and other rubbish.

Lillie. O, not rubbish. Do spare us at least the fairies!

Rose. Imagine the fairy of the nineteenth century! What would she be like? A creature robed in a water-proof and shod with rubber boots, with eye-glasses on nose, and for a wand — what shall I say?

Milly. The staff of office, perhaps.

Rose. In the presence of such an apparition, who could have the courage to utter a wish!

Louise. Like the woman in the German fairy-tale, with a yard of black pudding on the end of her nose, there would be nothing left for us to wish but to wish it away.

Lillie. Well, it is true that this is a prosaic age, but for my part, I cling to my old faith in fairy-land.

Lucy. Yes, Lillie, you are a poet, and have a right of inheritance in the realms of Titania.

Perhaps, at *your* gentle bidding, some sprite would spring up, even *here* and *now*, to listen to our wishes and speed their fulfilment. Can you "call spirits from the vasty deep."

Lillie. I'll try.

Louise. But *will they come?*

Grace. Do it in mystic and witch-like fashion, Lillie.

Lillie. (*Slowly and impressively.*)

Thrice three are nine,

And I am thine!

O, fair and fine,

Half-human, half-divine,

Into this group,

Will you now stoop

To come at call of mine?

Several together. Hark!

Several others. Hush!

And others. Listen!

[*When all is still, a FAIRY suddenly appears. She is dressed in white, with long, flowing white veil over head and face, floating hair, and carries a wand in her hand. Attached to the wand is a small white flag, with the motto BE TRUE, inscribed upon it. At first, the flag is rolled around the wand, and tied with a white ribbon that can easily be slipped off. At the appearance of the FAIRY, all except LILLIE start back in attitudes of surprise.*]

Several together. O!

Several others. Why!

And others. Well done!

Louise. "What upon airth!" as aunt Sally says.

Lillie. (*To FAIRY.*) May I ask your name?

Fairy. I am a fairy of the nineteenth century.

Milly. (*Looking at the FAIRY'S feet.*)

Where are the rubber boots?

Fairy. It boots not.

Milly. And the water-proof?

Fairy. Proof you shall have in time.

Lillie. And your name?

Fairy. You shall know it before we part; but first your wishes. Speak freely, believe in me, and they shall be granted. (*To LILLIE.*) What would you have?

Lillie. (*After a short pause.*) Good Fairy, who you are, or whence you came, I know not; but whatever be the name To which you answer, when, in fairy-land, Titania summons swift her elfin band, Here, in our midst, you wear a brow so clear, An air so gracious, manners so sincere, My heart renounces all her wonted fear,

And gives at once her full allegiance *here*.

(*Kneeling at the FAIRY'S feet, and kissing her hand.*)

Then, since I may my dearest wish impart,

Some touch, I pray you, of the *poet's* art;

The poet's ear, that hears in meadow brooks

Songs sweeter that were ever writ in books;

The poet's eye, that at a glance espies

The hidden beauty that in all things lies;

The poet's touch, that transforms common things;

The poet's tongue, that all this beauty sings;

O, grant me these, — if I am not too bold:

Good fairy, I should prize them more than gold.

Milly. (*Aside.*) That was well done — wasn't it?

Louise. Yes, indeed; she's what aunt Sally would call "a fust-rate hand at speakin' pieces."

Fairy. The poet's art within the soul has birth, Heaven-born, Heaven-sent, it makes a heaven on earth.

If in your soul the germ enfolded lies,

Bestow on it your noblest energies;

Under my banner march, to me *be true*,

(*She unfurls the flag and points to the motto.*)

And keep your art, and not *yourself* in view,

And all you ask I freely promise you.

(*Turning to GRACE.*) What wish lies nearest to *your* heart?

Grace. (*With enthusiasm.*) O, I should like above all things to be an actress — to breathe life into the poet's words; to make the still, cold figures pressed upon the printed page alive with look and action; to walk the stage a queen; to move crowds at will to tears or laughter; to be taken out of myself, and, forgetting my own petty cares and vexations, to live, for a few golden hours at least, an exalted, heroic life! Kind Fairy, help me to fulfil this wish!

Fairy. A noble work, dear girl, if nobly done;

I trust your laurels may be fairly won.

Potent for good or harm in every age,

A king *indeed* is he who rules the stage.

But would you prosper in your chosen art,

O, wear my motto graven on your heart;

A precious talisman 'twill prove to you;

In word in look, in tone, in act, be true.

(*Pointing to the motto on the flag.*)

Lucy. Do give us a scene, Grace!

Several. O, yes, do, do!

Clara. Give us (*naming some short piece or passage either tragic or pathetic.*)

Grace. (*Recites the piece suggested.*)

Several together. Brava! Brava!

Several others. Bravissima! (*Clapping their hands.*)

Louise. Do let us have one more piece, something comic to "raise our sperrits," or I am afraid we shall all "bust out a cryin'," as aunt Sally says.

Grace. (*Recites some humorous selection.*)

Several together. Capital, capital!

Several others. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Fairy. (*To ROSE.*) Within the Rose's heart
Some sweet wish lies apart:

Unfold it to my ear;

Fear not, let it appear!

Rose. I'm sure there's no poetry in me, unless it be the poetry of motion; nor could I ever queen it on the stage, like Grace; but I do like a witching waltz to the melting music of Strauss. (*She twirls around a little, humming a waltz.*) I enjoy balls and parties, beautiful toilets, lovely flowers, gay music, bright faces, and glad hearts. Make me a leader of society, sweet Fairy.

Fairy. Even in that sphere, you can do brave work, if you will but cling to my standard. (*To CLARA.*) What shall I do for you, dear child?

Clara. Of all good gifts, give me the gift of song.

Fairy. To you, henceforth, its wondrous joys belong.

Kate. Give us a taste, Clara!

Several together. Yes, yes, sing us a song!

Rose. Let us now have the honor of attending your first private rehearsal.

Clara. (*Sings some favorite song.*)

Louise. I declare! that gal sings "jiss like a martingale," as dear old aunt Sally would say.

Several together. Excellent! Splendid!

Milly. Pray don't forget to send us notice, Clara, when you are to make your *début*.

Fairy. Here's modest Lucy hasn't named her wish.

Lucy. *The wish*, at least, is modest, for these times. I feel no lofty ambition stirring within me. I shall never "speak in public on the stage," nor move the world to mirth or madness. I am so old-fashioned as to believe that woman's brightest sphere is *home*. Grant me, I pray thee, the power to make home happy.

Louise. A good sensible gal, deservin' a likely husband — aunt Sally would say.

Fairy. (*To LUCY.*) Your modest wish holds much within its bound;
In home the purest happiness is found.
Yet from its centre life and warmth may speed,

To comfort some poor soul in direst need.

(*To KATE.*) Now, Kitty, shall we hear your wish?

Kate. The — school has done much for me. I would like to do something creditable to the — school. Pray give me strength and courage to teach as well as I have been taught.

Louise. (*Interrupting.*) O, Kitty, you ought to have heard what aunt Sally said to me this morning. "Lo-i-zy," said she, "whatever you be, Lo-i-zy, don't, for marcy's sake, be a country school-marm, a tryin' to teach the young ideeas how to aim straight!"

Fairy. More blessed 'tis to give than to receive,
Said the Great Teacher. Let all teachers weave
This thread of gold into their daily life;
'Twill keep their hearts from sinking, calm the
strife

Of rising passions, give the mind control,
And lift to heavenly heights the weary soul.
Write it upon the tablets of your heart,
Dear girl, if you would act the teacher's part!
(*To MILLY.*) Well, Milly, last of all we turn
to you;

Last, but not *least*, this time is strictly true.

Milly. (*With vigor and emphasis.*) I believe the deepest desire of my heart is to benefit my fellow-women. The world has, for many centuries, devoted its best energies to the improvement of our fellow-men, while women have been left wholly out of the question — treated as dolls, slaves, or idiots, according to the caprice of the stronger sex. The war of color is ended; the war of sex is begun. The black man has his rights; it is high time for woman to have hers. I confess it stirs my blood to think that, even in the matter of education, men stand ready — yes, and prominent ones too — to oppose us on the ground of sex, to attempt to prove that God never meant that women should have a college education! I declare — I should like to know —

Louise. (*Interrupting.*) Isn't she what aunt Sally calls a hen's rights hen?

Lucy. What about Abby Smith's cows. Milly?

Milly. What, indeed! Why Abby Smith and her sister — (*getting more excited.*)

Kate. There, there, Milly, don't get so excited!

Milly. Well, I will try to calm down; but do let me say that I believe in a good time coming. (*Getting excited again.*) The sun of the nineteenth century shall not go down before this wrong is righted, this delusion dispelled. (*Still more excited.*) I hope I shall

live long enough to see a class of girls like this graduate from Harvard College.

Several together. Three cheers for the girl-graduates of Harvard!

All the class (except the FAIRY). 'Rah! 'rah! 'rah!

Kate. Three cheers for their noble advocate.

All. (As before.) 'Rah! 'rah! 'rah!

Milly. (Bowing, first to the class, and then to the FAIRY.) So, kind Fairy, I pray you write me "as one who loves her fellow" — women.

Fairy. (To MILLY.) You, more than all the rest, have need of me;

For, know me now by name — *Sincerity*.

Who works *without* me finds his work in vain,

Who works *with* me will what he asks obtain.

Without me, if obtained, 'tis little worth;

With me, the wish is granted at its birth.

(To all the class.) Dear girls, you have revealed your hearts to me,

Moved by the *spirit of sincerity*.

If for *I would* you will but say *I will*,

In *doing*, not in *wishing*, show your skill,

All you have asked you surely may attain,

And I shall know my mission not in vain.

Where'er you go let me walk by your side,

And be your inspiration, friend, and guide!

Clara. Let us join hands, and pledge ourselves anew,

Whate'er our lot in life, we will *be true*;

True to each other, true unto ourselves,

And true to this, the truest of all elves!

All the class join hands, two and two, and march behind the FAIRY, who leads off slowly, while they sing the following song: —

SONG.

Now hand in hand,

A loving band,

We follow thee,

Sincerity!

Sweetest of elves,

We pledge ourselves

To thee, to thee,

Sincerity!

Now heart to heart,

Before we part,

We vow to thee,

Sincerity!

Whate'er we do,

We will be true

To thee, to thee,

Sincerity!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

— **BAD LATIN.** — Lapland thinks we were too hasty, in our July number, when we called his enigma bad Latin. He finds *ab uno disce omnes*, as well as *ex uno disce omnes*, among the quotations from foreign languages, in his English dictionary, and concludes, therefore, that one of these ways of writing is as good as the other.

But he must remember that *ex* and *ab* can rarely take each other's place. *Ab* means *from* in the sense of *away from*, and is opposed to *ad*; *ex* means *from* in the sense of *out of*, and is opposed to *in*.

Of course writers get away by degrees from these meanings, — the poets do this most of all, — and thus, in a few cases, the significations of the two words are so nearly the same that either may be used.

Virgil says, *Accipe nunc Danaum insidias, et crimine ab uno disce omnes* — "now receive an example of the craftiness of the Greeks, and from one deed of wickedness learn what they (the Greeks) all are." But when we say, *Ex uno disce omnes*, we mean, *From (out of)* what there is in one of a certain kind, learn what all of that kind are.

The substitution of *ex* in Virgil's line would be far preferable, except in sound, to the use of *ab* in the quotation as given by Lapland. This we are confident our correspondent will admit, when he has carefully looked up the question.

As to the quotations from foreign languages in our English dictionaries, those who prepare such collections do not always vouch for the correct Latinity of the phrases given. Still in the best collections of Latin proverbs *Ab uno disce omnes* will not be found.

— **THE MAN IN THE MOON AND OTHER PEOPLE.** * — About four years since there came under our notice a book by R. W. Raymond, — who is also the author of that which bears the above title, — the name of which was "The Children's Week." It proved to be, in our judgment, one of the most desirable books for children published during that season. The present volume, therefore, came to us under favorable auspices, and we are glad to say that it deserves as hearty commendation as its predecessor. Quite a large portion of the book consists of fairy stories of a high order of merit; and as such literature is always enjoyed by children, it is fortunate that a fresh collection can be procured, and that, too, a book free from all objectionable features.

* J. B. Ford & Co., N. Y. Sq. 16mo., illus., 347 pp. \$2.00.



OTHELLO'S STORY OF HIS LIFE.

[WITH A FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATION.]

MOST potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,

My very noble and approved good masters :
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; — true, I have married her: —
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in
my speech,

And little blessed with the set phrase of peace :
For since these arms of mine had seven years'
pith,

Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have
used

Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle :
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself: yet by your gracious
patience,

I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs,
what charms,

What conjurations, and what mighty magic
(For such proceedings am I charged withal),
I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,

That I have passed.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history.
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven,

It was my hent to speak, — such was the process, —

And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her
thence;

Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good
means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently. I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being
done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore, — In faith 'twas strange, 'twas
passing strange;

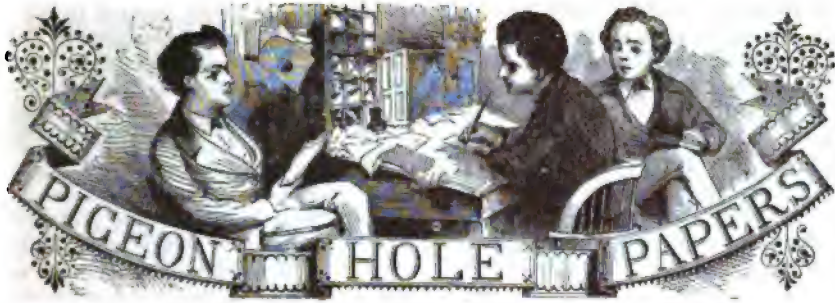
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it; — yet she
wished

That Heaven had made her such a man: she
thanked me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake:

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used; —
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

— ORATORY. — One reason, perhaps, why the oratory of our day is not equal to that of the ancients, is, that they set up a higher standard than we do. Cicero says an orator should have a knowledge of everything important, and of all liberal arts. Rome, he says, never had a speaker whose language was richer or more copious than that of Caius Gracchus: yet even Gracchus, in order the more surely to delight the ear, had a person with an ivory pitch-pipe concealed behind him when he spoke, to recall him when his tone was too high or too low.



A N'OFFER. While our numerous puzzle friends are striving to get their head work into the Magazine, "free, gratis, for nothing," and the editor is groaning in spirit because he is obliged to disappoint so many of them, the following liberal proposition comes in:—

"**MESSRS. LEE AND SHEPARD.** Gents: I take the Preasant Opertunity to Write to you, for which Privalege, you will Please excuse me in taking, but the Object in Writing to you, is to secure an Engagement with You, as A Contributor to the Puzzlers Department, of your Monthly, titled, Oliver Optics Magazine, for 1875, I. E. Enigmas, and Word Puzzles, such as the Samples You will find Enclosed, on another sheet, and I Perpose to Write each Month, not less then 3, of each of the Above named Puzzles, for your Magazine, Oliver Optics, and I know that I Can Write for you, as Cheap as eny other Contributor to your Monthly. although, I am not Aquanted with Prices Charged, for Writing Articles: for that special Department, in A Young Folks Monthly, but you will. Please Informe me by Letter, if you will Except my searvises, in writing for the Puzzlers Departement, of your Magazine, for 1875, and what Price, you will be willing to Pay me, for my Services for 1875. I. E. if I take my Pay out in Books, to be selected from your Catalogue, or in Subscriptions to your Magazine, and if in Books, for to be Payed Quarterly, also Informe me at what time my Manuscripts must Reach you, to be Published in the Jan. No. of your Magazine for 1875. I. E. if you will Oblige me, by Excepting my services, in Writing Puzzles, for your Monthly, for 1875. Now Hoping soon, to Receive a Faverable Reply from you, I am Verry Respectfully Yours.

N. B. Dear Sir, the Sample Puzzles Enclosed, you are at Liberty to Publishe in your Magazine, Oliver Optics, if for the same, you will send me A few Differant No.'s. of, Oliver

Optic's Magazine, for Examination. also send me your Discriptive Catalogue of books.

Yours with Respect,

A cross-word enigma, which the writer calls a "word puzzle," accompanies the letter, as a specimen. It is not in rhyme, as we require, and consequently we should have been obliged to decline it, even if no price had been set upon it.

BUILDING A YACHT. — We can best introduce one of our "big boys," by inserting a notice of one of his achievements, cut from a Grand Rapids' daily paper.

"Mr. Charles F. Rood, son of Hon. C. C. Rood, has just finished a handsome sail-boat, eighteen feet long by five feet and some inches wide, which he intends putting on Reed's Lake, to-morrow, for summer use. The boat is entirely of the young man's building, and was constructed without advice or model. It is really a fine bit of sailor's architecture, and is pronounced by 'professionals,' a beauty."

The constructor of this boat is not satisfied with what he has done, and asks, "Is there any book that would help me in building a yacht? I have made two boats, the larger one twenty feet long by seven feet beam; she was a very good sailer, indeed; beat all the boats here, and everything of her inches on Lake Michigan, about the mouth of the river. I know that it is a very different thing to undertake a yacht; but now I cannot be satisfied without something large enough to be gone in for weeks at a time, and my finances are so demoralized as to be utterly incapable of the necessary inflation to buy one for one thousand dollars. If through Pigeon Hole Papers, or the Letter Bag, you will grant me the desired information, you will greatly oblige one of your 'big boys.'"

After building two boats, the yacht is quite possible, we should say; and we should like to undertake the job with the "big boy." The first thing in building a vessel is to make the

model of solid pine, and then work from it by scale. If the yacht is to be thirty feet long, make the model thirty inches long, and eleven inches beam. If a keel, she should draw four feet of water; if a centre-board, not over two. From this model you can shape the frame. Dana's "Seaman's Friend" contains a diagram of all the timbers, with their names, which can be studied after the model is made, with good results, by one who had built two boats.

"THE IDLER," Boston and Brooklyn. — We acknowledge the receipt of one of the best amateur journals we have ever seen. We refer to the "IDLER," an *illustrated* monthly, of twelve large pages (each 8 X 10 inches), containing thirty-six columns of excellent and interesting reading matter. The "*Idler*" is printed on heavy tinted paper, and, with its superior illustrations, presents a truly fine appearance. The January issue is a "double number," of 24 pp. 72 cols. The subscription price is marvellously low, — only \$1.00 per year, which also includes the choice of two genuine French chromos, of an excellent character. Address either 93 Federal Street, Boston, or 59 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TEMPEST. — We have a long letter from our "ancient" and highly-valued contributor, suggested by that of Sancho Panza, published in December. His address is 1620 Pine Street, Philadelphia, and he would like to exchange photographs with any of our *old* contributors. We make a liberal extract from his letter: —

"I sincerely believe that no magazine has ever had such perfect control over the mind of the American youth as yours — a control which caused him to cast aside all else for the moment, and pay strict attention to its contents. A magnetic influence in the few words of an answer to him, contained in the Letter Bag, held him enthralled, doubly so, on account of Optic; and I can say from my own experience, that a great deal of knowledge is gained by puzzlers from the perusal of dictionaries, atlases, &c., whilst in the pursuit of subjects for rebuses, charades, &c.

"I think I can safely but sorrowfully say, that I am the only one of the '68 class that contributes puzzles now (if there are others, I should like to hear of them), through a love for the Magazine, which has upheld me all through — though casting only a fraction of my former vim into their construction, as time is more precious to me pecuniarily now than then. I have received every number regularly since January, 1868, and have always opened it immediately on receipt, —

the first glance being directed to the Letter Bag, to see who figures amongst its contributors, — and shall as long as I live always do so, whilst *Optic* has charge of it. The feeling is in me. I can't help it, and wouldn't, if I could. The mystic power it held over me in times gone by, still holds its sway now — even more so, as, 'aloed by such pleasant reminiscences, my mind is often cast in a reverie, in which it fain would linger longer. It seems to me I could never write enough to do you justice for your kindness and encouragement in dealing with us boys. Words fail. I write as often as I can, and shall always do so; and, as Sancho says, I shall always be glad to hear from any of them, and advise them once in a while to find time to write to dear old Oliver, and should be most happy to read their opinions as expressed in your columns, and endeavor to puzzle out any of their effusions, which may appear in the Head Work."

PRINCE FUZZ. — He writes us a long letter, in which he describes the misery of waiting for the Magazine, expected to contain something of his. We will again look up the "man-kite;" we are afraid G. M. B. has cribbed it, for he is the butt of the concern when anything is lost. The prince makes an awful suggestion: "To-morrow will be Thanksgiving day. I wish you a most pleasant day, and I need not say, a large 'turkey,' for I know 'Hannah' will have it done nicely and well, for you know, the fire will be lighted with so many 'nice' 'little' 'crisp' things (?), and I dare say with some 'cross words,' and every other kind of words, eh? and plenty of *my rejected* puzzles and letters."

The idea of eating a turkey cooked by a fire made of rejected puzzles! Nevertheless, the turkey was good; and the idea is not so bad as that of fried mutton, cooked over a fire of mummies, in Egypt. The prince sends us the following, from the report of the librarian of the Chicago Public Library; the first column showing the whole number of books of each author contained in the library, and the second the number *not taken out* at a certain time: —

Adams	478	16
Alcott	65	5
Alger	181	1
Ballantyne	62	1
Castleman	111	3
De Mille.	42	2
De Foe	6	0
Reid	221	15
Totals	1166	43



ANSWERS FOR JANUARY.

1. Commence at 64, and read in the following order: 64, 55, 46, 37, 28, 19, 10, 1, 9, 2, 11, 18, 17, 25, 33, 26, 35, 42, 41, 34, 27, 20, 13, 4, 3, 12, 21, 29, 36, 43, 51, 58, 57, 49, 50, 59, 52, 44, 45, 38, 30, 22, 15, 8, 16, 7, 6, 5, 14, 23, 24, 31, 40, 32, 39, 48, 56, 47, 54, 63, 62, 53, 61, 60, and you get the following:—

'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.

2. S
 SOL
 SOLAR
 SOLDIER
 LAIRD
 RED
 R

3. C 4. A
 TAR ULM
 TAPER TAGUS
 CAPTAIN ALGIERS
 REALM OWEGO
 RIM URE
 N S

5. C
 BED
 BANAL
 CENTRAL
 DARED
 LAD
 L

6. CHILD 7. OPERA
 HONOR POLAR
 INURE ELATE
 LORDS RATAN
 DRESS ARENA

8. 1. Consideration. 2. Penetrates. 3. Bartholomew. 9. (W Hat Eve R) (Viol eights = ates) (Nature) (can (K) not) (Be) (Inn o cent) — Whatever violates Nature cannot be innocent.

10. Great head, little wit;
 Small head, not a bit.

11. A threadbare coat is armor proof against

a highwayman. 12. 11 W o'er th — Leavenworth. 13.

13. Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back the cradle shout.

14. America.

15. DETAIL
 EXALT
 TALL
 ALL
 IT
 L

16. SAY 17. STAR
 ABO TAME
 CAR AMEN
 OAK RENT

18. WATER
 APACE
 TAILS
 ECLAT
 RESTS

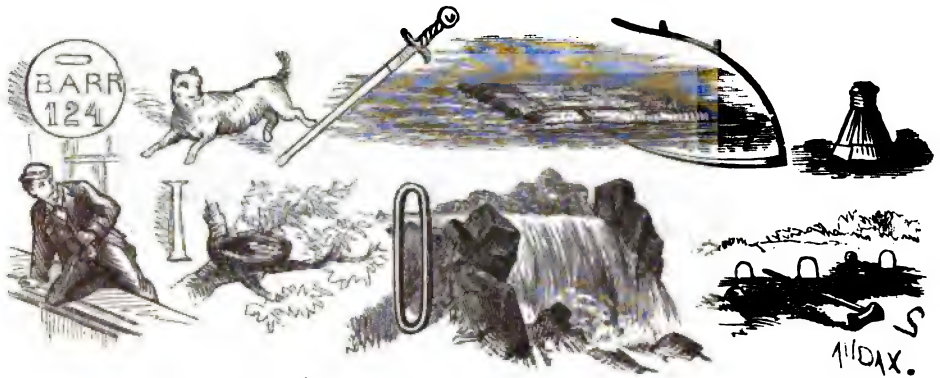
19. APPLE
 MOON
 EGG
 REEL
 INDIANA
 CORN
 AGED

20. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 21. (Well in G) (20 cwt. = ton) — Wellington. 22. Sewing Machine. 23. Haste makes waist (waste). 24. 1. Back. 2. Hack. 3. Jack. 4. Lack. 5. Pack. 6. Rack. 7. Tack. 8. Sack. 9. Cask. 10. Ask.

DOUBLE SQUARE WORD.

25. Across: 1. An impression. 2. A bone of the skull. 3. An animal without feet. 4. The plural of a circle. 5. Large plants. Down: 1. Vigorous. 2. A mammal found in Sumatra. 3. Single. 4. An owl. 5. To crush.
 NIAGARA.

26. REBUS.

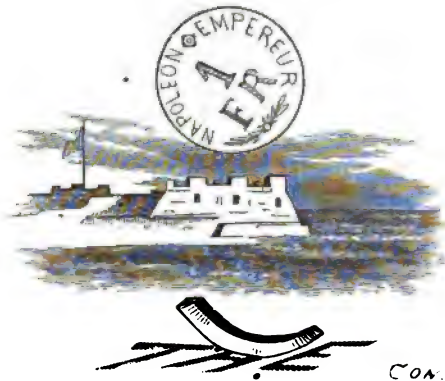


CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

27. My first is in catch, but not in hold.
 My second is in shape, but not in mould.
 My third is in liquor, but not in drink.
 My fourth is in chain, but not in link.
 My fifth is in cruise, but not in sail.
 My sixth is in letter, but not in mail.
 My seventh is in linnet, but not in bee.
 My eighth is in escape, but not in flee.
 My whole is a city over the sea.

HARRY WORTH.

28. GEOGRAPHICAL.



CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

29. My first is in plank, but not in board.
 My second is in lance, but not in sword.
 My third is in land, but not in sea.
 My fourth is in wasp, but not in bee.
 My fifth is in grove, but not in park.
 My sixth is in wren, but not in lark.
 My whole is a seaman whose name stands alone,
 In the list of heroes outshone by none.

BADGER.

METAGRAM.

30. At first, I am a coil in a rope. By changing my head, I become, in succession, a person, knowledge, justice, close, a combat, darkness, and a show.

McC.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

31. 1. Evil in time. 2. My companion encountered a vowel. 3. Father, examine the cash. 4. Knight encompassed. 5. Look out for a speech.

TEMPEST.

32. SHAKESPERIAN REBUS.



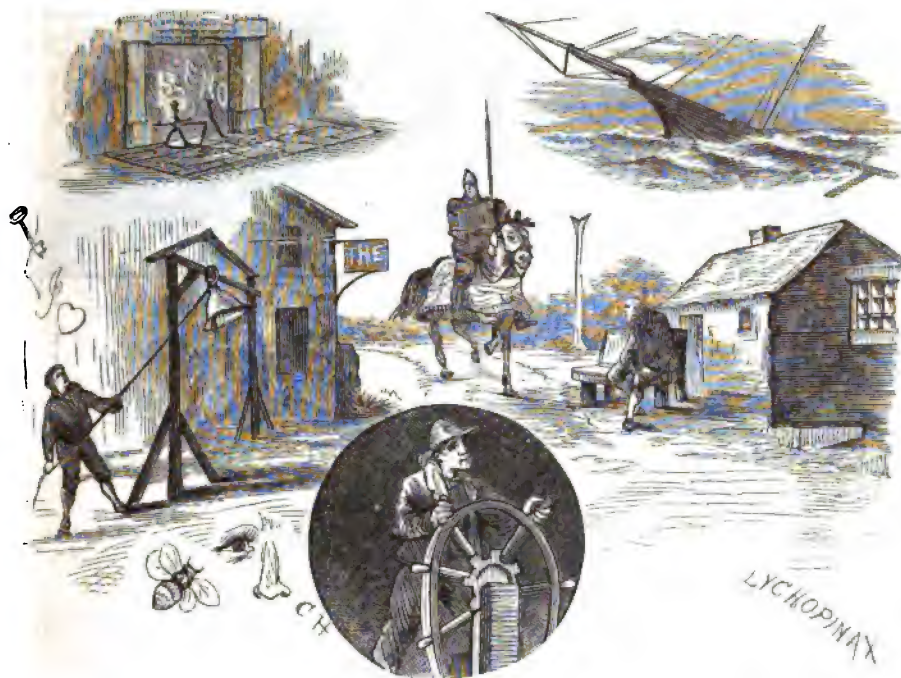
PALINDROMES.

Backward and forward read the same.

33. Cry of chickens I first will be.
 A female name you'll surely see.
 A religious superior you'll quickly say.
 I here announce a part of the day.
 Doctrine now is plainly before you.
 A German male name bring to view.
 A small liquid measure, I think you'll agree.
 Primals and finals read downward, will be
 Something we hear about, but rarely see.

ALPHONSO CHUBBER.

34. REBUS.



35.

KNIGHT'S SPRING.

1 ment	2 to	3 a	4 strikes	5 his	6 fire	7 ing	8 foe
9 hands	10 he	11 while	12 hs	13 drums	14 and	15 brood	16 like
17 the	18 mo-	19 his	20 sces	21 him	22 next	23 the	24 roll-
25 where	26 the	27 stands	28 that	29 meets	30 a	31 dead	32 the
33 thy	34 bat-	35 tle	36 fan-	37 he	38 knee	39 thro'	40 bout
41 trum-	42 cy	43 facs	44 the	45 beat	46 and	47 voice	48 for
49 a-	50 bat-	51 and	52 blow	53 his	54 heard	55 thy	56 thee
57 comes	58 pets	59 cross	60 to	61 gives	62 thy	63 thine	64 is

PUCK.

HIDDEN INSECTS.

36. 'Twas past the hour of midnight,
And a host of lynx-eyed foes
Seemed to be ever glaring
On the camp's profound repose.
'Twixt warring nations posted,
His musket on his knee,
The sentinel is sleeping:
Can this a soldier be?

VIGILAX.

ENIGMA.

37. I am composed of thirty-two letters.
My 23, 2, 26, 25, 20, 7, 13, 31, is a combatant.
My 16, 22, 19, 14, 30, 12, is a musical instrument.
My 27, 8, 29, 5, 1, 21, 3, is a newspaper.
My 4, 11, 6, 17, 10, we all have had. My 24,
28, 15, 9, is a part of a ship. My 18, 32, is a
note in music. My whole are very interesting.
N. O. VICE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

38. 1. A vowel. 2. Antiquated. 3. A kind
of watch. 4. Not bright. 5. A consonant.
SCOTCH CANADIAN.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

39. Across: 1. A consonant. 2. An animal.
3. An intrigue. 4. A weight. 5. A conso-
nant. Down: 1. A consonant. 2. An animal.
3. One rolling in wealth. 4. A color. 5. A
consonant. JAPETUS.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

40. My first is in lively, but not in sad.
My second is in ire, but not in bad.
My third is in river, but not in sea.
My fourth is in girl, but not in she.
My fifth in whisper, but not in speak.
My sixth is in tail, but not in beak.
My whole is a poet of whom I speak.
N. QUAD.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

THE irrepressible G. M. B. says he wants to "get a-head." He needs one, but he means to "get ahead" on the Magazine, which has plenty of heads already, and threatens to "put a head" on somebody if he don't get his matter sooner. Therefore we must have our letters by the middle of the month. We have "put a head" over this department, to which we ask our readers' attention. We have plenty of letters this month, though we begin to notice them earlier than usual. — C. H. P. tells us about a mammoth squash, raised on the grounds of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. It "lifted" four thousand pounds on the first of November, and had not got its growth then. — We are very glad to hear from Louis M. in Rome, Ga.; his writing is very fair and plain; and we accept puzzles of all sorts that are acceptable; but the "enigmatical letter" cannot be read without the key. It affords no clew whatever to a single letter, and "no feller could find out" what it means.

Niagara's diagonal is good enough to print, and we drop all the other matters. — Top Knot's head is level. For the last year or two we have accepted all the puzzles that were fit to print, whether hard or easy, and let them take their chance with the printer. — Buck-shot's diamond is spared. — Wealth's rebus is not in due form. — Alphonzo Chubber's rebus shall be presented to the artist. — We have not Eureka's address, and cannot forward Medley's letter. — C. T. Hat's cross word is saved. — Calidore thinks the head work of this Magazine is incomparably superior to that of any other; and his cross word will pass. — We don't like flatterers, but we like Badger's cross word well enough to keep it. — Lychopinax's

rebus is good enough, and shall go to the artist, but we doubt whether anybody will know that "creetur" by sight. — Puck's letter comes to us from over the ocean, but in Paris our "delightful book" is sent to him. The Knight's Spring shall take its chance. — Frisco is unfortunate, if that is what you call it; no Odea River in Lippincott; proper name in diamond; and *t is* in both "catch" and "beat."

Hiawatha's double acrostic is very proper, and goes to the right place. — We will send Prince Fuzz's first rebus to the artist. — Rusticus's rebus will make a pretty picture, as he says, and it shall go where the good rebuses go. — To be entirely candid with U. Gene, the poetry of the double is not a success; and so we take the diamond. — Jesse Healey's Shakespearian is decidedly the best thing in his batch, and better than his "prize rebus." — We do not see Hyperion's double diamond in the January number; if he has a copy, will he send it again with the location of the "small town." — Little Mac is not quite so successful this month as last; the definitions are not first class, and he uses obsolete words. — N. O. Vice's enigma is very well done. — Xerxes bridges over the Hellespont with too many printed words in his rebus; try again. — Vigilax's hidden insects are very good; we settle the prize at the end. — Juanito's double acrostic is a very good one. — Iron Duke's arithmetic meets our views; and we think an amateur paper devoted to head work only, if well edited, would have a large circulation. A double diamond reads both ways.

W. Low's word square, as such, is very good; but the poetry is a failure, and must go into the waste basket. — Aldingar's rebus is very good, especially for a first attempt. — One of Scotch Canadian's diamonds is correctly done this time; so is the other; but "edition" is not "the publication of a book." — We rejoice to hear from Tempest, and we

shall use the "words enigmatically expressed."

— Harry Trevylian does wisely to discontinue Our Valley Times in order to attend to his school duties at the "Wesleyan;" we know of no "second-hand edition of our works for sale." — "Every little" in J. W.'s "prize rebus" will hardly pass muster; the whole sentence is incomplete, and E seems to be doing the job all alone, instead of helping to "get ale on G." — Alice's quotation is very good indeed, and the artist shall see it. — Hoodlum's double diamond is "good enough." — Japetus was at the head of his class in the High School, and has a fellow feeling for Red Cloud and Massasoit because he is learning the same trade that they are; the double will do. — Amateur's cross word takes its chance.

Lee & Shepherd will supply Caxton with back numbers. — Lancelot's rebus is very fair, but too long, as he suggests; yet the artist shall have it. — M. Stowe must advertise for all he wants. — Brisco sends answers to all the head work in December, but our offer was for the present year, and others do not compete. — D. A. Vid did not look over his rebus when completed, or he would have seen a mistake. — No "trot" in Montrose's rebus, so that it won't fit Goldsmith's Maid. — Checkmate's Knight's Spring is spared. — E. L. R. Jr.'s diamond is paste — reads but one way; see small type heading. — Doubtless Niagara is right in his criticisms; two head workers should not combine for prizes; the double square shall be used. — S. O. Fret's diamond will pass. — Harry Worth's cross word is good enough, if there is room for it. "Can't you say, I wish Harry Worth to correspond with Vigilax?" We have said it, Harry; now what good will it do? We have not Harry's address, or we would send it to Vigilax, who could do as he pleased about it. As a rule, we cannot say that this reader wishes to correspond with that one; we have not the space to give to individuals.

O'Brien sends no solution to his example. — McC.'s cryptogram "beats us," but his metagram will pass: better, but not necessary, to draw rebuses. It is always hard for an editor to acknowledge that he has been sold; editors know everything! — We objected in December to the subject of Mohawk's cross word — "too much praise." We notice only "critiques" that contain falsehoods. The enigma will do. — James S. S. writes a pleasant letter, and is sorry he was not one of the fifty thousand who visited our publishers' new store. So are we; not too late yet. — N. Quad's cross word is good enough to print, and we are only sorry we

have so many of them. — H. H.'s rebus is very good, and worthy a place, if the place is to be had. — Martha's rebus will not pass, for the necessity of labelling "Fortune," *et als.* spoils it, and "Industry," even "rebusistically" expressed, is not Fortune's right hand, though on the right. All puzzles sent in compete for the prize. — We can hardly compare the colleges in our "time-robbing Magazine," as Young America desires, — see "Old and New" for December, 1874, — but we shall have something about Annapolis.

H. W. must know by this time that we accept all puzzles conditionally, as we have for the last two years, at least. We take all that are properly constructed, and then use as many as the printer can get into the two or three pages of head work. Rebuses appear, if ever, the month after they are accepted; other puzzles in the number in which they are noticed. Before we adopted this rule, we had a cord or less of them on hand all the time, and the puzzlers were continually worrying about them, wanting to know when they would be published. Now we make short work of them, and put everybody out of misery within "a brief space of period." — All who intend to compete for the prizes for answering head work should read the conditions in the December number, page 956. — After examining all the head work accepted, we think the rebus by Jesse Healy is, on the whole, the best, and it takes the prize.

OUR LETTER WRITERS.

[For the use of subscribers and regular purchasers only, who should state that they are such. Addresses on postal cards are not inserted, and only one name from each letter. No advertisements admitted here.]

George W. Houghton, 3 Hanover St., Lynn, Mass. (amateurs and puzzles). — J. F. Kelley, Jr., 902 Eighth St., N. W. Washington, D. C. (stamps, specimens, and catalogues). — W. M. Pemberton, Ansonia, Conn. (stamps). — Richard Avery, 12 Seventh St., Lafayette, Ind. (eggs, coins, and stamps). — F. Slade, Toledo, Ohio (18 years old, fun). — Will H. Moxon, Room 20, May Building, Washington, D. C. (official stamps). — George A. Paine, Delhi, Del. Co., N. Y. (stamps, coins, printing, and fun). — George E. Benson, Box 185, Plymouth, Mass. — George L. Calloway, Plymouth, Mass. — Wariner and Powers, Springfield, Mass. (stamps). — Hunter L. Watson, 504 North Delaware St., Indianapolis, Ind. (fun and specimens). — Lucien H. Green, 510 Delaware St., Indianapolis, Ind. (fun and specimens).



EDITORIAL.



KING KALAKAUA.

AT last a live king, the sovereign of eleven islands away off in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, has paid a visit to the Great Republic. He may write a book of American Notes in the Hawaiian tongue; and some of our readers may perhaps like to see how we all look done up in that soft and musical language. To such we will say that the Hawaiian is not a difficult language to learn.

But the most remarkable part of this event is, that our first royal visitor comes from such a quarter. Macaulay once imagined that there might be a time when some traveller from New Zealand would, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

A time may indeed come when London, Paris, New York, and other great centres of our present civilization shall be a desolation without an inhabitant, when "the wild beasts of the desert with the wild beasts of the islands shall dwell there, and the owls shall dwell therein." By that time the seat of empire in its course round our globe may be found in the islands of the Southern Pacific; and Macaulay's traveller may come. But king Kalakaua does not care to wait so long; and yet not many years ago, one might have spoken of the Sandwich Islands as Macaulay spoke of New Zealand. But the progress of the Sandwich Islands has been rapid since their discovery by Captain Cook, in 1778.

In early times, each island had its own little despot, but near the beginning of the present century, Kamehameha I. brought them all under his sway. These islanders abolished idolatry in 1819; the next year American missionaries visited the island, and commenced the work of instruction. They taught the natives how to read, write, cipher, sew, and wear clothes; and to-day nearly every one of those islanders can read his newspaper.

Until 1838, the government was a despotism; but in 1840 King Kamehameha III. granted his

people a constitution, which has since been improved, and which in some respects resembles that of Great Britain; but the king is elective. Several of the officers of government, and many of the prominent men in these islands, have been Americans.

The Sandwich Islands were taken under British protection about 1810, but in 1843, their independence was formally declared by England and France.

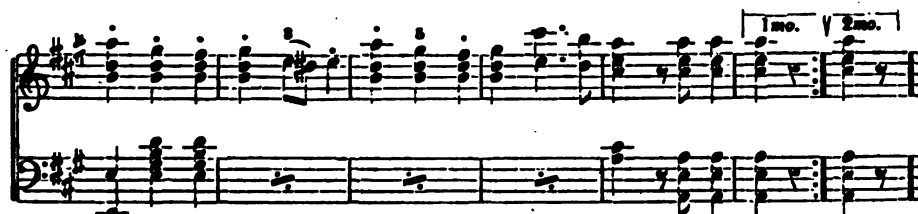
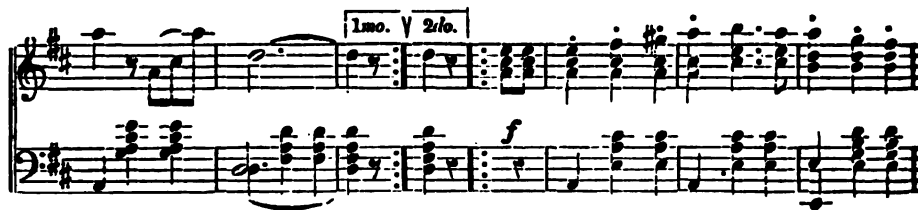
Kalakaua, who was elected king only a few months ago, is a native chief, and was prominent in politics before his elevation to the throne. He is thirty-eight years old, and is a man of good education and good habits. His little Hawaiian kingdom has about one fourth as much territory, and about one tenth as many inhabitants, as the State of Maine. The climate is delightful, the variations of temperature in a dozen years hardly being so great as may sometimes be experienced in New England in three hours.

In a country where thunder was never known the people would not be likely to have a name for thunder: in a land — if there could be such a land — where the wind never blew, there would probably be no word for wind; and it may be because the Sandwich Islanders experience no extremes of heat and cold that they have no word to express the idea of *weather*.

And yet, sometimes on account of the soil, but oftener for other reasons, agriculture is not always a success in those islands. Coffee was tried, but the trees were attacked by an incurable blight; cotton would grow well, but caterpillars would devour the young plant; oranges were found to succeed no better; wheat grew and ripened, but was subject to the attacks of weevil; silk-worms have been tried, and have proved a failure. But rice does well, and more is raised from year to year; and sugar culture has thus far proved quite successful. In 1860 the sugar exported from these islands amounted to less than a million and a half of pounds; while in 1871 nearly twenty-two million pounds were exported.

FRIENDSHIP WALTZ.

W. A. FRENCH.



First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with a crescendo marking (*cresc.*) and a forte marking (*f*). Bass staff has a pedal point marked *Ped.* and a forte marking (*f*). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with a piano marking (*p*). Bass staff has a pedal point marked *Ped.* and a piano marking (*p*). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with a crescendo marking (*cres.*) and a piano marking (*p*). Bass staff has a pedal point marked *Ped.* and a piano marking (*p*). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with a piano marking (*p*) and a forte marking (*f*). Bass staff has a pedal point marked *Ped.* and a forte marking (*f*). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line. Bass staff has a pedal point marked *Ped.*. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line. Bass staff has a pedal point marked *Ped.*. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The system ends with a fermata marking (*al Fermate.*).



THE CONVALESCENT.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

MARCH, 1875.

No. 260.



"MISS BILDER, ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU A DISH OF CHOWDER," SAID BEN. Page 171.

OCEAN-BORN;

OR,

THE CRUISE OF THE CLUBS.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. MCGUSHER'S BAD MEMORY.

"CAPTAIN WICHARD BILDER, of Belfast, Maine, wich or poowah, you are my honawed fawther!" exclaimed Mr. Arthur McGusher. "I feel it in my blood and bones. It can't be othawwise."

"Perhaps it can."

"Impawisible! If you are pooaw, so am I. Though I have seen bettaw days, I have been cwadled in the lap of povawty. I know what it is to suffaw for the want of an opewa ticket. I know what it is to wear a pair of spwing twousaws late in the autumn. I know what it is to see sawst hawses, and not own them. I know how a pooaw man feels when he passes Delmonico's up-town house."

"It is very affecting, Mr. McGusher," said Kate, solemnly.

"My fawther, if thou art pooaw, I will wawk with thee and faw thee!" gushed the long-lost.

"Very well, my boy; I shall go to sea, and I think you had better go into the fo'castle, crawl through the hawse-hole, as I did. I'll make a sailor of you."

"In the fo'cawstle! The smell of the taw would make me sick. But—"

"Never mind that now. I should like to look into your antecedents before I acknowledge you as my son," interposed Captain Bilder.

"Had yaw long-lost son no mawks on his pawson? no mole under the left ear? no bawth-mawk on his right shouldaw?"

"Not a mark, that I know of; but his nose was entirely different from yours."

"Have you no po'twait of the little one?"

"None."

Mr. McGusher seemed to derive new strength and encouragement from these answers, and his face bore no expression of disappointment at the acknowledged absence of any means of identifying the long-lost.

"I must have changed in fawteen yeaws," he added.

"Of course; though the shape of one's nose undergoes no great alteration. Have you the card alluded to in the letter?" asked Captain Bilder.

"I have the cawd;" and Mr. McGusher took the pasteboard from his pocket.

He laid it upon the table. It was the left-hand piece, and the ship-master placed the middle part by the side of it. The edge of the one exactly fitted the irregular edge of the other. The material of both portions was the same; the writing was identical; and the words and letters divided where the card was

ter the lapse of this long period, the second piece had come, fully answering the description of it contained in the letter enclosing the first.

"Turn the left-hand piece over, father. The letter that came with the middle piece says the name of the person who had the right hand piece would be found on the back of the one your son was to bring to you," said Kate.

Captain Bilder turned the part indicated, and found an address written upon it, in the same hand as the first letter.

"Borden, Green, & Co., Bankers, New York," said he, reading from the back of the card. "Borden, Green, & Co. were my bankers when I went to sea. This business was certainly managed by some one who knew all about my affairs."

"I beg your pawdon, Captain Bildaw, but the business has not been managed at all. I know pawsitively nothing about the mattaw except what I have lawned from this lettaw. I have seen no pawson, spoken to no pawson," protested Mr. McGusher.

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Do you doubt my wawd?" demanded the long-lost, with dignity.

"If I don't doubt your word, I can't take it in a case of this kind," replied Captain Bilder, decidedly.

"Is it pawisible my wawd is wawth so little?"

"I don't know what is possible; and I don't know that I care. If you can tell me of what Orphan Asylum you were an inmate, I may take the trouble to look the matter up," said the ship-master.

"But, saw, I don't know. I have no maw ideaw than yawself. You see, I don't wemembaw anything about the institootion," Mr. McGusher explained.

"You don't remember?"

"No, saw: that pawt of my existance is all a blank."

"How long since you left the asylum?"

"How can I tell, Captain Bildaw, when I don't wemembaw the asylum at all?"

"How long have you boarded in Twenty-second Street?"

"Thwee yeaws, saw."

"And you think you are about eighteen years old now?"

"I infaw it fwom the lettaw."

"My son, if living, would be eighteen."

"Then that must be my age," added the long-lost, complacently.

"You were stolen when you were four years old, the letter says."

"I believe it, saw."

Ship Coriolanus.
Neil Brandon
Richard Bilder, M^r
Marguerite Brand
née Lardier
Oscar Blake Bilder

cut fitted each other perfectly. Captain Bilder and Kate were very much surprised. The middle portion of the card had come into the ship-master's possession ten years before. Af-

"You were taken to England, and left with a man by the name of McGusher," continued Captain Bilder, referring to the letter.

"Yes, saw. How many times have I wead this intawesting fact!"

"And McGusher brought you to America thirteen years ago?"

"Undoubtedly, saw."

"How old were you then?"

"Five, saw," answered Mr. McGusher, after studying a little while upon the problem.

"Can't you remember what happened when you were five years old?"

"Not an event, saw."

"I can, and that is fifty years ago."

"Then yaw memowry is bettaw than mine."

"Very well. After you came to America, it appears that the man who had you in his care boarded with the writer of this letter till he died. They seem to have been well acquainted; and we will suppose that he had lived with her one year when he died."

"I beg your pawdon; but it might not have been thwee months," Mr. McGusher interposed, evidently feeling that he ought to dispute the position of the captain.

"I see that 'a year' is erased in the letter."

"If it had been a yeaw, she would not have ewased it."

"Perhaps it was not just a year; it may have been more or less; but 'One who knows' would not have written it if it had not been about that time. Call it a year. How old were you then, Mr. McGusher?"

"Six, I suppose," replied the long-lost, rather vacantly, for he could not see where this line of reasoning would come out.

"Exactly so, Mr. McGusher. Now, can't you remember when you were six years old?" asked the ship-master, sharply.

"Not a single thing, saw. I have twied to wecall the events of those yeaws, but I have twied in vain. It is all a blank to me."

"Very singular! I don't think another such a case ever occurred. No matter. Now, I suppose you staid in the Orphan Asylum some time — perhaps till you were twelve, say."

"Impossible, Captain Bildaw. I should we-member it if I had."

"I should say so. But you seem to have an exceedingly bad memory for a young man of eighteen. Say two years, then, which would make you eight when you left."

"But I think I can wemember when I was eight," suggested the long-lost.

"O, you can! What and where were you then?"

"It is all vewy dweamy. I can only wecall the fact that I was a living being then."

"Your memory is most astonishingly dull."

"But it is pawisible, and even pwobable, that I was not at the institootion maw than a few months. Childwen aw often taken from that sawt of place when they aw only six or seven yeaws old. You see, people who have no childwen of their own go to these institootions and take childwen to bwing up. They always take the pwettiest and most pwomising childwen; and it is pwobable I was taken befoaw I had been in the asylum maw than a month or two."

"Ah, Mr. McGusher, very likely. I had not taken your beauty into consideration before."

"Well, Captain Bilder, a man's beauty is no cweedit to him. He can't help it;" and the long-lost stroked his downy mustache.

"I am afraid we must admit that you were taken from the asylum when you were only six, Mr. McGusher."

"I have no doubt of it, because, you see, if I had staid thaaw a yeaw or two, I should have wemembawed it."

"I'm not so sure of that. But never mind the asylum. You have boarded three years in Twenty-second Street?"

"Thwee yeaws, saw."

"Where did you board before that?" asked the captain quietly, as he looked out the window.

"Before that?" repeated Mr. McGusher.

"Yes: where did you board four years ago?"

"Faw yeaws ago?"

Possibly Mr. McGusher had not prepared himself for examination in this important era of his personal history. At any rate, he hesitated.

"You don't answer me," said the captain.

"I was thinking. Faw yeaws ago."

"Certainly you can tell where you boarded or lived before you went to your present place," added Captain Bilder, sharply.

"O, is that what you mean? I lived in the countwy faw yeaws ago," replied Mr. McGusher, as cheerfully as though a new revelation had suddenly come to his darkened mind. "I lived in the countwy faw yeaws ago."

"What country?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Pwetty good!" laughed the long-lost. "I only meant that I did not live in New Yawk. You see, I didn't live in the city, but I lived in the countwy. That was the ideaw I meant to convey. I wesided in the wuwal distwicts."

"Precisely so; I fully comprehend you, Mr. McGusher. You lived in the country, and not in the city."

"Exactly so! I couldn't have expressed it better myself."

"Very well; we are making some progress."

"Yes, saw; some pwogwess we aw making. But you see, Captain Bildaw, it is not always easy to see what a fellow means. You see, a fellow may use the wawd countwy to mean the wuwal distwicts, when he don't mean the city; or he may mean Asia, Africa, or some of those places so faw off that it makes a fellow's head swim to think of them."

"I understand: your explanation is very lucid. You lived in the country, as distinguished from the city. Now, perhaps you can inform me precisely where you lived."

"Of cawse I can," replied Mr. McGusher, promptly. But the question seemed to bother him. "It is the easiest thing in the wawld to tell whaw I lived."

"Why don't you tell me, then?" demanded the ship-master.

But Mr. McGusher still hesitated, and appeared to be considering the questions that would follow his answer, or the consequences of giving to himself a "local habitation and a name."

"You see, I have been in the city only three yeaws. I went into the lawge mawcantile establishment of Messrs. Hewlins & Heavybones as a boy, and wose to my pwesent position," added the long-lost; but he was evidently thinking of something else.

"Perhaps you will be willing to inform me where you lived before you went there."

"Sawtainly, saw; with pleasaw," answered Mr. McGusher. But he did not do it. "When I went to the lawge mawcantile —"

"I understand that part of your story perfectly. You went there, and rose to your present position, which is very creditable to your ability, and illustrates the triumph of genius, perseverance, and industry. Now, will you tell me where you lived?"

"Weally, it is so long since I left the place, that I have almost forgotten the name of it."

"I am afraid you have quite forgotten it."

"No, saw. The place was Goshen; not the Goshen mentioned in the Scwipchaw, but Goshen in the State of New York. It is in Owange County, on the Ewie Wailwood, seventy miles fswm New Yawk City; population owaw three thousand; and they make much nice buttaw there. I daw say you have hawd of Goshen buttaw, Captain Bildaw," said Mr. McGusher.

"I think I have."

"You see, that isn't the kind of buttaw they use in cheap bawding-houses. They keep cows out there."

"Indeed!"

"Fact, saw. I've seen them myself. The cows give milk, and —"

"I shall not dispute any of your facts. But I should like to ask with whom you lived in Goshen."

"With whom? You want the man's name, I suppose."

"Yes, if you happen to remember it: if you don't, it's of no great consequence."

"Of cawse I wemember it. How could I live with a man, and not wemember his name?"

"Sure enough! But your memory has played you some shabby tricks. Please to give me the name before you forget it."

"I shall nevaw fawget it. It would be quite impawable to fawget it."

"What was it, then?"

"I lived with Mr. Chessman," answered the long-lost; and he evidently gave the name with many misgivings as to the result.

"Chessman. Thank you. Do you remember his first name?"

"Yes, saw: his first name was Amos; his second or middle name was Pewy; and his whole name was Amos Pewy Chessman."

"Amos P. Chessman, was it?"

"Yes, saw."

"Excellent! Write that name down, Kate, before Mr. McGusher forgets it; also the town, county, and state."

Kate seated herself at her desk, and wrote the address in full.

"You see, Mr. Chessman didn't live wight in the village. He was a fawmer, and had a fawm outside of the village. You see, they don't have fawms in the village," Mr. McGusher explained.

"Don't they? Well, that's odd!" laughed Captain Bilder. "Does Mr. Chessman live there now?"

"No, saw; he does not live there now."

"Where does he live?"

"You see, he don't live anywhaw now."

"Don't live anywhere?"

"No, saw; he's dead now."

"That's unfortunate for him, if not for the rest of us."

"It was dooced unfawtunate. He died of a tewwible disease — the hydowphobia. You see, that's the disease they get when they are bitten by dogs."

"Just so. I've heard of the disease."

"You see, Mr. Chessman had a dog. I got that dog when a puppy."

"You mean when the dog was a puppy," suggested the ship-master.

"To be suaw. I got that dog when a puppy. Of cawse the dog was a puppy. I never was a puppy. Puppies don't go on two legs, and talk, and smile, and think, and have bwains."

"Sometimes — all but the brains. But never mind the dog, Mr. McGusher. Mr. Chessman died — poor man! — of hydrophobia?"

"He died after I left his house. I did not witness his painful stwuggles."

"You were spared that, fortunately. Did Mr. Chessman have a family?" asked Captain Bilder.

"Yes, saw — a wife and faw childwen."

"Of course they still live on the farm in Goshen."

"No, saw, they don't live on the fawm in Goshen," replied the long-lost with refreshing promptness. "When Mr. Chessman died, his wife couldn't manage the fawm; and they had to sell it to pay the debts."

"I'm sorry for that. But what became of the family?"

"They went to Owegon, where Mrs. Chessman had a bwother. I don't know what pawt of Owegon; I only heard that she had gone to Owegon."

"I hope she found a good home in Oregon; but it's of no consequence to the present inquiry whether she did or not, or even that she went to Oregon. Of course, if I write to my friend, Borden Green, the banker, who has a country place, for aught I know, in Goshen, he will be able to ascertain all about Mr. Chessman and his family."

"I'm afraid not," replied Mr. McGusher, evidently somewhat disturbed by the suggestion. "You see, Mr. Chessman did not live in the village."

"That's of no consequence. Green will find where he lived, if it was within ten miles of the village."

"But Mr. Chessman only lived there a shawt time."

"Never mind; if he lived there at all, and died there of hydrophobia, some one will remember him."

"Pawsibly."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. McGusher, for this information; and in a week or two I shall, doubtless, be able fully to confirm all you have stated."

"I hope you will," replied Mr. McGusher, rather blankly.

"I suppose Mr. Chessman took you from the Orphan Asylum."

"Weally, I don't know, saw."

"You never happened to hear him or his wife state any such circumstance?"

"Nevaw."

"Mr. Chessman appears to have been in debt when he died, so that his farm had to be sold. If he had four children of his own, why did he take a child from the asylum?"

"Weally, I don't know that he did take a child from the asylum," protested the long-lost, warmly.

"You don't remember that part of your history. You lived with Mr. Chessman, and you were in the asylum; but it does not appear how you passed from one to the other. How long were you in Goshen?"

"Only a shawt time."

"But as long as Mr. Chessman lived there?"

"I suppose so."

"Where did he live before he moved to Goshen?"

"Weally, I don't know the name of the place. It was in the countwy."

"But you must have been fourteen years old when you left that place."

"Certainly I knew the place; but it was an odd name. I shall think of it in a moment," added Mr. McGusher, pounding his head, which seemed to be at fault, and deserved the castigation. "Ah! I have it! Gwillingham; that was the place. It is dooced odd that I fawgot it for the moment."

"Gwillingham?"

"Grillingham," suggested Kate, who had noticed his shabby treatment of the rolling and trilling letter of the alphabet.

"That's it, Miss Bildaw; thank you. Gwillingham was what I said."

"Where is Grillingham?"

"Weally, I couldn't tell you much about the place. I could descwibe it; but I hawdly know where it is, except that it is in Sullivan County."

"It's of no consequence where it is. I am entirely satisfied with the information you have given me. My friend, Borden Green, the banker, will look up the case for me."

"Yes, saw; and he has the piece of cawd which will complete the evidence," added Mr. McGusher.

"And you really believe you are my long-lost son?"

"Do I believe it? I know it! I have always felt that I belonged in some highaw spehaw than I was in. I have asiptions for something highaw and noblaw than I have ewaw seen," said Mr. McGusher, with an appropriate gesture.

"We will leave the matter where it is for the present. But, as I told you before, I am a poor man; and if you are my son, you must go to work, as I shall," added the ship-master.

"I beg your pawdon; but don't you think that the pieces of cawd settle the question?"

"They are strong evidence; but in a matter of so much importance I desire to be sure."

"Quite pwopaw, Captain Bildaw. But in my own mind I have not a doubt, since you have the piece of cawd. I beg your pawdon; but might I see you alone for a moment?"

Kate left the room at this hint.

"I beg your pawdon; but, as thaw can be no doubt that I am your long-lost son, might I beg the favaw of the small loan of one hundred dollaws?" Mr. McGusher proceeded.

"You have come to the wrong man for money. I have none," replied the captain.

"My salawy is small—only five dollars a week; and it will hardly suppwat me. I have not money enough to pay my expenses in Belfast while you are investigating the case."

Captain Bilder declined to advance any money, if he had any to advance; but he invited Mr. McGusher to the hospitality of his house while he continued to occupy it. Whatever he believed in regard to the claim of his guest, he desired to trace that remarkable letter and card to their source. In another hour, the long-lost was at home in the paternal mansion.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

THE dinner party at the mansion of Captain Patterdale was a pleasant occasion; but Kate Bilder's absence was much regretted by the guests, for she was a very pretty and a very lively girl. As the wind had been light, the yacht squadron did not arrive from its cruise below till nearly noon, but in season to make arrangements for a grand review of all the yachts and boats of both clubs, which was to include an excursion to Turtle Head. The Ocean-Born was invited to participate, and Neil Brandon tendered the use of her to the clubs for the invited guests. Nellie Patterdale called upon Kate Bilder, and found both her and her father quite cheerful, in spite of their reverses. As Mr. McGusher was present, he had to be introduced, and had to be invited to the review.

"It will affawd me unbounded pleasyaw to be pwesent, Miss Pattawdale, and sun myself in the smiles of the beautiful young ladies of the pawty," said Mr. McGusher, placing his right hand upon his heart, and bowing till his form was almost doubled.

As Captain Bilder wished to see more of the captain of the Ocean-Born, he consented to be a guest, and Kate promised to take her place as leader in the Lily. At three o'clock the party invited were all on board of the steamer. The five boats of the Dorcas Club were lying alongside Don John's wharf, and the yachts, with their mainsails hoisted and their anchors hove up to a short stay, were lying near the shore. A gun from the Skylark, the commodore's yacht, announced the commencement of the first part of the programme, which was the review of the boats of the Dorcas Club. The occasion was in honor of Captain Neil Brandon and the officers of the Ocean-Born, who had rendered such important service to members of both of the clubs.

The Dorcas, Lily, Fairy, Psyche, and Undine were the five boats of the Dorcas Club. In each of them were five young ladies, all dressed in the uniform of the club. The leader sat in the stern, with the tiller-rope in her hand. The boats dashed out from the shore in a single line. The girls pulled the measured man-of-war stroke, but the beautiful barges moved at great speed. They were about a boat's length apart, and preserved their distance with wonderful precision.

The clubs had had a great deal of practice; and, as all of them were deeply interested in the sport, their manœuvres were almost perfect. They pulled out a considerable distance from the wharf, and, at a signal from the leader of the Dorcas, the fair rowists "held water" till the boats lost their headway, and then wheeled them, as on a pivot, quarter way around, so that they all faced towards the steamer. In this position, the rowers "tossed oars."

The Ocean-Born, with steam on, lay at the wharf, where she had hauled in to receive the invited guests. These consisted of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen, who were seated on the hurricane deck. Mr. Arthur McGusher was among the number, but he did not seem to be exactly satisfied with his position. In the first place, he wanted to be with the "enwaptuwing young ladies," and not a single one of them was on board of the steamer. In the second place, Mr. Ben Lunder, the tarry deck-hand of the Ocean-Born, had actually disputed his passage from the wharf to the deck of the vessel, till Captain Bilder vouched for him as one invited by Nellie Patterdale, and, after this, had manifested a vicious tendency to pick upon and make fun of him; to confuse and confound him with sea slang which he could not understand.

Neil Brandon and Berry Owen were in the



BEN STRUCK UPON THE CROWN OF THE TILE. Page 173.

pilot-house, and Ben — having ceased for the moment to torture the “dry goods swell,” as he irreverently insisted upon calling Mr. McGusher — was on the forward deck, ready to cast off the fasts when the order should be given. As the club boats pulled out from the shore, Ben clapped his hands in rapture; and his demonstration was quite excusable.

“Roses and posies!” he yelled, at the top of his lungs.

“What’s the matter, Ben?” demanded Neil.

“Hold me down!” added the deck-hand, seizing the anchor, as if to add something to his gravity.

“Let go, Ben!” said the captain.

“I dare not; I shall go up if I do,” replied he, hugging the anchor desperately, to the great amusement of the people on the hurricane deck.

“Cast off the fasts, Ben!” continued Neil; “we must follow them.”

“Ay, ay, sir!” roared Ben, with a voice from his stomach, as he slacked off the hawser. “Where those briny divinities lead, I will follow. — Oblige me by casting off that foreto’-bobstay,” he added, to a man on the wharf. “Thank you, sir. — All clear forward, high and mighty captain.”

Neil rang the bell to back her, so as to throw

the steamer’s head out from the wharf. Another stroke stopped the engine, the after-fast was cast off by Karl, and the boat went ahead slowly. Ben coiled up the hawser he had hauled in, and there was no more work for the deck-hand to do till the steamer made another landing. He then mounted the hurricane deck, to the terror and dismay of Mr. McGusher, who was making himself as agreeable as possible to the ladies of the party.

As the Ocean-Born approached the line of boats, three long whistles were sounded, to acknowledge the complimentary tossing of the oars. She then steamed entirely around the line, and finally took a position between them and the shore, in accordance with the programme.

At the signal from the leader of the Dorcas, all the oars dropped into the water as one, and the boats pulled in single line around the Ocean-Born. When this manœuvre was completed, the boats suddenly whirled, and darted off, five abreast. It was done so prettily that all on board of the steamer and the yachts applauded heartily.

“That was well done,” said Captain Patterdale, clapping his hands vigorously.

“Well done?” added Ben Lunder, who stood near him. “That is too mild an expression.

It was artistically done! It was ravishingly done! It was celestially done! It was perfectly done! Why, shiver my flukes, I shall be sent to the Insane Asylum if I look at those divinities much longer."

"That would be the appwopwiate place for you," added Mr. McGusher, who could not resist the temptation to say this, for he had not forgiven the deck-hand for torturing him twice before.

"And what would be the appropriate place for you, my jolly biscuit-nibbler?" demanded Ben, who, not being protected by a rhinoceros hide, had been pierced by the arrow; "what but the Retreat for Idiots and Feeble-Minded Persons?"

"Youaw impawtinent," replied Mr. McGusher, turning red.

"Better be crazy than an idiot, especially when one's brain is turned by a vision of loveliness," added Ben, turning to the boats again.

"You are impawtinent, saw," retorted the long-lost, angrily.

"I have rowed in the college boats for two years, but I never saw any such pulling as that, Captain Patterdale," added Ben, regardless of the swell's anger. "I mean I never saw anything so graceful and precise."

"Do you mean to say I am cwazy?" demanded Mr. McGusher, placing himself in front of the deck-hand.

"No, sir; I don't mean to say so. It would be quite impossible for a fellow without brains to be crazy. You are not crazy. You are not capable of being crazy. It requires a capital stock of brains to enable a fellow to become crazy. You are not crazy; and you are in no danger of being crazy. I remarked that I might be sent to an Insane Asylum, not you. Now, my hearty, sheer off; take a reef in your mainto'-gallant smoke-stack, top up your fore-ryal-boom!"

"You made a wemawk, saw," blustered Mr. McGusher.

"I did; and, shiver my skysail-ports, I'll make another! I don't know you, sir, and I never quarrel with a person to whom I have not been introduced;" and Ben walked away with Captain Patterdale.

The long-lost concluded to bottle up his wrath for the present, and retaliate upon his persecutor at a more convenient season. The club boats came about, and pulled towards the steamer "by twos," the Dorcas leading. For half an hour they continued to perform their evolutions, which have been fully described in another volume. When they had finished them, the boats formed in a single line, and

tossed oars. Again the Ocean-Born steamed around them, all hands vigorously applauding.

At another gun from the Skylark, all the sailing-yachts weighed their anchors and hoisted their jibs. The wind was light, and it was not possible for them to make over three knots an hour. The boats then formed "by twos," with the Dorcas in front, and started for Turtle Head. The yachts had taken position, three on each side of the boats, while the Ocean-Born kept behind them, so as not to stir up the water in which they pulled. The steamer barely turned her screw, so slowly did the procession move. Berry Owen had taken the helm, and Neil was on the hurricane deck, doing the honors of the ship to the guests.

"Who is the young man that commands this steamer?" asked Captain Bilder of Gerald Roach, as they met on the hurricane deck.

"His name is Neil Brandon," replied Gerald.

"Who was his father?"

"His father was a very rich man, who died about twelve years ago."

"How old is the captain?"

"Eighteen, sir," answered Gerald.

"Of course, then," Captain Bilder reasoned, "the father of the young commander could not have been the mate of the Coriolanus, for he was not married at that time, and could not have a son eighteen years old at the present time."

This settled the question in his mind, and he made no further inquiries in regard to the matter. But it was rather odd that there should be another Neil Brandon who had followed the sea, that his son, like the lost child, had been born at sea, and that he should be called the "Ocean-Born." Captain Bilder was satisfied that his old mate could not have died, twelve years before, very rich, for he never seemed like a money-making man. He had never heard of him in command of a ship, and he doubted whether he ever rose above the position of mate.

In a couple of hours the procession arrived at Turtle Head, where the steamer and the yachts anchored, and the young ladies of the boat clubs landed. The Yacht Club flag was flying on the club house, and several members were on duty there. Among them was Morris Hollinghead, who had made a fish chowder for all hands. The guests were landed as fast as they could be, and the chowder was served at once.

"Ah, Miss Bildaw, I have been enwrap-chawed at the sight of the boats, and the faiaw beings in them," said Mr. McGusher, as soon as he could find her whom he hoped

soon to call his sister. "It was a delicious sight."

"I'm glad you liked it," replied Kate.

"I nevaw saw so many pwetty young ladies togethaw in all my life."

"Indeed!"

"Nevaw!"

"How did you like the rowing?" asked Kate.

"The wowing? The wowing was sublime. How could it fail to be when the young ladies waw so chawming?"

"I don't think the charms of the young ladies make good rowing," replied Kate.

"Well, now, I do. I don't know how to wov myself, and pawhaps I'm not a judge; but I want to lawn to wow. Will you lawn me, my deaw sistaw?"

Kate's face flushed when he called her his sister. She was indignant at his presumption. She did not believe she was his sister, and Captain Bilder was satisfied that Mr. McGusher was not his son. The father and daughter had fully considered the claim of the "long-lost," and he was only countenanced for the time being in order to discover who had given him the letter, and supplied the information written upon the parts of the card. Mr. McGusher saw the flush upon Kate's cheek, and realized that he had made a mistake.

"I beg your pawdon," said he, bowing and touching his white hat. "I suppose I am not to call you sistaw for the pwesent; and I will not do so again. Will you lawn me to wow, Miss Bildaw?"

"I think you can find a better teacher than I should be."

"I'm suaw I could not," protested Mr. McGusher. "But I have not the pleasaw of the acquaintance of these young ladies. Will you favaw me with an intwoduction to them?"

"To all of them?" demanded Kate.

"All of them, if you please."

"Most of them seem to be occupied just now; but as opportunity offers, I will introduce you."

"Miss Bilder, allow me to offer you a dish of chowder," said Ben Lunder, who appeared at this moment with two bowls of the article.

"Thank you, Mr. Lunder. I am as hungry as a wolf," replied Kate, accepting the offered dish.

"That is precisely my own condition," replied Ben; "and, as I see the ladies are all helped, this other dish will just fit my case."

"I beg your pawdon, Mr. Lundaw," interrupted Mr. McGusher; "it was hawdly polite to intewupt a convawsation between this lady and myself."

"Nor to offer her chowder when she was

hungry?" laughed Ben. "I beg your pardon, Miss Bilder, if I have intruded."

"You have not. I was half starved, and I wanted the chowder. I am grateful to you for coming when you did. Mr. McGusher did not bring me any chowder—"

"I beg your pawdon, Miss Bildaw," interrupted the long-lost. "I supposed the wait-aws would bwing it."

"We have no waiters. But, Mr. McGusher, I promised to introduce you to some of the ladies. I will make a beginning now.—Mr. Lunder, will you hold my dish till I return?"

"Certainly."

Kate conducted Mr. McGusher to an elderly maiden lady, and formally introduced him to her. She was old, and she was very homely; but then she was good enough to be one of the salt of the earth. As soon as Kate had done her part, she fled, leaving Mr. McGusher very much disgusted; and we must do the maiden lady the justice to say that she was hardly less disgusted.

"Your friend is determined to quarrel with me, Miss Bilder," said Ben, as he gave her the dish of chowder again.

"My friend!" exclaimed Kate.

"Your father said he was staying at your house."

"He is; but we are not responsible for him. I think he is the most absurd young man I ever saw."

Mr. McGusher stood by the maiden lady, and saw Ben chatting with Kate. He had come between her and himself, thus adding another offence to the catalogue of his sins. Mr. McGusher was mad; he did not like to be cut out, and especially not by his tormentor. But he did not see how he could help himself at that moment. He escaped from the ancient maiden as soon as he could, quite as much to her relief as his own. As all the young ladies seemed to be occupied with their own friends, he could only walk about; but he kept one eye on Kate Bilder all the time, in order to step in as soon as Ben should seek another companion. He would insist that she should redeem her promise to introduce him to the young ladies. When the chowder-eating and the coffee-drinking were disposed of, a meeting of both clubs was called to consider the proposed cruise up the river, and the officers of the Ocean-Born were invited to be present and take part in the discussion. Commodore Montague called the assembly to order.

"The first business, ladies and gentlemen, will be to choose a chairman, or a chairlady," said the commodore.

"I nominate Commodore Montague," interposed Ned Patterdale.

"Really, ladies and gentlemen, I—"

"Those in favor of the commodore will say, Ay."

"Ay!" shouted all the rowists and yachtmen.

"It is a unanimous vote, for no one is expected to vote the other way," added Ned, laughing.

"I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind consideration; but I was about to suggest the name of Captain Neil Brandon for chairman, as a proper compliment to be paid to our distinguished guest. But, since you have placed it out of my power to do so, I have no choice but to submit."

A round of tumultuous applause followed this announcement.

"Perhaps you will allow me to decline, even now."

"I beg you will not, Mr. Commodore," said Neil, rising, his face crimson with blushes. "I have had no experience as a presiding officer, and I should certainly decline to serve."

After some talk, the commodore consented to retain his position. He made quite a speech, in which he set forth the obligations of both clubs to the officers of the steamer for the service they had rendered in rescuing several members from a very disagreeable, if not a very perilous situation.

"I need not tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that Captain Brandon, his officers and crew, have fully discharged the first and highest duty of a sailor, in going so promptly to the assistance of our friends, and giving them the help they so much needed. I am sure that we all feel under personal obligations to them for the service they rendered our members, and for the very hospitable and courteous treatment extended to them on board of the Ocean-Born. I speak for all of you when I tender to Captain Brandon, his officers and crew, our best wishes for their future prosperity and happiness."

The conclusion of the speech was received with wild applause.

"And now I have the pleasure of introducing to you Captain Neil Brandon, of the Ocean-Born, who, doubtless, desires to respond to your hearty expression of good will," added the commodore.

"Mr. Chairman," Neil began; but he was interrupted by another hurricane of applause. "I thank you, Mr. Chairman, and you, ladies and gentlemen, for the very pleasant and kind words you have spoken. It was a very great

satisfaction to me to assist our friends in the Sea Foam, after their accident; but we don't claim any credit for simply doing our duty. I am no speech-maker, Mr. Chairman, and, if you will excuse me, I will call upon my friend Ben Lunder to speak for me."

"Lunder! Lunder!" shouted the boys, and the girls clapped their little white hands, and waved their white handkerchiefs.

"I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Ben Lunder," added the commodore.

"Mr. Chairman, I am very happy to respond to anything relating to our noble profession as sailors. I am a sailor, Mr. Chairman, as you are aware; and, as you are all sailors, including even these bewitching female old salts, you will be able to appreciate me. Yes, sir! I am a sailor from the fore-royal-bobstay to the mizzen-to-gallant-keelson. Every particle of blood that flows through these weather-stained veins of mine is as salt as sea-water. In regard to the little service we were able to render some of your people, it is not worth mentioning. What was it, Mr. Chairman? Why, that grand and lofty frigate of the foaming main—the Sea Foam—carried away her fore-skysail knight-heads, and lay a shapeless wreck upon the pulsing billows. Her sky-scrappers had gone by the board; her mizzen-to-gallant-top-knots came down, and the mizzen-royal flukes of the starboard anchor were busted; and there she was! Could we leave her, with her main-to-gallant scuppers sprung? Could we pass her by on the other side, as the publican did the Pharisee, with her main-to-gallant-halyards gone by the board, and the weather-pumps scuttled so they couldn't box the compass? No, sir! I am the crew of that steamer. We worked like sea-dogs, and we helped them out. We would do no less, and we couldn't do more. Mr. Chairman, in behalf of the officers and crew of the Ocean-Born,—especially the crew,—I am yours, truly."

CHAPTER IX.

MCGUSHER *versus* LUNDER.

BEN LUNDER's speech was heartily applauded, and so, indeed, was that of every one who spoke or attempted to speak. It was the "era of good feelings." The complimentary part of the proceedings having been disposed of, the arrangements for the up-river excursion were considered and adopted. A time was fixed to start, and the meeting dissolved.

When Ben got up to make his speech, Mr. McGusher approached Kate and placed himself by her side, intent upon regaining the ground

he had lost. All the boys laughed at Ben's "nauticals," and most of the girls knew enough about vessels to appreciate the absurdity of his remarks. Everybody was amused except the long-lost; and Ben could say nothing to provoke a smile from him. He was determined not to be amused.

"Those wemawks aw vewy silly, Miss Bildaw," said he, in a low tone.

"Now I think they are very funny," replied Kate. "I think Mr. Lunder is a splendid fellow."

"Do you, indeed?" groaned Mr. McGusher. "I think he is lacking in bwains."

"Excuse me; but I should like to hear him," added Kate.

The long-lost was obliged to be silent after this hint. In his eloquence Ben had stepped forward a few steps from the rock where he had been seated at Kate's side, and Mr. McGusher, who was prominently developed on each side of his face, took the place which had been vacated. As Ben was working up his peroration, he unconsciously backed up to the rock again, not aware that his late seat had been occupied by another. As he finished, he bowed, and, without looking behind him, dropped into his former position. He was considerably excited by his oratorical effort, and bounced rather heavily into Mr. McGusher's lap. Either out of respect to the lady at his side, or because his brow was fevered by the misfortunes of the hour, this gentleman had taken off his white stove-pipe hat, and placed it upon his knees. Ben struck upon the crown of the tile, crushing it down as flat as a pancake.

Ben instantly sprang to his feet again, when he realized the mischief he had done. Possibly he feared, in the confusion of the moment, that he had sat down in Miss Bilder's lap. The mishap was greeted with roars of laughter from the boys and the girls; and doubtless some sides ached, and some of the party were in danger of choking to death with their mirth, when Mr. McGusher held up his damaged tile, which looked very much like one of those telescopic hats which shut into a box only two inches deep.

"Do you see what you have done?" demanded Mr. McGusher, as he sprang to his feet, with the crushed hat in his hand.

"I see; and, in its present condition, I admit that yours is a shocking bad hat," replied Ben, good-naturedly, as the tile was not his own.

"You have cwushed my hat," wailed the long-lost.

"What did you get into my seat for? I

didn't know you were there; and it was not my fault," laughed Ben.

"You did it on pawpose! You intended to insult me! You have insulted me thwee times befaw to-day," howled Mr. McGusher.

"All right, my hearty," said Ben, moving towards the seat on the rock which the swell had vacated.

But Mr. McGusher was not to be flanked a second time, and he dropped into the place by Kate's side.

"You have wuined my hat," he continued, trying to restore it to its former shape.

"See here, my jovial biscuit-nibbler, if I am to blame, I'll buy you a more decent hat than that one ever was; and I will leave it to any three gentlemen here to say if it was my fault or yours. I suggest Captain Bilder and Captain Patterdale as two of the referees, and they may select the third."

"That's fair!" shouted the yachtmen.

"I will apologize into the bargain," added Ben; "and that will be the most humiliating part of the business."

"Referees!" shouted the boys, who expected some fun to come out of the hearing.

Mr. McGusher was compelled to submit to the popular will; and after the meeting the trial of the case was to take place. But it was past seven o'clock when the plan for the excursion was adopted; and it was time to return to the city, especially as there was a shower coming up in the west. But the long-lost was not permitted to enjoy the place he had stolen by the side of Kate. She seemed to be rather partial to Ben; at any rate she enjoyed his funny speeches; and when Mr. McGusher resumed his seat, she abandoned her own, and walked away with the "old salt" to a bench which was not occupied, where they remained till the close of the meeting. The long-lost felt that his "sister" was abusing him, and he was determined, as soon as his position was established, that Kate should treat the marine monster as he deserved.

"Miss President of the Dorcas Club," said Neil, when the meeting was dissolved, "I am afraid there will be a shower before you can pull back to the city."

"It looks like one," replied Minnie, anxiously. "And it will be half past nine before we can reach home."

"I think you had better go up in the steamer," added Neil.

"What shall we do with our boats?"

"We can put them on our hurricane deck."

"I should be very glad to go up in the Ocean-Born."

"I am afraid we shall not get back to-night with the yachts," said Ned Patterdale. "There is not a breath of wind."

"I will tow you up; and if it rains we can all stay under cover," replied Neil.

"We don't care for the rain," laughed Ned; "but we rather like the arrangement, for there will be some fun in that trial."

"I can tow two of those yachts on each side, and the other two astern," added Neil.

All the party were informed of the plan, and the invited guests and members of the clubs were embarked in the steamer. Two of the yachts were then lashed on each side of her, and hawsers from the other two were passed to her stern. But it was found that the club boats could be better carried upon the decks of the yachts, as no sails were to be set, and they were carefully taken out of the water, so as not to strain them, and cradled in convenient places. The anchor of the Ocean-Born was weighed, and the bell to go ahead was sounded. Martin Roach had stirred up the fires in the furnaces, so that she had plenty of steam for the heavy tow she had undertaken. The ladies' cabin was open, and one of the ladies was playing a waltz on the piano. Groups in various parts of the deck were singing, and no livelier party was ever gathered than that on board of the Ocean-Born.

The trial was to take place in the forward cabin, where the referees opened the session soon after the steamer started. Dr. Darling had been chosen as the third referee. Ben and Mr. McGusher were summoned to the tribunal, whereof the doctor was the presiding officer, by the choice of his fellows. The cabin was crowded to its utmost capacity, and those who could not get in stationed themselves at the doors and windows. Perhaps no one but Mr. McGusher regarded it as a serious proceeding, and he had some fears that it might afford his tormentor an opportunity to torture him.

"Gentlemen, this is a Court of Reference to try the case of— What's his name?" asked Dr. Darling, opening the proceedings.

"Mr. Arthur McGusher," replied Captain Bilder.

"Mr. Arthur McGusher *versus* Mr. Ben Lunder, alias Bounding Billow Ben," continued the doctor. "Both of the parties were strangers to most of us till to-day, and therefore we shall be able to deal impartially with both of them. Mr. McGusher appears to be the plaintiff, and brings this suit to recover the value of one white hat, encircled with a black weed, according to the fashion of the

day—or perhaps I should say the fashion of the extremists. I don't know the value of it, but perhaps that will appear in the evidence.—Mr. McGusher, will you take the stand?"

Mr. McGusher took the stand, which was the end of the table opposite the chairman of the referees.

"Your name in full, sir?" Dr. Darling proceeded.

"Arthur McGushaw," replied the plaintiff, doubtfully, for the case opened rather formidably.

"Your residence?"

"New Yawk city."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Do you consider that you have attained the age of discretion?"

"The age of discwetion? Goodness gwacious! I should hope so."

"How much do you weigh when you are fat?"

"I don't know," replied the long-lost, almost discouraged by the choking laughter of the spectators.

"This is important."

"What odds can it make how much I weigh?" demanded Mr. McGusher.

"It is not usual for courts of justice to be questioned. How much do you weigh?"

"I don't know."

"Have you never been weighed in the balance, and found wanting?"

"No, saw."

"How old did you say you were?"

"I said I was eighteen."

"Just eighteen?"

"Yes, saw."

"Eighteen now?"

"Of cawse I'm eighteen now. I nevaw was eighteen befaw. How could a fellow be eighteen befaw he is eighteen?"

The company laughed at this answer. Mr. McGusher believed he had made a point, and he enjoyed it. He was encouraged.

"Eighteen now?"

"Of cawse."

"How old shall you be when you are twenty-one?"

"I don't know," replied the long-lost, who was, perhaps, thinking of the point he had made; but his answer produced a roar of smiles.

"You don't know?"

"How old shall I be when I am twenty-one?" repeated Mr. McGusher, putting his whole mind to the question. "Of cawse I shall be twenty-one when I am twenty-one."

"That may be true in your case," added Dr. Darling, looking very wise. "Now, will you please to state your view of the unhappy difficulty between Mr. Lunder and yourself."

"It is soon told, saw. Seeing my fwiend, Miss Bildaw, seated on a wock —"

"On a what?"

"On a wock," replied the long-lost, with emphasis.

"On a wock?" repeated the examiner.

"What's that?"

"On a wock! Don't you know what a wock is?"

"I do not," replied the doctor, shaking his head, and looking very much puzzled. "On a wock?"

"On a wock! On a big stone!" said the plaintiff, desperately.

"O! on a rock! I beg your pardon. I understand now. Proceed, if you please. Miss Bilder was seated on a rock."

"Miss Bildaw is my fwiend, and I seated myself at her side, as I think I had a pawfect wight to do, if the lady did not object."

"Then Miss Bilder did not object?"

"She did not. Then Mr. Lundaw sat down in my lap, and cwushed my hat. That's the whole of it."

"Where was Mr. Lunder when you seated yourself at Miss Bilder's side?"

"He was standing up."

"What was he doing?"

"Making what he called a speech."

"What he called a speech. What did you call it?"

"It was hardly an owation or a hawang. I call it nonsense," replied Mr. McGusher, candidly.

"But —"

*'A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.'*

You did not relish the nonsense, Mr. McGusher?"

"No, saw, I did not."

"Are we to conclude, therefore, that you are not to be classed among the wisest men?"

"I am not a fool, an idiot, to welish such stuff as that was."

"Then those of us who did enjoy it are to be considered fools and idiots — are they? That will do, Mr. McGusher. You may step down."

"I don't mean to say that," protested the long-lost.

"Mr. Lunder will take the stand," added the doctor.

Ben took the stand.

"Your name, sir?"

"B. Lunder, O. S."

"O. S. Old style?"

"No, sir; old salt."

"Your occupation?"

"Seaman."

"How long have you been to sea?"

"Four days — perhaps five now, counting to-day as one."

"Had the measles?"

"Yes, sir — had 'em good."

"Fighting weight?"

"One hundred and twenty-one pounds, eleven and one half ounces, Avoirdupois."

"Now state, if you please, your view of the difficulty between Mr. McGusher and yourself."

"The principal difficulty lies in Mr. McGusher's inability to appreciate my speeches," laughed Ben.

"The facts in the case, if you please."

"I was sitting with Miss Bilder on the rock, when I was called upon by the high and mighty commander of the Ocean-Born to make a little speech. He had eaten so much chowder himself that he was too full for utterance, and I had to utter for him. I beg to remind you, Mr. Chairman, that I am an old salt by profession. Lot's wife was a first cousin of mine. The first duty of a sailor, sir, is to obey.

*'Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die,'*

or make a speech; and, with becoming modesty, it was a capital speech, in my opinion, whatever Mr. McGusher may say or think."

"That's so!" shouted the spectators.

"Order in the court!" said Dr. Darling, pounding on the table most vigorously. "Go on, Mr. Lunder."

"I was seated by Miss Bilder, on the rock. Etiquette required that I should stand when I made that speech. I did what the immortal General Warren told the Bunker Hillers to do when he said, 'Stand! the ground's your own, my braves.'

"I am not so sure I should have had the courage to stand, if I had thought I should lose my ground on the rock by doing so. But I did stand. Milton says, —

'They also serve who only stand.'

It was my duty to stand, Mr. Chairman. My commander had ordered me to stand. I rose, Mr. Chairman; I rose modestly and gracefully to obey the order of my great commander. As 'the rose is fairest when 'tis budding,' I budded upon that audience. I rose, and though there were onions in the chowder, 'a rose by any other name would

smell as sweet.' I rose and made my speech. Under the fiery inspiration of the moment, I waxed eloquent. I depicted the wild scene upon the stormy ocean, when the mad waves dashed savagely over the helpless Sea Foam, when the bob-scuttle had gone by the board; when the angry tide twisted the cleats, cat-harpings, bowlines, bobstays, dead-eyes, dead-lights, and dead reckoning into half-hitches; when —

"Do you intend to repeat your speech, Mr. Lunder?" asked the doctor.

"If the court particularly desire it, — yes, sir."

"Nothing but the want of time prevents the court from particularly desiring its repetition."

"I should be happy to oblige the court at another time then. I only intended to show how it was that I waxed eloquent. As I waxed, I took a step forward, as great orators do unconsciously when stirred by the fires of eloquence. Of course, Mr. Chairman, as I orated, I was unconscious of the movements of the plaintiff. I could see nothing but the sea of upturned faces before me; and I did not see Mr. McGusher take the seat which I had vacated but a moment before. When I finished I sat down, and as the plaintiff was in my seat, I sat down in his lap, and squashed his hat. How could I know, sir, that the plaintiff had surreptitiously and flagitiously taken my seat?"

"Did you consider that the seat belonged to you?"

"As much as though I had foreclosed a mortgage upon it. Consider the circumstances, Mr. Chairman. I was freely lavishing my eloquence upon the company. I was laboring for the information and entertainment of the party. If I used my shining talents for this purpose, should I suffer for it? Should I lose my seat for it?"

"No! No! No!" shouted the young men.

"Certainly not; and of course, Mr. Chairman, you will decide in favor of the defendant."

"You may step down, Mr. Lunder," added Dr. Darling. "Have you anything further to say, Mr. McGusher?"

"I have, sir. I don't wish to quawwel with Mr. Lundaw, and I'm willing to accept his apology," replied the long-lost.

"When he makes one, you may," added Ben.

"The court will settle that question," interposed the doctor. "The law applicable to this case may be found in Shakespeare's play

of Much Ado about Nothing — 'Sets the wind in that corner?' Metaphorically, Mr. McGusher is the wind, and 'that corner' is the rock. It is admitted that McGusher sat down on the rock; and 'sits the wind in that corner.' Lunder had not abandoned that seat. If he had deliberately got up, and gone off, like a gun, he might thus have relinquished possession of it. But he did not go off like a gun or otherwise, and not having relinquished possession of it, the seat was his, both in law and equity; and according to Shakespeare, standing up in front of his seat to make a speech, in obedience to the order of his superior officer, and in answer to the call of the company, does not amount to a relinquishment of the seat. He had vacated it only for the moment, at the call of the crowd. Now, if he had got up to make that speech with the evil and vicious intent and purpose of inflicting his remarks upon the company, as some ill-bred persons do, the case would have been different, and he would have voluntarily relinquished his seat, both in law and fact. Lunder was, therefore, still in legal possession of the seat, though not in actual bodily possession of it, at the precise instant when McGusher took possession of it. A tenant cannot be said to have abandoned the house he hires, to have relinquished possession thereof, because he temporarily leaves it to go to the corner grocery for a cent's worth of milk. My associates agree with me that this is sound law. The law being thus indisputably clear, it only remains to consider the facts, upon which there is no material disagreement. The seat belonged to Lunder; McGusher took it; in other words, he took what did not belong to him, and what did belong to Lunder. McGusher is at fault. This court finds for the defendant, and sentences McGusher to apologize to Lunder for taking his seat."

"Who pays for my hat?" demanded Mr. McGusher, amid roars of laughter.

"The court decides that the hat was *pariiceps criminis* in the act of the owner. It was in the place of Lunder, where it had no right to be. The hat was crushed because it was an intruder, like a mosquito in the boudoir of a lady! 'Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;' but hats never," said Dr. Darling.

Mr. McGusher was not satisfied with the decision of the referees, but there was no appeal. He refused to apologize, however, and gazed ruefully at his twisted and misshapen hat.

The rain was falling in torrents when the Ocean-Born with her heavy tow arrived at the



MERRY LITTLE HEART.

city; but all the party were under cover, and continued to have a jolly time till the weather permitted the ladies to go to their homes. Ben Lunder walked home with Kate Bilder, and spent the evening at the house. Mr. McGusher was disgusted, and at an early hour retired to his room. He did so only to get out of the way of his tormentor, who would not insult him, or even take any notice of him.

Mr. McGusher was troubled; his hat was spoiled, and he had hardly ten dollars in his pocket—not more than enough to pay his expenses to New York. He must buy a new hat; he could hardly go into the street with the crushed tile on his head. He was worried about his financial prospects. He walked the room. As he passed the bureau on which stood his lamp, he saw a letter, the corner of which was thrust into the side of the looking-glass frame. It had evidently been placed there where it could be seen, perhaps as a reminder that something was to be done with it at a future period. Raising the lamp, he read the address: "MRS. MARY J. BANFORD." From the character of the stamp upon it, he judged that the letter had been sent some years before.

Mr. McGusher took the letter from its place. He looked at it for some time, and then he opened it, being very careful not to tear the envelope. He wet it, and worked upon it for ten minutes before he got it open. He took the contents from it, and found in the sheet of note paper it contained two five hundred dollar bills. Whether or not he knew Mrs. Banford, to whom the letter was addressed, and whether or not he expected to find so much money in the letter, does not yet appear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"OTEDAMA:" A JAPANESE GAME.

BY AUNT CARRIE.

THIS is a new game to us New Englanders. It originated in Japan. The Japanese excel in this game. As they play it, each change has a name, which is chanted or sung by all the players, making the game more attractive to a spectator. Our mode is more simple.

Otedama resembles "Jack Stones," so common among our boys; only, in place of stones, we use little bright-colored bags partially filled with rice.

Seven little bags are used in this game. One is made square; this is called the "jack." It is made of an oblong piece of "Crêpe de

Chine." When sewed together it should be two and a half inches square. Before sewing it tight, it should be partially filled with rice. The other six bags are differently shaped from the jack, and smaller. Take an oblong piece of "Crêpe de Chine," double, and sew together one side, gather up one end, fastening it firm, partially fill this bag with rice, then gather up the top, fastening it tight; these bags, when finished, should be two inches wide, and two and a half long.

The jack should be of a different color from the other bags; the brightest colored "Crêpe" should be saved for jack. The six bags can be made of the same color; but it is more desirable to have all the bags vary in color.

In this game each person can play independently or take sides, as the players agree. It is generally played upon the carpet. The players who take part in it sit in a circle on the floor. It is decided by vote who commences the game.

The one who begins takes the bags, and places them on the floor in front of her. One important term used in this game we will explain before giving the rules.

"Tonkeri," which means to throw up the jack, catch it on the back of the hand, throw it up and catch it forward; this must be done in one successive movement. When in the rules simply the term "Tonkeri" is used, it means with the jack.

Rules. 1. Throw up the jack, pick up one bag, and catch the jack as it falls, toss up both and catch the jack; so on with all the bags. As you play, try to have the bags fall two and two.

2. Throw the jack up, pick up two, and catch the jack; toss up all, and catch the jack; the same with the other two couples.

3. Throw the jack up, pick up three, and catch the jack; toss all up, and catch the jack; do the same with the other three.

4. Throw the jack up, pick up two, and catch the jack; toss all up, and catch the jack; the same again, only take up the other four bags, in place of two.

5. Throw the jack up, pick up one, and catch the jack; toss up both, and catch the jack; the same, only take up five.

6. Throw the jack up, take all up, and catch the jack; toss all up, and catch the jack.

7. Same as the sixth rule.

Now begin to "Tonkeri."

8. Throw up the jack, pick up one, and catch the jack; throw up both, pick up another, and catch the jack as it falls; the same with all; then Tonkeri with the jack.

9. Throw up the jack, and pick up two; then play according to the eighth rule, except taking up two bags in place of one. Tonkeri.

10. Play according to the eighth rule, except first take up two, then five. Tonkeri.

11. Same, only first take up one bag, then five. Tonkeri.

12. Throw up the jack, take all up and catch the jack as it falls; throw all up and catch the jack. Tonkeri.

13. Same as twelfth.

14. Throw up the jack, catch all the bags up, and the jack as it falls; throw up the jack, lay the others down, and Tonkeri with the jack, as it comes down.

15. Throw up the jack, catch the other up, and catch the jack downwards. Tonkeri.

16. Throw up the jack, catch the others up, and the jack as it falls; throw up and Tonkeri with the jack as it comes down.

17. Throw up the jack, catch the others up, and catch the jack as it falls; throw all up, slap the ground, and catch the jack downwards. Tonkeri.

18. Throw up the jack, catch the others up, and the jack as it falls; toss all up, let three fall, and catch the others; then take up one of the three, throw it up, and pick up another; hold the first, throw up the second, and pick up the third, catching the second as it falls; throw up the three, catching any one downwards, then Tonkeri with it.

19. Tonkeri with the whole. This is very difficult, but you are permitted to pack the bags tight together in your hand before throwing them.

20. Arrange the bags in a row, with the jack at the left end. Take up the first, throw it up, pick up the second, catching the first as it comes down; hold the first, throw the second up, and while it is in the air lay the first one down, pick up a third, catching the second as it falls; so on until you have caught up the jack; throw up the jack, lay the last one down, and Tonkeri with the jack as it falls.

21. Arrange the bags as in the twentieth rule, with the jack at the right, this time. This figure is played with the left hand, and if you miss when your next turn comes, you must begin at the first rule, and go through all the changes again. In this figure you pick up the first bag between the thumb and first finger, give a little toss, and catch it on the back of the hand; while it is there, pick up the second in the same manner as the first, give it a toss, and catch it on the back of the hand, letting the first one fall; so on until the jack

is on your hand; then toss the jack up, slap the ground, and Tonkeri with the jack as it falls.

In all these changes, however the jack or any of the bags may fall in or on your hand, or on the floor, the position must not be changed. By practice a player soon learns to throw the bags so that they will fall in the proper position for the next change of play.

If each player in this game acts independently, the one who plays first commences the game at rule first, and plays until he or she misses. The players being seated in a circle, the next player at the left takes his turn; so on round the circle. When the first player's turn comes again, she commences where she left off, unless she went through all the rules, missing only the last; if so, she must begin again at the first rule. Thus the playing passes round and round the circle, until some player has gone through the changes. He or she then passes out of the circle as Conqueror. The others, if desired, can go on until all have beaten but one. This last unfortunate player is pronounced the "Goose" of the party.

If this game is played with sides, the opponents sit either opposite each other, or alternately. When the first player on a side misses, she passes the bags to her opponent; when he misses, he passes the bags to the second player on the other side; he commences his play where the first player on his side left off; so on through the game. In this way the game is shorter.

We called at a friend's house one evening. As we entered the parlor, we saw, to our amazement, five or six young ladies and gentlemen seated in a circle upon the floor, all so intent in watching the tossing in the air of the bright-colored little Otedama bags, we were for a time unnoticed. It was pleasing to watch the graceful and quick motions of the hand; and the skill displayed seemed magical to our ignorant eyes. Finally our hostess sprang up to welcome us, and explained to us this curious game.

The rules and directions which we have now given to our boys and girls, we hope will prove a source of pleasant social amusement.

— THE custom for officers of state to mark the year by annually driving a nail into the wall of a temple seems to have been ancient in Italy. It was a custom of the Etruscans, and may have been borrowed from them by the Romans, as so many other customs were.



AUNT BETSEY BEFORE THE PARLOR FIRE. Page 184.

AUNT BETSEY'S TREASURE.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY.

CHAPTER VII.

AUNT BETSEY DROPS DOWN AT CHARLES'S.

THE muffins were nearly done, the potatoes quite done, and Belle was cutting a piece of smoked halibut to broil, when Lu rushed in, actually white with anxiety.

"O, Belle, Belle! what shall we do! The station-cab is at the door, a woman is getting out, and the driver is taking off a trunk!"

"Who can it be?" cried Belle. "Ask Clara to go to the door. — Do listen in the back entry, Charley, and let me know who has come. Company before breakfast! How queer! To

be sure it is almost nine o'clock, and the first down train is due at half past eight."

Belle finished cutting and preparing her fish, washed her hands in hot suds, and peeped into the oven to see the muffins beautifully puffed up, before Charley returned, reporting, —

"It is father's aunt, Miss Elizabeth Blessing, 'dropped down to make us a visit,' she says. Did you ever hear of her before, sis? For if we haven't any such aunt, then she is an impostor."

"Hush your nonsense, do, Charley. Yes, I have heard of her; but I never saw her, that I remember. What has sent her here just now? Well, we must do the best we can. Thank my lucky stars, the muffins are nice!"

"Thank a good mind, heart, and purpose," said Charley, earnestly, to sister Belle. —

"Please walk out to breakfast," he said at the parlor door.

"Breakfast!" burst spontaneously from astonished aunt Betsey.

"Why not, auntie?" said Lucretia, slowly and sweetly.

She was always deliberately agreeable.

"I ate breakfast four or five hours ago, and have rode sixty miles since. I should think it ought to be dinner."

"It is late, aunt Blessing," said Lu; "but we girls didn't get waked up until father had eaten his breakfast and gone; so we have been fussing round, not knowing exactly how to manage without mother; and perhaps there isn't much of a breakfast even now. If there is, it's all due to our —"

A sharp pinch from Clara stopped the "Belle," and caused Lu to substitute "good mother." In the dining-room Belle appeared with tumbled hair, one spot of flour on the top of her head, and another on one cheek, and a huge doughy apron, which she had forgotten to take off, on account of a finishing touch for the table, in the shape of a glass dish of canned strawberries, remembered and opened only at the last moment.

"Our new little cook and housekeeper, Belle, Miss Blessing," said Charley, by way of introduction.

If there was one earthly thing more agreeable than another to their guest, it was to be called by her own rightful cognomen, "Miss Blessing;" for, although continually compelled to endure, she ever indignantly repudiated, "aunt Betsey." But, although thus agreeably addressed, she only threw Belle a stiff nod and curious glance, taking her for a servant, and not at all approving Charley's familiar introduction, being, like old ladies generally, aristocratic in her notions. Belle, feeling the coldness, and noticing her soiled apron at the same moment, remembered for the first time her unbecoming toilet, and seated herself, in embarrassment, beside Charley, — her constant refuge in trouble, — leaving Clara to preside, which she did with great assumption of dignity.

"Have you not another sister?" asked aunt Betsey, during breakfast.

"No," replied Clara, "only brother Will's wife. I suppose you didn't mean her."

"No. I thought my nephew Charles had three daughters. Have you ever lost a sister?"

"No," said Charley; "here are father's three girls, if I can count straight — Clara, Lucretia, Belle; one, two, three. Isn't that good arithmetic, aunt Blessing?"

"O, I made a mistake. I — that is — thought — somehow, I understood you Belle was not your sister," stammered aunt Betsey, in great embarrassment.

"O, you thought she was my sweetheart — did you, aunt Blessing?" cried Charley, to everybody's infinite relief. "And so she is, forever and ever, flour or no flour," dusting her crimson cheek with his napkin. "Her cheeks, certainly, don't need powder or paint. She hasn't had time to think of herself this morning, and she isn't much given to thinking of herself any morning. One thing is certain, we owe her our breakfast."

"Potatoes and all," remarked Belle, *sotto voce*, nudging Charley under the table.

"That taste didn't strike in — did it?" replied Charley, solemnly.

"Not as I can perceive," returned Belle, with equal solemnity, tasting clear potato most attentively.

That breakfast being ended, aunt Betsey was just getting well started on doll's fingers in the parlor, when Belle came in, with only the improvement of a clean white apron, and the absence of the flour from the top of her head. Drawing a low seat to aunt Betsey's side, she commenced, confidentially, —

"I am going to tell you, aunt Blessing, just how it is with me. I am ashamed of looking as I do, and would be glad to go and dress, for I like to keep tidy; but to-day I can't stop until that bread is off my mind. It would be a shame to have it wasted; and besides, if it isn't baked we shan't have any bread to eat. Now you have caught us, with mother away; and wouldn't you just as lief help me as not?"

"To be sure; anything in the world I can do," replied aunt Betsey, beginning to put up her work.

"No, no; I don't want you to work: I only want you to tell me how. Mother hasn't, because we were all busy learning other things, and kept plenty of servants. But now I am going to work. That bread is raised too much, and I don't know the best way to remedy it. I set it in a cold place, before breakfast, to stay the fermentation."

"That was wise; but the best way is not to let bread get raised too much. 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' is especially true of bread. But you can put in saleratus, or soda, and make it eatable."

"Yes; if you will only show me *how much*. We haven't any saleratus, and we are two miles from a grocery, and everything else here — rent's cheap, you know. But I used soda for the muffins; and you praised those."

"And for those griddle-cakes," put in Charley; "and they were double-extra."

"You are so bright, Charley, you *must* go back to college, money or no money," remarked Clara; at which unkind sally Belle flushed indignantly, and Charley looked sober, for it touched his bitterest trial.

"Soda is just as good as saleratus," said aunt Betsey, rising. "Let me go and show you. Why ain't your older sisters the ones to do the work?"

The question was asked in the kitchen.

"O, Clara is low-spirited because she has been called home from the boarding-school, on account of father's losses; and Lu isn't strong, and has her music to attend to. She has quite a talent that way, and means to teach, now we are poor. She is just as anxious to help as I am, only housework isn't in her line."

"Don't you like books and music? and didn't you go to school?"

"Bless you! yes, aunt Blessing," cried ubiquitous Charley, turning up at the critical moment. In truth, he was apt to turn up wherever was Belle. "She was at school with Clara; away up above her, too, in her classes, and sticking to her books like bees to honey-making. But *she* isn't low-spirited, of course; and anything to make others happy is in *her* line. She would have won a prize, and graduated, if she had staid the year out."

"O, Charley! you are not sure about the prize."

Belle had her sleeves rolled up, her mother's doughy apron over her own little white one, while she vigorously moulded the bread, into which she had put the small quantity of dissolved saleratus prescribed by her aunt.

"I will give you a prize if you will make that bread as good, according to, as the muffins were. Excellent muffins! excellent!"

"What will you give me, aunt — a leather medal for lying in bed, and letting it get sour?"

"I will give you *that* if you make decent bread of it; or, if you don't, for the first really good bread you do make." She displayed from her purse a hundred-dollar bill.

"Aunt Blessing! are you — the least bit — just a little — insa — I mean out of your head?"

"Very likely," replied aunt Betsey. "Reasonable people only give girls prizes for Latin, French, music, painting, and so on. But crazy old women may take it into their weak heads to give them prizes for good bread and butter."

"She is satisfied with the bread, and here is the hundred-dollar bill," said Charley to Belle, as she stood over the cooking-stove, broiling herself and beefsteak, preparatory to dinner.

"Then she was really in earnest! O, Charley! what does it cost you a term at college?"

"The president promised to continue my scholarship if I came back: so I could get along with — But why do you ask?"

"Charley, *could* you go through a term with *this*?"

Her eyes gleamed with intense desire.

"No, sis; I couldn't possibly; indeed, I could not."

"Are you sure, dear? The scholarship pays your tuition and room-rent; then you board at —"

"Darling, I could board myself on buckwheats and baked potatoes, after to-day's experience, and make that hundred-dollar bill take me through the rest of this year. But I can't use it. You must go back to your school, win your prize, and graduate."

"No, no. What is a school-girl's prize, or a school-girl's diploma? But your education is everything to you. Besides, I am going to help mother. Here! I will never touch it. It is yours. There will be a way for you to work through college yet, I am sure;" and Belle turned the steak at the right moment, with a very resolute air. But there were tears in her eyes, and in Charley's too.

"You are willing I should give it to Charley, aunt Blessing? Please, say you're quite willing; for, indeed, my heart is so set on it that I couldn't use it any other way," said Belle, as she and her aunt worked very contentedly together, after dinner.

"Yes: I'm willing. I believe I am entirely satisfied with you. Only let me do up the work, while you go and curl your hair and change your dress, for folks will look at you."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WILL.

"If you've lost a fortune, nephew, still you are rich in your daughter Belle," said aunt Betsey to Mr. Blessing, a whole month subsequent to the event of her dropping down.

All this time Mrs. Blessing had been at brother Will's, where there was joy over the birth of a daughter; and Belle had been rapidly progressing in the art and science of domestic economy, under aunt Betsey's tuition, who was daily more and yet more "entirely satisfied."

"Yes; she is a darling girl," replied Mr. Blessing; "and all my daughters are a great comfort. Clara, to be sure, is a little spoiled by her good looks; but time and her native good sense will straighten that. Then my

boys are a treasure. I have started anew as a merchant, with Will for a partner. Small capital we have, except a good name, his energy, and my experience. And Charley will make his own way, and his own mark, or I am mistaken."

"Belle is my choice. I want to finish educating her, and make her my heir."

Mr. Blessing looked amused rather than startled.

"Thank you, aunt Blessing. Belle and I are both in a position to be grateful for pecuniary favors; but I trust you will live many years to need your little all. I rejoice if you have enough to feel easy about your own future."

"Well, now, nephew Charles, how much should you say I ought to have to make me feel easy for myself the rest of my days — not to be beholden to anybody?"

"That is hardly a fair question, aunt. Your habits are so simple, and you are so healthy and industrious, that I have no doubt you are right-in feeling safe and easy with a few hundred laid by for sickness or the rainy day. But if you had a few thousands it would be wise for you to keep the most of it while you lived. The income of ten thousand dollars is only seven hundred a year, you know; and if you live to be very aged and infirm, it would prove wisdom's part to have saved the principal. I do not say it to make you anxious, but to show you that you can't afford to make us such generous presents as that hundred-dollar bill you gave Belle. But we accept that, and all your good will, most gratefully."

"That 'express' which takes you to the cars will be along in fifteen minutes," said aunt Betsey, starting up. "I am going to town with you; have some business to attend to a — at the stores. Belle, Belle! let Clara take care of those dishes, and you come and help me fix off, and be sure I don't forget that reticule."

A curious, bellows-bottomed red reticule was aunt Betsey's constant companion and especial object of solicitude.

"Where are all the parcels, aunt?" cried Charley, helping her from the stage, which returned at six: "when ladies go shopping, I expect at least a wheelbarrow-load."

"Who said I went shopping?"

"Miss Elizabeth Blessing said 'business at the stores.' Isn't that shopping?"

"Heaven forgive me! I didn't exactly mean it," exclaimed aunt Betsey, so seriously that Charley instantly desisted from all pleasantry, and, getting her cosily seated before the parlor fire, coaxed her to let him carry her things

to her adjoining bedroom, while Belle hastened to set her supper before her, invitingly arranged upon a tray.

"I am tired to-night, and 'tis past my bedtime," she replied to Belle's anxiety about her fatigue. "I am going right to bed now. But you tell your father I have something to say to him before he goes to the store to-morrow."

After breakfast the next morning, having beckoned nephew Charles from the kitchen, which also served as dining-room, into the parlor, aunt Betsey brought the reticule from her bedroom, and, drawing forth a document, handed it to him to read. It was her will, duly executed the previous day, making Belle her sole heir, and Belle's father her executor. With an expression of real pleasure, Mr. Blessing replied, as he returned the paper, —

"I am truly grateful, aunt Blessing, and am persuaded Belle will ever deserve your love and confidence."

"Don't thank me, nephew, especially for nothing. I made up my mind yesterday that, as you said, ten thousand dollars were enough to last me through, at the longest; and, as there was not the least need of my laying up my income, I would give Belle not only all that is left when I die, but the income of five thousand dollars now: so, although I made no mention of it in the will, I consider the income of that sum hers from this hour, unless I need it myself, which I shall not, or unless she makes a bad use of it, which she will not."

"Are you really worth ten thousand dollars, aunt?" exclaimed Mr. Blessing.

"I certainly am," she replied, with a peculiar expression, which puzzled her nephew at the time, and was recalled with interest at a future date.

Once more resorting to the reticule, aunt Betsey took out a tin case, from which she drew forth a package of closely-folded United States bonds, remarking, —

"I put my property all into bonds, — the very first seven-thirties that were issued, — and it proved a first-rate investment. But it is a great care to get the coupons cashed, because I am aware that my life would be in danger if it were known that a lone woman kept such a treasure. I shall feel easier when some of them are gone."

Taking a pair of scissors from her pocket, she cut from a five thousand dollar bond all its attached coupons, before Mr. Blessing could stay her hand.

At this moment Belle and Charley came in arm-in-arm. Aunt Betsey dropped the case containing the bonds into her reticule, and

handed the will and the coupons to Belle, saying, —

"A little present for you, my dear, from poor, good-for-nothing aunt Betsey."

"What is it?" asked Belle, unfolding the will, and discovering the coupons within it. "Do look and tell me, Charley."

"This document seems to be your will, aunt Blessing," replied Charley, quickly folding up the paper, after considering it a moment; "and these are coupons from a United States bond. There is some mistake. Excuse us for opening the will."

As he spoke, he handed the papers to his aunt, who waved them back, saying, —

"I generally know what I am about. The coupons, Belle, give you the income of five thousand dollars for eleven years from the first day of last July; and, if you make a good use of that, I shall never have any other will than this, which makes you my heir; and, I'll venture to say, I shan't die worth less than the ten thousand dollars which I have just told your father I am worth."

"Aunt Blessing," cried Belle, "I am glad you are not poor like all the rest of us; and I thank you more than I know how to tell for giving me anything that you don't need. But do take back these coupons to use yourself: all your income is none too much for an old lady like you to spend. You ought not to keep up that sewing, to earn money, to give us the income of your little property."

"I should be miserable if I was not at work; and I will promise you, fair and square, — and Elizabeth Blessing was never known to break her word, — that the very first six months I have any occasion to use all the remainder of my income, I will take back every one of those coupons: but, unless Uncle Sam fails, I am not likely to need them."

"I don't see why you may not, aunt. You have given me the interest of five thousand dollars — half your property: this interest is three hundred dollars in gold. What is the premium on gold now, father?"

"About sixteen per cent., on an average."

"Nearly another fifty dollars, then, making three hundred and fifty dollars. Aunt, you ought to use more than that of your own money."

"I will use all I want," cried the lady addressed, somewhat impatiently. "Now take the coupons, and say no more about it, or I shall be seriously vexed. As to the sewing, I have had it in my hands so long, I believe I should be lost without it."

In proof of the latter assertion stood the

fact that aunt Betsey, on freeing her hands of the tin case and documents, had instantly resumed the dolls' fingers, in which she had been diligently setting minute and rapid stitches during the above conversation; and the useful exercise had helped her greatly through the embarrassing ordeal.

"Then I may really accept this!" cried Belle.

"How can I thank you enough? I don't believe any poor girl ever did want money half so much as I do just now, or ever had half the good uses for it."

"I don't know about that, my dear. Girls generally have plenty of occasions for their pocket-money. Yours is less than a dollar a day, and won't go far in jewelry, velvets, feathers, flowers, and flumadiddles."

"I think it won't," said Belle, decidedly.

"So you think you wouldn't buy such things. Now tell me, what would you do with a hundred thousand dollars, if you had it all your own?" asked aunt Betsey.

"First, negatively, as the ministers say, I wouldn't buy a single jewel, silk, satin, feather, flower, or flumadiddle."

"Is that word in the dictionary?" asked Charley, parenthetically.

"Go and look it out," answered Belle, in a similar tone.

He preferred staying, to hear what more his aunt had to say; but an express wagon, in which Mr. Blessing rode to the cars, appeared, and father and son went out together.

"Leave the negative," said aunt Betsey, "and let us hear the affirmative."

"I would buy father and Will a store full of goods: then they would be in a fair way to earn for all of us, as they did before their losses."

"What more? Say the store of goods costs fifteen thousand dollars."

"Sister Mary, Will's wife, is a dear, good girl; and she expected him to be rich, but loved and married him all the same, when he told her he was poor. I would pin a ten thousand dollar bond on that toilet-cushion, which was all the wedding present I could make her, after she had bought their furniture with money earned by teaching."

"What next?"

"There is my little namesake, darling baby Belle, — they would name her so, for my sake, although the Belle Blessing was lost, — and I would like to do her some good. O, if it were only real, instead of this nonsense, I would give her a thousand-dollar bond, to be put at interest. It would make her a rich woman by the time she was of your age, aunt Blessing."

"How much would it make? Let me see if you realize these things."

"At seven per cent., compound interest, semi-annually, it would more than double once in ten years, which would give — How old are you, aunt?"

"In my seventy-seventh year."

"Is it possible! We all thought you were about sixty-five."

"That all comes of not getting married, my dear, and living by myself, keeping decent hours, and eating decent food, and leading a quiet life. Mind you never get married! It wasn't for want of chances that I didn't; but I never yet saw the man living that I would agree to get three meals a day for, set on his buttons, and mend his pantaloons, till death did part. It wasn't for want of chances you may be sure. There were Augustus Williams, Smith Anderson, Benjamin Blake, and lots more, all head and ears over in love with me; for, though you wouldn't think it, Belle, I was esteemed a beauty and a — But sakes alive, what nonsense I'm talking! I do like, though, sometimes, to think it all over when folks call me old maid; just as if I couldn't have married. There, I will stop! You were just going to tell me what baby's thousand dollars would make her worth at my age."

"On the compound interest doubling principle — let me see: two thousand at ten, four thousand at twenty, eight thousand at thirty, sixteen thousand at forty, thirty-two thousand at fifty, sixty-four thousand at sixty, one hundred and twenty-eight thousand at seventy, and at seventy-six, say half as much more; which makes one hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars. This is all foolishness, aunt, but you asked me. If I really had any thousand dollars for the dear baby, I wouldn't have her keep it like that, for then it could do her no good; but it would be nice for her to have four thousand dollars when she was twenty, to buy her own furniture, if she chanced to get married."

"Four thousand dollars to furnish a house!" cried aunt Betsey, in tones of wonder.

"Do you think it much or little, aunt?"

"What a question from you, Belle Blessing! When I was young, if a girl had a hundred dollars besides her beds and bedding, and a rag carpet for her parlor, she was ready to set up handsome. But land sakes! what is the use to talk? The world is all turned topsy-turvy, so that a downright sensible girl, like you, talks about four thousand dollars to furnish a house!"

"Forgive me my imaginary extravagance

for my namesake twenty years hence. Didn't you ever furnish any castles in the air extravagantly?"

"Never! and don't you never. But you were telling me what more you would do with that hundred thousand dollars."

"Let me see: where was I? O, furnishing baby Belle's house extravagantly! I think, as you don't like air castles, I won't expend the rest."

"Nonsense! tell me what next," cried aunt Betsey in vexation.

"I would give dear mother a deed of the house that was sold to pay father's debts. The deed was in her name, so the law could not take it; but she said it was bought with father's money, and it should all go until every dollar was paid; and it did take all, even Lu's piano, which she, too, insisted should be sold with the other furniture."

"What did your furniture cost?"

"I don't know what it cost, but I know it sold for six thousand dollars; not at auction, but to Mr. Wilson, who bought the house, and gave something like its real value as second-hand. Mr. Wilson was a creditor, a friend of father's, who said we could have the house and furniture back at the same price; but we had no hope of that."

"You were extravagant on furniture."

"I knew you would think so; but we did not regard it thus; and if you could only see uncle John's house in New York, you would think ours was quite simple. We never urged father to buy expensive things, and mother would often ask him, when he proposed anything new, if he was sure he could afford it from his business. His creditors felt that we had been prudent, for the times; and they were very kind and helpful, and furnished him goods on credit, without security, to resume business."

"How much for that house?"

"Mr. Wilson took it, at the appraisal of honorable men, for twenty thousand dollars. Father only paid ten thousand, but its value had doubled."

"I should have thought your mother might, in honor, have kept the increase in value, since the law could not touch it."

"Father was in a little doubt there; but mother settled it at once. She said the house was a present from father, and should go just the same as her jewels, and all that he had given her."

"You have disposed of half that imaginary fortune; what next?"

"Lucretia should have back her piano, and

go to the Academy of Music, and Clara back to her school to graduate, and, most of all, brother Charlie to college."

"What more?"

"Never mind the rest, since it is all imaginary. But these dear little coupons *are real*. Please let all the nonsense go, and tell me what to do with these, which are coming due? Just about one hundred and seventy-five dollars it will be."

"You can give it, if you choose, to that baby namesake, to be invested till she is twenty-one. That was not a bad fancy, and although it will not give four thousand dollars to furnish her house, it will give seven hundred dollars, which is enough for any sensible girl."

"I would like to do that if it would please you best," replied Belle; but her tones indicated disappointment.

"It would suit me best to have you do something for yourself. Since you don't want the fine dresses, and such things, go back to your school and finish up as you intended. If the coupons are not due fast enough, I will cash them for you beforehand."

"I cannot do it, aunt. You see I am wanted here just now. My own class has graduated, and it would make me feel very unhappy to go away and use this money for myself. But Charley—O, if you would be willing to let me send him through college with these coupons! His education is truly of the first importance. Father and Will think so, as well as I; and we all tried hard to have him keep on, but he insists he can never see us all struggle so to do it."

"Would this income be enough? I have heard great stories about a thousand a year not holding out for boys in college these days."

"There are classmates of Charley's who spend much more than that; but he was never extravagant, and after our losses he made his expenses very small. A scholarship paid his tuition and room-rent; he boarded in a club for three dollars a week, while his money lasted, and the last term boarded himself at his room. He would think these coupons, as they came due, more than enough, besides his own earnings. He works in his vacations; but we felt we must see him this winter; so he is here, and, you know, had almost given up going back before you gave me that hundred-dollar bill. May I give Charley the coupons?"

"Yes, for the remainder of his college

course; though I can't say I think it so mighty important for boys to go through college."

"We don't think so either, aunt. Will did not go, or care to go, because he wanted the right education for a merchant. But Charley is different. He loves study, and set his heart upon a thorough classical course when father was delighted to have him, and all say he is fitted to excel in literary or professional life; so we hate to have his plans broken."

"I guess you are right, and I verily believe you will take more good of the money to see somebody else use it than to use it yourself."

"Yes, I shall, aunt, just as you do in giving me your income."

"You had better not think it costs me any great self-denial," said aunt Betsey, with a look and accent of self-disgust, which puzzled Belle for the moment, and then were forgotten, to be recalled, however, with appreciation at a future time.

It took Belle's best rhetoric to induce Charley to consent to use her coupons; but at last his own strong conviction that it was really best for him to pursue the literary course so successfully begun, and his knowledge that Belle would be unhappy if he refused, prevailed to induce him to accept as much as he needed from term to term.

"It won't take it all, Belle," said Charley. "I shall almost work my own way, knowing that I have this to fall back upon, and you must use the rest."

"If there is any rest, it will help pay Lu's music lessons, until she is prepared to use her talent to earn money."

"O, Belle! you do not keep anything for yourself."

"I keep all myself while I keep such a happy heart as I have to-day."

"Yes, it blesses him who gives and him who takes."

"Don't quote Shakespeare to me," said Belle, laughing, with wet eyelashes.

"I won't. I will quote a better, whose example you and aunt Blessing follow, who said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"If that don't beat all, to hear the boy quoting Scripture, and applying it to *me*!" reflected aunt Betsey, who, to confess the shameful truth, had been a willing listener, at the crack of her bedroom door, to the conversation between Belle and Charles. "Applying it to *me*! More blessed to give than to receive, is

it? Precious little I know of any such beatitude, Heaven knows! Hoarding and hoarding all these years, reckoning up my increase and scarcely giving a sixpence for anything! But, then, I hain't been given, though, like some, to squandering it on myself, and I always did mean to do some wonderful thing or other, some time or other. Nobody has cared for me, and I hain't cared for anybody. Dear me; well, it has been a tedious, long, lonesome life! Nobody never can know that hain't tried it. Sometimes I wish I had sacrificed myself to some of them that were after me when I was young; but for a handsome, smart young girl to agree, for any man, to get three meals a day and mend — But there, 'tisin't any use to dwell on it now. I wouldn't, and I didn't, and I'm glad on't. But now I'm getting kind of old and childish, I suppose, for I feel like caring for somebody, and having somebody care for me, and I do say I feel better a' ready for the beginning I have made; but saying I follow the example of Jesus! I can't stand that! I had better be considering what I do with what is left in that reticule."

The next day aunt Betsey announced her intention of returning home, and would have carried it out with promptitude, had not Mrs. Blessing returned from William's, with the joyful news that Mary and the baby were both doing well, and insisted that her new-found aunt must not run away from her before she had time to get acquainted. But although Mrs. and Miss Blessing were mutually well pleased with each other, and although every effort was put forth to induce the latter to prolong her stay, she insisted that she must return to her own home, and did so in a few days, accompanied by Charles, whose route to college lay somewhat in the same direction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

— We have the authority of old Hesiod, a Greek poet who lived a little later than Homer, for the statement that the raven lives nine generations of man, the stag four generations of the raven, the crow three generations of the stag, the phoenix nine generations of the crow, and the nymphs ten generations of the phoenix.

— THE ancients inform us that the Iberians — they inhabited what is now Spain — supposed themselves to hear the hissing of the sea when the burning sun plunged into the Western Ocean.

JOE'S BOY.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

TYPE of innocence at rest,
Cuddled in his downy nest
Snugger than a little mouse,
He's the master of the house.
Smooth and velvety his skin;
Mother's eyes and father's chin;
Waiting for his teeth to show;
Waiting for his hair to grow:
Little darling, mother's joy.
"Nice baby,
Joe's boy!"

By and by he goes to school,
Not by any means a fool,
Learns his "three R's" pretty quick,
"Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic."
Möther hopes, when years elapse,
He'll be president, perhaps.
With the lasses, cheek by jowl,
Rosebud in his button-hole,
Gentleman without alloy.
"Smart fellow,
Joe's boy."

Out into the world at last,
Cuts a swell, is rather fast;
On the road, behind his span,
Calls his father "my old man."
Father's money — there's the rub —
Goes for dinners at the club.
Smokes cigars and guzzles wine;
Everything is very fine.
Thus does he his time employ.
"Hard ticket,
Joe's boy."

Getting seedy and all that,
Wears a shocking looking hat;
Money scarce, things looking blue,
Friends gone back upon him, too;
Bloated face, eyes growing dim,
Poorhouse just the place for him.
Now, young fellows, mind your eye;
Drink cold water when you're dry.
Rum is certain to destroy.
"Gone sucker,
Joe's boy!"

— GEORGE M. HUSS is doubtless right when he says there is no such thing as an "immovable object," or an "irresistible force;" but we assure him there has been a great deal of heavy reasoning over the question.

CALIFORNIA BOB.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

III.

BOB AMID THE SIERRAS.

WHAT with waiting, first for the baggage-master's and engineer's convenience to appear as witnesses against him, and then for the convenience and leisure of the magistrate, — a one-eyed genius, named Digges, — poor Bob was obliged to remain in jail a whole week before his preliminary examination took place.

Upon first being committed, he had been searched, and his beloved gold piece taken from him.

"You'll get it back, if nobody claims it," said the clerk, significantly.

At first Bob was inclined to give way to utter despair; but after a while his courage revived a little. He reflected that he was innocent; that he had even put himself to considerable inconvenience in order to serve those who now accused him; and he felt sure that the truth would appear finally, and justice be done to him. He wrote to Mr. Tarbell, asking his advice, and relating the suspicion with which he was regarded on account of the possession of the twenty-dollar piece.

In a few days he received the kindest possible letter from his friend, enclosing another for Judge Digges, who, he wrote to Bob, was an old friend of his; in fact, a partner of his in the mines of You Bet in the year '49.

"I'm pretty sure now that you are all right, Bob; but if you need any further help, write or telegraph, and I'll take a run up there," he wrote.

"Dear, good, kind man," thought Bob, gratefully; "if I ever have a chance, I'll show him that I *feel* a heap more nor what I *say*."

The day of the trial came at last. Bob stood up in the prisoner's dock and told his story, wondering to himself, when he got through, what his mother would think if she could see him there.

The baggage-master said that he had heard of such things being done; that he had noticed Bob, and felt sure that he was lingering around in order to get a free ride; that he thought things looked rather queer, and some of "the other fellows" thought so, too.

"And this is all you know about it — is it?" said Judge Digges, looking at the baggage-master with considerable severity out of his one eye.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness; "it's one

of those things as can't be *proved*, you know."

"That will do, sir. — Call the next witness," said the judge.

The next witness was the engineer. All that he could tell in addition to the preceding witness was, that Bob had seemed very much confused when he had questioned him, and had not the appearance of an honest boy.

When he had finished, the judge turned to Bob, saying kindly, —

"My lad, you have, doubtless, been, most wrongfully accused. There is not evidence here enough to hold you in custody one hour. I am at a loss to know how reasonable men could lodge a complaint against you on such knowledge as these two men possessed. You could, no doubt, recover damages in an action for false imprisonment. It would afford the court great satisfaction to know that they had been properly punished. The prisoner stands discharged."

Bob's face flushed with joy. He hardly knew what to do. He bowed to the judge, and turned around to look for his prosecutors; but they had disappeared.

In an hour's time he was again plodding on his way, his twenty in his boot, his bundle on his shoulder, his stick in his hand. He had too great a disgust of Truckee to wish to linger there to prosecute an action for false imprisonment. He was willing to let the guilty parties go, if he could only get away from the place himself.

He plodded along patiently, but slowly, for he was now on the "up grade," and found it necessary to sit down frequently to rest; and when he looked ahead and saw the steep mountain before him which he would soon be obliged to climb, he felt a little discouraged.

He was neither an artistic nor a poetical boy; but the beautiful picture of the grassy valley spread out at his feet, the waving pines, and the foaming Truckee, made him wish with all his heart that he had been born a painter; though I must acknowledge that he thought much more of his home and his mother, his present unpromising situation, and the wonderful future than he did of all the fine scenery.

What interested him particularly was the sight of a freight train headed by two locomotives, but crawling along the track at little faster pace than Bob was walking.

"I've been treated bad enough by this comp'ny," thought Bob; "now I'll get everything I can out of 'em."

He drew up to one side of the road, leaning on his stick, and waiting for them to come up.

The engineer was a round, red-faced, good-natured looking little man, and cried out, as soon as he saw Bob, —

"Hullo, boy! beating your way?"

"Beating" meant walking a little, and begging or stealing rides as often as possible. But Bob did not know that. Boy-like, careless and heedless, he answered, —

"Yes. Give a fellow a lift!"

"Wal," laughed the man, "you're pretty cool! Yes; get on: I'll slow up a little."

Bob did get on; and so found himself a second time riding on the "iron horse."

"Whar ye come from?" questioned the engineer.

"From Reno, on the railroad," replied Bob, determined that this time, at least, he would not be confused and look guilty, in answering a few simple questions.

"Live in Reno?" continued the man.

"No, *sir*," said Bob, emphatically.

"Don't like Reno, hey?" said the man, laughingly: "too many gamblers to the population, hey?"

He winked hard, and looked very knowing, to intimate that Bob had been fleeced; but Bob either couldn't or wouldn't understand him. As he made no reply, the conversation languished for some time. At length the fireman, leaning on his shovel, looked keenly and sharply into Bob's face, and said, —

"I guess you come from Virginia City."

Bob nearly leaped out of his seat, and his face turned crimson. The fireman and engineer both laughed, and the latter said, —

"Run away from home, by jingo!"

"How do *you* know I come from Virginia City?" asked Bob.

"Seen you there," was the answer. "Don't know your name, and you look as if you'd a ben sick; but I've seen you there, I know."

Bob said no more, and they said no more; but when they arrived at Summit Station he meekly stepped off the engine, and thanked the round, red-faced man for his ride.

"That thar's all right," said the man; "but don't you tell nobody I've gin ye a ride on the hoss, because, you see, it's ag'inst rules. I'm a going to stop over here a day or two, or I'd take yer on with me. And, look yere, my boy; don't you let nobody put you out 'cause you took French leave up in Virginia. I tell ye what, I run away from home, myself, and so has heaps of other smart men. Good by. So long! Good luck!"

"Good by," responded Bob, trudging off, and rather glad than otherwise to get off.

He felt very hungry, and longed for a good

meal, such as his mother used to cook for him. The fare in Truckee jail, while it had certainly been plentiful and wholesome, had been anything but delicate; and Bob, for all his wishing to be economical, could not help thinking how good a savory plate of pudding and a piece of good mince pie would taste. He hesitated for a few moments, for he did hate to change his gold piece: but while he stood undecided, he heard the dinner-bell ring at the hotel, and ring with such cheering and promising heartiness, that his appetite came off victor at once. He stepped behind a wood-pile, where he pulled off his boot and slipped his money into his pocket; then he put on a bold face, and walked straight into the dining-room, hat on.

There were a number of ladies there, for the Summit Hotel has a great many city boarders during the summer season. They seemed to Bob to be elegantly dressed, although they probably considered their toilets anything but elegant. Besides all else, it seemed to the poor boy that they were all looking and laughing at him. He flushed scarlet, and stood just inside the door, too bashful either to advance or retreat.

"Dinner, sir?" said a colored waiter, with a grin.

"Yes," whispered Bob.

"Remove your hat, please, sir," continued the dandy, evidently enjoying the bashful boy's discomfort, "and step dis way."

Bob did as he was bid, without a word, although he felt a little indignant, and would have felt more so if he had been more at his ease. He was, fortunately for him, placed in a retired seat, next to a brown-eyed young lady, who exerted herself to make him feel comfortable.

He thoroughly enjoyed his dinner, although mince pie was not on the bill of fare; and, after bidding his fair neighbor good by, he took his hat, bundle, and stick, with an "I'm-as-good-as-anybody" air, and went into the office to settle his bill. A rough-looking man was reading the papers by the window, and, seeing nobody else, Bob addressed himself to him.

"I want to pay for my dinner, sir," he said.

"Can you tell me who to pay?"

"Bill's just stepped out," was the man's reply, without looking up from his paper: "be back in a minute."

Bob seated himself and waited. In a few moments Bill came in, very red in the face, and wiping his mouth. A strong scent of whiskey entered the room at the same time. He went behind the desk, and began writing; so Bob concluded that he was the man to pay

the money to. He walked up to the desk with more of a flourish than was necessary, saying, —

"How much for my dinner?"

"One dollar, sir," responded Bill, eying Bob with a supercilious air, which abated somewhat when that youth drew a twenty carelessly from his pocket and threw it down, again with rather more of a flourish than was necessary.

The man went off after change; and, while he was gone, the rough-looking man — he was also a dirty and ill-looking man — looked up from his paper and asked Bob a few questions, not so much as to his name and antecedents as to his plans and intentions in the future. Bob knew but very little, and could tell him but very little, save that he was intending to walk to San Francisco. The man made a few careless remarks about the length of time it would take him, his chances of getting "lifts," and so forth, then yawned, threw down his paper, took his hat, and strolled out, just before Bill returned with the change.

Bob counted it, thanked him, and set off on his way, feeling considerably better than when he arrived.

The snow lay upon the ground; in some sheltered places it was six or eight feet deep (it never melts entirely away at the Summit); but the air was mild and pleasant, although rather lighter than was altogether agreeable to one unaccustomed to it.

Bob most dreaded walking through the tunnels: the snow-sheds were bad enough, but once in a while there were gaps in the sides, through which he had charming glimpses of the magnificent scenery of the wild Sierras. But in the tunnels, especially the Long Tunnel, it was so damp and dark, and so full of echoes, that he almost ran for the last two or three hundred feet. Just as he was coming out, he had an odd fancy that he could hear somebody just entering at the other end; but as the notion was repeated in every tunnel, he concluded that it was a delusion: he thought that perhaps the confined air in the tunnel had some peculiar effect upon his ears.

He had got about half way through a short tunnel, when he suddenly became convinced that his idea was *not* a delusion, but that somebody was really in the tunnel, and not very far behind him. He stopped, and turned around. The darkness was impenetrable. He listened; he could hear the advancing footsteps, and nothing else. Something, some indefinable fear, kept him from calling out. He told himself that it was only one of the hands on the road, or, more likely yet, somebody "beating

his way," like himself. But, in spite of these efforts to reassure himself, his heart throbbed violently, and he hurried on, nearly at a run, determined to "strike out" his best as soon as he got to where the daylight entered the tunnel: he was almost afraid to run in such utter darkness, for fear of tripping over something.

Still the footsteps came nearer and nearer, gaining upon him rapidly, although he did not realize it. Better for him, poor boy, if he had run his best then, darkness or not.

Suddenly — so suddenly and so nigh that his heart gave a great bound of fear — a voice cried out, —

"Hullo, there!"

Bob knew the voice, oddly enough, for he was not observing, as a general thing, to even an ordinary degree, and it was not a remarkably peculiar voice, though one which people accustomed to it would have been likely to recognize: it was the voice of the rough-looking man who had sat, while Bob paid for his dinner, reading a paper in the office of the Summit Hotel. As soon as he heard it, Bob felt that it meant mischief, and, without answering, started onward at the quickest pace he could make. It was rather poor running, though, for he was weak, it was dark, and his leg was stiff yet, and not able to do the best of service. When he had run a few rods, he could see the light coming in at the end of the tunnel; but just then the man, who had also been running, brought his hand down heavily on Bob's shoulder. The light was dim, but Bob saw his face and recognized it; he also saw that he carried something which looked like an iron bar in his hand.

"Come!" he said, with a fearful oath, "hand over that cash, quick!"

The money was in his inside jacket pocket. He was nothing but a boy at best, still weak from his wound; and it was a terrible place to be in. The bar was a murderous-looking weapon, and he had nothing to defend himself with. He did not stop to reflect how a pirate would behave under such circumstances, but put his hand into his pocket, intending to hand his money over without a word.

The man, however, utterly mistook his motion, and evidently thought that he was reaching for his pistol, for in a second almost, before Bob had time to withdraw his hand, he raised the bar and dealt him a terrible blow, which knocked him senseless, and would have been fatal, had not the bar struck against the rocky sides of the tunnel in its descent, and thus lost some of its force.

The man probably thought that he was dead, for he hurriedly searched his pockets, transferred the coin to his own, threw the bar to one side, and hurried on his way.

Bob still lay, partly on the track, quite senseless, when a couple of section hands, going up to the Summit on a hand-car, found him, and took him along. Searching about the place, before they left, they found, also, the stick, the bundle, and the iron bar which had done the work.

"Dead — ain't he, Mike?" said one of them to the other, who had his hand on Bob's heart.

"Yis, I think so: it's niver a bate I feel."

At the Summit, a doctor and proper restoratives soon demonstrated that Bob was not dead, or even seriously injured, although the cut upon his head had a terrible look before it was sewed up. As soon as he could remember what had taken place, Bob sent for Bill, the clerk, and said, —

"Do you remember the man who was reading in the office when I paid for my dinner?"

"Yes," replied the clerk, "I do."

"What is his name?"

"Well, I don't rightly know. We call him Buzzard Bill hereabouts."

"He is the man who robbed me and tried to murder me," said Bob.

"Aha!" said the clerk, placidly. "Likely enough. I always said Bill would kill a man for four bits. Swear to him?"

"Yes; I can, and will, too," replied Bob, excitedly. "He ought to be caught easily; he can't have got so very far."

But catching Buzzard Bill was by no means so easy as it looked. Police officers came up from Truckee, and there was some little show of trying. The proof that he was guilty was indubitable; for not only was Bob ready to swear to him, but he had been seen, by a boy and a man who were cutting timber down near the road, to enter one of the tunnels with an iron bar in his hand.

With all this proof, the officers lounged about, and made some little show of trying to catch him. But they did not, and in a few days went back to Truckee.

Bob's fair neighbor at the table, on that first day of his at the Summit, was very kind to him, and took up a subscription for him. With it he paid his board. It was not near enough; but they were kind, too, and said it would do. More than all, the day the officers went back to Truckee, the round, red-faced engineer came up, and said, —

"Wal, ye've had purty bad luck — been't ye?"

"Yes," said Bob, dejectedly.

"Wal," said the engineer, "the hoss is going to pull down ter Gold Run: mebbey ye'll take another ride on him."

"Thank you," said Bob; "I will."

"Wal, come; all aboard, right off!" answered his friend; and in five minutes Bob was again traversing the tunnels which he had such good reason to remember.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MERRY LITTLE HEART.

BY E. P. SHILLABER.

LITTLE Chicky Pimpernel,
With bare head and feet,
Singeth e'er a merry song,
As she walks the street.

Poor is she, and tatters
Hang about her form;
But her heart ne'er saddens —
Ever true and warm.

Though the day be cloudy,
Still she sings her lay;
Not depressed is Chicky,
Howe'er dark the day.

Poverty ne'er daunts her,
Never gives her pain:
Singing her glad ditty,
Like a bird in rain.

Envy never rankles
In her tuneful breast;
Joy, triumphant, ever
Sweetly manifest.

People turn to mark her,
As she moves along,
Feeling better, if they're sad,
Listening to her song.

Happy in her being,
Though so poor her state,
Many hearts might envy her,
Born to grander fate.

— ARISTOTLE, the strongest head of all antiquity, as a modern philosopher calls him, says the ribs of serpents are equal in number to the days in a month — that is, to thirty.

WINDSOR CASTLE.





WOLF RUN;

OR,

THE BOYS OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER IX.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST SURPRISE.

THE alarm referred to in the last chapter led Israel Blanchard to reflect that a hole large enough to admit the head of a wolf would not be very likely to escape the eye of an Indian; and the two brothers forthwith closed every crevice, made bullet-proof shutters to the windows, cut loop-holes in the walls, and put on a new roof with an overhang.

The wound of Holdness was not severe, though it had been fretted and rendered painful by the effort required to reach home; food and rest rapidly restored strength to his iron frame, and when visited by his neighbor Crawford, he was found oiling a gun-lock, and, though limping very much, in other respects as strong as ever.

"Mornin', Brad; glad to see you so hearty; you don't look much as you did the arfternoon the boys carried you home; 'cordin' to my Hugh's tell, he said you looked as though you would sink into the arth."

"I don't know how I *looked*, but I know how I felt, for I'd give up and laid down in the woods to die afore that."

"Is that so?"

"Sartinly; jist as sure as you're settin' there. You see, as soon as the fight was over and the army begun to fall back, and 'twas known we was whipped, all the people 'twixt Duquesne and the Alleghanies made a rush for the old settled parts and the forts, 'cause they knowed the Indians would be on their backs; fact, they had killed and scalped a good many afore that. Gist's folks and the settlers round Redstone and Turkeyfoot followed the army right up; and the further we went, the worse it was; there was old men on crutches, women in boats and scows, yes, and troughs; anything that would float, — with their things and little children, — the women rowing the craft and the men walking along the bank with their guns to guard 'em.

"When I got most here, arter seeing all that, and jist about half dead, I begun to think, — well, they must be all gone with the rest; if I git home I shall find only empty houses, and I may as well give up and die with the boys; and I laid down side a log.

"I hadn't laid long afore I heard an axe going, I thought. I listened, and then I heard another, no mistake; that put new life into me. I said, they ain't gone; there's somebody clearing land; they don't mean to go; and I soon begun to hear the trees fall and see what you was doing. I tell you, you haven't built that garrison one minute too soon."

"We've built it as strong as we knew how, and should have put provision in it; but we've been kinder in hopes we was so out of the way that we might be passed by."

"Don't you believe that: there's nothing escapes an Indian's eye; and these Delawares, that have been living on the Juniata, at Turkeyfoot, and at Loyalhanna, know every house 'twixt here and the Alleghanies. There ought to be some plan made to have a sartain number scouring the woods, and scouting round on the watch all the time; a man about his work is liable to be surprised and shot afore he could git hold of his gun if 'twas within ten foot on him."

"But won't the governor do something? Raise a company of rangers, or do something to protect the country? Build forts and put soldiers in 'em, or find the people powder and lead to protect themselves?"

"No, they won't; and our cap'n told me that the governor and the assembly spent the time fighting and wrangling among themselves about how the money for defending the country should be raised; and in the between-whiles, the Indians would kill every one that couldn't keep their own scalp."

Our young readers will recollect that Pennsylvania was given by the King of Great Britain to William Penn, originally to be held by him under the crown; but he was now dead, and his sons, as his heirs, came into possession. The Penns, or the proprietary, — as they were called, — were the owners of vast estates; manors of ten thousand acres; receiving quitrents for all lands sold, and residing most of the time in Europe.

When large sums of money must be raised to make presents to the Indians to keep them quiet, or to build forts and provide ammunition for the defence of the frontiers and pay soldiers, the Penns refused to be taxed, and threw the whole burden on the colonists. The provincial assembly resisted, refusing to vote supplies unless the proprietaries would bear their share of the expense, since it was to defend their own property as well as that of others. The royal governor sided with the proprietary, while the people who lived at a

distance from the frontiers, and out of the swing of the tomahawk, sided with the assembly. This will explain to our readers the language of Holdness. In the mean time the Indians were preparing to come down on the defenceless settlements with firebrand and tomahawk. Many of the settlers had abandoned their clearings, with what little they could carry; others, like the inhabitants of Wolf Run, reluctant to leave their only means of support, and resolute of purpose, resolved to abide the conflict.

Having finished their garrison, they provided themselves with ammunition, but were not able to purchase large guns for its defence. It will be recollected that Honeywood was in possession of a sum of money realized from the sale of his cattle, which he had determined to expend in putting his wife and family in a place of safety and supporting them there; but since his wife had resolved to remain with him, he offered the whole of it to purchase a cannon and ammunition.

In company with Stewart he made a journey to Philadelphia, where they obtained a four-pounder, that they brought with pack-horses to the garrison. Each man kept his gun beside him as much as possible while at work in the field, and they often aided each other, a number of them working in company, while the boys were placed back to back on a stump or on the fence to keep watch. A certain portion also scoured the woods to detect and give notice of the approach of Indians. Practised in all woodcraft, stimulated by the love of life, property, and family, they were but little inferior to their savage opponents in quickness of perception; a faint line of smoke, that by the common observer would not be noticed, or confounded with the vapor, the disarrangement of the grass or leaves, a pressure upon the grass, or the crackling of a dry stick, were to them signs plain and sufficient of the whereabouts of their dreaded foe.

Their muscles being hardened by labor, and from boyhood trained to wrestling, that was in vogue everywhere, at school, raisings, log-rollings, shooting-matches, or whatever occasion called them together, though less active, and with few exceptions inferior to the Indian in the race, they were more than his match in a death grapple. Many of them could hurl the tomahawk with as much precision as their savage foes. A few of them — especially the boys — could send the arrow with unerring aim, the latter being led to use it by a love for killing game, and the lack of lead and powder.

Where natural abilities are equal, persons who learn any handicraft or employment, or engage in any business in early life, while all the faculties are pliable and the senses keen, attain to greater perfection in it than those who begin at a later period, when the powers of mind and body have become somewhat rigid, and habits perhaps of an opposite nature formed. Thus Stewart, McDonald, Holt, Hendrich Stiefel, and some others who had emigrated, though not less resolute, were far inferior in knowledge of Indian signs and of the woods, in shooting and tracking game, to M'Clure, Hugh Crawford, and Musgrove, who, though of Scotch lineage, were born in the country, to Holdness and Israel Blanchard, who had grown up in the wilderness, and even to their own boys, and were therefore seldom sent on a scout, and never alone; they labored in the field in the room of others who went on that duty, and kept guard in the garrison, to open the gate or fire the signal gun in case of alarm.

It is no marvel, then, that Harry Sumerford (whose father was a hunter and trapper, and bought his land with the proceeds of his rifle, but relinquished those employments, after his marriage, to till the soil), quick of perception, strong, and lithe of limb, and who loved the woods and the rifle as he loved nothing else, whose entire boyhood had been spent in shooting, learning the habits, imitating the voices, both of beasts and birds, in interpreting the signs of the forest, and who thought or cared about little else, should not only have become superior in all these matters to boys of his own age, but even to the men, — with the exception of M'Clure, Crawford, and Holdness, — and was excelled by the latter only in the use of the rifle; there was not a boy in the Run could throw him, and at the last wrestling match at Musgrove's chopping bee he had thrown Mr. Seth Blanchard.

In the silence of the forest alone, and upon occasions that brought the boys together, he had practised with the tomahawk and the bow till he had attained to a remarkable degree of skill in the use of both; and the desire ever uppermost in his mind was to kill and scalp an Indian. He knew just how it was done, for his father, who was accustomed to it, had told him; likewise Holdness and Mr. Crawford; and he had often practised it in dumb show on his brothers, and in reality on coons and wolves, there being a bounty on the scalps of the latter.

It is performed in the following way. The Indian seizes his dead or disabled enemy by

the hair that grows on the very top of the head, where the hair parts, with his left hand, pulling it with force enough to strain the skin, and then with his knife makes a circular cut entirely through the skin, grasps the edge of the scalp with his teeth, and rips it from the skull in a moment. It may equal in size the bottom of a pint mug or that of a dollar. It does not take life of itself; that is done by the rifle or tomahawk. Many instances are on record of persons, who, being stunned by a blow of the tomahawk, and supposed to be dead, have been scalped, but afterwards recovered. The delight and pride of the savage is in war; the scalp of his enemy is therefore a testimony of his valor, prized above everything else.

It may be thought a boy who could indulge such longings must have a cruel disposition and hard heart; but this was not the fact. Harry Sumerford, though quick in his temper, was possessed of a generous nature and kind heart, and would shed tears when a bear killed or injured his dog, though he would have shot an Indian without a moment's hesitation, and tortured him with right good will. There were sufficient reasons for this singular anomaly in his character, as in that of many others at that day.

The population of Pennsylvania, taken as a whole, were far less warlike in their habits than those of Virginia and Maryland. The Quakers, who formed a large portion of the inhabitants, were, from religious scruples, utterly opposed to war in any form or under any circumstances. The Germans, a sluggish, thrifty race, were not inclined to fight, except in self-defence, in the last extremity.

For seventy years the influence of the Quakers and their just and kind treatment of the Indians had prevented any serious rupture between their tribes and the people of the state at large; thus they were without experience or practice in Indian conflicts, and were ready (the great mass), in the event of an Indian outbreak, to leave everything and flee for their lives. But here and there along the frontiers were people of a very different temper and habits. Many of them were Scotch, from the Highlands or Lowlands; others, Scotch-Irish, as they were called, — that is, the descendants of Scotch people who had emigrated to Ireland. Some were genuine Irish; others had come in from Virginia and Maryland; some from the New England colonies, where they had been exposed to Indian warfare; others, like Holdness and Sumerford, had spent the earlier portion of their life in hunting and trapping.

Such, to a great extent, was the character of the persons who now composed the community of Wolf Run, filled with bitter prejudices against the Indians, from whose merciless warfare they or their relatives had suffered, prompt to revenge injuries and give blow for blow; and it would be hard to tell whether they cherished the most contempt for the Indians or the Quakers.

In such society had Harry Sumerford been reared. When a child, sitting in his mother's lap or on his father's knees, he had listened to the most horrible stories of savage cruelty; of their eating the flesh and drinking the blood of prisoners; of the tortures inflicted upon their helpless captives, and their utter disregard of all the laws of civilized warfare, till his young heart swelled with the thirst for vengeance, and he longed to be a man, that he might repay with interest some of the tortures he was told they had caused several of his mother's relatives to undergo. From Holdness, M'Clure, Crawford, and the Blanchards, he had heard the same kind of stories; indeed, a great portion of the long winter evenings was spent by the neighbors in hearing and telling such tales.

There never was any plea put in for the Indian on the score that he was an ignorant savage, without the gospel or the meliorating influences of education, but had been trained in that way from his infancy. He was uniformly described as a fiend, delighting only in massacre. None of his good qualities were spoken of, except perhaps by accident, as Holdness, in telling how he obtained the rifle, related to Ned Honeywood that striking example of Indian justice.

Is it, then, any matter of surprise that Harry Sumerford — as generous and warm-hearted a boy as ever lived, naturally, though rendered at times morose and wilful by bad training and a sense of injustice and lack of appreciation by those he loved — should feel as he did in respect to Indians, being to the full as passionate and ignorant as they, or that he should be an acknowledged leader and favorite among his mates, who rarely undertook anything important without Harry?

Indeed, the dislike to him among some of the older portion of the community was not very deep seated, and came about in this way. M'Clure, perhaps, who was a hot-tempered Scotchman, and remarkably industrious, would be at work in his field hoeing a piece of corn with his boys, and anxious to get it done before haying, when Harry would make his appearance (with the inevitable rifle, and perhaps a coon, woodchuck, or wild turkey on

his shoulder) at the end of the row. Then Jeff M'Clure and Andrew would make their hoes fly to get out and stand and talk with Harry and look at his game, not merely till their father had hoed out, but long after he had commenced the next row.

It would not be a great while before the boys would receive a sharp reprimand, and Harry an intimation "that his room was far preferable to his company; and that if he was too lazy to work himself, he needn't hinder other folks."

Then, like as not Harry would saunter off to Israel Blanchard's, where the same thing, with slight variations, would occur. This was the foundation of Harry's unpopularity among many of the older folks.

It was entirely another matter when he visited, as he often did, the field of Bradford Holdness, who always made him welcome; never troubled himself whether the boys stopped to talk with Harry five minutes or thirty; the result of which would be, that after they had talked and compared notes a while, Harry would set his rifle up against the fence and say, —

"Cal, go in and get a hoe and some water, — I'm half choked, — and I'll show you how to hoe corn."

Harry would then work like a tiger till the horn blew for dinner, eat dinner with the family, perhaps have a bout at wrestling during the nooning, and after that work half the afternoon.

We by no means intend to approve of Harry's conduct in loitering round and working for others, and leaving his father and brothers to slave at home, but merely to state things as they actually existed, and show how pleasant were his relations with the Holdness family; indeed, he and Cal were inseparable.

CHAPTER X.

HARRY ON THE DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK.

In connection with a statement made in a former chapter, in respect to Harry, we will inform our readers of the urgent business that sent him to Blanchard's door, just as the day began to break, on the morning after the wolf alarm, which will bring out more fully the character of a boy who, with a noble spirit of his own, had been educated in the frontier code of morals — "nothing too good for a friend, nothing too bad for an enemy."

"Mr. Blanchard," said Harry, "I took an early start this mornin', 'cause I've got a good many calls ter make. You know Mr. Holdness

has come home wounded; poor George and Put were killed right afore his eyes by the Injuns. They are all broken-hearted; and it's hard for Cal, with harvestin' ter do, ter pound corn with that ere great pestle; and so I come over ter see if you'd let Dave and Jim go with a lot more of us boys, and pound corn enough ter last 'em till arter harvest, and till Mr. Holdness gets better."

"To be sure, Harry. When do you want 'em?"

"Day arter ter-morrer, if it's fair weather; if 'tain't, the fust fair day arter that; 'cause, you see, 'twill take me all day ter-day and ter-morrer ter git round among 'em all."

"How do you get along with your work, Harry? I hear you are working very steady now, and takin' the lead of the work, now that your father's gone."

"I've done the best I knowed how. Elick and Enoch have been real smart, and little Sam does all iver he can. Have you heerd the news?"

"No; I haven't heard any news."

"The people at Turkeyfoot are all killed, 'cept what run while the Injuns was killin' the rest, and the houses all burnt; and they have killed a woman and four men down to the Huddle, and two men to Chambers' Mills."

"How did you hear that?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. M'Clure, and Mr. Grant were out on the scout, and mother got 'em ter go ter the fort ter see if they could hear anything consarnin' father, 'cause the stragglers and wounded folks from Braddock's army keep comin' along there, and in the woods close ter Alequippers (Alequippys) Gap they run foul of the Black Rifle. He told them how there was fifteen of them Injuns what did the mischief, and they was Shawnees. Said he was on Stony Creek lookin' out fur a placé ter trap next fall, and come across their track. Said they started from Conemack Old Town. He thought what they was arter, and took their trail, but was too late at Turkeyfoot, and too late again at Chambers' Mill. But he killed three on 'em. The two men what they killed was bringin' salt on pack-hosses. Arter they killed 'em, and found they couldn't do nothin' more there, 'cause the folks in the fort was alarmed, they cleared out. He follered 'em about four mile ter Rocky Spring, found 'em sleepin', without any fire, under some windfalls what laid up high from the ground, and one old Injun keepin' watch. He shot him, and tomahawked another. The next one went ter jump up, and hit his head so hard agin the windfall, he fell back. He

struck him on the leg with his tomahawk, and then took ter a tree.

"The Indians thought all the folks in the fort was arter 'em, and run. He tracked the wounded one by the blood, and found him curled up under a bush, and killed him. He showed 'em all their sculps (scalps). He told Armstrong he'd have the sculps of every one of them Injuns, or as many of that tribe, afore the leaves was off the sugar trees."

"Who's the Black Rifle?"

"Who's the Black Rifle! Don't know who the Black Rifle is!"

"No. You know I haven't lived long among you."

"Anybody'd think you'd been here long enough to know that ere. If he'd ony stay here, they wouldn't be an Injun round, any more'n there'd be mice right under the nose of a cat. No need ter build a block-house. He's the greatest Injun-killer ever was in these parts, or ever will be. What I've told you ain't a primin' ter what he's done afore now. Some say he's got Injun blood in him; but father allers said he's a white man all over; that he had a place at Anghwick, wife, and children. One time he come back from hunting, found his wife and children killed and sculped, and his house burnt. Father said he got down on his knees side his dead wife, and took an oath that he'd jist live ter kill Injuns, and nothing else; and he has. They was Shawnees that did it, and he loves dearly to kill 'em."

"I should think the Indians would kill him."

"What! kill the Black Rifle? Kill Cap'n Jack! The Injun ain't born that'll kill Cap'n Jack. They're scared ter death on him. I've heerd old Willequashena say how he's a 'great medicine;' that they've had fair fires at him, and couldn't hit him. Mr. McDonald — you know he's a religious man, the most religious man there is 'mongst us 'cept Mr. Honeywood, — he says Cap'n Jack (that's what some folks call him) was raised up ter kill the Injuns, and how he'll die in his bed; and that's the reason they can't hit him; and, if they should, a bullet would flatten on his hide. But that ain't what Mr. Holdness says."

"What does he say?"

"He says he's killed so many of the Injuns, they're scared ter death on him, think he's something more'n flesh and blood, and their hand trembles so they can't shoot; and it's jist so when he clinches one on 'em — they give up, and he tomahawks 'em. Mr. Holdness says they'd shoot him fast enough if they didn't know him."

"I guess Holdness has got the right of it."

By this time Harry — who was just turning away from the door when the conversation about Captain Jack began — had quite an audience. Dave and Jim Blanchard and Mr. Seth were standing around him, Rebecca on the doorstep, and her mother in the doorway. The subject of conversation was one of vital interest.

"Where does he live, Harry?" inquired Mr. Seth.

"Doesn't live anywhere. Prowls round all the time in the woods arter Injuns. Fust thing you know, he'll be killin' Injuns up ter Redstone; and then agin he'll be way down ter South Mountain. But he most ways stops round the Juniata. He's got a cave in Black Log Mountains, and another in Sideling; and they say how he's got lots of guns, and knives, and tomahawks, what he's taken from the Injuns, powder and ball likewise, and great heaps of sculps. But he ony goes ter them ere places once in a while, as you may say. Most ways he lives in the woods."

"Does he ever come amongst folks?" said Mrs. Blanchard.

"He won't sleep nor eat in a house; but he'll watch round a house, or round a fort or settlement, if he thinks there's Injuns round, and let 'em know if there's any danger."

"Is he sociable?" said Dave.

"No: all the time in a study; kind of savage; don't want anybody round him, 'thout they'll help him kill Injuns; then he'll be friendly. He's got a company of Injun-killers and hunters, and once in the while they go with him, and then agin he'll go alone. He'll find anybody a gun and powder and ball what'll go Injun-killin' with him."

"Did you ever see him?" said Jim.

"I seed him one time. He come ter our place when we fust lived in the house, arter we left the camp. He had two tomahawks in his belt, one behind, t'other afore. Father knowed him. He said he was hungry, and mother begun ter put victuals on the table. But he took it in his hand; said he never ate in a house; and went out doors, and sat down on a log."

"What did he have two tomahawks for?" said Israel Blanchard.

"That's what father axed him. He said sometimes he wanted to throw a tomahawk, when he was fightin' with Injuns, and then he could have one left. He's real ginerous; gin father ten bullets and ever so much powder when he went away. Mr. Holdness told mother he offered to take his company and march

along of General Braddock; and said if he'd taken him he wouldn't a got licked, and all this ere misery come on the people."

"Did Mr. Holdness say that?"

"Yes; I heerd every word he said to mother. He said there was some Delaware Injuns offered ter go for scouts; but Braddock was so stuck up they took a miff, and all but seven or eight went off. Then the Black Rifle came. He wouldn't go nigh Braddock hisself, but he told Colonel Croghan he'd march ahead with his company; that they didn't want no pay, nor tents, nor any rations; and they'd go ahead of the army, and scout, and keep watch night and day, and report ter the proper officer; but they must have room: they would not come inter the ranks, and be ordered about by the officers, and tied up to all their rules; and so Braddock wouldn't have nothin' to do with 'em."

"What a pity!"

"So Mr. Holdness said. He said there the army was, a marchin' along in a thin line, more'n two mile long, in a road 'bout twelve foot wide, right in the woods, the reg'lars afore, all our troops, that was used ter fightin' Injuns, at the tail eend, 'cause they was only provincials, too fur to do any good if there was any surprise."

"That's it," said Seth; "'king's chaff better'n other folk's corn.' But I'll bet you that Colonel Washington, or Colonel Croghan, or Captain Waggoner would have taken the provincial troops and whipped the French and Indians handsomely, if they had been left to fight in their own fashion, and no regulars in the scrape."

"That's what Mr. Holdness said. I can't tell it like as he did; but he said there was flank guards all along on the sides; but they was reg'lars, didn't know nothin' 'bout Injun signs any more'n a hog knew 'bout playin' on a juicesharp (jewsharp); couldn't tell an Injun from a rotten log: Injuns killin' and sculpin' folks right 'longside the line every day."

"I don't see anything," said Israel Blanchard, "to hinder an Indian's crawling up and shooting a man any time, and getting off before they could get at him."

"So they did—shot the men cutting the road. They had to cut the road as they went. He said, when they got over the river they came up a kind of a rise, and the men was cuttin' the road, the reg'lars a marchin' arter, and the cannons and the music agoin' it, and them ere flankin' parties a marchin' 'long the side, 'bout as good as so many old hens; didn't know—these lookouts didn't—that right ahead and

on the sides was two gullies all covered with trees, windfalls, vines, and all sorts of bush."

"The Injuns—more'n six hundred on 'em—and the French got in the gullies and 'mongst the tall grass, and, the fust thing they knowed, opened on 'em 'bout sixty yards off, and gin the war-whoop, mowed 'em down and piled 'em up. They couldn't see any inimy ter speak on—they was behind logs and trees, and flat on their bellies in the tall grass, and in the gullies a restin' their guns on the edge of the bank."

"Why didn't they take trees—the trees were just as good for them as the Indians—or follow 'em up with the bayonet, not stand there to be shot at?"

"I'm goin' ter tell yer. He said the reg'lars gin a few fires, and fired off the cannon right inter the trees and logs; but when they couldn't see anything to fire at, heerd the Injuns screechin', the bullets seemin' ter come right out of the ground, men fallin' just like acorns in a hard frost, and seed the Injuns was gittin' all round 'em, and comin' nearer, they got scared, and huddled all up together, jist like sheep in one corner of a pen when a wolf's howling outside, a lickin' his chops, with his fore-paws on the rails, and stickin' his nose in 'twixt 'em."

"What was General Braddock and the rest of the army about all this time?"

"I'm goin' ter tell yer. When they heerd the firin' in front, Braddock's back was up, and he came right up with the main army, and then all these reg'lars in front took to their heels, and rushed right inter the ranks of the troops that was marchin' up ter support 'em, head over heels, mixed all up with 'em, broke their ranks all ter pieces, scared 'em as bad as they was scared themselves; and the men what hauled the wagons, they cut the traces, jumped on the back of the best horse, and cleared. The officers tried to form 'em and straighten 'em out; but the Injuns fired right inter the heap; every bullet told; picked off 'bout all the officers; and the cowards got so crazy scared, they fired inter the air and inter the tops of the trees, and shot their own officers and own men."

"What was Colonel Washington and the provincials about all this time?"

"I'm comin' ter that. Colonel Washinton had all he could do ter carry Braddock's orders, 'cause 'bout all the t'other officers was shot or disenabled; and he had two hosses shot under him, and bullets through his cloes."

"The provincial troops, when they see how it was, took trees, and begun to fight the In-



BLACK RIFLE AND THE INDIANS. Page 198.

juns backwoods fashion. But Braddock he begins to cuss and swear, call 'em cowards, hit every man he seed take a tree with his sword, tryin' ter make 'em stand up in ranks, in that twelve-foot road, ter be shot at. Arter a while he got a ball inter his breast, and then Colonel Washinton and what was left of our folks brought off Braddock and what wounded they could, and kivered the retreat.

"O, Mr. Holdness said 'twas enough to make anybody's blood run cold ter see the Injuns, soon as the army begun ter fall back, rush out of the woods in swarms, and begin ter tomahawk and sculp the wounded soldiers. I expect my poor father was amongst 'em, and fell inter the Injuns' clutches, 'cause Mr. Holdness said there was only thirty men left out of eighty that was in the company he belonged ter. That's what I expect; hope 't isn't so. But, whether father ever comes back or no, if I don't put a live bullet inter some of their hides, and let 'em know how good sculpin' feels, my name ain't Harry Sumerford."

With this vengeful feeling rankling in his heart, Harry, shouldering his rifle and tightening the belt of his hunting-shirt, proceeded on his mission of neighborly kindness.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BOYS' BEE.

IT is probable that Harry experienced little difficulty in obtaining the desired assistance, for on the morning of the appointed day — as pleasant and sunny a day as ever dawned — he presented himself at the door of Holdness, much to the surprise of the family, accompanied by no less than nine boys, among whom was Nat Cuthbert.

They found the household all busily employed. Cal and the two girls were pounding corn at the hominy-block; Holdness himself had hobbled, with the aid of crutches, to the truck patch, and was on his knees digging potatoes, being unable to stand for any length of time, and Mrs. Holdness was breaking flax.

"Scamper into the house, girls," said Jim Blanchard, walking up to the hominy-block; "Dave and I and Cal'll take care of this."

"And I'll break the flax, Mrs. Holdness," said Nat Cuthbert, "and Hugh Crawford here'll swingle it."

In the mean time Harry said to Holdness, "Mr. Holdness, it's too bad for you to be out

here with your wound; us boys thought we'd jist come over and give you and Cal a lift; now, if you'll jist tell us what you'd like ter have us do, and what'll help you the most, we're on hand for that same."

"I'm downright obliged to you, Harry, and to all the rest of the boys, for comin' to help a cripple like me, for we're not very strong-handed now; the boys are gone, and I'm not much 'count any way. I don't know as you could help us any more'n to pound the corn and break and swingle that ere flax; 'cause we want the one to eat and t'other to wear; the potatoes ain't any consequence; I kin dig them; but we've got a piece of grain part down; Cal and his mother cut what there is down, and the gals they did part; perhaps you could finish that and bind it; the gals kin help bind, and I kin set and make bands as well as anybody."

"We can do it all; no trouble. Ned Armstrong kin help Cal and Dave and Jim, so there'll be enuff to spell one another; Nat and Hugh'll take kere the flax; Biel Holt'll dig the taters, and I and Conrad Stiefel'll take down the grain. I call myself some with a sickle; so does Con call hisself."

One of the girls now brought out the sickles, and Holdness went into the house. The moment Cal observed his father entering the house, divining the cause, he followed at his heels, and, as he expected, found him in the act of saying to his mother, —

"Wife, what are you going to do about dinner? We ought ter feed these boys well, they've been so good to come and help us at a pinch."

"I am sure I don't know, husband, of anything we can give 'em but hog and hominy, or smoked deer's hams; we've got enough of that."

"O, mother," said Cal, who had overheard the conversation, "I never would give 'em hog and hominy when they've come to help us; that's just what they get every day at home."

"What else shall we give 'em, Cal? They ought to be thankful to get that these awful times. It is as much as a man's life is worth to go to the mill; and even if it wasn't, there's no mill to go to, for the Indians have burnt it up. There's no such thing as getting salt; and I don't know how we are going to keep our pork when we kill it. The woods will be full of Indians, if they ain't already; and it will be most certain death to hunt. We've got milk and eggs. I've got a little wheat flour, but I hate to use it, for we can't get any

more; but I'll take a little and make a pudding."

"Couldn't you kill some chickens and make a stew?"

"Our chickens are late this year; ain't fit to kill; and I can't spare 'em neither, because if we can't get salt, we must save everything we can keep alive — and we can keep hens in garrison, if we're obliged to go, because we've got corn and wheat; and we can't pound wheat in the hominy-block as we can corn. I can make a pudding, boil potatoes and squash to go with the bacon; and I'm sure we ought to be thankful to have that; we shall fare worse before we fare better, and so will they."

"Mother, couldn't we kill a lamb? There's three ram lambs."

"*Kill a lamb!*" almost screamed his mother. "Why, Calvin Holdness! I should think you had lost your senses. We only wintered eight sheep, and raised this last spring six lambs, and the wolves have killed two of the old sheep this summer before they were sheared; and if we kill a lamb as early as this, his fleece won't be good for much."

"O, do let me, mother. I'll wear buckskin, tow, anything. I'll sleep afore the fire; the girls may have all the wool; we've got flax enough. Only think how good Harry has been to help me ever since father went away; and now he's brought all these boys here. Do, mother; I want to treat 'em decently."

"O, yes, do, ma'am," cried the girls; "we'll get along for clothes; we'll wear deer skins; too."

"Well, just as your father says; but I do protest it is a sin and a shame to kill a lamb; the wolves kill 'em fast enough, and perhaps will kill more."

"Let 'em have it, wife," said Holdness. "The lambs came very early; the fleece'll be good for something; perhaps the wolves would git it, and then we should lose fleece, meat, and all. Cal is a good boy, all the one we've got left, and perhaps we shan't have him long."

"How are you going to get the lamb?" said his mother; "the sheep are wild; the pasture is in the woods, most of it, and I want the meat before a great while, if I'm to cook it for dinner."

"I'll shoot it, mother, in less than ten minutes; won't stop to drive 'em up."

Cal took his rifle and returned in half an hour with the lamb on his back, and Holdness proceeded to dress it forthwith.

This important matter being arranged very

much to the satisfaction of the children, — though by no means of their mother, who, in referring the matter to her husband, felt sure that he would refuse to have the lamb killed, — work both out of doors and in went on apace.

Abiel Holt, having dug a sufficient quantity of potatoes, mounted a horse, rode to M'Clure's, borrowed a sickle, and joined the reapers. Holdness, after dressing the lamb, went to the field on his crutches, and seated on the ground, his back supported by the log fence, employed himself in making bands to tie up the wheat of the wheat straw itself, a bunch of it, together with his rifle, being placed beside him by Prudence.

In the mean time business went along smoking at the hominy-block, — for there were now no less than six at work, — and they made the old block hum, Dave Blanchard and Jim having finished their job and joined the original crew. Two of the boys (all that could work at one time) would pound with all their might while fifty was counted, then two more would take their turn, and so on, after which all hands wanted to take a short rest and chat while the meal was scooped out and a fresh grist of corn put in.

There was a strong contrast between this meeting of the boys and the last assembling of any number of them around the hominy-block. Then George and Putnam Holdness were present; now they were lying in a hastily-scooped and bloody grave on the banks of the Monongahela. Then hope was in the ascendant, and all were confident that General Brad-dock would scatter the French forces like chaff before the whirlwind, and put an end to Indian invasions. Now that army, of whose prowess such extravagant expectations were entertained, had been defeated, their general slain, the bones of more than three hundred English dead bleaching on the battle-field, and the horrors of savage warfare hanging over them. Instead of fishing rods and lines, as aforetime when they met, rifles loaded with ball were standing beside the house or leaning against stumps.

Our readers may suppose that boys thus circumstanced must have been depressed in spirit, and have manifested it in their looks and actions. It was, however, far otherwise; they appeared perfectly cheerful and unconcerned; and had not their natural exuberance of spirit been restrained by respect to the feelings of the Holdness family, so recently afflicted, some rude sport would certainly have been set on foot.

The settlers were industrious, honest, and

kind-hearted, but rude in speech and rough of hand; all their amusements, therefore, partook of the same character. These frontier boys, reared in hardship and bred amid alarms, had evidently already adopted the sentiment common to resolute natures in daily contact with danger, that it is time enough to be concerned when peril comes. They laughed, chatted, related their exploits in hunting; and no mortal would have conjectured from their appearance, that they were at any moment in danger of attack and knew it; that part of the settlers were then outlying on the scout; or that when at intervals one of the boys mounted the log fence, scanned closely the woods and fields, and then without remark took his place with the rest, he was on the watch for a merciless foe.

There was one marked exception to this general and genial cheerfulness; one boy seemed anxious and ill at ease. He brought no rifle, wore a broad-brimmed hat, was altogether better dressed than the rest, and worked most industriously. That boy was Nat Cuthbert.

Nat was a high-spirited, affectionate, generous boy, and though born of Quaker parents of the strictest sort, the doctrines in which he had been reared began, as he grew older, to fret most sorely the grain of his natural disposition. Active, resolute, and accustomed to the use of the rifle as the means of procuring game, imbibing the sentiments of the other boys with whom he associated and by whom he was very much liked, he could not, despite all that his parents could and did say, feel that it was not right to use the rifle in self-defence against an Indian as well as against a wolf. He knew perfectly well that his Quaker dialect and dress made him an object of ridicule at times among the boys, though they were at great pains to conceal it from him. So much did it annoy him, that of late he had dropped, when with them, the Quaker peculiarity of expression.

Between him and George Holdness there had existed a very strong attachment; he sorrowed for him as for a brother, and when he heard Put and his father express their determination to revenge his death upon the Indians, he felt very much as they did. In addition to all these motives for dissatisfaction with the pacific principles in which he had been educated was a still stronger one; he loved Prudence Holdness, and had reason to feel that his affection was reciprocated; and she was a high-spirited, mettlesome lass; could handle a rifle, reap grain, paddle a birch, and would not, as

he well knew, hesitate a moment to take life in self-defence.

Nat was now in a dire dilemma; the time had come when the line must be drawn between those who would fight and those who would not. Ephraim Cuthbert, to the great mortification of his son, had defined his position, and Nat knew his father would lose his life before he would yield one hair's breadth of what he considered it his duty to maintain. In a few months Nat would be twenty-one, and was deliberating whether to remain at home and abide by the Quaker faith and practice, or to shoulder the "carnal weapon," leave home, and become in form, as he had long been in sentiment, one of the "world's people." No wonder his brow was clouded, and he felt ill at ease, for all the talk of the boys was of a warlike character.

CHAPTER XII.

A QUAKER OUT OF PLACE.

EVERY now and then, when the grist was renewed, Cal Holdness stole into the house to observe what progress his mother and the girls were making in cooking. His expectations, however, were more than realized when the conch shell was blown, announcing dinner.

In the centre of the table was a great wooden bowl filled with roast lamb cut up, flanked on either side by two smaller bowls, in which were boiled bacon, salt pork, and potatoes; in addition to which there were, on other parts of the board, squash, corn bread, and dried venison. As the table furniture of Holdness was limited, and there were not knives enough for so large a company, each one made use of the hunting-knife at his belt.

Seats for such an increase of family were provided by placing three poles, flattened, on stools, there not being a board on the premises. Holdness had not as yet availed himself of his neighbor Blanchard's whip-saw. Flour was a rare article in the Run, for although the new land produced wheat in abundance, mills were at a great distance, and but few of them were fitted for grinding anything except corn; and since the defeat of the army, liability to be killed and scalped, burned at the stake, or carried off as a prisoner by the Indians, was added to the expense and fatigue of going to mill. Mrs. Holdness, therefore, while "on hospitable thoughts intent," was by no means deficient in liberality when she proposed to make a custard pudding, since a peck of flour was the limit of their store. She

felt they could afford to do this, as but very little flour was required, the pudding being chiefly composed of milk and eggs.

But she was not destined to escape so easily; the girls petitioned for some flour biscuit, to be baked in the Dutch oven — an iron bake-kettle with iron cover for holding coals; of which there were only two in the Run, one belonging to Mrs. Holdness, the other to Mrs. Blanchard.

"*Flour biscuit!*" cried the mother, aghast. "*Flour biscuit* for all these hungry boys! They will eat two or three apiece; it will take all the flour we've got."

The girls, however, especially Prudence, were as much bent upon feasting the boys as was Cal.

"O, no, mother, it won't take much," said Joan, "because after they have put into the lamb — and they'll do that — and the pudding, they won't be very hungry."

"They'll be hungry *enough*; I know what boys are; some will get two cakes, and some none."

"Make 'em small, mother," said Prudence. "I'll carry 'em round, and put one down to every one; we needn't have any ourselves, and we won't let Cal know anything about it till he sees 'em on the table."

The indulgent mother yielded to their importunities, and the biscuit were soon in the oven.

The drinking vessels were of wood and of horn, and as there was not a sufficient number to accommodate all, they were passed from one to the other.

Cal Holdness saw with mingled pride and satisfaction the fresh meat and custard pudding disappear before the attacks of these hungry boys, who had been all the forenoon pounding corn, reaping, or breaking flax, and when the biscuits were produced his cup of happiness was full to overflowing.

At any other time when so many boys were assembled, a wrestling match, or something of the sort, would have taken place after dinner; but in the present circumstances of the Holdness family, no one felt inclined to propose anything of the kind.

When at length the bountiful repast was finished, the company flung themselves upon the grass for a nooning, while Holdness, lighting his pipe, took a seat upon the door-stone to chat with the boys and enjoy his smoke.

Most of them had gathered near him, hoping to hear some account of the recent battle on the Monongahela. But Cal, Harry Sumerford, and Ned Armstrong lay side by side on

the grass, earnestly conversing in a low tone about some matter, apparently of most absorbing interest. Ned and Cal seemed urging Harry to say or do something that he was equally desirous of transferring to them. At length exclaiming, "If I must I must," he got up and approached Holdness.

Harry was by no means a bashful boy; on the other hand he bore the reputation of being rather forward and headstrong. There he stood, nevertheless, right in front of Holdness, scratching his head, standing first on one leg and then on the other, the very picture of sheepishness and indecision.

"What is it, Harry?" said Holdness (with whom the lad had always been a great favorite on account of his fondness for hunting and trapping), taking his pipe from his mouth and placing himself in an attitude of attention.

"I s'pose you know, Mr. Holdness, since you've been gone, they've chosen scouts to scour the woods round for Injun signs, and keep guard in the garrison, and they take turns about in doin' it."

"Yes; so Hugh Crawford was a tellin' me."

By this time the boys on the ground were pricking up their ears, and Cal and Ned Armstrong were close behind Harry, peering over his shoulder.

"You see, sir, there ain't many ter go on the scout at once, 'cause people must git their harvest; the women can't do it all; and while they are way off in the woods on one side, the Injuns might be hid away in the hills on the tother, lookin' right down and watchin' all what's goin' on. So it's been kind of thought and talked round as though some of the older boys what be used ter the woods, and ter shootin' and trackin' game, might git up a scoutin' party, and help a good deal."

"It's been kinder talked round — has it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mongst the old folks?"

"No, sir; 'mongst the boys."

"Hum! Our Cal for one, I s'pose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yourself and Ned Armstrong?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who else?"

"Well, there's Hugh Crawford, Con Stiefel, our Elick (Alex) and Knuck (Enoch), John Holt and Biel, Sam Wood, Charlie Musgrove, Willie Maccoby, and Elick McDonald."

"Why don't you take Bob Stewart, and Will Stiefel, and Donald McDonald?"

"'Cause they can't shoot well enough, and hain't no slight (sleight) 'bout trackin'. What's

the use of takin' a feller into the woods ter look out for Injun signs what can't tell a wolf's track from a rabbit's, and don't hear quick, nor see quick, nor shoot worth speakin', and can't run faster'n you kin whip a toad."

"True enough; but here's Dave and Jim; what ails them?"

"Well, you see, they are first-rate boys, and kin shoot well enough; but afore they come here they lived in an older settled place, and hain't been brought up in the woods, as the boys here have (Mr. Israel hisself, when he was a boy, grew up in the woods among Injuns); so they ain't used ter the woods much, and can't throw the tomahawk and track, and they thought they'd be worth more at home harvestin' than on the scout. We've axed 'em, though."

"I should like right well to put up what I call a *mark*, and try your mettle at sixty yards."

"O, do, Mr. Holdness," cried Ned, Harry, and Hugh Crawford.

"It won't do; there musn't be one karnel of powder wasted by anybody till this Indian war's over; it's no use to think of it. Well, Harry, 'bout this ere scoutin': I spose you know, all on you, that dealin' with Indians is no boys' play; 'tisin't jist like trackin' a deer, or a bear, or a wolf, though I don't deny that one is a help, and a great help, to doin' t'other; but an *Indian* is as much craftier than a fox as a fox is craftier than a rabbit. A hawk's eye ain't sharper, and a deer's ear ain't quicker, than an *Indian's*, and a blood-hound ain't any surer on a trail than what they be, because they're allers at it, and think of nothing else."

"Now, you see, here's all the people to work in the field, tryin' to git in their harvest, and the scouts are outlyin': to be sure they've got their guns side on 'em, but a man at work can't watch all the time and work too, and an Indian might creep up like a cat and shoot him; so they depend much on the scouts outlyin', and whether 'twould do to trust *that* to boys I don't feel so clear."

"Haven't you or Cal said anything to Ned Honeywood about it? He knows more about you youngsters than me, or any of the rest, for the matter of that ere."

"Yes, sir, we said somethin' ter him one day," replied Harry.

"I thought as much. What answer did he make?"

"Well, he spoke kinder as you have. Then Cal says, —

"Mr. Honeywood, we don't think we kin do like old scouts — we ain't so consated as that; but we think we kin do as well as most that go on the scout *now*; for takin' out Mr. M'Clure, and Crawford, and Rogers, and some few more that come from Virginy, they don't know any more 'bout Injun signs or Injun fightin' than we do; can't most on 'em shoot so well; and when they go huntin', don't bring home so much game as we boys do; so, if we ain't nothin' to Mr. M'Clure and the old Injun fighters and hunters, we're as good as half what go, and will be of some use."

"What'd he say to that?"

"He said, he thought we might part of us go with Mr. M'Clure and him, and the rest with Mr. Crawford, and so we'd larn the business of a scout; and he'd think of it, and talk to the neighbors 'bout it."

"Well, all the neighbors come in here to see me, 'cause I'm wounded. I'll talk with 'em. Have you got guns?"

"Most of us has got either smooth-bores or rifles, and them what ain't I spect kin borrow 'em. Elick's got a smooth-bore, but Knuck ain't got any gun, but he's got a tomahawk and knife."

"I'll lend Knuck a rifle."

"Better let Elick have it, and Knuck take the smooth-bore; Elick's the oldest, and the best shot."

"Uncle M'Clure ain't got any gun; he and Jeff had a rifle between 'em, but Jeff carried it away with him ter the war."

"Uncle Seth's got one," said Dave Blanchard, "and I know he'll lend it to him."

There was now corn enough pounded to last the Holdness family a long time, and all exerted themselves to secure the grain, the girls going to the field with the boys to assist.

During the conversation we have related, Nat Cuthbert lay on the ground sullenly plucking the grass up by the roots that grew within reach of his hand, and taking no share in the conversation; but when the others had gone, he rose and followed on, saying to himself as he went along, —

"I can shoot as well as any of 'em, except Cal, Harry, and Ned Armstrong, and I'm used to the woods; but Mr. Holdness never took the least notice of me. They might just as well have said right out, Nat Cuthbert, you're no 'count, no sort of use in these woods; you're no *man*, or part of a *man*; better put on petticoats and go sit in the chimney corner; you're nothing but a *Quaker*."

Quickening his pace under the excitement

kindled by such reflections, he soon overtook the rest. As he came up, Harry was walking between Prudence Holdness and Joan, and telling them about the scheme the boys had in view to aid in detecting the approach of Indians and defending the settlement, to which they (as well they might) seemed to listen with the greatest interest. Every word went like a dagger to the heart of poor Nat.

"There, there, that's it," he muttered to himself; "the girls look upon Harry, and Cal, and the other boys that have come right to the front, and are ready to stand the brunt, as noble, brave fellows, their *protectors*; but what do they think of *me*? Why, what *can* they think, but that I'm a sneaking coward? a poor, white-livered *quaker*, who would *look on* and see 'em all butchered, and submit to be butchered myself?"

Unable to endure the talk any longer, he pressed forward, and was soon busily at work, striving by strenuous exertions to divert his thoughts from a subject so galling, to what his good father would have termed "the motions of the carnal mind."

By the efforts of so numerous a company of earnest and practised hands, each ambitious to outdo his companions and show himself smart in the presence of the girls and Mr. Holdness, the remainder of the grain was speedily cut, bound, and had been nearly stooked up, when the report of a gun was heard far away in the woods on the western side of the valley, instantly succeeded by a faint cry.

In a moment all work ceased, and each boy grasped his rifle, with the exception of Nat, who was unarmed. Holdness was on his feet in a moment.

"That was an Indian gin that yell," he exclaimed; "one of 'em's got a pill, I reckon, from M'Clure or Hugh Crawford's rifle; their beat to-day is on that side."

"I see the smoke," cried Harry, who was standing on the top of a stump, "down by Otter Brook, not fur from the old beaver dam."

"O, how I wish I had my legs! Girls, you run to the house. Nat, you've got no gun; wouldn't use it if you had; run to the garrison, and tell Holt to fire the alarm gun."

By the time the words were well out of his mouth, the roar of the cannon broke the silence, dying away in prolonged reverberations among the mountains.

"You needn't go, Nat; the alarm gun will do the business. Holt keeps good watch. He has heerd the gun."

"Shall we go down there, Mr. Holdness?" said Harry.

"No; you boys had better make tracks for home, and git the women and children to the garrison."

"There's three on 'em ter home; no need of me goin'," said Harry.

"Nor us," said Dave and Jim Blanchard; "'cause there's father. and uncle Seth, and Scip."

The rest of the boys started for home on the run, but were scarcely out of sight before Mrs. Holdness, accompanied by Prudence and Joan, came along bearing in their hands a variety of household matters, such as they deemed most precious, and were able to carry.

"Bradford," she exclaimed, "why don't you start right off for the garrison as fast as your lameness will let you?"

"Well, I ain't much given to runnin'; at any rate till I see what there is to run for. There's no great body of Indians, or the scouts would have been driven home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JACK FROST.

BY E. V. S.

HE steadily wrought in the silence
Of the weird and solemn night,
When the world was wrapped in slumber,
And the stars were shining bright.

And never a brush, nor pencil,
Nor limner's tool, bore he;
Yet his fair and dainty pictures
Were a wonderful sight to see.

For cottage, and bridge, and castle,
At one swift touch, uprose,
Bathed in the magic splendor
Which the silvery moonlight throws.

There glittering cascades, foaming,
Were threading the dizzy height;
There, winding adown the valley,
A river swept out of sight.

And stream, and woodland, and meadow,
And dome, and turret, and tower,
All rose at the artist's bidding
In the midnight's mystic hour.

But, alas! these fairy pictures
Have vanished away, like a dream,
In the rays of the golden sunlight,
In the morning's ruddy gleam.

THE TRUTH OF FICTION.

FICTION is not necessarily false. An imaginary scene, drawn with graphic power, often embodies more truth than a volume of dry facts. In such a scene the author lavishes intellectual wealth, giving the reader with magic power, at a glance, the riches of his experience and research.

The parables of Christ, while they are the very embodiment of truth, are fiction, not fact. Could the precise relation of any history of a penitent son's return to his home so vividly portray our heavenly Father's forgiving mercy, as does that graphic story of "The Prodigal Son"? If fact can always best serve the purpose of instruction, why did our Saviour, with all things at his command, so frequently resort to fiction in his teachings?

Truth should ever be held inviolably sacred, and that fiction which is untrue to nature, to fact, to truth, should be discarded; but gold should not be rejected with the dross. Truth, like sunlight, is often unprized and unheeded because it is omnipresent. Fiction, rightly used, is a powerful lens which concentrates the rays of truth to a burning focus. Thus Shakespeare without a pretence of stating a single fact, tells us more that is true of human nature than any historian who ever wrote. His fiction is in one sense truer than fact, because no exact statement of any facts that ever occurred could embody so much truth in so little space.

In our own age and land we have many living examples of this rare ability to use fiction as the vehicle of truth. Mrs. Stowe, for one. What good would it have done if she had simply gathered and published facts, as they even now lie unread in her "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin"? Yet the truth which these facts revealed poured through the magic glass of her fiction, kindled a flame which more than all else enlightened the human mind on the subject of slavery.

What is needful for an intellectual growth is not that fiction be avoided, but that it be consecrated to the truth.

— BLOOD-DRINKING, anciently tried to give vigor to the system, is now quite common as a cure for consumption.

— BLANKETS are said to have been first made at Bristol, England, by Mr. T. Blanket, about 1705.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

[WITH A FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATION.]

"All up the silver Thames, or all adown:
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are eyed
 Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's towery
 pride."

EVERY tourist who visits London should be sure to see Windsor Castle, twenty-two miles up the Thames, "the only residence of English sovereigns worthy of the nation."

By some of the old chroniclers it was said that King Arthur—who, if he ever had an existence, may have lived at the beginning of the sixth century—was the builder of the first castle at Windsor, and that he founded his order of the Round Table there. However this may be, the history of Windsor as a royal castle goes back to the Saxon period (449-1066); but this was old Windsor, and was some two miles from the existing castle.

In our view, we see the castle as it is to-day; we are supposed to be looking across the Thames, towards the south. William the Conqueror (1066-1087) commenced a fortress near the present Round Tower.

King John (1199-1216) lay at Windsor during his conference at Runnymede (1215), when he signed the Great Charter: "*Data per manum nostram in prato quod vocatur Runnymede, inter Windelesorum et Stanes*"—Given under our hand in the meadow which is called Runnymede, between Windsor and Staines"—in the words of that celebrated document.

The history of the present buildings begins with Henry III. (1216-1272); but the castle owes much of its glory to Edward III., Edward of Windsor (1327-1377), who began with the Round Tower, or Keep. This Round Tower, which in our illustration appears above the other portions of the castle, was built, we are told, for the purpose of assembling a fraternity of knights. These knights were to sit together on a perfect equality, as knights sat at the Round Table of King Arthur; and their fraternity was to be re-united annually by the king at a solemn festival. And so an immense Round Table was made from fifty-two oaks.

The tower is not perfectly circular; its diameter in one direction is one hundred and two feet, and in another ninety-three feet. Its height above the quadrangle is one hundred and twenty-five feet, and the watch-tower adds twenty-five feet more. From this tower twelve counties are within the range of vision.

St. George's Chapel, whose roof may be seen to the right of the Round Tower, was

commenced in 1461, and is one of the finest buildings in the style known as the Perpendicular Gothic to be found in all England. St. George's Hall is two hundred feet long, thirty-five feet broad, and thirty-two feet high. It contains full length portraits of English sovereigns from James I. to George IV. in their robes of state, and its ceiling is enazoned with the arms of the Knights of the Garter. At the east end is the throne.

Windsor Park and Forest are thirteen thousand acres in extent, and contain many historic trees, such as Queen Elizabeth's Oak, Shakespeare's Oak, and Queen Anne's Ride of Elms, three miles long.

The oldest planted timber in England is in Windsor Forest, and dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603). There are many oaks in the park that are certainly one thousand years old.

THE CONVALESCENT.

[WITH A FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATION.]

PLUCKED from the borders of a waiting grave,

Rescued from cruel bonds of prisoning pain,
 Out of her chamber, like a ransomed slave,

To taste the fresh, sweet breath of Spring again,

Comes the pale mother, thankful for release,

More precious as a household treasure grown,

Her gentle bosom filled with hope and peace,

A guard of watch-love all about her thrown.

How, like a new world, opens at her feet

The old, familiar scene, all fresh and fair!

The trees, in fairest green, her coming greet;

Health-bringing balms perfume the amber air.

Her step is feeble; but the generous wine

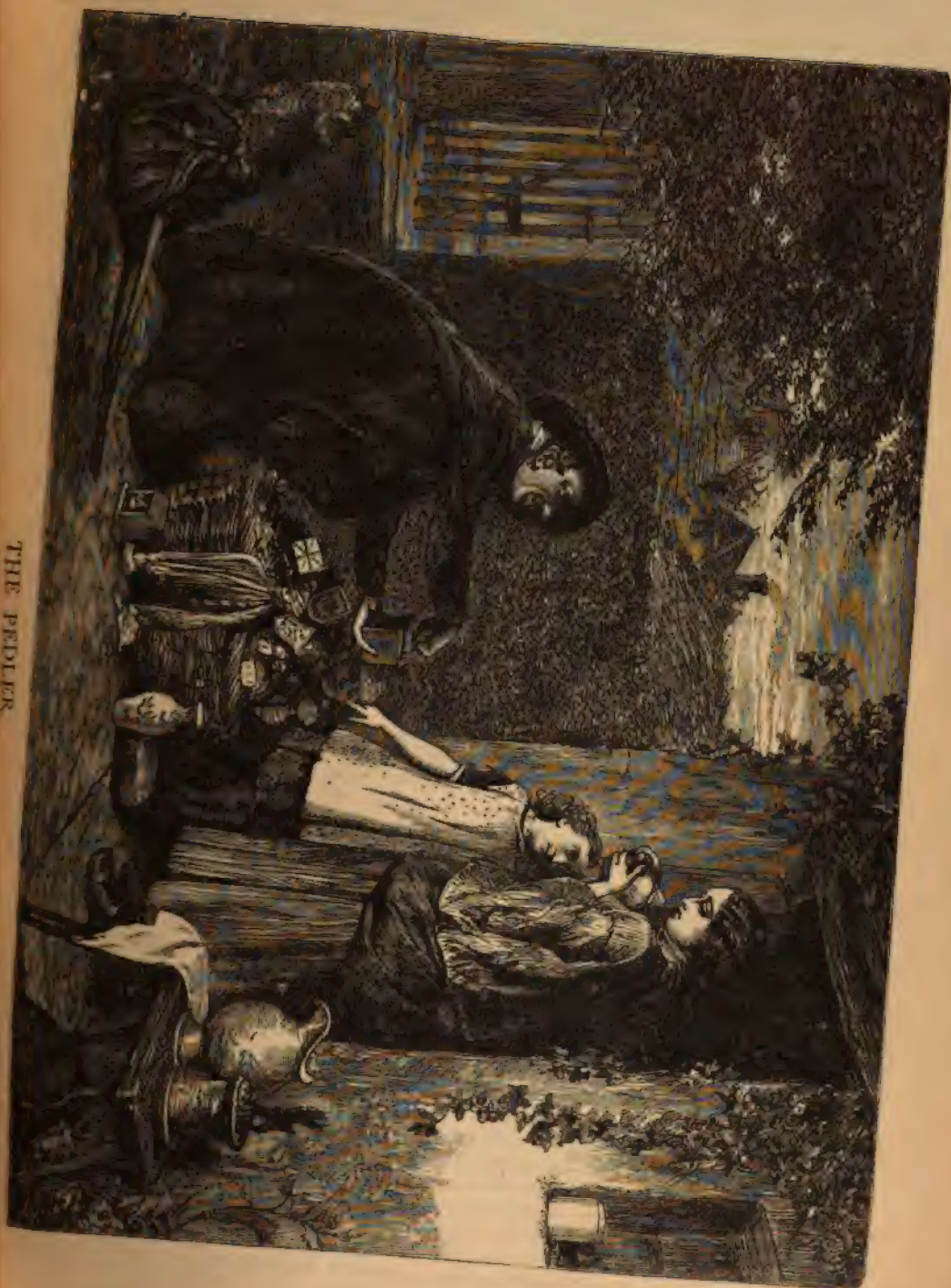
That balmy Spring distils from breezes mild,

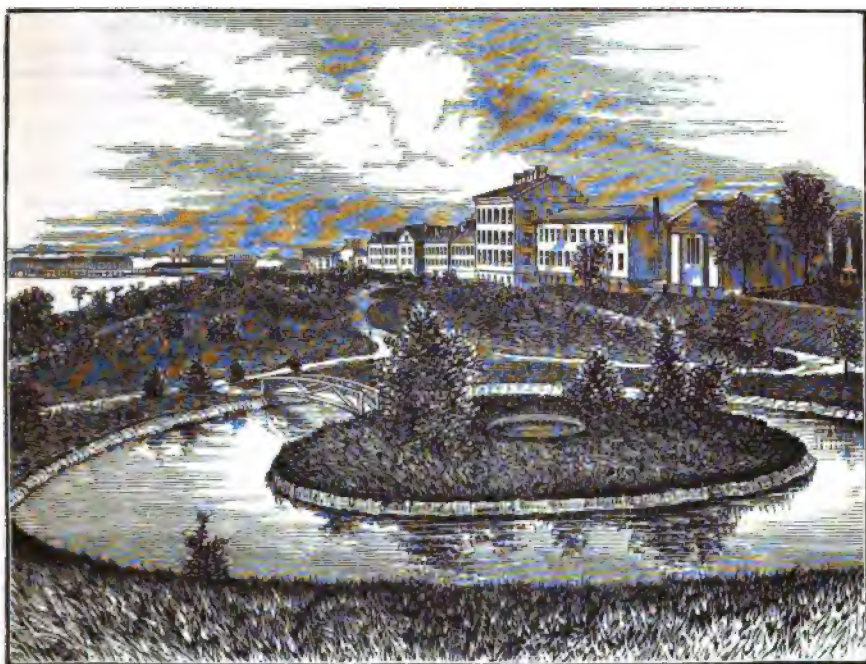
And warming sun, to strengthen, will combine

With the dear love of husband, mother, child.

— THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW. — If this law is good for man, why should it not be a day's work for animals? Horses, oxen, mules, dogs, &c., require rest, as well as man. A working animal, if allowed a day of rest every week, and only worked a certain number of hours daily, will retain his strength longer, and really accomplish more work, than any overworked animal. "Every dog should have his day" is a true saying.

THE PEDLER





A GLIMPSE OF ANNAPOLIS AND THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

BY A. P. C.

BOYS, are any of you just crazy to go to sea? What do you think is done with boys who are? Well, some of them are put in a large asylum, where they either are quite cured of their fancies, or else taught how to go to sea properly. Would you like to hear something about that asylum?—I mean the United States Naval Academy. If so, I will tell you what I know. But don't suppose I am going to fire your young imaginations with an enthusiasm for the institution, and set you all teasing your poor mammas and papas to go to Washington and worry the president and half Congress to get you appointments. I will merely give you an idea of how it all appears to an outsider, who has 'spent a few bright May days in that vicinity. Perhaps some boy who has left a very happy home, and passed a year or two inside the walls, teased by his companions, snubbed by the elder classes, not allowed to enter the library, nor permitted to play a game, hardly daring to look over his shoulder lest his shadow should report him and get him ten demerits, may tell you quite another story.

The United States Naval Academy is situ-

ated at Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, on the south bank of the Severn River, very near where it empties into Chesapeake Bay. Annapolis itself is a quaint, but not an attractive town. Near the centre, in a circular space, ornamented with shrubs and flowers, stands the State House, a dull-colored brick building with a cupola. Here, in the Senate, Washington resigned his commission at the close of the revolutionary war, and the room contains a large picture commemorative of the scene. In another circular space, near by, is the governor's residence, a large, cheerful-looking, modern house, of Philadelphia brick and white marble. From these two centres the streets, some crooked, some straight, wander off in various directions.

The houses are mostly old, some built with odd angles, some apparently all roof, others all chimney, none of them indicating much wealth among the inhabitants. There are a great many colored people in the streets,—they call a lady "*miss*," even if she is fifty, and has children with her, while the midshipmen call their men "*boys*," even after their wool is gray,—and there are a few white men idling at the street corners and in front of grog-shops. No one appears very busy. There are churches, the bells of which ring furiously at given times. And there are two or three hotels, in the best of which it is possible to

order a room, a month ahead, and find some one else in it when you arrive; also to meet, grinning upon you, like so many malicious little Pucks, from wardrobe, washstand, and even the centre of the dinner table, various little brownies, with from six to a hundred legs, which the amiable landlord, when you complain of them to him, assures you, with a pitying smile, "are perfectly harmless." But the hotel is not the haven where we would be. A few steps take us from it to the State House, and Maryland Avenue leads direct from that to the principal gate of the Academy grounds.

Once arrived here, we enter another world. The sun shines brightly, tall trees cast their soft shadows across the beautifully kept lawn, a little fountain sparkles and murmurs, there is a scent of hay in the air, and on the breeze come the inspiriting strains of martial music. Officers in uniform, smart young cadets, and "boys," about their work, hasten to and fro, while, in front of the officers' quarters, ladies, in picturesque costumes, play croquet.

To the left of the gate stand conspicuously the quarters of the younger classes. It is a large, handsome, brick building, painted gray, with brown stone facings, a tall clock tower in the centre, and on the lower floor a long piazza, with roof and arches of ornamental iron work. In front is a broad grass-covered terrace. Here stand a fine, white marble monument, in memory of some naval heroes, long since dead, and a row of queer old cannon, the relics of a long past war. From the piazza steps stretches a wide walk, where the midshipmen form to march in to meals. To the right and left of the gate are the officers' quarters, comfortable looking brick houses, standing two and two together, with little gardens walled off to the side and rear. From the gate the road goes direct to the docks and the water. A little back from these stands the Steam House. In this are models of boilers, wheels, cylinders, engines, and, what is more important, the whole machinery, full size and in working order, of a screw steamer. Here the engineers are practised.

On a broad walk to the right of the Steam House, opposite the officers' quarters, with the beautiful park-like square intervening, stand the Observatory, the Gunnery, and the Seamanship rooms. The first contains the instruments for astronomical observations, and is only open to visitors when one of the professors is present. The two last may be seen at any time. The interior of the Gunnery is exceedingly picturesque.

Opposite the door, a large window, with

stained glass, sheds a soft light, still more dimmed by the numerous flags draped from the ceiling, and falling like curtains about the windows. In every direction is the faint glimmer of steel; pistols, revolvers, muskets, rifles, guns, mortars, and shells, models or specimens, fill the room. At the door stands a Gatling gun. It looks like a bundle of rifles fastened together, has a round box on top for cartridges, and has a crank at the side, by turning which the gun will load and fire itself off continuously, as long as the box on top is kept filled. It seems as if one man could keep an army at bay with such a gun. But it is a cruel looking thing, and makes one wish there would never be any more war.

The Gunnery also contains some curiosities; a piece of iron plate from the first Monitor, some odd-looking Indian things, &c. But most interesting of all are the flags. They are historic, most of them dating from the war of 1812. From the four corners of the ceiling to the centre are stretched four large British flags, one a royal standard, all taken in various naval engagements. Above the door is draped the original "Don't give up the Ship." It brings to mind sadly the hard fate of noble Lawrence. But his brave words will live as long as our navy floats. What color the flag may have had the day Perry hoisted it on Lake Erie, from looking at it, it would be difficult to say. At present it is a dirty dark brown, mended here and there with blue, — suggesting that this may possibly once have been its color, — and the letters, perhaps first white, are now of a pale coffee hue.

The Seamanship rooms have not the same fascination as the Gunnery for the general observer, but must be full of interest to those who are able to appreciate their contents. They contain models of almost everything in the shape of a boat, from a simple launch to a full-rigged ship. One model is so big that there is a large oval opening, railed around, in the second story, for the masts to come through, while the hull rests on the floor of the room below. Next to the Seamanship rooms are the Headquarters, a sort of office where people on duty report, get praised or blamed, and sent about their business. Farther on is a row of brick houses, the quarters of the older classes; and beyond, at the water's edge, is a circular building, once a fort, now the gymnasium. To the south stretches a large field, with one big tree in the middle. Here infantry manœuvres take place, and, in free hours, the midshipmen play ball. The river makes a bend, and bounds this field on

the east. Between the gymnasium and the quarters a road leads down to the docks, where the men-of-war are stationed. In front of the Gunnery and Seamanship rooms is the parade ground, where the daily dress parades take place. Near by is the music-stand, where the band plays every morning and afternoon. At such times the yard is often filled with visitors. The grounds are laid out in shady walks and sunny lawns, with a few monuments, and here and there an iron stag, or something else intended to be ornamental. There are also a number of iron seats—usually occupied by the wrong people. The admiral's house stands to the south end of the parade ground, with the large field and river in its rear. It looks like a comfortable, old-fashioned country residence, and the beautiful flowers and shrubs about the porch give it a very pleasing approach. South of this are more officers' quarters, the house for the board of visitors, the library, and the chapel.

The board of visitors was there those bright May days. It was a lively time. There were examinations one day and special drills the next, all through their visit, besides the usual dress parade and the daily music. The first interesting performance which came under my eye was a battalion drill. This took place on the large field in the rear of the admiral's house. There was an awning erected, under which the board of visitors and other lookers-on were stationed. The drums beat, the band played, and out from behind the quarters came marching the gallant battalion. The middies looked very fine with their blue coats, white caps and pants, and the glistening bayonets. They went through their exercises admirably. But if you want to know just what a battalion drill is, read Upton. After that followed skirmishing. This is a very pretty drill. There was something fascinating in the way the middies rallied in squads, then rushed down to the water, and, standing far apart, fired blank cartridges at an imaginary landing foe, while other squads ran in and filled the gaps between them, they retreating to reload. The random crackle of the musketry was pleasant to hear. And as no careless youth shot his ramrod into the river, or scalped his neighbor with a sudden jerk of his bayonet,—accidents which will happen sometimes,—it is to be hoped the middies enjoyed themselves too. When the skirmish drill was over, they formed into line again, and marched off the field. In twenty minutes they reappeared—this time for a competitive drill. They brought with them a beautiful blue silk flag, "Excelsior"

embroidered on it in gold. The company which drilled best was to have it. The four companies drew up in line. First they drilled together, then separately. It was exciting. Most of the audience had friends in the ranks, and were hoping aloud that this or that company would succeed. At last the drill came to an end. After each company had drilled by itself, the contest was still undecided. Then the second and fourth companies were selected to drill again, when the fourth was declared victorious. The admiral's graceful daughter was led forward, with the flag. The gallant captain approached. If the young lady made a speech, he only heard it. If he replied in one, it was to her alone. She presented the flag—he bowed and received it. Then it was given to the standard-bearer, and the fourth company marched off in triumph, the others following, and the band gayly playing.

Another day there was a drill on board the frigate Santee. That was fine. It was delightful to see the dashing way the middies repelled their assailants. They stood in two lines; the rear with fixed bayonets, the front with drawn swords. At a given signal they rushed forward, the rear rank striking a dangerous charge, bayonet attitude, sprang upon the bulwarks, and slashed away fearfully at the heads of the rash wretches attempting to board. It is needless to say that none of those heads ever appeared. Then followed target practice. The target, a large square of canvas erected on a raft, was anchored some distance out in the stream. The firing took place from the lower deck. The upper one was occupied by visitors. All the midshipmen went below. We heard orders given, then rumbling sounds, and waited in all the misery of people who expect to be startled. Then came a tremendous "Bang!" a cloud of smoke, a smell of powder, and some one cried, "There! there! Don't you see it?" There was a speck in the air, a flash, a snowy ball of smoke; the water near the target shot up in jets, like a fountain. "That struck!" some one shouted; and we all gave hearty applause. This was repeated several times. Then came a broadside. The vessel rolled, but the noise, owing to the crossing of the waves of sound, seemed scarcely greater than at the discharge of a single gun. The shells flew like a flock of birds towards the target, and when they burst, the many flashes, the many white balls of smoke, the masses of spray tossed into the air, made a strange, beautiful, almost fairy-like effect.

On another occasion there was a drill on board the Dale. This was entirely in the rig-

ging. The midshipmen were all in a white sort of overalls, except the captains, who were in the usual uniform, and carried little whistles, with which they gave command. The head officer shouted something; then all the captains began to whistle, and all the middies ran. They flew up the rope-ladders and spread themselves over masts, yards, and ropes. It made one dizzy only to look at them. Then the captains whistled again, and they all came down. Then they got hold of a long rope, and pulled and pulled. Then they all rushed up into the rigging again. Then everything began coming down—topmasts, upper yards, lower yards, ropes, hooks, pulleys. It looked as if they were going to take the whole vessel to pieces. Suddenly there was a pause. Every one stood still. What had happened? Some one was hurt. Accidents—sometimes serious ones—do occur at these drills, and everybody felt anxious. At last, looking up one of the masts, we saw on the top—in case you don't know, the top is not the top at all, but a little balcony about half way up—a midshipman lying on his back, and two or three bending over him. "He's not injured, only fainted," some one called out. They fanned him with their caps. Then an officer ran up. They lowered a rope—a pail was attached; they hauled it up. But water and fanning were of no use—he would not come to. Then they had to lower him. They tied a rope just under his shoulders, two or three held on to it, two midshipmen went down on the ladder and held him, and then the lowering began. It was slow work. His face was very pale, his head and arms hung lifelessly, his feet at every step were catching in the ladder. Then two more midshipmen went up, and at last they got him down. They laid him down on a stretcher, covered his face with a handkerchief, and carried him away. Then the drill went on as before—only no one took the same pleasure in it. Poor fellow, he had fallen across one of the yards, and was found in that position. He might easily have dropped to the deck and been killed.

But there were exercises, not in the line of duty, which also had their charm. One night there was an out-door promenade concert. Another a ball. This was given at the gymnasium. The great room was cleared of all its paraphernalia, and decorated with flags. The full band was in attendance. At about ten o'clock, ladies, officers, and midshipmen arrived, and the ball began. But how can I do justice to such an entertainment? It is true that I floated through dances with several

most charming young middies, that I sauntered with them on the enclosed gallery outside, that colored waiters, or "boys," brought us ices and nice things on trays, that we stood for a long time by one of the little port-holes, gazing at the dark waves rippling against the stone wall beneath us and the distant splendor of the moonlight on the Severn; but to perceive the peculiar "heavenliness" there is in all this is the privilege of "sweet sixteen,"—which, I must confess, for me is among the past ages. But there were girls there in the seventh heaven, taking their deaths of cold, sitting, in low-necked dresses, in doorways, windows, on ladders, and what not, while angelic young middies, almost expiring from the depth of their emotion, hung about them devotedly. Boys, they can tell you all about it! No doubt some young ladies bore away brass buttons, attached to their bracelets, as if they were jewels; and may be some young men carried off fading flowers and tips of curls—false ones of course—in the pockets nearest their hearts. But there was enjoyment more innocent. I saw a little girl about eleven, with pale face, black eyes and hair, and a lovely expression, in white, with pink ribbons. She was dancing with her brother, and looked perfectly ecstatic. And there was enjoyment more sedate. The board of visitors and some big officers were present, prowling about in all their dignity. They gave tone to the affair, but went home before the German began. In this I humbly followed them. And perhaps the cream of the whole evening lay in this homeward stroll, with the soft moonlight streaming over lawn and river, while the air was full of the dreamy strains of one of Strauss' waltzes.

The ceremony, however, around which the deepest interest centred, was the graduation. That took place one bright, beautiful Saturday morning. We were early on the grounds, and saw officers and men busy with preparations. Howitzers, to fire a salute for the secretary of the navy, were being placed in line, facing the river, near the Observatory, and a platform, decorated with flags, was being erected for the board of visitors and the relatives of the graduating class. Soon everything was arranged, the seats were quickly filled, and then it was announced that the secretary was coming. The battalion marched out and drew up in line, the band played the Star-spangled-Banner, and the guns began firing. At last the secretary appeared, accompanied by the admiral and other officers. He took a seat on the platform, and then the battalion marched past, each of its officers giving the secretary

a profound salute. After that we all hastened to the chapel. The front seats were reserved for the graduating class, which soon came in and filled them. Then the dignitaries took their places in the chancel. The chaplain arose and read a prayer. Then one of the board of visitors, a minister, got up and delivered a sermon. After that there was a benediction, and we all went out. The dress parade was to follow, and this was to terminate with the distribution of diplomas. We all hurried back to the platform. A large crowd had assembled. The band took its place, and began with the tune which one week had rendered so familiar to me.

I felt a little thrill of melancholy as I thought, this is for the last time. I wonder if any of the middies, who had been listening to it for the last four years, felt so. Not they! They were ready to fling their caps in the air, because in one hour they would be out of the Academy forever. May be two years on the broad blue ocean will make them look back upon it as home, sweet home. But the battalion marched out, and the parade went on as usual. That is, until the last command. Then, instead of the order, "Officers, to the front!" "First Class, to the front!" was given. Those in the ranks threw away their guns, those who were officers flung aside sword and belt, and sprang into line. Then they advanced close to the platform, halted, and saluted. The other classes formed three sides of a hollow square around them. Then the secretary arose and made a speech. It was very earnest, and full of good advice. Some of the midshipmen listened to it with a fine, serious expression on their faces. When it was over, the secretary stepped down from the platform. Then the first five of the class — the Stars they are called — were introduced to him in order. He shook hands with each, and presented them with their diplomas. After that, diplomas were given to the rest of the class. Then a lively hurrah was set up by the younger classes for the class just graduated, and when that died away the first Star took off his cap and cried, "Three cheers for all we leave behind!" in which his comrades joined with a hearty roar. The ranks opened, the graduates passed out and dispersed to their quarters. Then the band struck up the familiar gay old tune, and the rest of the battalion ran off across the smooth, green lawn, at a double-quick. In a few minutes members of the graduated class began to appear — but O, how changed! Some were in their fine

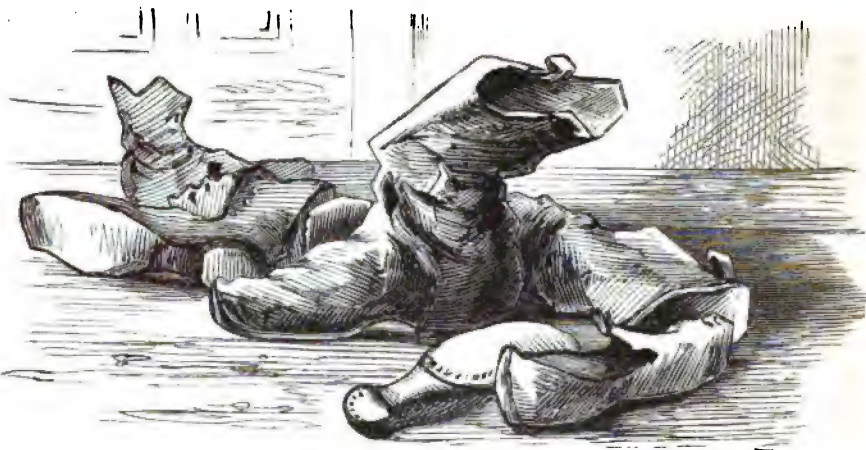
new uniforms, with the long coats which made men of them at once, while others, more bashful, had put on citizen's dress, which took all the style out of them, and made them scarcely recognizable.

It was interesting to watch the various groups about the grounds. I saw my little friend with black eyes and pink ribbons going into an enthusiasm over her brother and his diploma. He was a handsome, easy-going, good-natured fellow, and, graduated about the tail of his class — as such pleasant people sometimes do; but to her he was a hero all the same — while I, with my middie among the Stars, was fretting because he was not the very first.

But the graduation was over, and then came the farewells. There were trunks to be packed, and trains to be hurried after. We waited till Monday. So did some others — and I am afraid all did not pass the time profitably. On Saturday afternoon I heard some very strange sounds emanating from a room near me. Finally, above a great many muttered expostulations, I heard shouted, in a very unsteady voice, "I vil go down stairs, — you! Gimme my boots, my — boots! I vil have my — boots, and go down stairs, and have as many — drinks as I — please!" I laughed till I almost tumbled over. It was so ridiculous, I could not help it. But I ought not to have laughed. It was sad, terribly sad, to think that any young man, who that morning had listened to the sermon and the secretary's earnest speech, should, a few hours later, be disgracing himself publicly in a hotel — showing by his very first act of freedom how utterly unfit he was to be free. And his mother — how it must have cut her heart, if she ever heard of it! Let us hope that he is one of few, who will be still fewer as time advances, and young men have a better appreciation of life, its duties and its pleasures.

On Sunday, in a sweet stroll at twilight, when the river was hazy blue and the western sky still brilliant, we bade farewell to the Academy, its lovely grounds, and the kind friends there remaining.

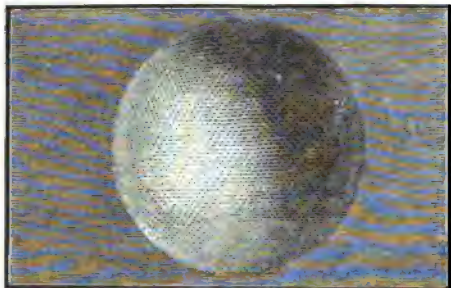
On Monday morning there was an early breakfast, a tumbling about of trunks, a general bustle, a rush for the cars, the ringing of bells, the shriek of whistles. Then the train moved slowly out of the dingy station into the clear, bright sunlight, and glided away rapidly past the quiet fields and shady woods of Maryland. And so, good by, Annapolis.



HISTORY OF THE A. O.

BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.

"**T**O-DAY we will look at things with a view to seeing their light and shade, rather than their outlines, for it is really by light and shade that an object is defined, and not by a line. Nature abhors an outline as much as she is said to abhor a vacuum, and when she is forced to show one, contrives by a constant change of relief to soften and break it;" with which prefatory speech aunt Rachel introduced to the A. C. the ball, which was the



subject of the third lesson. A large white ball hung against the gray wall, care being taken that light only fell upon it from one window, and in such a manner that half of it was in shadow. (1.)

"You notice," said aunt Rachel, "that the lightest part of the ball is lighter than the background, while the darkest part is darker than the background; and of course you will see that the darkest part of the shadow is not upon the edge but within it, the surface of the ball, as it turns from the eye, receiving some

reflected light from surrounding objects, and being softened by the atmosphere. But while you represent this reflected light delicately, remember it is, after all, shadow, and much darker than the light and half light of the ball. Notice, too, how small a portion of the ball is in the high light, and as white as your paper.

"Now try and represent this shadow by as even and fine a tint as you can, observing that it takes a circular form, following the rounded surface of the ball, and is exquisitely graded from light to dark; not a quarter inch being without its gradation."

Leaving the club a while to produce something which she might criticise, aunt Rachel seated herself at her easel, and added the finishing touches to a lovely winter picture — a branch of holly, upon which the first snow had fallen lightly, and under which brave little snow-birds hopped about, picking up thankfully the few seeds and berries left by a grudging November.

When the exclamations of despair and appeals for assistance became too numerous, she began her inspection. Percy's ball was not a white one, like the object before him, having no background of gray to tell the story of its whiteness.

Lucy's sharp eyes had looked too keenly for the reflected light, and seen it too plainly as a natural consequence.

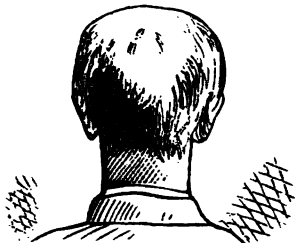
"You have represented it to be nearly as light as the light side of the ball, which is an untruth; and we must be as careful to tell the truth in drawing, as in other matters.

"Partly close the eye, or, in other words, *squint* at the object you are drawing, and you will see that details are lost, and only the broad mass of the shadow remains, covering

full one half of the ball. Make this shadow as full of variations as you can and not lose its breadth, but don't look for the details at first. To a person of ordinarily keen vision the details will be sure to show themselves even if not looked for, and in treating light and shade in a broad way, a near-sighted person has the advantage; for to such a one much unimportant detail is lost, — and only broad masses remain.

"Nellie's ball has too *sharp* a shadow. There is no angle on this round surface, and of course no sharp line where shadow ends and light begins. Nellie is spending too much time in getting her outline correct. Let the light and shade correct it. That is what we wish to devote our attention to to-day."

(If Rob is conspicuously absent on this occasion, I wish to say that he begged off, on the ground that drawing-lessons could be enjoyed any time, but coasting only when there was ice.)

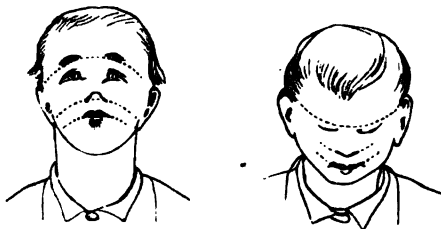


After the ball had been drawn as well as could be expected, aunt Rachel placed before them an apple, showing that the same principles of light and shade governed that.

"I select a greening," said she, "because its color is simple, and its surface not so shining as to confuse you with numerous reflected lights. Draw it as quickly as you can, simply as a ball, and do not see this worm-hole, which I turn into the shadow, too plainly. Shadow obscures all things, and the worm-hole is quite an unimportant as well as undesirable fact in connection with the apple — a fact to be touched upon as lightly as possible; but almost every beginner would seize upon that worm-hole, and emphasize its existence, quite forgetting that the apple was round, which is the chief and universal characteristic of *all* apples, and the first thing to be dwelt upon.

"Now that we have drawn the apple, let us look at Willie's head, the back of it, and see that that is nothing but a ball, with its light half light — shadow and reflected light. (2.) It is the same with a front view of the face, only the features make it difficult to see

the light and shade as plainly. As the shadow upon a round surface of necessity follows that surface, and is consequently circular, so the lines of the features do the same, as you can see when I ask Willie to look up or down. (3.) I speak of this especially for Lucy's benefit, as I see by her sketch-book she has a decided taste, if not talent, for figures and faces, and it will be quite worth her while to culti-



vate it. But do not be satisfied, Lucy, with catching a caricature likeness in a profile, as in this sketch of Deacon Grey, good as it is and unmistakable." (4.)

"I should be quite content to have done *that*," said Nell, whose admiration of Lucy was unbounded.

"And so are many," continued aunt Ray. "But Lucy is capable of better things; and a thorough study of the anatomy of the figure, combined with continual observation and sketching from life, is the step to that 'something better.' One cannot observe understandingly the motions of men or animals unless one knows something of the bones of the



body and their possible movements; of the muscles which cover them, and their attachments.

"Some one has said that the greatest artist in the world cannot draw *well* a napkin thrown over a tea-cup, unless he knows what is under the napkin. If this is true of so simple a study, how much more true must it be of the human body, with its bony structure below, and its various coverings of muscle and skin, and the numberless motions of which it is capable!

"Unless you know the nature of the form

you are attempting to represent, the important fact will as likely as not escape the eye, and the unimportant one be emphasized. To the landscape painter, attempting to portray the mountain side with its outcropping ledges and rugged precipices, a knowledge of the geological formation of the land is desirable, enabling him to seize and express the *necessary* lines, and to pass by those which are merely accidental. But we are digressing, and will return to the matter in hand."

"Are there any books which will help me, aunt Ray?"

"Yes, many. But a little manual issued by Winsor and Newton, and furnished by almost all dealers in artists' materials, called 'Artistic Anatomy of the Human Figure,' is simple, and plain to be understood, and I think would form a valuable aid.

"And now we will examine the sketch-books. Drawing of a hat — good. (5.) The crown of the hat, you will notice, being round, has its darkest shadow within the edge; which is true of all circular objects, whether domes



of state houses, or stems of flowers. An old, soft felt hat is an excellent study."

"And why, aunt Ray, are old, worn, dilapidated things so much more pleasing in pictures than the fresh and new?"

"A very interesting query. Can any one suggest a reason?"

"Perhaps for the reason that they have been in use by some one, and we imagine a story connected with them."

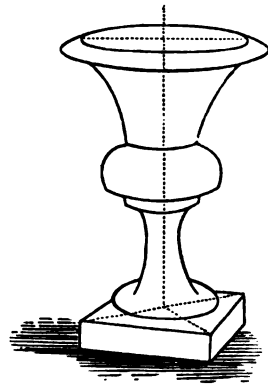
"That is one reason, I think. Use gives to inanimate things a human interest and association, and so adds to them a charm, which the brand new thing, just home from the shop, lacks entirely."

"I think," said Nell, "that hats especially partake of the individuality of their owners."

"Undoubtedly. And in this same characteristic expression lies most of the picturesqueness of old houses. They have grown about their tenants, and fitted themselves to their needs; pushing out a gable here, and piercing a window there, and spreading out as the family increased, until they seem as much to belong to the people inside as the shell of a snail belongs to itself. Then in all things

worn, and shabby, and going to decay, we see the marks of time, and feel that Nature must, sooner or later, claim her own. All these things lend a charm to that which is old; and there is nothing too commonplace to be invested with it. I have seen a drawing of the worn-out shoes of baby that would appeal to any mother's heart, and not unlikely draw a tear from the eyes of one bereaved; and a painting of the cavalry boots of a dashing general, with the Virginia mud still clinging to them, and a torn battle-flag as a background, which quite fired one with patriotic ardor.

"Jacquemart, a French artist, said to be the finest etcher of still life in the world, being employed by government to copy the wonderful treasures of the Louvre, has a unique etching of old boots and shoes, — 'Souvenirs du Voyage,' — which is eloquent of pedestrian tours, of mountains climbed, and of tasks ac-



complished. But to return to the sketch-book. Memory sketch of an umbrella — good. Drawing from memory of the last lesson — a strawberry-box — also correct. Drawing of a vase (6) needs a little correction. The two sides should be exactly alike; and as the base is a square, I would suggest drawing that first, correctly, in perspective; then finding the centre of it by means of diagonals, and from that erecting a perpendicular, to serve as a guide in drawing the two sides alike.

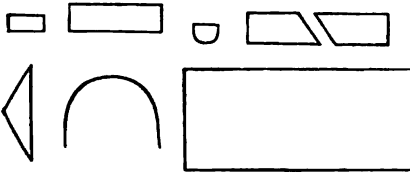
"Mollie complains that she did not know what to draw; could find nothing to inspire her pencil. Anything is a good subject, provided only it be simple enough. All kinds of dishes, cups and saucers, wash-basins, coal-hods, brooms, and the shovel and tongs; a barrel in the sunshine, tubs and buckets, the garden gate, the pair of bars. You will be astonished to find how interesting the commonest things become when you begin to draw

them; and objects totally uninteresting in themselves will be found pleasing when they are transferred to the pages of your sketch-book.

"And now, to relieve the monotony of our exercises, I will give you a study in design. See who will combine these forms the most ingeniously. (7.) You may make your design as large as you please, only preserve the relative proportions. You will find this an entertaining game, as well as profitable, and it will help to occupy the long winter evenings pleasantly."

To any who may honor these articles with an attentive reading, I wish to say a word confidentially. The members of the A. C. are average young people, and do not, by any means, hurry along, as these short articles represent. To do so would preclude the possibility of accomplishing anything worth the doing. Imagine them, then, spending at least a month in mastering each step, before proceeding to the next. Better to draw the simple thing with a tolerable degree of accuracy, than the difficult one in a manner to discourage and disgust.

And to any — and I hope there may be



some—who have sufficient interest in drawing to put in practice the suggestions I make, let them do as the class does. Put before them the objects mentioned, and draw them as carefully as may be, calling upon everybody to criticise, but relying most upon our friend, the *muslin critic*, who will always tell the truth—provided it be held perpendicularly between the student and the object. If drawn upon with a piece of charcoal, the sketch will whisk off readily, and the surface be ready for another. Perhaps it is unnecessary for me to say that nothing in these articles is intended to be *copied*. The pictures are simply to aid the student in looking at the thing itself. In the matter of shading, a wood-cut is no good guide. A lithograph gives more the texture of pencil-shading. If I fail to make any point clear, or to meet any practical difficulties, I shall esteem it a favor to receive questions, and will answer them to the best of my ability. In regard to the study in design, suggested at the close, I hope many

of the readers will try their hand at it. Send the designs to me, care of the editor, and the most ingenious shall receive notice.

WAITING.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

WAITING, in childhood's morn,
To learn our baby-talk,
To laugh, and crow, and say "Mamma;"
Waiting to creep and walk;

Waiting, while years go by
O'er the little, flaxen head;
Waiting for "father's ship to come in,"
In the little trundle-bed.

Waiting, in ardent youth,
With many an earnest plan;
Waiting the triumph of truth and right;
Waiting to be a man;
Waiting, perchance, our fate,
In the guise of some maiden fair;
Waiting to be insnared with a smile,
Or a lock of golden hair.

Waiting, year after year,
As in foreign lands we roam,
For the day on which our wayward feet
Shall turn to our childhood's home.
Waiting, sometimes, in fear,
Lest we find an empty chair,
Lest some joyous laugh be forever stilled
Ere we meet our loved ones there.

Waiting, in middle age,
While children round us play;
Waiting, at best, but a little while,
To guide them on their way.
Waiting, till one by one,
Like birds from their nest, they've flown,
And we're left to plod with weary feet
The rest of the way alone.

Waiting on couches of ease,
Waiting on beds of pain;
Waiting for health with sinking hearts,
Waiting perhaps in vain;
From dear ones far away
Waiting for welcome news;
Waiting for wealth that never comes;
"Waiting for dead men's shoes."

Waiting, in life's decline,
When the blood is thin and cold,
When the form is bowed and the eye is dim;
Waiting, and growing old;
Waiting "the boatman pale,
And the sound of the dipping oar;"
Waiting, and hoping our friends to meet
At last on the farther shore.

THE SCANDINAVIAN PETRARCH.

BY ROTH.

THE Saga, from which the following sketch is taken, states that Kormak, one of the most celebrated Skalds of the tenth century, was the son of a sea-rover, who settled in the northern part of Iceland. He was a very handsome young man, with fine eyes, black hair, and a fair complexion, of a bold and enterprising character, a good poet and skilful swordsman, offering a striking contrast, in many respects, to his only brother, Thorgils, who was mild and taciturn in disposition, and by no means of an adventurous spirit.

Not far from the home of the brothers resided the foster-parents of a beautiful maiden, the fair Steingerda, with whom Kormak fell violently in love, and expressed his passion in plaintive ditties, which were very acceptable to his lady-love. Her father, the powerful Thorkell, of Tunga, was not at all pleased with the conquest made by his only daughter, and at once took her home, where, although he could not refuse to receive the young Skald, he rendered his visits as disagreeable as possible. With this amiable intention, he encouraged the malicious attacks of two young men, who were also his frequent guests, and who jeered at Kormak when present, and aspersed his character in his absence.

These youths were the sons of Thorveiga, a famous sorceress; and for some time Kormak only revenged himself for their insults by composing satirical verses on them. Thinking that there was no limit to his forbearance, they waylaid him one day on his return from Tunga, and attacked him with great fury. Thorkell, who was privy to their design, would have rushed to their aid on hearing the clash of arms, but, as the story runs, was detained by the forcible and masculine grasp of the fair Steingerda. Kormak slew both of his antagonists, and then, seeking out their mother, the formidable Thorveiga, warned her that she must remove elsewhere, as her presence would no longer be tolerated in that neighborhood.

The sorceress was forced to comply with this demand, but revenged herself by prophesying that he who had killed her sons would never marry Thorkell's daughter.

Kormak continued his visits to Tunga, and after a time, obtaining the father's reluctant consent, was formally betrothed to the maiden, and a day was fixed for their nuptials. For some unexplained reason, however, this contract was never fulfilled, and, whether from a

superstitious dread of Thorveiga's ominous words, or from some pecuniary disappointment in the settlements, Kormak was himself the delinquent, and failed to appear on the day appointed.

This conduct was naturally offensive to the bride's family, and regarding the insult as gross and deliberate, they vowed vengeance.

In a western province of the island there lived at that time a rich and valiant widower, called Bersi, who, since the death of his wife, had confided the care of his household and infant son to his sister Helga, a young lady of beauty and accomplishments. Thorkell's sons would have preferred calling the offending Skald to a bloody account; but a friend and retainer of the family suggested the more refined revenge of bestowing the lady's hand on a man of acknowledged influence and reputation, such as the rich widower, generally called Holmgang, or Duelling Bersi, from his known propensity for fighting.

This proposal found immediate favor, and no time was lost in making overtures to Bersi, through friendly and interested parties. The beauty and dowry of the lady being satisfactory, the necessary preliminaries were soon despatched, and the betrothal having taken place, an early day was agreed on for the marriage.

Steingerda had given a reluctant consent to these arrangements, hoping that the rumor of them would incite Kormak to seek a reconciliation with her family; and after sending to apprise him of their impending and final separation, she resigned herself to the progress of events.

"After all," she said, as she braided her long silken tresses, "if Kormak allows Bersi to become my husband, I shall have no reason to complain of my lot as the wife of so influential and valiant a gentleman. Kormak will doubtless repent himself when it is too late."

The lady's messenger was intercepted by a vigilant cousin and friend of the bridegroom elect. And on the day appointed Bersi came with a splendid cavalcade to claim his bride. Piqued at her lover's neglect, Steingerda no longer hesitated, but, with joyous mien, mounted her horse, and rode off with her husband, little dreaming that her message was now for the first time, when she was forever out of his reach, transmitted to Kormak.

On learning the fatal tidings, Kormak, attended by his brother Thorgils, rode after the bridal party, and demanded satisfaction, claiming Steingerda as his lawful bride. To this Bersi replied, that he would not surrender his wife, and that he saw nothing of which Kor-

mak could justly complain; that he had himself fulfilled an engagement with a lady whom Kormak had openly slighted; and Steingerda herself confirmed this statement. Being naturally good-natured, and well pleased now with his own situation, Bersi offered to bestow on his rival the hand of his sister Helga, and with it a large marriage portion.

Thorgils strongly advised his brother to close with this proposal; but Kormak, hearing that, with all her wealth and beauty, the lady Helga was almost a simpleton, declined the offer, and challenged Bersi to single combat. In this contest Kormak was wounded, and on his recovery went away on a sea voyage, continuing to compose lays in honor of his first and only love. The lady soon after obtained a divorce from Bersi, whom she never loved, but, in Kormak's absence, contracted a second marriage, with a man called Tintein, who possessed neither talent nor valor.

On Kormak's return, he tried to win Steingerda's heart by the compositions which gained him the appellation of the Scandinavian Petrarch; but although she received them graciously, she told him plainly that she was Tintein's wife, and should so remain.

"Thou art right," replied Kormak. "Go with thy husband; the envious Fates have decreed that thou shalt never be mine."

Taking a tender leave of each other, the lovers now finally parted; and after various adventures, Kormak fell in single combat, reciting, with his last breath, a strophe in praise of Steingerda, to whom, amidst the tempest's howl and the din of battle, the object of his fondest affection through life, his lyre had been constantly attuned, as worthy of all praise.

Although it would — as the writer from whom this sketch is taken justly remarks — be almost a profanation to compare the rude lays of the northern Skald with the soft strains of the Florentine poet, they were no doubt as highly appreciated in the north as the sonnets of Petrarch in his sunny clime, and the object of Kormak's love seems to have been as deeply versed in the arts of coquetry as the far-famed Laura herself.

— ORIGIN OF "PIPING HOT." — This expression is said to have originated from the English custom of a baker blowing a horn or *pipe* in the village, to let the people know that he had just drawn his bread, which was *hot*.

WRITING PAPER. — What kind of writing paper shall I use? For ordinary purposes, note size, eight by five, is about right. A letter written on a sheet of foolscap, or letter size, is not only badly out of fashion, but it is awkward, ungainly, and uncomfortable in many ways, especially if the writer, as some do, sprawls his words all over it, the large space tempting him to do so. Such letters do not easily "file" with others, in cases where it is desirable to preserve them. In writing for the press, especially brief articles, large sheets should not be used. They cover up too much of the printer's upper case, and the top will be too far off for short-sighted compositors. Unless the pages are doubled, note paper, or Bath note (9½×6½), is best for authors. It is more easily read, and more conveniently handled by editors and readers. For the press, write only on one side.

SKEDADDLE. — This is not an elegant word, though it is sometimes very expressive. It came into general use during the war of the Rebellion, but it may be traced to a Greek origin, and the word was freely used by Thucydides, Herodotus, and other Greek writers, to signify the running away of a routed army. The Swedes have the word *skuddadahl*, and the Danes *skyededeht*, both of which have the same meaning. The Irish compound *sgedad ol* may have been used by some Celt, when the Union forces were beaten, in the late war, thus giving rise to the modern use of the word.

— THE idea that the seasons come round in a circle is found in the name for the year, in many languages. For example, the Latin word *annus*, year, was synonymous with the word *annulus*, and originally meant a ring or circle; and from *annus* are derived several other names for the year, in Italian, French, Spanish, and other languages. Our English word *year*, is evidently from the same root as the word *gyrate*, to revolve. The Gothic, Old German, Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and modern German, are also from the same root.

— MARRIAGE TREES. — The custom of planting a tree, by every new-married couple, in the churchyard of the parish, was formerly kept up in the parish of Varallo Pombio, in the Tyrol. The trees used were generally of the pine kind. If our new-married couples would plant a fruit tree, or grape-vine, we should soon abound in fruit.

SINA.

BY JENNIE JOY.

DOWN the long lane, through the rich, red clover,
 Over the bars, through the tall rank sedge,
 From its low covert, starting the plover,
 Following on to the river's edge,
 Peering about 'mong the tangled rushes,
 Brushing the reeds with her soft, fair hair,
 Pressing apart the thick alder bushes,
 Searching around her everywhere:

What doth she there, this flossy-haired maiden?
 What would she find in the dark morass?
 Bees to their hives are returned rich laden,
 Kine straggle home through the tall, damp grass.
 Riseth a swell on the gentle river,
 Bendeth the lily to meet its flow,
 Springeth the dart from sunset's quiver;
 What seeks fair Sina, with cheeks aglow?

Ah, she hath read, in a volume olden,
 Tales of a Knight of the Table Round
 Leaving the joust with his cuirass golden,
 Dank underneath from a re-opened wound,
 Faint and athirst, in the twilight hushes,
 Out from the lists he had rode alone,
 Crossed the dry heath, where, through reeds
 and rushes,
 Like a white ribbon a fair river shone.

Slowly dismounting, he'd lifted his visor,
 What to behold but two jetty black eyes,
 Lustrous as any gazelle's — though much wiser,
 Gazing upon him in saddened surprise.
 Only an instant, then — straight as an arrow,
 Through bog and fen sprang their owner,
 like light,
 Tore up a root of the night-blooming yarrow,
 Bore it in haste to the then fainting knight.

Quickly expressing the juice in her thimble,
 Down at his side she had knelt with the draught,
 Close to his lips, with brown hand a-tremble,
 Pressed the bright cup, and begged him to quaff.
 Gone was the pain of the wound, — read the story, —

But just beneath it there entered a dart,
 Keen, and so deep, the knight bartered glory,
 That the brown hand might bind up his heart.

This was the plant, — this night-blooming yarrow, —

Hiding so shy, where still waters glide,
 Which the fair Sina would test on the morrow.
 Finding it not, she bitterly cried.

"If he but loved me!" she sighed, in the hushes

'Twixt her great sobs. How dark it had grown!

Sure she must haste. A step stirs the rushes,
 Some one is near her — two eyes meet her own.

Ah, little Sina! flossy-haired Sina!

Had you but dreamed of the magic that lies
 In the bright fountain-drops sparkling and briny,

Dashing like spray, through the fringes of eyes,

You had not searched for the yarrow. The clover

Blushed, I am told; as, nearing the bars,
 Sina said, softly, "Yes;" while her lover
 Sealed the sweet compact there, 'neath the stars.

— EVERY one remembers Goldsmith's inn, —

"Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round."

But jests are often older than the oldest news.

Hierocles lived at Alexandria, about the middle of the fifth century. One work attributed to him — though it is now supposed to belong to a later date — is a collection of jests and ludicrous stories, many of them old, perhaps, when they were collected. Here is a specimen. A fellow, meeting an acquaintance, said to him, "I heard that you were dead!" "Well, you see," replied the other, "that I am still alive." "I don't know about that," rejoined the first; "the man who told me you were dead is much more worthy of belief than you are." The story of the man who carried a stone about with him, in order to give an idea of a house that he wished to build, is also one of Hierocles'.

— THE story goes that the most celebrated mathematician of ancient times, Archimedes, was slain at the taking of Syracuse by the Romans, in 212 B. C. He had been drawing figures on the ground; and when a Roman soldier rushed upon him, he thought only of protecting his circles and triangles, and so lost his life.

ADVENTURES OF A WILD GOOSE.
AN ORNITHOLOGICAL SKETCH BY A
HUNTER-NATURALIST.

BY CHARLES W. HALL.

THE FLORIDA COAST. THE SPRING MIGRATION.

"IT was late in the month of November when we arrived at our winter quarters, on the eastern coast of Florida. On leaving the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the myriads of our migrating hosts had rendezvoused, we crossed the great Tantramar marsh, lying between Bay Verte and the head of the Bay of Fundy, and passed on, with little stay for food or rest, towards our southern destination.

"No heavy sea-fogs bewildered the sight of our leaders; no heavy gales arose to chill and numb the weak and infirm, and the boatmen of Cohasset and Cape Cod, and the gunners of Long Island, and Barnegat, and the Chesapeake, bewailed their lost time and useless weapons, as they saw, day by day, the mild, warm rays of the autumn sun gleam from a cloudless sky upon an unruffled sea, while we swept swiftly southward, far away from the treacherous shore, and its thousand perils, resting now and then on the ever-throbbing ocean, to sleep through the hours of darkness, or snatch a hasty meal, amid a floating bed of sea-wrack.

"At last, diverging to the south-west, we saw the low, white outlines of Cape Cernaveral, and passing inside of Cape Florida, the northern island promontory of the Florida Keys, we saw before us the shallow waters, low, verdant shores, and still lagoons of our winter home. No signs of the presence of man was visible, save the battered timbers of some long-stranded wreck, or the distant sail of wrecker or fisherman.

"At low tide, leagues of limestone, covered with a whitish ooze, from which sprang clustering sponges and delicate corallines, lay between the breaking surf and sloping sand-beaches of the inner islands and the main shore, which were strewn with millions of shells, of all shapes, colors, and sizes. Within the tiny harbors, or rather lagoons, grew dense forests of white and black mangroves, which reared their tall trunks on arching roots, which raised them far above the oozy mud, into which their slender branches drooped, to be covered with clustering oysters, barnacles, and other shell-fish, around which, at high tide, gathered the delicious

sheep's-head, sea-trout, mullet, rock-fish, and a score of other species of beautiful and delicious sea-fish.

"The shores were covered with ever-verdant herbage, and perennial shrubs, and plants, among which were conspicuous the impenetrable thickets of Palmetto Royal, or Adam's Needle (*yucca gloriosa*). This curious plant was our great natural defence from the intrusion of man, or of beasts of prey on our favorite haunts. Properly an herbaceous plant, it at first presents but a cluster of long, narrow, sword-like leaves, of a perfect green, ending in a stiff, sharp point, with crenated edges. As it grows, however, it develops a ligneous stem, ten or twelve feet high, crowned with a chaplet of its annual foliage, and crested with a pyramid of bell-like blossoms, of a silver white, which, in their turn, give place to an edible purple fruit.

"These plants lined the edges of the wooded upland with *chevaux-de-frise*, scarce penetrable by a bird or rat, and beyond them were reared the pride of a Floridian forest, the blended beauties of the temperate and the torrid zones. There the cypress rose from the lower grounds, with the glossy-leaved tupelo, and the broad-armed sweet-bay, and near at hand the water-oak showered down its sweet-kerneled acorns, and the dwarf prickly palmetto spread its fan-shaped leaves. Farther up were lofty broom pines, graceful magnolias and kalmias, the green-leaved holly with its coral berries, and pines, and palms of many kinds, blending their varied foliage, in striking but beautiful contrast, softened, somewhat, by the weird, all-pervading drapery which the Spanish moss cast alike over massive trunk and slender limb. By the limpid rivulets stretched verdant prairies, on whose borders the orange, shaddock, and lime cast their ungathered fruit, and the wild turkeys strutted and fed beneath the nut-laden hazels and chinquapins.

"On the broad marshes, lined with thick sedges and graceful, plume-tipped reeds, and among the mangrove flats and weed-choked shallows, we found an ample supply of food, among an innumerable multitude of other migrating birds. To enumerate even the names of the various species would weary your patience, and be beyond the scope of my recollection; but that scene is never to be forgotten. Vast flights of sea-fowl, that almost darkened the air, and covered the broad waters of the shallow lagoons, on whose borders stalked huge cranes, and herons, and bittern of many species, attended by hosts of ibis,

curlew, gallinules, and other wading birds of gorgeous and striking plumage, among whom, here and there, appeared the tall form and vivid crimson feathers of the flamingo.

"Myriads of sand-pipers and of plover gleaned the animalcula of the marsh ooze; hosts of ducks and tiny teal whirled up from the thick sedges, and the sea-gulls and small tern gathered from their summer haunts, by the frozen seas, to the wilderness shores of this winterless land, and many an ocean rover, the sharp-billed gannet, the tireless frigate-bird, the fierce cormorant, and the rapacious shag, came from their ocean-cruising, to rest a while among the inundated jungles of the Everglades.

"Yet life here was not without its dangers. Above us circled, in his lofty eyrie, the huge gray eagle, ever ready to strike a duck among the sheltering sedges, or bear the vainly-bleating fawn from the side of its dam; and weaker, but no less to be feared, swooped from his lower eyrie his bold congener, and the less feared fishing-eagle; while hawks of many kinds and varying powers of offence gathered around the winged host, whose weaker members afforded many victims to their watchful enemies.

"Still our life here was peaceful, on the whole, and our little flock of eight lost but one member during the entire winter. We were gathered one day in a shallow of the Shark's Head River, into which had fallen an ample supply of acorns from the oaks on the bank above. A bank of sedges shut us out from the river view, and the islet was small, and apparently untenanted. We were feeding, merrily conversing, as is our wont, when suddenly a dead silence fell on all our company. Turning quickly to learn the cause, I saw above me, among the many-colored foliage, a terrific sight. A tall savage, clad in skins worked with many-hued beads, with his face painted in vivid patterns, and surmounted by a crest of waving feathers, crouched amid the leaves, levelling a heavy rifle. Even as my grandsire shook his pinions in flight, a puff of smoke, and a jet of fire shot from the fatal ambush, and the partner of his many wanderings fell, pierced by the deadly bullet, and we saw, as we circled once above the fatal spot, the lifeless body seized by a gaunt hound, and borne into the treacherous ambush.

"At last the spring came; and early in March we set out on our northward journey. Many changes had taken place in our flock, which was still under the direction of my widowed grandsire, but which had increased

in number to twelve, owing to the mating of many of our number, — myself among the rest. The passion of love seemed to pervade all things at that season; the deer mated beside the rivulets, the turkeys called to each other in the forests, the thickets were vocal with the love-songs of the mocking-bird and the soft cooing of the ground-doves. Even the harsh gabble of the feathered tribes of ocean gave way to a soft, incessant murmur, inexpressibly mournful and weird to the voyaging mariner, but speaking to us of a wealth of life and of love. Slowly we passed on northward, meeting ever with cold, sleety gales from the north and east, and constantly exposed to a thousand perils from the deadly marksmen, who watched for us on every mile of the long, low coast-line.

"It was on the Chesapeake that misfortune first befell one of our number. My eldest surviving brother separated from us on the way northward, to attach himself to another flock, led by a young and inexperienced bird. Late in the night, both flocks alighted on some broad shallows, amid the thick sea-weed, beginning at dawn to feed amid the surrounding herbage. The quick eye of my grandsire soon perceived a skiff, disguised with reeds, approaching, and while the danger was still distant, advised us to take to flight.

"The leader of the other flock derided the idea. 'You have grown cowardly in your old age, old Gray-wing,' said he. 'I know to a yard the reach of their shot, and I shan't stir until he has paddled up to that point. By that time we shall have had breakfast, and shall fly off, leaving him to row back without a feather.'

"'I am afraid, it is true,' answered my relative; 'but I have been thirty years on the coast, and have heard of guns which can kill easily from the distance which you call safe. I shall work down the bay, and we must feed as we go. You had better follow.'

"'I have heard of and seen those "stanchion guns," as they call them; but that "float" is too small for anything but a light fowling-piece, or an old musket loaded with buck-shot; so trust to me, and we shall go northward, with a good laugh at yonder skulking gunner, and a better meal than our over-careful friends.'

"As we swam steadily away, feeding a little here and there, but keeping the original distance between us and the boat undiminished, I cast many anxious glances upon our thoughtless friends, who continued to feed, in perfect security, until the boat had almost reached the prescribed limit, full two hundred yards away.

I saw the young leader of the flock raise his head quickly, and give a warning cry, full of horrified dismay, as he gave the signal for flight. I saw their swift pinions beating the water into foam, in desperate flight, and then the slight disguise of withered grass was blown from the bows of the tiny boat by the heavy charge of shot belched forth by her tremendous swivel. Scarcely a bird escaped; and as we, too, took flight in fear and sorrow, we laid to heart the new lesson we had received of the many wiles and tremendous destructive power of our great enemy, man.

"I have faced the javelin of the Esquimaux, the arrow of the Indian, the far-reaching bullet and thick-flying shot of the white hunter, and have escaped a thousand wiles and snares; but I know the day will come when even my sagacity will fail, and I shall fall before the enemies of my race."

"Thus spoke my grandsire as I flew by his side, two nights later, beneath a brilliant moon, along the southern shore of Cape Cod. He spoke sadly, almost despairingly; but I dreamed not how soon his forebodings of disaster were to be verified. A few hours later, in the early dawn, we entered a wide haven, whose narrow channels flowed amid broad expanses of shallow water, densely covered with our favorite food.

"After feeding some hours, we saw at a little distance a sandy bar, on which the rising tide gradually encroached. On its highest point rose a square rock hung with weeds, and a number of birds of our own kind swam and fed in the adjacent shallows, and answered our calls, evidently wishing us to join them. The place seemed suitable to dry our feathers, and procure a little gravel and clean sand; and we were soon in their midst, feeding, chasing each other, and pluming our displaced feathers on the dry bar. As the tide came in, we retreated higher, until we were scarcely thirty yards from the rock. Then the fatal ambushcade was disclosed, the decoy birds were pulled, screaming and flapping, from among us, by means of concealed cords; and, as heavy and repeated volleys thundered in my ears, I felt a sudden shock, sharp pains, and I became senseless.

"When I came to myself, I was in the hands of a man who, with two others, sat in the cunning'y-constructed 'blind,' so fatal to my doomed companions.

"'They are all dead except this one; and he has both wings broken,' said he. 'Shall we save him for a decoy?'

"All agreed to this; and the shattered tips

of my wings being amputated, I was trained, and finally sent as a gift to my present master. I have since lured many to destruction; for my longing for love and companionship, and the unforgotten glories of the Arctic Sea, come upon me with each returning spring, as I see my happier kindred sweeping northward through the free path of heaven, and I cannot resist the desire of meeting them once more, though I know I call them beneath the deadly shower of mitraille that has spared me thus far; although I know that, like my race, I, too, shall fall by the hand of man."

The narrator ceased as the clock struck midnight, and our happy party was over. A few years later, I met Major Orlebar in St. John, N. B., and asked him if he still possessed his wingless Brent goose. He answered, with a slight tinge of real sadness in his tone, —

"Poor Senunk was a sad loss to me, for I had watched him so much in our May days together, on the ice-floes, that he became very tame, confiding, and useful. I left him one day for a few moments, and on my return heard a gun fired near my boat. A dandy officer of the garrison, who was remarkable for his ridiculous sporting misadventures, had capped the climax of his stupidity by shooting my decoy-bird, thus ending the strange ADVENTURES OF A WILD GOOSE."

— THE LIFE-BOAT AND ITS WORK.* —

The author of this interesting work has brought into one volume the gist of all that relates to the practical working of this valuable invention, which is the result of the experiments that have been made in this direction for nearly a century. The history of these experiments, being, to a considerable extent, connected with attempts to rescue those on board of vessels shipwrecked in the fearful storms which periodically sweep along the English coast, renders this book quite interesting; and it is also valuable for the information it gives concerning this important life-saving apparatus. The book contains many illustrations and maps.

— THE SIX FOLLIES OF SCIENCE. — The Multiplication of the Cube; the Perpetual Motion; the Quadrature of the Circle; the Philosopher's Stone; Magic; and Judicial Astrology.

* History of the Life-Boat and its Work. By Richard Lewis: New York. McMillan & Co., Publishers. 12mo., \$1.75.



**"A POOR RULE THAT DON'T WORK
BOTH WAYS."**

BY ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

CHARACTERS. — *Oldish Woman, said to be crazy, known in the village as "GRANNY SI;" her name, RICE. MRS. WILKINS, a good neighbor. DEBBY, her daughter. TOM, her son. MRS. DEMAINE, living in the same house. LINA FROST, friend of DEBBY'S.*

SCENE. — *Kitchen at MRS. WILKINS'S. Herself and Daughter discovered sitting.*

Enter MRS. DEMAINE.

Mrs. Demain. Good morning, Mrs. Wilkins.

Mrs. Wilkins. Good morning, Mrs. Demain.

Mrs. Demain. Can you lend me this tea-cup full of molasses?

Mrs. Wilkins. (*Cordially.*) Yes, indeed, 's well 's not. I was just going to send for some. Set your cup right down, and I'll bring it in to you directly.

Mrs. Demain. Well, if you can, I'll cut back, and see to my pies: my stove acts so, I can't leave anything a minute.

Mrs. Wilkins. How trying! Don't you want to clap a couple in my oven?

Mrs. Demain. Perhaps so; I'll see. I'm obliged to you. [*Exit in haste.*]

Debbie. (*Angrily.*) Hadn't you better do her whole baking for her, mother? Time ain't anything, you know; and coal only costs twelve dollars a ton. What'd you say you was going to send for molasses for? You weren't.

Mrs. Wilkins. Well, what if I wan't? I can send, and I mean to. One never knows when *they* may want a cup of molasses themselves. I b'lieve in being obliging — I do. (*DEBBY scowls.*) Don't, Debbie, don't be so hateful. Come, slip on your bonnet, like a good girl, and go after it for her.

Debbie. Not I: I've something else to do. Charity begins at home, in my opinion. One thing I do know — I'll do something to offend her. I wish there wasn't any such thing as borrowing: I hate it.

Enter Tom.

Mrs. Wilkins. Well, have your own way. Tom's coming, in the nick of time for once in his life. — Here (*turning to the boy*), take this jug, and go down to Mr. Bennett's, and get two quarts of molasses. Wash your face first; or, no; I'll do it; 't'll take you so long. (*Goes right about it, and washes his face up and down with her hand, without any regard to his nose.*)

Tom. Look out! Cracky! Don't tear a fellow's head off! I'll wipe it myself: you shan't — I'll be blowed if you shall — not much! (*Snatches the towel, and does it himself, very slowly.*)

Mrs. Wilkins. Now, Tom, do be decent, and go quick.

Tom. Where is your old jug?

Mrs. Wilkins. Here 'tis. (*Hands it.*)

Tom. How much shall I get?

Mrs. Wilkins. Two quarts 'll do, I guess; and, see here, have it charged to your father.

Tom. (*Takes the jug, and; swinging it over his head, goes off, singing.*) I want two quarts o' mo-las-ses, and charge it to John Wil-l-kins. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Wilkins. Well, I'm glad I've got him started at last.

Debbie. Yes, you've got him started, and he'll start the information all over town that we want two quarts of molasses — *charged*. So much for your accommodating disposition. Pa says you'd run your feet off for the neighbors. I've a good mind to throw her old cup out the window.

Mrs. Wilkins. (*Sighing.*) Don't be so awful *ructions* about everything. You'll never know what 'tis to be a mother, Debbie, till you're one yourself; the responsibility and the —

Debbie. (*Interrupting scornfully.*) And a neighbor.

Mrs. Wilkins. Debbie! remember you're speaking to your mother, and the time *may* come when you won't have a mother to talk so to.

Debbie. I wish there wasn't any necessity for my talking so.

Enter GRANNY ST, *rigged out in the most ridiculous style, with strips of red flannel tied to her bare arms, and like ornaments on her neck. Hair in curls. She approaches with a mincing step.*

Granny. How do you do? how do you do? and how do you do, I say? How do you do, now the sun shines?

Mrs. Wilkins. O, I'm well, thank you, very well. How are you, Mrs. Rice?

Granny. Better. I'm on my way. I walked two miles this morning on the rainbow. 'Twas a good lift, I tell you.

Mrs. Wilkins. Where've you been this long time?

Granny. Been? Law, I've been down 'mong the gentry; and *sech* times you never see: nothin' but balls, and parties, and dinners. I couldn't begin to tell. The last one was a beater. 'Twasn't a party exactly; 'twas a politics thing, a politics invention, they called it.

Debby. Convention you mean — don't you, Mrs. Rice?

Granny. Yes, that's it; that's what they called it. The governor was there; and they all said things after they'd et. Lots o' men got up and spoke splendid. And the minister he put in his oar, too. He said, for his part he'd like to hear from the ladies. But not a soul on 'em riz. You never see how they *did* act, they hung back so. I was fairly shamed for 'em.

Mrs. Wilkins. Where was the dinner?

Granny. O, right on the Common, under a tent; and then they danced at the hall, after their *ladies* got through makin' fools o' themselves, hanging back so. There was one, though, a kind of a gran'marm, sensibler 'n the rest; *she* said a verse about Washington; so I thought I'd say something about Washington, too.

Debby. What was it?

Granny. Well, 'twas this: —

"George Washington was a very good man;
He did for his country the best that he *can*.
Most sartin sure a prudent George,
Because he don't his stomach gorge."

(*She pauses to watch the effect.*)

Debby. That isn't all, granny.

Granny. Guess 'tain't. Wait till I tell you.

"George Washington was a very good man;
He did for his country the best that he can;
And if the rest will do the same,
And follow his example —"

(*Another pause.*)

Debby. That's splendid, granny! to the point, too. Give us some more; if it's all as

good as that, you'll hear from it. Why, all the editors 'll be after you to write for 'em.

Granny. Humph! They did that afore you was born. (*Folds her arms, and looks mysterious.*)

Debby. Did you really write for the papers, Granny?

Granny. Some.

Debby. What? Do tell us. Was it poetry or prose?

Granny. (*With contempt.*) Prose! I never wrote a word of prose in my life. But I just remember something about a piece; it went this way: —

"Them bloomin' cheeks, they now are fled, —
That's 'cause he's pale, you see,
And whiten'd like the blasted rose,
He pined away so."

(*She hesitates.*) I can't think; there was ever so much more.

Debby. What was the name of it?

Granny. "On a Young Man that was Disappointed. Poor fellow, he died!"

Debby. Sure?

"Men have died and worms have ate them,
But not for love."

Granny. What's that?

Debby. Nothing. You didn't get through with the story about the party and Washington — did you?

Granny. No. Where was I?

Debby. Something about following Washington's example.

Granny. (*To herself.*)

"And if the rest will do the same."

I see.

"George Washington was a very good man;
He did for his country the best that he can;
And nobody dar'n't tetch him,
Because he *was* such a very good man."

(*She sits down and fans herself, with a self-satisfied air.*)

Debby. What'd they say to that?

Granny. What'd they say? They said a good deal; and you can b'lieve I was *noticed* some after that. The gentlemen all flocked round me, and invited me to dance.

Mrs. Wilkins. Did you dance?

Granny. No; I only paraded round with some o' the biggest on 'em; and then they all rushed up, and wanted to know if I'd write my name in their books. They said they'd be pleased to have my photograph where they could see it any time. So I writ ever so many o' them; and then they sang; and —

Enter LINA FROST.

Lina. (*Very pert.*) How d'ye do, Debby?

How d'ye do, Mrs. Wilkins? — (*Aside.*) What on earth's this arrangement?

Debby. Why, that's poor old Granny Si. Don't you know? She had trouble with her husband, and he ran away. She's awful queer; sings songs about him, and calls him a frog, and all that sort of thing.

Lina. Get her to sing; will you?

Debby. Sh! She'll hear you. I'll introduce you; 'twill please her. — Mrs. Rice, this is my friend, Miss Lina Frost.

Granny. (*Chuckling LINA under the chin.*) Happy to see you, Lamby. Here's a sixpence to keep the witches off. (*Gives her the silver.*) Yes, and wolves, too, roaring wolves, Lamby. They'd be after *you*. They've a'most gobbled me up, but not quite. I've got rid of the old one, though. D'ye ever see him?

Lina. No. Where is he?

Granny. Law! gone off with the other croakers. (*Sings in a high-pitched voice.*)

"The frog was dressed in bottle-green,
Ta la, ta la."

(*They all laugh, and she stops suddenly.*)

Mrs. Wilkins. What giddy girls they are! ain't they, Granny?

Granny. (*Sighing.*) So be it. To-morrow they'll cry. But it's 'pinted.

Debby. What's 'pinted?

Granny. Why, the cryin' and the merryin'.

Lina. Marriages ain't 'pinted — are they, Mrs. Rice?

Granny. Yes. If it's pinted for you to be married, you'll *be* married; and if 'tain't, you won't be, though the day's sot, and the weddin'ers invited.

Lina. Were you married young, Mrs. Rice?

Granny. Young! Just a baby, Lamby. I married one o' them croakers: they live in the mill-pond. (*Sings.*)

"Si, Roger, Jacob, and Joe,
All the four croakers, lived in a row;
They dressed —"

(*A great crash is heard outside.*)

Debby. There, mother! there goes your molasses on the door-stone!

Enter TOM, holding the handle of the jug in his hand, and rubbing his bruises.

Mrs. Wilkins. (*In a rage.*) Sit down now, and don't you get up till I tell you.

Tom. Here's your old pass-book. (*Throws it at her.*) Bennett says he can't put anything more on.

Mrs. Wilkins. (*Excitedly.*) How much is it? (*Examines the figures.*) Good gracious!

we hain't had half these things. "Butter," "salt," "corn-starch," "pepper," "sundries." Never had one since I kept house. (*Still more excited*) "Sundries," again; "sundries," "sundries," "sundries." Where's my bonnet? I'll see Mr. Bennett.

Lina. Is't an herb?

Mrs. Wilkins. It's a swindle!

Debby. Perhaps it is something the neighbors wanted.

Tom. (*Laughing.*) I never got it.

Mrs. Wilkins. Well, you would if I'd told you to.

Debby. (*In a mortified tone.*) Take off your bonnet, mother, and don't talk any more about it. It's most tea-time. Lina 'n I'll run out for a walk, unless you want some help. She'll stay. — Won't you, Lina?

Lina. Yes, I'll stay 'f Mrs. Rice 'll stay.

Granny. Stay to tea? Yes. (*Walks up to the glass, and prinks, arranges her flannel bracelets, &c.*)

Mrs. Wilkins. All right: we'll have a real sensible time. O, Liny, look at my chiny oysters when you go out, and the 'sturtians: they're just beauties!

Tom. I want to go, too.

Mrs. Wilkins. You've done enough for one day, I sh'd think. If you want to do anything, put the tea a drawing.

(*Exit TOM, who immediately re-enters, dragging a tin teapot behind him by a twine string.*)

Mrs. Wilkins. (*Terribly exasperated.*) It's no use. There's no order or rectitude in the boy. (*Shakes him.*)

Tom. (*Resisting her.*) You stop that! Ain't I drawin' the tea? (*Breaks away from her, and prances about the stage, with the teapot jingling behind him.*)

Mrs. Wilkins. What are you doing? Don't act like a fool.

Tom. I'm drawin' the tea. — Didn't she tell me to, girls? [*Exeunt girls, laughing.*]

Enter MRS. DEMAINE.

Mrs. Demain. I thought you'd forget the molasses; so I came after it.

Re-enter DEBBY.

Debby. I heard your voice; so I came back. Mother *did* send for some, like a simpleton: but Tom broke the jug, and it's all on the door-stone. I wish 'twas against the law to borrow!

Mrs. Demain. Do you? You thought that — didn't you? — when you borrowed my white piqué, and pulled the velvet all out of it, and sent it home looking like a dish-rag?

Mrs. Wilkins. (Interrupting.) Come, come; we must all be obliging.

Debby. Obliging! I'm sick of it; and as for the piqué, I guess it didn't look any more like a dish-rag than mother's crape hat did after you wore it to your husband's funeral: 'twas just a string. I don't know whether it was tears, or rain, or what 'twas; but it hung the limpsiest of any widow's weeds ever I see. One thing — it'll never do duty for another mourner.

Mrs. Demain. (Sobbing.) That's all the thanks I get for neglecting my own things, and coming in and putting flowers in your hair, and even lending my white silk stockings that time you went to the dancing-school.

Mrs. Wilkins. Don't you mind her, Mrs. Demain. Girls will be girls; but I know, and everybody knows, you're an excellent neighbor, and your mother before you.

Debby. Yes; and wasn't her father one of those "good providers" you're always telling pa about? one of the kind that stay in evenings, and are always on hand when the widows are in trouble?

Mrs. Wilkins. Debby, I'm ashamed of you!

Debby. Well, you needn't be. If 'twasn't for me, we sh'd be on the town, with your charity.

Mrs. Wilkins. Stop! Enough of this. I always *have* been a good neighbor, and I mean to be.

Mrs. Demain. (In an injured tone.) You might as well be a heathen, for any appreciation you get from *some* folks. (*Looking significantly at DEBBY.*)

Debby. If *some* folks minded their own business, they wouldn't want so much appreciation, and *some other* folks would get along better.

Mrs. Demain. (Very much wrought up.) If ever I come in here again, I hope — I hope — well, I hope —

Debby. So do I, hope you'll stick to it.

Mrs. Wilkins. Now let me fix this up. I'll straighten it all out.

Mrs. Demain. Straighten out! Yes, a good deal! Your daughter shows your skill that way.

Mrs. Wilkins. That's what one gets for being a good neighbor. Next time you want a cup of molasses, get it somewhere else.

Mrs. Demain. I mean to; and after this I'll fasten up my side gate.

Mrs. Wilkins. Fasten it up, if you want to: you'll only keep your own chickens out of my yard, and that'll be one thing towards an improvement.

Mrs. Demain. The next thing'll be to keep away myself.

Debby. Thank Fortune! the good time's coming! I shall never borrow another piqué.

Mrs. Demain. Nor I another crape hat.

Debby. Guess you won't need another for such a use.

Mrs. Demain. You'll never need one for the loss of a husband.

Debby. I shouldn't borrow it, any way.

Mrs. Wilkins. I'm done with it. You're more thought of when you ain't obliging than when you are. I'll neither borrow nor lend after this.

Mrs. Demain. Nor I.

Debby. Nor I.

Granny. Nor I, —

"For I've nothing to lend,
Nor nothing to spend;
So, good day, my kind friends;
We bid you adieu."

(*All bow. Curtain drops.*)

— THE GREAT CHESTNUT TREE. — On one side of Mount Etna there is a famous chestnut tree, which is said to be one hundred and ninety-six feet in circumference just above the surface of the ground. Its enormous trunk is separated into five divisions, which give it the appearance of several trees growing together. In a circular space formed by these huge branches a hut has been erected for the accommodation of those who collect the chestnuts. These chestnuts are much larger than ours, and form quite an important article of food. Chestnut pudding is said to be very nice.

— COOKING AS AN ART. — The ancient Greeks and Romans raised the culinary art into a science, and dignified cooks into professors. The numerous descriptions of ancient cooking which Athanasæus has preserved, indicate an unrivalled dexterity and refinement. The invention of a new dainty was lauded in verse and prose. We Americans are very deficient in the art of cooking; and the miserable mode of preparing our food is the principal cause of dyspepsia, so prevalent among all classes. Our girls should study this important art. *

— THE following sentence of Sterne has been pronounced one of the most musical in our language: "The accusing spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever."



A SERIOUS PRACTIOAL JOKE.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

AGES ago, in the Grove of Yotama
 (Wherever that region may be),
 Lived a certain devout believer in Brahma,
 And best of good fellows was he;
 Though one fault, 'twould appear, had the
 excellent man,
 Which, when I have done, you shall guess
 if you can.

One fine morning to market he trudged away,
 And selected a sheep fat and nice,
 Intending to offer his god that day
 A notable sacrifice;
 But three knaves saw him bargaining, —greedy
 sinners, —
 And decided they'd relish the beast for their
 dinners.

"Respectable sir," chuckled one of 'em, bolder
 And more adroit than the others,
 "I greatly mistake if the game on your
 shoulder
 Isn't bagged by me and my brothers."
 Then he told them his plan, with a grin, no
 doubt,
 And they parted to carry the stratagem out.

The first met our friend as homeward he
 wended,
 And, saluting him grave as a log,
 Cried, "Why, may I ask, — no offence intend-
 ed, —
 Are you carrying home that dog?"
 "A *dog*!" said the Brahman, immensely sur-
 prised;
 "Why, this is a *sheep*, to be sacrificed."

Presently up came the second rogue, too,
 With query the same as before;
 Whereat off in a trice his load the priest threw,
 And inspected it o'er and o'er,
 Remarking, while on he jogged, dizzy with
 wonder,
 "Very singular two should have made such a
 blunder!"

But when the third scamp, with inquisitive
 stare,

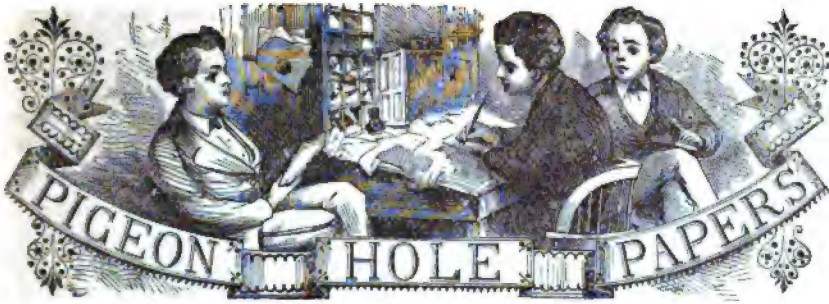
Repeated the speech, it upset him:
 He flung down the carcass, and hurried from
 there

As fast as his terror would let him.
 "My sight is bewitched!" was all he could
 falter;
 And thieves got the sheep that was meant for
 the altar.

You think him so silly? that you'd be more
 wise?

Then look out not to act so some day;
 For 'tis easy to trust to other folks' eyes,
 And believe what other folks say.
 When you know a thing's right, don't be bul-
 lied, but do it:
 Have a mind of your own in such things, and
 stick to it.

— THE Roman month Quintilis, it is well
 known, was called *Julius*—July—in honor
 of Julius Cæsar. This month was selected be-
 cause his birth fell in it; and the change took
 place in the year B. C. 44. In the year 8 B. C.
 the month *Sexilis* received the name of Augus-
 tus, in honor of Augustus Cæsar. But other
 attempts of this kind did not succeed so well.
 Tiberius declined a proposal to give his name
 to the month of September, and the name
 Livius to October. Caligula, however, gave
 September the name of Germanicus, in honor
 of his father. Nero ordered April to be called
 Neroneus, after his own name; and Domitian
 changed the name of September to Germani-
 cus, and that of October to Domitianus. Still
 later, the senate decreed that the months of
 September and October were to be called An-
 toninus and Faustinus, in honor of Antoninus
 Pius; but he declined the honor; and the em-
 peror Tacitus ordered the month of September
 to be called by his name. None of these at-
 tempts were crowned with permanent success;
 and September, which has been in the greatest
 danger, comes down to us with its old name.



EUREKA. — "When I sent that word square to you, I sent it as my own composition; but if I had known that the other would be published before mine, I would certainly not have sent it, as I had several others that I could have sent instead. I am, nevertheless, much obliged to both of the young men for pointing it out to me, as I did not see it myself. I hope that nothing like this will occur again, because it places me in a perplexing position."

Thus saith Eureka, in regard to the six word square which appeared in this and another Magazine in almost the same form. We must say, that this explanation is as "clear as mud." In spite of the good opinion we have expressed in respect to Eureka, we regard this answer as "shuffling." His words imply that the "other" square was not his, but he knew of its existence; and the case looks a little like an attempt, with another, to impose upon the New York publication, or upon us. We wait for a clearer explanation; wanting which, we must retain our present opinion.

RED CLOUD. — Our correspondent is now a member of the Penn Literary Society, whereof "Tecumseh makes a first-class presiding officer," in Lancaster, Pa. He has a conundrum. "This question has been bothering me for some time: 'Are amateur journalism and amateur matters dying out?' The reason why I have been bothered is this. We Lancaster boys are getting to be lazy. We don't take much interest in amateur affairs. We subscribe to nearly all the amateur papers, but don't get them." We do not think that amateur journalism is dying out, though we do not see why the subscribers in Lancaster do not get their papers. We find quite a stack of amateurs on our desk this month, and they seem to be larger and more ambitious than ever before. The fact that Red Cloud and friends do not take much interest in them, are "getting to be lazy," is, perhaps, the best ex-

planation of the matter. When we lose our interest in anything, we are apt to think that other people are similarly affected.

AN ACADEMY SHIP. — "Don't you think it possible to get up an Academy Ship, one of two hundred or two hundred and fifty tons, — large enough to cruise in American waters? It would easily accommodate eighty students, who, at four hundred dollars a year, would pay thirty-two thousand dollars, which would, at least, cover expenses." O. R. M. asks this question, and evidently thinks the plan is a practicable one. But where is the vessel to come from? Who is to pay for her? She would cost nearly, or quite, the aggregate sum mentioned by the inquirer, when properly fitted up and furnished for the purpose named. The government should carry on this school, and is willing to supply suitable vessels for such large cities as will pay the running expenses. New York city has already organized a nautical school on this plan, and the government has provided the sloop of war St. Mary's for its use. The experiment will be watched with interest, and its success will determine to what extent the plan will be adopted by other cities. Boston is considering the subject.

A PROTEST. — "I want to enter my protest against the ridiculous complaint of E. H. J., in the January number, — just received. I like your girls' stories the best of all your works. For that reason, I believe, I prefer the Woodville Stories above all the rest. I am not one of those precocious youths so very fond of female society, by any means; but I do *not* believe a wholesome change from the boys' stories, which, by constant repetition, become wearisome, to a well-told story of girl life, can be otherwise than welcome to any person of *good* judgment. To *me*, they are more than welcome; and I believe that some

girls' books which I have read have done me more good than nearly all the books that I have ever read besides them—and they are not a few. Sophie May's *Doctor's Daughter*, is one of those books. It would be *grand* if you would get her to write another story like it for the Magazine; and I don't believe I am the only one that thinks so, either."

It appears that opinions differ among the boys; and we have given above the views of James E. Pilcher, of Detroit, who is a very sensible young man on all subjects. We are very glad to get the opinions of our readers of both sexes. One class likes Indian stories, and another does not. One wants something domestic, and another something "sensational." What shall we do? Prince Fuzz has something to say on the same subject, but he wants books like the *Lake Shore Series*. He don't like Indian and "blood and thunder" stories. We should be glad to suit the whole of our readers, but their tastes are so different that we fear it would be impossible; besides, we endeavor to keep out of the old rut.

THE JANUARY PRIZE.—Partly because we have not the time to attend to the matter, and partly to secure entire fairness, we referred all the answers to the Head Work in the January number to a committee of ladies, who have nothing to do with the Magazine, and are not puzzlers themselves. Their whole duty was to compare the answers of each competitor with the printed ones in the February number. We have not examined the answers ourselves, and do not propose to "go behind" the report of the committee, who have no knowledge whatever of the competitors. The award is as follows: The first prize, of Three Dollars, to Hyperion, of New York city; the second, of Two Dollars, to Sphinx, of Boston; and the third, of One Dollar, to Vigilax, of Philadelphia. The prize of One Dollar for the best puzzle—selected from those noticed in the March number—is awarded to Frank H. Nichols, of Lynn, Mass. The editor makes this last award himself.

A WESTERN ELOCUTIONIST.—We have several times had the pleasure of listening to the readings and character delineations of Mr. Alfred P. Burbank, of Chicago, and always with the greatest delight. During the winter, he has given his entertainments to large audiences in the Eastern and Middle States, and is rapidly coming into favor with the people. In Yankee, Irish, Dutch, and Lancashire dialects, he seems to be equally at

home, and his audiences laugh or cry, as he wills. As "Rip Van Winkle," he is said to be quite as effective as Mr. Jefferson; and many—Dr. J. G. Holland among the number—say that he even surpasses him. Mr. Burbank is indorsed by Rev. Robert Colyer, of Chicago, Charlotte Cushman, and by all who hear him.

CONVENTIONS.—We are invited to attend conventions, or meetings of the "Empire State Amateur Press Association," Will. A. Fisk, President, at Utica; the Gopher State Association, Frank B. Stoneman, President, at St. Paul, Minn., and the Hub Association, George S. Miller, President, Boston. We should be very glad, indeed, to attend all of them, and a nice little trip out to St. Paul would not be bad to take; but, unfortunately, we are too busy to attend to these cases at the present time. We can only extend to those who have invited us our hearty thanks for their consideration, and our best wishes for the prosperity of the associations they represent.

AMATEURS.—Everybody's Friend, C. G. Allen, 1213 Vermont Avenue, Washington, 15 cents for six months. — The Literary Gem is published by the Crescent Literary Society of Philadelphia. — The Glen Echo, Clarence C. Moore, 25 cents a year, Covington, Ky. — The Boy of the Period, Oliver M. Leonard & Co., Detroit, Mich., 25 cents a year, has a story by Eliot Ryder. — The Western Youth, Ed. P. Mickel, 25 cents a year, Burlington, Kansas, is printed on tinted paper, and has lots of departments. — The Buckeye Herald, E. P. Greiner, 15 cents for six months, Alliance, Ohio. — The Boys' Journal, George H. Graves, 25 cents a year, Dubuque, Iowa, enters upon its second volume. — The Novelty, Clarence B. Little, 35 cents a year, Pembroke, N. H., misses some of its exchanges, and hopes they have not "gone under." — The Young Typo, Frank White, 15 cents a year, Glen's Falls, N. Y., begins its second volume. — The only daily paper in the world, published by a boy, appears to be the Brooklyn Daily Amateur Press, Irving J. Keyes, 507½ Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. — The Lever, W. G. Cartwright, is a Magazine of eight pages, at 35 cents a year, 91 West Fifth Street, Oswego, N. Y. — The Amateur, Wm. W. Barrett, 20 cents a year, 140 Second Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. — The Will o' the Wisp, P. B. Loomis, Jr., 25 cents a year, Jackson, Mich., "circulation 600." — The Youths' Banner, Harry Allaway, Lock Box 75, 10 cents a year, Wilmington, Del., issues its first number.



ANSWERS FOR FEBRUARY.

25. STAMP
MALAR
APODE
RINGS
TREES

26. (Check) (cur) (sword) (raft) (scythe) (ink) (thief) (I) (nest) (O) (fall) (games) — Checkers, or draughts, I think the finest of all games. 27. Calcutta. 28. (Franc, fort, on the rind) — Frankfort on the Rhine. 29. Nelson. 30. 1. Bight. 2. Wight. 3. Light. 4. Right. 5. Tight. 6. Fight. 7. Night. 8. Sight. 31. 1. Badinage. 2. Palmetto. 3. Patrimony. 4. Surrounded. (Sir is a knight.) 5. Expectoration. 32. Measure for Measure.

33. P E E P
H A N N A H
A B B A
N O O N
T E N E T
O T T O
M I N I M

34. (I hearth ENO I) (sea) (bow) (T) (thigh) (key) (I I) (heart) (he) (bell struck) (inn) (the) (knight) (I) (seat) (he) (cabin window) (bee) (right eye) (C) (the) (sailor at the wheel) —

I hear the noise about thy keel,
I hear the bell struck in the night,
I see the cabin window bright,
I see the sailor at the wheel.

35. Begin at 62, and read in the following order: 62, 47, 64, 54, 39, 24, 7, 13, 28, 45, 60, 50, 35, 25, 10, 27, 33, 43, 49, 59, 53, 36, 42, 57, 51, 61, 44, 34, 17, 2, 19, 9, 3, 18, 1, 11, 26, 41, 58, 52, 37, 20, 5, 15, 30, 40, 55, 38, 32, 22, 16, 6, 12, 29, 23, 8, 14, 4, 21, 31, 48, 63, 46, 56 — Thy voice is heard through rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands.
A moment, while the trumpets blow,

'He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

36. 1. Wasp. 2. Fly. 3. Bee. 4. Gnat. 5. Musketo. 6. Ant. Thus: first line, *'Twas* past, &c. Second line, *Of* lynx-eyed, &c. Third line, *Seemed to be* ever, &c. Fifth line, *Warring* nations, &c. Sixth line, *His musket* on his knee, &c. Eighth line, *Can* this, &c. 37. The serials in Oliver Optic's Magazine.

38. E	39. N
OLD	CAT
ELGIN	CABAL
DIM	TON
N	B

40. Virgil.

41. HEXAGON HORIZONTAL WORDS.

1. As moist as watery atmospheres,
2. And brief as all the soul of wit.
3. To intersect as falling tears,
4. And from remembrance take a bit;
5. Or formal essays, dry and long.
6. A slight annoyance still for thee.
7. Deception's footstep! sound the gong!
8. Nor draw it mild, for it must be
9. With awe and terror in your song.

Zigzag lines doubly intersected.

1. None stopped to consider, and think, unseen,
2. Of how *offended* somebody had been.

HYPERION.

ENIGMA.

42. I am composed of 17 letters.
Into the sea of knowledge dip your sturdy
9, 12, 4;
13, 5, 7, and 16, 3, 1, both with patience
lower;
And when this 8, 6, 14, 17, 10, 11 you unravel,
No more 2, 15, 7 will be —
The whole — hard road to travel.

VIGILAX.

43. REBUS OF COMPARISON.



DIAMOND.

44. 1. A consonant. 2. Equal value. 3. A guide. 4. A large fish. 5. A bird. 6. A large cask. 7. A consonant.

NEPTUNE.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

45. My first is in cake, but not in pie.
My second is in what, and also in why.
My third is in tiger, but not in bear.
My fourth is in peach, but not in pear.
My fifth is in Adam, but not in Eve.
My sixth is in go, but not in leave.
My seventh is in dog, but not in kitty.
My whole is the name of a noted city.

L. SPRUANCE.

46. A POPULAR SAYING.



ALPHONSO CHUBBER

ENIGMA.

47. I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 13, 5, 16, 9, 12, is life. My 3, 1, 14, 6, 7, is to move back and forth. My 4, 2, 8, is worn on the head. My 11, 10, 15, is a public house. My whole was a famous author.

HIAWATHA.

WORD SQUARE.

48. 1. Pallid. 2. The line that passes through a body, and upon which it revolves. 3. To walk lamely. 4. To discover. BUCKSHOT.

GEOGRAPHICAL FRACTIONS.

49. One third of an answer used very much.
One fourth of an element we dare not touch.
One fifth of an animal akin to the rat.
One sixth of a person whom Judas begat.
One seventh of a medicine that pain does allay.

My whole is a part of a country in Asia.

ADOLPHUS KAHN.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

50. My first is in Joshua, but not in Jake.
My second is in hoe, but not in rake.
My third is in circle, but not in ring.
My fourth is in river, but not in spring.
My fifth is in raise, but not in fall.
My sixth is in little, but not in small.
My seventh is in scissors, but not in knife.
My eighth is in husband, but not in wife.
My ninth is in carpet, but not in floor.
My tenth is in hinge, but not in door.
My eleventh is in gloom, but not in mirth.
My twelfth is in death, but not in birth.
My thirteenth is in string, but not in rope.
My fourteenth is in monk, but not in pope.
My whole is a city of Europe.

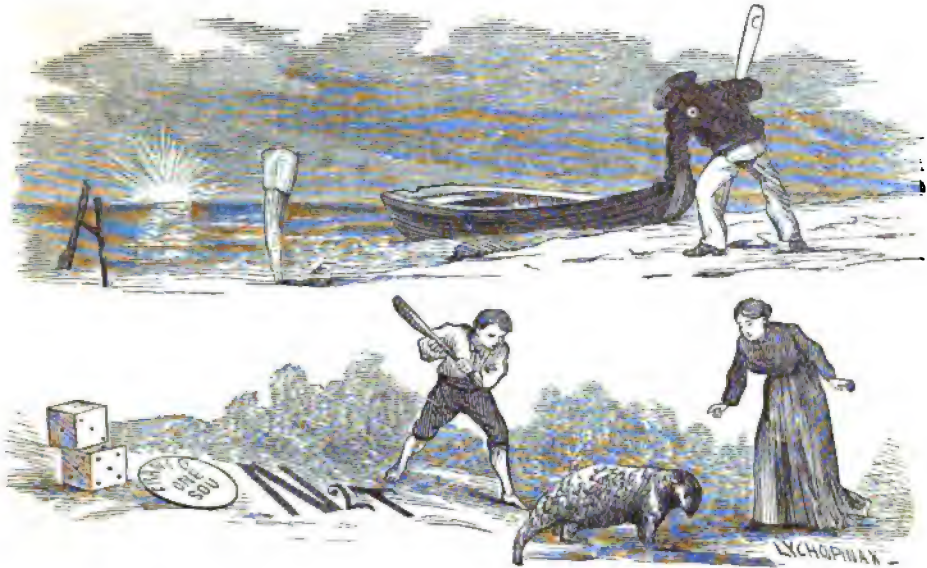
LITTLE MAC.

METAGRAM.

51. Complete, I am a color. Behead me, and I am a fish. Change my head, and I am a body of water. Again change my head, and I am a month. Once more change my head, and I am a bird.

MOHAWK.

52. REBUS.



WORD SQUARE.

53. 1. Affection. 2. An ancient poet. 3. Evil. 4. A garden. VAN.

WORD SQUARE.

54. 1. A narrow ribbon. 2. Extent of surface. 3. A kind of vegetable. 4. A point of the compass. PHRED.

55. QUOTATION FROM HUDIBRAS.
Part 2, Canto 3.



CROSS PUZZLE.

56. 1. A father. 2. The first person of *to be*. 3. A river of South America. 4. A river of South America. 5. Negative. 6. An article. KURIOS KWEER.

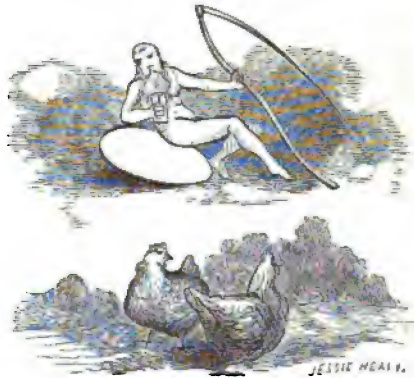
REBUS.

57. o et : el , finis. FERAMORZ.

ENIGMA.

58. I am composed of thirty-three letters. My 5, 1, 12, 13, 8, 33, 18, 32, 24, 3, is an uncultivated region. My 6, 30, 10, 4, 9, 29, is a town in New York State. My 26, 22, 27, 13, 19, 14, is an opening. My 21, 2, 25, 33, 17, is a large bird. My 20, 15, 11, 7, 23, is a game. My 28, 16, 31, is an interjection. My whole is a proverb. RHADAMANTHUS.

59. SHAKESPERIAN REBUS.



DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

60. I-l -a-d-m-k-s-d-h-a-t. JUANITO.

61. DOUBLE CROSS SQUARE.

- Top: The staff of life. Sides: 1. The fruit of a climbing vine. 2. A funeral song. Bottom: A large wave. Cross: 1. To go in. 2. Subsequent to. PIL.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

WHEN you have a great deal to do, girls and boys, the best thing is to do it, and not to waste time in talking about it, or even in thinking about it. The pendulum in the old story stopped to consider what a big job it had to do; and we have before us a huge pile of letters, full of puzzles and questions — well — Neptune rises before us from his damp bed in the sea, and we take from his trident a diamond. Such brilliants don't often come from the sea. — Pop comes Buckshot on our desk, with a word square, with a request to us to act "on the square," and use it. We will give the printer a chance to act "on the square," and if he understands the phrase, perhaps he will do it. We have seen the machine. — The cross word by L. Spruance is all right, and is affectionately commended to the type-sticker. — And the next is Hiawatha, from Rhode Island's Carolina, an enigma to us bearing — which we take. — C. W. C. sends the answer to the pi puzzle, No. 13; but one answer won't take the prize, you know.

We expressed our opinion of "Puzzledom Complete" in January, Billy. While we don't quite agree with the definition of "Enigma" in that book, as at present understood, we like the rules, which are even more severe than ours, for making this puzzle. The second rule is, "No letter should be used more than once." We have allowed one letter in every ten to be used a second time. It is necessary to have this rule, Billy, for some of our puzzle-makers would spread an enigma of eight or ten letters over a whole page, without it. — We have said all we have to say in regard to the Buffalonnians, and we shall not print A. P.'s remarks about them. When a thing is settled, let it

stay settled, and not keep stirring it up, for we have no desire to punish any one. — We intend to adhere strictly to the rules under the head of "Our Letter Writers," and we have dropped many letters and many postal cards into the waste basket, because the requests were not made in due form. Some fellow, for a joke, sent the names of his whole class in school. — Claude Crypt's hour-glass is accepted, conditionally, like all others.

Thus saith the "mighty Oliver": When you write for the printer, Frisco, don't frisk about so; don't "ditto" or abbreviate anything. Indite it precisely as the matter is to be "set up." The double will do, tinkered, for there is no such river as "Elba." — Rhadamanthus sends an enigma, which we accept. He sits in judgment on Enigma No. 11, and wants to know what "thara" means. We don't know; but a comma intruded itself between the figures in 42, which letter is W, and the word "thaw," to melt, is good English. Read it, Rhadamanthus, minus the comma. — Lychopinax's rebus goes to the artist; but we are unable to answer his question, for we have nothing whatever to do with the business department. — Banner's triple diamond cannot properly be called so, for it consists of three distinct puzzles. — Rieti is not in Perugia, F. M. W.; and we object to the definitions in the enigma; "semi" is simply a prefix, and means nothing alone. — Pil's double cross square is not a bad pill to take; and we take it. — Mignonette's pyramid is spared; but that is an awfully tough word at the base of it — in Worcester, but not in Webster.

Volkmar's half-word square will pass. — W. Hen Van can obtain bound volumes of this Magazine, from the beginning, at \$3.50 each. Covers for binding, sent by mail, for fifty cents; and any binder will bind it for half a dollar. — Delaware is a printer, and likes stories better than chromos; but the last line of his cross word should come into the rhyme,

and not be left out in the cold. We must sorrowfully send it where it will get warm. — Lady Paula's geographical will do nicely; the other rebus reads "never tool *eating* two mend," for the awl seems to be in the act of gorging himself on the "two." — Kahn's geographical fractions will answer, and we thank him, and scores of others, who sent the "compliments of the season" in their letters. He protests against dating the Magazine ahead; but a couple of weeks don't throw things much out of season. — U. Gene's rebus shall go to the artist. — We do not honestly think C. Ute's magic squares are very cute: the conditions are not fairly stated, as "the figure four not to be used at all," when four other figures, also, are not used at all.

Mr. M. Choakumchild's rebus, not being in due form, would justify his barbarous name, and we should share his guilt in printing it: the cross word will do. — Prince Fuzz's rebus is hardly practicable; "low k," and such things, we avoid. — Ed Garrigues is perfectly understood, and his views are indorsed by others. We haven't the least doubt Ed is a good boy, and we are not sorry we said so, though he says he is: Ed is modest enough to be an editor. Knight's tour saved. — Alphonso Chubber's Shakesperian rebus shall run for luck with the artist. — If Jesse Healy read the Magazine, he would know on what conditions we accept all puzzles. The pictorial acrostic is good enough to print. If we wanted to punish Jesse, we should ask the printer to insert his poetical puzzle; as we have nothing against him, we put it into the waste basket. — Thomson's rebus is very fair; but we must continue to object, as a rule, to representing actions with symbols: as "tost." The picture is "tossing," if anything. Better tinker it. — A word square from Van's batch will answer our purpose, and the printer will use it if he can.

We have not time now fully to examine J. H. B.'s "fifty characters," or space to insert it; but we shall save it for a special use. — Wm. Low's rebus has excellent points, but fatal defects, as the officer may be anything but a "general," the soldiers anything but an "army." He can improve on his idea. — Darkness writes a beautiful letter, but he does not analyze his rebus; do it again. There is nothing to guess in the word puzzle. — One of Badger's rebuses will go. — H. R. McAchorn's pictorial double is well done. — We think it best to withdraw Hoodlum's reversible diamond. — Blazer's metagram is fair; the title of the new story will be announced in due time — not adopted yet. — J. M. B.'s diamond should read both ways. — Little Mac may step in with his cross word.

— Mohawk's metagram will do, all but the "beam," which suggests timber. — Frank's rebus is handsomely drawn, and first class as an invention. — Nemo's metagram is passable; if he will read the prize offers again, he will understand them — in the Editorial for December. — Answers to the Sphinx may be as the sender pleases. — McC.'s knight spring shall be saved. — Topic, Jr., must arrange his topics more clearly.

We are unable to answer Escalus's question, and fair play forbids any reply in regard to the Sphinx. Clubs cannot work together. — We shall use Hyperion's hexagon, for the word he misspells does not affect the answer. The "competition" is not practicable. — Vigilax's enigma goes to the right place. — C. T. Hat wishes to be known as Kurious Kweer, to which we do not object, and take his cross puzzle. — "B." is commonly "upright," and this fact takes the point out of Telegraph's rebus. — We drop Juanito's drop-letter into the envelope for the printer. — We hand Rusticus's checker movement to an expert in the game. — Feramorz offers a suggestion that all cross words, word squares, hidden cities, and "sich like" be banished from our columns. Banish all easy words from the spelling-book because Feramorz knows how to spell them! We have several letters this month in which the writers triumphantly send us single answers to simple cross words and squares. O, no, Fery; we love the puzzle lambs as well as the full-grown sphinxes. One of the rebuses will do very well.

OUR LETTER WRITERS.

[For the use of subscribers and regular purchasers only, who should state that they are such. Addresses on postal cards are not inserted, and only one name from each letter. No advertisements admitted here.]

George B. Cook, Box 42, Salmon Falls, N. H. — John M. Ward, Drawer 147, Kalamazoo, Mich. (telegraphy). — Alfred J. Teft, Box 50, Cambridge, N. Y. (visiting cards). — Robert White, Jr., 495 Indiana Av., S. W., Washington, D. C. (fun and improvement). — Fred F. Percy, Box 8, Stratford, Conn. (eggs, coins, and curiosities). — Orrin W. Forsyth, 28 Tremont St., San Francisco, Cal. (poetry and the authors). — Frisco, Box 1585, San Francisco, Cal. (pets). — Forest D. Kendall, Terre Haute, Ind. (foreign coins). — Correl Kendall, Box 1578, Boston (with Rusticus). — George N. Houghton, Lynn, Mass. (puzzles and amateurs). — Clarence Anderson, 807 Sixth St., S. W., Washington, D. C. (instruction and amusement). — G. H. Graves, Box 184, Dubuque, Iowa (amateur papers and stamps).

EDITORIAL.

KING-HUNTING.

WHEN we had our last word on Spain — in 1869 — the queen had fled to France; a provisional government had been formed with General Prim at the head; and an election of members for the Cortes, to decide on the form of a new and permanent government, had taken place, and this legislative body had decided in favor of monarchy.

It was found, however, that to decree a monarchy was one thing, and to find a suitable prince, who would take the chances of holding his position on such a throne, was quite another. And so, on the 18th of June, 1869, the Cortes proclaimed Marshal Serrano, Duke de la Torre, regent of the kingdom, with General Prim as president of the ministry.

As time went on, the prospect of finding a king went on so slowly, that not a few Spaniards began to accuse Prim of delaying, in order to give Alphonso, the queen's oldest son, time to grow up. He was at that time about a dozen years old.

The general was doing his best, however, all the time; but it was in vain that the Cortes decided the establishment of a monarchy, so long as no king was to be found.

Prim had offered the Spanish crown to the Portuguese king's father, but it was not accepted; an attempt was then made to obtain Victor Emanuel's consent that his nephew, the Duke of Genoa, might accept the vacant throne, but with no better success.

There was, indeed, one, the Duke of Montpensier, who was willing to take his chances; but he was a Bourbon, and, besides being a foreigner, was unpopular.

After the failure of many plans, a new idea came into the head of General Prim; an idea that startled the world, and cost France a large slice of territory, and many millions of money — for this idea was the direct cause of the late Franco-Prussian war.

While couriers were galloping over all the high roads of Europe, to hunt up and bring home to Madrid some kind of a king, a Span-

iard published a pamphlet, which at first attracted very little attention, wherein he undertook to prove that Leopold, of Hohenzollern, a relative of the Prussian king, had all the necessary qualifications to make a good king of Spain.

When other attempts had failed, Prim began to think it would not be a bad plan to have the support of Prussia; and so he had an interview with the writer in favor of Leopold, and this writer undertook to negotiate with the Hohenzollern family, and with the Prussian cabinet. For a time these overtures were coldly received; but after a while a change came over the spirit of the Prussian statesman, and Prim received a letter from Berlin, with a postscript which ran something like this: "If you are still of the same mind as when we talked with Salazar y Mazarredo, we may come to an understanding."

General Prim had a plan of his own, which, he flattered himself, would enable him to carry his measure through successfully. He would keep the probable acceptance of Prince Leopold a secret, till he could have an interview with the French emperor, when he hoped to arrange everything. But when the negotiator arrived at Madrid, with news that the German prince had consented to be a candidate for the throne of Spain, he thought the secret was too good to keep. "*Ya tenemos rey!*" (At last we have a king!) cried a member of the congress of deputies; and the word went with lightning speed through Madrid.

Prim was on a vacation, hunting in the mountains of Toledo, and two of his friends went to meet him at the railway station, and congratulate him on the happy issue of his diplomatic campaign. "Lost labor," cried the general, scowling, and twisting a glove which he held in his hand; "it is all up with our candidate, and God grant that this may be the worst."

The candidacy of Prince Leopold lasted long enough to set all Europe in a blaze, and disappeared as the lightning disappears in the fire which it has kindled. Spain found itself again without a king; but France, also, was without an emperor.

DEPARTED JOYS.

Poetry by ALICE M. ADAMS.

Music by D. F. HODGES.

Piano-forte.

1. The bu - sy day at
2. Long van - ished scenes come
3. I see the home - stead

Ped. Ped. Ped. Sempre Piano.

last is done, All care de - part - ed with the sun, And
to my sight, With that sweet dream of home to - night, And
on the hill, The mead - ows where I roamed at will, To -

as the shad - ows 'gin to fall, And dark - ness slow - ly
thoughts of all I loved so well, How changed by Time's strange
night each scene in well known guise Ap - pears, before my

spreads her pall, I sit and dream, and oft I sigh, For
mag - ic spell, Old scenes I ne'er may see a - gain, And
long - ing eyes: And dear old fa - ces too are there, Un -

mp

home as t'was in days gone by, And hark! the
fa - ces wont to greet me then; And list, the
marked by sor - row, sin or care, A - las! the

m *p*

night winds murmur low That sweet - est song of long a - go.
words like sad re - refrain, Come moan - ing thro' the fall - ing rain.
vis-ion's quick - ly gone, But an - gel voice - es still chant on.

mf

* INTERLUDE.

TENOR.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home. Though ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

SOP. & ALTO.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home. Though ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

BASS.

* The interlude should be *hummed* (closed lips), by a quartette; or the effect will be still better, if sung by a semi-chorus in an adjoining room.





THE WANDERING MINSTRELS.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

APRIL, 1875.

No. 261.



"I WILL TELL YOU, KATE." Page 244.

OCEAN-BORN; OR, CRUISE OF THE CLUBS.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHADOW.

MRS. BANFORD, to whom the letter which Mr. McGusher had opened was addressed, had been Captain Bilder's housekeeper many years before. This letter had come after her departure; and as her address was not known,

her employer could not send it to her. As the captain had told his daughter, he had heard nothing from her since she left.

Mr. McGusher was careful to see that the door of his room was securely fastened before he opened the letter. Of course he was fully aware that his proceedings were not at all regular. It is hardly probable that he would have taken the trouble to open the letter, if he had not expected to find money in it, for the want of it at that time was the sore need of his existence. He looked at one of the bills, then at the other, and finally at both together. He never had so much money in his hand at one time before. They were large bills; in fact,

too large to suit his purpose, for they were not available for use in their present form, and he hardly dared to ask any person in the city to change one of them, lest it should subject him to suspicion.

He read the letter in which the money was enclosed; but he did not seem to be much interested in it. It contained but a few lines, and no signature was attached to it. If he knew anything about the valuable epistle, he certainly did not obtain his knowledge from the letter itself. He transferred the money to his wallet, and returned the letter to the envelope. He stuck down the flap again, and placed it where he had found it, in the looking-glass.

Mr. McGusher was a rich young man now. His conscience did not appear to smite him for what he had done; and perhaps the only thing that worried him was the difficulty of changing the large bill. He had a certain amount of low cunning, which rendered him extremely cautious; and before he went to bed he had decided to take the steamer the next morning for Bangor, where he could change the bills into a more available currency, without being suspected.

Mr. McGusher felt very rich. He could "cut as wide a swath" now as any of the young fellows on the Ocean-Born or the yachts. The thousand dollars in his pocket filled his head with visions of fast horses, elegant suppers, and a good time, while the money lasted. By the time it was gone, his "long-lost father" would be ready to take him to his arms, and allow him three thousand dollars a year or so for his personal expenses. This was what the young man thought, from which it will be inferred that he did not "take any stock" in the poverty of Captain Bilder. He suspected that the ship-master was a shrewd man, who pleaded poverty to save himself from imposition. Mr. McGusher went to bed, when he had decided what to do, and possibly he went to sleep, after a while, though his suddenly-acquired riches rather disturbed the equilibrium of his little brain.

Before ten o'clock Ben Lunder bade Kate adieu, and returned to the Ocean-Born. I am not quite sure that Ben slept before the small hours of the morning, for Miss Bilder was a very pretty girl, and a vision of her sweet face haunted his brain. He thought it all over as he lay in his bunk in the fore-castle of the steamer; and he rather flattered himself that she had been pleased with him, that she had been more partial to his society than to that of others. He had heard of her father's financial

disaster, but he did not care a straw for that. He liked Kate, and he did not ask whether she was rich or poor.

If Miss Kate was similarly affected, she had no time to indulge in a vision of the young collegian, the "old salt," for her father began to talk to her as soon as Ben had gone; and the conversation was so interesting and important that they staid up till after midnight.

"This McGusher is a ridiculous spooney," said Captain Bilder, when he was alone with Kate. "I have been ashamed of him all the afternoon."

"Why did you ask him to come to the house, father?" added Kate, rather reproachfully. "He has been hanging about me like a leech, and I hate the sight of him. I tried to treat him decently till he made such a fool of himself. Are we to have him in the house for a week or two?"

"I hope not, though we may not stay in the house ourselves many days longer," replied the ship-master, rather sadly.

"I should almost be willing to leave it, if I could get rid of Mr. McGusher. You don't think he is — he is — my brother — do you, father?" asked Kate, with something like a shudder, for certainly it was better to have no brother than such a one as the long-lost.

But she did think it would be "so nice" to have such a brother as Mr. Lunder, so noble, so funny, and so handsome!

"I don't think he is your brother, Kate. If there is anything in parental instinct, I am very sure he is not my son," answered the captain, with a faint smile. "Your brother's eyes were blue, and this fellow's are gray. His nose is entirely different from my little boy's, that is, in shape. Little Oscar's nose was Grecian, like yours and mine, while this puppy's is a pug nose. No, Kate, I know he is not my son."

"Then why do you encourage him, father, by taking him into your house, and allowing him to go into society with us?"

"I will tell you, Kate. I do it because I want to ascertain his connection with other parties. I wish to investigate this card business. The part which came to me ten years ago exactly corresponds with the part brought by this young cub. It seems to me that if any one intended to impose upon me ten years ago, as the first letter and piece of card led me to suppose, he would hardly have waited so long for the fruits of the enterprise. I have thought of it all the afternoon; but I can make nothing of it. If this young fellow had blue eyes and a Grecian nose, and had not been such an

utter simpleton, I should certainly have believed he was my son. Of course the two parts of the card came from the same person, though the tone, style, and writing of the two letters are entirely different. I have written to Borden Green & Co., to ask if they have the third piece, and for any information they can give me in regard to the matter."

"Did you tell him to inquire about the Chessman family in Goshen?" asked Kate.

"I did not; for Borden Green has no country place in Goshen."

"Didn't you say he had?"

"No, not exactly. I only suggested the idea, to see what effect it would have on the idiot; and I am satisfied there is no such family as the Chessmans. I think the little villain made up his story as he went along, or that somebody else made it up beforehand, and he committed it to memory."

"Perhaps Mr. McGusher is honest, after all, father. Somebody may have sent the letter to him at his place of business, with the card in it," suggested the daughter.

"Hardly, Kate," replied Captain Bilder, shaking his head. "If he had told me a straight story in regard to himself, I might have believed it; but there was an evident intention, manifested in all his answers, to cover up his past history. But it is a very easy matter to trace out the other parties in this trick; for I am satisfied it is a trick, and that there are other parties interested in it. If they had known that I lost my property, they would not have taken all this trouble. They think I am still wealthy, and that this young cub will get a part of my estate. It is a flimsy scheme, and any sensible person would have seen that it could not succeed."

"But what are you going to do, father?"

"I am not in condition now to do much of anything," replied Captain Bilder, sadly. "If I were as well off as I was a year ago, I should employ a 'shadow'—"

"A what?"

"A shadow—a private detective. They call them shadows in New York. A man to dog McGusher till he discovered his associates and learned his history. But I can't afford to pay five dollars a day for a detective now; and I must do it myself, or get some friend to do it for me. I was thinking of this young Mr. Lunder."

"He would be glad to do it, father," added Kate. "But then he is not going back for several weeks yet."

"I must go to New York after I have arranged my affairs here, and I will attend to it

myself. I have the big card he sent in to me, so that I can easily find him."

It was after midnight when this conversation ceased; but even at this late hour, Captain Neil Brandon had not yet "turned in." In his capacious state-room there was a desk at which he sat writing, when the clocks on the churches of the city chimed twelve. Half an hour later, he had finished the long letter to his mother, and began to read it over, making the necessary corrections with his pen as he did so. Though there was nothing that will be strange or startling to the reader in this letter, we feel obliged to quote a portion of it.

"MY DEAR MOTHER: I mailed a short letter to you this morning, announcing our safe arrival at Belfast. I wrote that we had rescued a party in a dismasted yacht, out of sight of land, on the ocean; but I had not time to give you the particulars of the affair, for I was very busy with our guests on board." (Then followed a full account of the discovery of the Sea Foam, and of the subsequent events of the voyage up the Penobscot Bay.) "One of the young ladies on board of her was Miss Kate Bilder, a beautiful girl of sixteen. Ben was delighted with her, and I think he is a little sweet on her. She is the only daughter of a retired ship-master, who has lost all his property by 'being too honest,' some people say. But of course I don't believe that was the reason, for an honest beggar is better than a wealthy rogue." (Then came a description of the rest of the rescued party.)

"In the morning Captain Bilder, Kate's father, came on board, with some other people. He seemed to be absent-minded; but this was explained by the misfortune which had just overtaken him. He seemed to be startled when my name was given to him; and I thought he expressed more surprise at the name of the steamer than the occasion seemed to justify. He asked me about my father and mother. When I told him my father was a sailor, and that I was born at sea, he appeared to think it was very strange, though he did not say why he thought so. I was rather curious to know why he was so astonished, and I shall ask him or Kate about it when I have an opportunity.

"To-day we had a splendid excursion to a place called Turtle Head, less than an hour's run from Belfast." (Here were inserted a full history and description of the Dorcas Club.) "Captain Bilder and Kate were both with us, and a spooney from New York city, by the name of Arthur McGusher, a regular swell; and Ben picks upon him awfully. Captain

Bilder did not say anything to me about my father or the Ocean-Born; but he asked Gerald Roach about my parents and my history. I was so busy looking after the party we had on board, that I had no opportunity to ask him any questions; but I shall probably have a chance to do so to-morrow.

"We have planned a grand excursion up the Penobscot to Bangor, with the Dorcas Club and the Yacht Club. We shall start in a day or two. In the mean time we are doing splendidly. The houses of all the good people of Belfast are open to us, and we have no end of invitations to dinner, to tea, to pass the evening; and they even propose to get up a ball in honor of the officers of the Ocean-Born. Think of that, mother! We are something, down here! The people can't do enough for us, and we can't accept a tenth part of the invitations we receive. Ben is as funny as ever, and immensely popular with everybody except Mr. McGusher." (An account of the trial in the fore-cabin of the steamer came next.)

"Now, my dear mother, you see what a good thing we made of it by coming to Belfast. I don't think I ever met people I liked so well. As you know, I didn't think of coming to this city, and for some reason or other I thought you did not wish me to do so. But I am glad we did come this way, instead of going up the other side of the bay, and stopping at Castine. We may go there on our way down. I shouldn't have come to Belfast if it hadn't been for towing the Sea Foam here. As the party on board of her were in distress, you see, I could not decently do anything different, especially as it did not make much difference to us where we went to. It is after midnight, dear mother; so good night.

"Your affectionate son,

"NEIL BRANDON."

The young commander put this long epistle into an envelope, directed it, and it was heavy enough to require an extra stamp. Leaving the missive on the desk, to be mailed in the morning, he indulged in a long gape, then turned in, and went to sleep, in which condition we are content to leave him till Mr. Peter Blossom rings the first bell in the morning.

Whether Mr. Arthur McGusher slept well or not, he was up at five o'clock in the morning. So was Captain Bilder, from which it may be inferred that his slumbers were disturbed by the memory of his financial misfortunes.

"You are up early, Mr. McGusher," said the captain, as they met in the hall.

"Yes, saw; I am an awly wiser," replied the long-lost.

"I see you have your bag in your hand: are you going away?" asked the ship-master, thinking it possible that his unwelcome guest might have become disgusted with the events of the preceding day, and intended to retire from the field.

"Yes, saw; I'm going up to a place called Bangaw, to do a little business for our house; in shawt, as a dwummaw, saw, though I did not come heaw as a dwummaw," answered Mr. McGusher.

"Do you return to Belfast?"

"Pawsibly, Captain Bildaw. I have deliv-awed the cawd, or, wather, the piece of a cawd, and you have another piece. I don't know that you wish to see me again. You don't seem to wecognize me as your long-lost son, though I bwing the vewy best of pwoof that I am your long-lost son."

"I wish to investigate the matter a little before I decide finally."

"To be suaw, as much as you please. I will wetawn in a day or two, to lawm yaw final decision."

Mr. McGusher left the house, and walked down to the steamboat wharf. Captain Bilder did not like to lose sight of him. He desired to know if the young man wrote any letters, and if he did, to whom they were addressed. The long-lost had declared that he had not money enough to pay his expenses during his proposed stay in Belfast; and it seemed very strange that he should make a trip to Bangor, especially if it was true that he was on his vacation, as he alleged he was. Possibly his confederates in the scheme were in Bangor. Still thinking of the matter, he left the house and walked down to the wharf. Waiting there to take passage in the steamer he discovered a young man who was under great obligations to him for certain favors extended to him in better days, and who fully recognized his debt of gratitude.

"Good morning, Captain Bilder," said Monroe, as they met. "Are you going up to Bangor?"

"No; but I wish I could, for I have important business."

"Can I do anything for you, captain? If I can, I shall be very glad to do it, as you know. I am going off on a little vacation, and it does not make much difference to me where I go."

"Thank you, Monroe. You can render me a great service," replied Captain Bilder, earnestly.

"Then I hope you will let me render it. I

thought I should stay a day or two in Bangor; and nothing would afford me more pleasure than to spend it in your service."

"Thank you. I haven't time to explain the nature of the business to you, for the steamer is just coming in; but I can tell you exactly what to do, and will show you what it all means at another time."

"I don't desire to know any more than is necessary to enable me to do the business you require of me," replied Monroe.

"I can do that. Do you see the young man in light clothes, with his hat badly jammed, and with a bag in his hand, standing by the capill of the wharf?"

"I see him: he is a regular swell; and I have seen him before," laughed Monroe.

"I want to know all he does, and whom he meets, in Bangor. If he writes any letters, I particularly wish to know to whom he addresses them. I want the address in full."

"I will do the best I can," answered the volunteer shadow; "and I think I can accomplish all you desire."

"Don't let him see you speaking to me; if he does, he will be suspicious, perhaps. Let me have your information by mail as fast as you obtain it."

"I will not fail to do so," said Monroe, as they separated.

The steamer had already made fast to the wharf, and the passengers in waiting went on board of her. The "shadow" overtook Mr. McGusher, and followed him to the saloon. The latter, with a very magnificent air, gave his bag to a waiter, and then went to the breakfast table, where the meal was in process. Monroe kept close to him, and took the next seat at the table.

"May I twouble you for the buttaw?" said Mr. McGusher, as the meal proceeded.

"Certainly, sir; with pleasure," replied Monroe, with an exuberance of politeness which won the heart of the swell.

"It is a beautiful day for a trip up the river," the shadow ventured, a little farther along, to say.

"Vewy beautiful; and it's a fine wivaw, I'm told," answered Mr. McGusher, very graciously for a young man with two five-hundred dollar bills in his pocket.

"Not so fine as the Hudson, or even the Kennebec; but it's a very pleasant sail up to Bangor. You seem to be a stranger in these parts."

"I am a stwangaw. Do you weside in Bangaw?"

"No, sir; in Belfast. I am the book-keeper

of a bank there; and I'm off just now on a little vacation."

"Just my case: I'm on a vacation. I'm a stwangaw in Bangaw. Can you tell me which is the best hotel thaw?"

"The Bangor House is as good as anything east of Portland."

"Then I shall go thaw. One must have a good hotel, you know, or thaw is no fun in a vacation."

"Quite right, Mr. — Mr. —"

"Mr. Arthur McGushaw, with the house of Hewlins & Heavybones, New Yawk city, at your sawvice," replied the long-lost, producing one of his big pasteboards, as if to verify his statement. "And I have the honaw to adwess Mr. —"

"John Monroe."

"Thanks, Mr. Monwoe. Now we know each othaw pawfectly."

Mr. McGusher was very much pleased with his new acquaintance; and before the steamer arrived at Bangor they had cemented what appeared to be an everlasting friendship. Monroe made himself exceedingly agreeable; and, fully understanding the man with whom he had to deal, he judiciously flattered him, and not only permitted, but encouraged, him to believe that he was the most important personage who had visited the State of Maine for a long time. Indeed, they were so much in love with each other that they took a large room together at the hotel.

"I have come down heaw to have a good time, and I'm going to have it," said Mr. McGusher, when they had taken possession of the handsome and pleasant apartment.

"Right, McGusher! That's just my case," replied Monroe.

"I have plenty of time and plenty of money," added the swell.

"Unfortunately, I have more time than money. I can't afford a very extravagant bat."

"Nevaw mind, my boy. I'm glad I met you, and I have money enough for both of us."

Ordinarily, Monroe, who was really a high-toned fellow, would have objected to such an arrangement; but in the present instance he did not.

"Monroe, my deaw fellow, I'm in a little twouble just now," said Mr. McGusher, as they were about to leave the room. "When I left New Yawk, I dwew five hundwed dollaws from the bank wheaw I had deposited my hawd awnings. They paid me in one bill. Having a five-hundwed dollar bill is almost as bad as having no money at all."

"Not at all: you can change it at any bank,"

replied Monroe. "I know the bank people here, and I will get it done for you." And he did get it done; but he asked the teller to mark the bill, and hold it as long as he could.

In the afternoon the long-lost wrote a couple of letters, one of which he enclosed in the other. He directed it to "Mrs. Mary McGusher, Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y." It was mailed in the office of the hotel, but the address was promptly noted in the memorandum-book of the watchful Monroe.

By dinner time the next day Captain Bilder knew that his "long-lost son" had changed a five-hundred dollar bill at Bangor, and written a letter, enclosed in another, directed to "Mrs. Mary McGusher, of Goshen, N. Y."

CHAPTER XI.

TWO IMPORTANT LETTERS.

"I DON'T like to leave you all alone, father," said Kate Bilder, on the day the cruise of the clubs up the Penobscot was to be commenced.

"I shall be so busy for the next few days, that you will not see much of me, and I think you had better go with your friends," replied her father, who wished her to go, and was unwilling to have her sacrifice the pleasure of the excursion, when she could not assist him by doing so.

So it was decided that she should take her place as leader of the Lily. As some of the girls were poor, it had been decided that the expenses should be paid from the club treasury, in which there was a surplus, after paying for the last boat they needed.

It was Tuesday morning, several days after Mr. McGusher had started for Bangor. Monroe wrote every day in regard to the swell's movements, but no further information of any value was obtained. The young exquisite was spending his money with as much haste as the circumstances would permit. He drove fast horses, and ate and drank the best the hotel afforded.

When the mail came that day, it brought several important letters, two of which deserve a notice before we start with the clubs. One was addressed to Captain Bilder, and was postmarked at Goshen, N. Y.

"Whom is that from, father?" asked Kate, as she handed him the letter.

"I'm sure I don't know. I'm not aware that I know any person in Goshen. That's where McGusher said he used to live," replied the ship-master, as he opened the letter.

"Perhaps it is from some friend of Mr. McGusher," added Kate, deeply interested.

"Very likely it is," continued Captain Bilder, as he read the letter, and a smile played upon his face.

"What is it, father?"

"I will read it to you. It is really very funny under the circumstances."

"CAPTAIN R. BILDER. My dear Sir: In reply to your letter, addressed to Borden Green, Esq.,—who has requested me to give you the information for which you seek,—I would say, that Mr. Arthur McGusher is well known in Goshen as a very respectable and highly intelligent young man. He was brought up in the family of Mr. Amos P. Chessman, who died nearly three years ago, with hydrophobia, having been bitten by a mad dog, and suffered terribly before he gave up the ghost. Before his death, however, Mr. Arthur McGusher—who exhibited very great commercial abilities, was well educated, and of elegant manners—was placed in the large mercantile house of Hewlins & Heavybones, 4928 Broadway, New York. I have made some inquiries in that part of the town where Mr. Chessman lived,—for his farm was not in the village of Goshen. I found several persons who knew the family well. They all said Mr. Chessman had taken Mr. McGusher from an orphan asylum in New York city, when he was six or seven years old. They had no means of knowing how the child happened to be in the asylum, but it was there, and Mrs. Chessman thought it was too pretty to stay there.

"I have answered your letter at the earliest moment possible after I had made the necessary inquiries.

"Yours, truly, for Borden Green,

"T. K. BUNKER."

"GOSHEN, July 28, 187-."

"There, Kate, what do you think of that?" laughed Captain Bilder, when he had finished the reading of the letter.

"I don't understand it, father," she replied.

"Well, I think it is not difficult to understand."

"You told me you should write no letter of this kind to Borden Green."

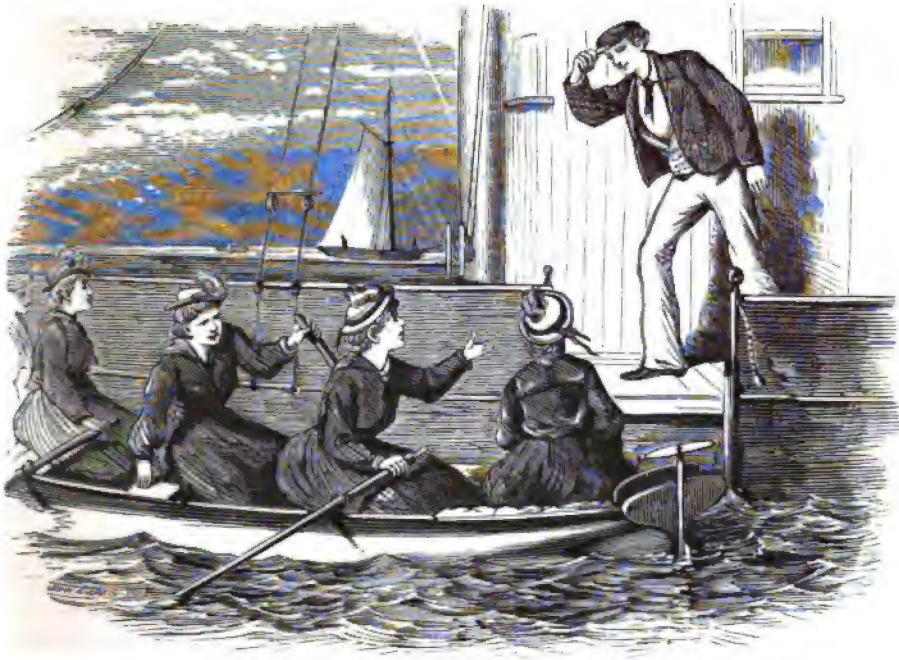
"And I did not."

"Then who is T. K. Bunker?"

"He is a myth, like Amos P. Chessman and his family."

"Where did that letter come from?"

"It was sent from Bangor to Goshen, to be re-mailed there."



THE LILY PASSING THE OCEAN-BORN. Page 253.

"That is very strange."

"Not at all. Mr. McGusher wrote this letter himself."

"Why, father!"

"It is a very plain case. I understand it perfectly; quite as well as I should if Mr. McGusher had confessed to me exactly how he did it—the simpleton! He does not know enough to cover his own tracks."

"But, father, that letter may be genuine."

"Impossible, Kate! Do you remember how it began—'In reply to your letter addressed to Borden Green.' I haven't written any letter to Borden Green on this subject; only to the firm in New York, inquiring about the third piece of the card. Mr. McGusher was doubtless satisfied that I had written such a letter to my former banker at Goshen, and has prepared his reply to it. He has overreached himself. If I had really written such a letter, he might have known that Borden Green would also answer it, and thus assure me that this letter is a fraud; at least, I suppose so, though he may have had some means of preventing such an exposure."

"I didn't think Mr. McGusher was smart enough to play such a trick," added Kate.

"It is anything but smart; on the contra-

ry, I think it is rather stupid. He set a trap which he was sure to fall into, in any event. If I wrote no letter, he betrays himself to me; if I did write one, Borden Green will betray him to me. It is about as broad as it is long. But I haven't given you all the information I have obtained, Kate."

"I thought you had told me everything, father."

"I did tell you everything up to the departure of Mr. McGusher for Bangor," added Captain Bilder, taking several of Monroe's letters from his pocket. "You have been away with the boat club so much for several days, or some of the officers of the Ocean-Born have been here when you were at home, that I have not had a chance to talk with you. I like to see you enjoy yourself, Kate, while you may; so I did not say anything to you."

"What did Mr. McGusher go to Bangor for?" asked Kate, curiously.

"That was the very question which excited my curiosity and interest," replied Captain Bilder. "He told me he had not money enough to pay his expenses a single week in Belfast, and his fare back to New York. In other words, he asked me for money, which I refused to give or lend him. I thought it was

very strange that he should wish to go to Bangor, and that, if his firm sent him there on business, as he says, he was not supplied with money for this purpose. I came to the conclusion that he had a confederate in Bangor, though I am inclined to think now that I was mistaken. A friend of mine consented to act as a shadow for me, as he was going to Bangor, and these letters contain the result of his investigations. Only two facts in them are of any particular consequence. One is, that he mailed a letter to Mrs. Mary McGusher in Goshen; and this letter enclosed another."

"The one which has just come to you from Goshen?" added Kate, her bright eyes lighted up with intelligence.

"Undoubtedly; and I have no doubt it reached Goshen in thirty hours after it was mailed, and then started for Belfast by the next mail."

"It all looks very plain."

"Nothing could be more so."

"But who is Mrs. Mary McGusher?"

"I don't know; perhaps his mother. But I think we have got hold of something now. This Mrs. McGusher in Goshen is probably his confederate, and will be able to tell me something about the card in three pieces, and the letter I received ten years ago. Probably she wrote the letter which the simpleton brought to me. Monroe gives me another piece of information which is interesting, though it may have no bearing on this question. Mr. McGusher had a five-hundred dollar bill when he arrived at Bangor."

"Where did he get so much money?" asked Kate, breathless with astonishment.

"That is what perplexes me. Monroe is sure he did not obtain it in Bangor, and he must have had it when he was in Belfast."

"But he told you he had no money, or only a little."

"He does not appear to scruple at telling a lie."

"Where could he have obtained so much money?"

"I am sure I don't know. A young fellow like him, working in a store, don't often have five hundred dollars; and not many rich men are so liberal as to pass out so large a sum to their sons at one time. That fellow needs watching, and I am sorry I am not able just now to keep an eye on him."

The door bell rang at this moment, and the servant admitted some one. It is said that a certain spirit of evil is always near when one is speaking of him. Though this may not be strictly a fact, it seems to be true that he

is sometimes at hand under the conditions named. At any rate, Mr. Arthur McGusher was announced, and presently entered the sitting-room, adjoining the library.

"Good mawning, Captain Bildaw," said he, flippantly, as the ship-master entered the room, followed by Kate.

He bowed very low, and displayed the most extraordinary politeness to the young lady, who was ingenuous enough to treat him as coolly as her gentle nature would permit.

"Good morning, Mr. McGusher. I hope you are quite well," replied the captain.

"Nevaw betlaw."

"When did you return?"

"I wetawned on the boat, yestawday aftawnoon," answered the swell, assuming a rather lofty air towards his "long-lost father."

"You concluded, then, not to occupy a room in my house?"

"Yes, saw; such was my conclusion. I was not quite sure that I was welcome in this house, and I took a room at the best hotel. A gentleman of fine feelings don't like to intwude whaw he is not wanted, you see," added Mr. McGusher, with a supercilious toss of his head.

"I see; but the room was at your service."

"I was hawdly tweated with the cawjality which a long-lost son might weasonably expect," continued the swell, toying with his incipient mustache. "I thought I had a wight to expect genawous tweatment undaw the sawcumstances. I bwrought abundant pwoof that I was your long-lost son."

"Well, Mr. McGusher, I desired to investigate the matter before I gave a final answer to a question of so much importance; but I am happy to say now that I have the means of doing so without troubling you to remain any longer in this city."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the long-lost, as though this remark was a surprise to him; but he concluded that the 'means' alluded to was the letter he had received from Goshen.

"As you observed to me that your funds were rather short, I am unwilling to subject you to any further expense; for, as I told you before, my circumstances are so changed that I am unable to advance you any money."

"Quite unnecessary to do so now. I was shawt, but I telegraphed to my fawm in New Yawk, and have weceived a wemittance. I desiawed to spend the wemaindaw of my vacation in this state."

"Of course you can do as you please about that. I have only to say that I am a beggar

myself, and I can do nothing for you," added the captain.

"A beggar! My deaw fawthaw, all that I have is thine!"

"I don't mean that I am literally a beggar; only that I have lost all my property."

"My dear fawthaw, though I was shawt the othaw day, I am no longaw so. Would you do me the favaw to] accept a gift or a loan of one or two hundred dollaws?" said Mr. McGusher, drawing his wallet. "I can do it just as well as not."

"No; I am not reduced to that extremity. I cannot accept charity, or borrow what I may not be able to pay."

"It would affawd me vewy gweat pleas-yaw."

"You seem to be quite flush."

"I have money enough faw pwesent uses, and a little to help my fawthaw."

"I don't need any help just now," added the captain, rather sharply. "You must have had a large remittance. I heard that you changed a five-hundred dollar bill in Bangor."

Mr. McGusher turned a little pale, and felt that he had been imprudent in offering to produce one or two hundred dollars. And how could Captain Bilder know that he had changed a five-hundred dollar bill in Bangor? for Monroe had not yet returned to Belfast. It was no use to deny it, for the cashier of the bank where the bill had been changed might have furnished the information.

"Yes, saw; I had a five-hundwed dollaw bill. I bwrought it with me from New Yawk. It was the fwoot of my hawd awnings. I did not mean to use it on this twip. I thought my honawed fawthaw would help me out. As he did not, I had to use it," explained the long-lost.

"I thought you had a remittance from your firm," laughed Captain Bilder.

Even Mr. McGusher was willing to acknowledge to himself that he had been remarkably stupid. While he was thinking only how he should account for the five-hundred dollar bill, he forgot all about the remittance. It is a fact that liars almost always trip themselves up, though they do not often convict themselves so glaringly as in this instance. It is not safe to lie, to say nothing of the wickedness of doing so.

"The wemittance was for anothaw pawpose, you see," the swell added.

"I see," added the captain, shrugging his shoulders; "but it is hardly necessary to continue the conversation."

Captain Bilder knew nothing about the firm

of Hewlin & Heavybones, 4928 Broadway, but he was afraid that "their representative" in Maine had been guilty of peculation upon them. He felt it to be his duty to inform them of the fact that their *employé* had changed a five-hundred dollar bill in Bangor; and he desired to obtain what information he could in regard to Mr. McGusher.

"Of cawse, I do not wish to continue the cqnwawsation, Captain Bilder. I shall wemain at the hotel, and not twouble you with my pwesence," replied Mr. McGusher, who doubtless thought this would be a severe deprivation to his long-lost father.

"Certainly; remain there, if you prefer."

"But I undawstand that the Yacht Club and the Dawcas Club are to make an excawson up the wivaw," added the long-lost, more briskly. "I should be happy to join them."

"That is their affair, not mine."

"But as yaw son pwesumptive, you would favaw me with an intwoduction to some membaws of the Yacht Club, who would be glad to invite me."

"You must excuse me, Mr. McGusher. I have no influence with them," replied the shipmaster, very decidedly.

"Aw, Miss Kate!" said the long-lost, approaching her as she stood at the door, "you pwomised to intwoduce me to all the young ladies of the Dawcas Club. I desiaw to join this excawasion."

"I have no authority to invite any one, and I think that the clubs are to have no invited guests," replied Kate, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "The yachts are all full; but I think there is room in the steamer—the Ocean-Born."

"But that howwid Mr. Lunder—I beg your pawdon, if he is a friend of yours," protested Mr. McGusher.

"He is a friend of mine," answered Kate, warmly; and her face flushed a little.

"I desiaw to go on the excawson, but not with Mr. Lundaw."

"I think there is no chance to go except on the steamer."

"But I have detawwined to go," added the long-lost, taking the new white hat he had bought in Bangor from the table. "I think most of the young ladies, when they know me bettaw, would be delighted to have me go."

Even Mr. McGusher could not help feeling that he had been snubbed by father and daughter—"his fawthaw and his sistaw;" and he took his leave of Kate.

"I beg your pawdon, Captain Bildaw," he added, turning to her father; "but have you

heard from your friend Bawden Gween, at his country place in Goshen?"

"Not from him, but I have a letter from T. K. Bunker, in Goshen, who informs me that you lived in the Chessman family, and that you were taken from a lunatic asylum."

"A what?" gasped Mr. McGusher. "A lunatic asylum!"

"I beg your pardon — an orphan asylum."

"Aw! quite anothaw thing."

"Quite different, I grant. If the statements of this letter are to be relied upon, your story is entirely true."

"Of cawse it is; and of cawse you aw satisfied."

"Not exactly satisfied. I have not yet heard from Borden Green & Co. in regard to the third piece of the card. If you are to remain in Belfast, I shall see you in a few days. I must leave you now."

Mr. McGusher left the house. He could not see why Captain Bilder and his daughter did not take him to their loving arms, and shriek out, "My long-lost son!" "My long-lost brother!" But they did not, though the evidence ought to be enough to satisfy them. Mr. McGusher wished to bask in the smiles of the five-and-twenty young ladies who formed the Dorcas Club. He was quite positive that he should make a sensation among them as soon as they knew him — it could not be otherwise; for he was entirely conscious of his blandishments as a lady-killer. He had seen the girls in these boats, and he envied the fellows who enjoyed their acquaintance. Kate could introduce him, but he was painfully conscious that she was under the influence of that "howwid Lundaw." The wretch had prejudiced her against him, the "long-lost brother." He believed that he fully understood Ben's tactics. Ben realized what a fascinating fellow he — Mr. McGusher — was; and that was the foundation of his prejudice against him. The long-lost knew that all the ladies in New York were fond of him; and why should they not be in Belfast — ladies were the same all the world over. Ben wanted to be the shining light among them himself, and he was afraid that one with the personal and social attractions of A. McGusher would pale his star, outshine him, cast him into an eclipse. With this view of the situation, he was determined not to be kept outside of the charmed circle. He had plenty of money in his pocket, and since he could not go up the river with the party, he would go up like a lord. Monroe had informed him that there was a small steamer in the harbor which was sometimes let for parties at

fifty dollars a day, which sum included the services of a pilot, engineer, and cook. His next business was to find and engage this steamer.

So much for the letter which Captain Bilder received, and the events which immediately followed it. Captain Neil Brandon also received an important letter on the morning the clubs were to start for Bangor. It was from his mother; and with the letter in his hand he retired to his state-room to read it. Some extracts from it are necessary to the development of our story.

"I did not wish you to go to Belfast in your steamer, for reasons which I cannot now explain, though I cannot find fault with you for so doing, under the circumstances," wrote Madam Brandon. "It was your duty to save and to assist those who were in distress, and I know the noble heart of my boy. But I am sorry you went there; at least, I am sorry you did not leave the place as soon as you finished your business there. . . . You wrote me a great deal about Captain Bilder and his daughter. They are the very persons whose acquaintance I was afraid you would make, if you went to Belfast. For reasons which I cannot explain now, I do not wish you to have anything to do with them. Now, my dear boy, I wish to appeal to you as your mother. You will do what I desire, and without asking any questions. *I want you to have nothing more to do or say to the Bilders.* You must leave Belfast as soon as you get this letter, and at once close your acquaintance with them. Of course I do not expect you to be rude or ungentlemanly towards them; only to keep away from them, and keep them away from yourself. It would worry me into my grave, if I thought you would not heed my wishes in this matter. But my dear boy will do just what I ask of him — I know he will.

"One thing more, dear Neil: you must be sure and not say a word to Captain Bilder or his daughter about what I have written; not a word nor a hint that I have asked you to avoid them. I am very much troubled about this matter. I did not sleep a wink last night after I read your letter, and I am strongly tempted to start at once for Belfast myself, in order to be sure that you heed what I say; and as it is, I may go to Bangor in a day or two, in order to meet you there when you arrive. Now, my dear boy, do not neglect your mother's solemn request, and when I see you again, I will explain everything."

"That's very odd!" exclaimed Neil, when

he had finished the letter. "Why is my mother afraid of Captain Bilder and his daughter?"

He read the letter again and again, but it afforded no clew to the motive of Madam Brandon's extraordinary request.

CHAPTER XII.

UP THE PENOBSCOT.

PERHAPS because it was not considered just the thing for so many young people to go off alone, Captain Patterdale and Dr. Darling volunteered to accompany them, going as passengers in the steamer. Several of the parents of the girls had objected mildly to the arrangement, fearing that some of the young men or the young ladies might be a little too wild if they were entirely unrestrained by the presence of any older persons. Captain Patterdale insisted that they needed a business agent, and he went in this capacity, while Dr. Darling's services were absolutely required as a physician and surgeon, in case of accident or sudden illness to any member of the party.

The distance to be accomplished was about forty miles, and it was not yet decided whether the boat clubs would row the whole distance or not. The fair rowists were to do as they pleased; but most of them were so ambitious that they desired to pull the whole of the way, especially as the excursion was to be one continuous frolic. The Ocean-Born was at anchor off Don John's wharf, and at ten o'clock her steam was up, ready for a start. The members of the boat clubs were gathering on the pier, near the boat-house, each with a small bag or bundle containing the few needed articles for the journey, and a water-proof. They were to encumber themselves with no extra dresses; the blue flannel uniform was to answer for service in the boats, and for parties on shore, if they went to any. All the shore arrangements were to be made by Captain Patterdale, and the members did not even know what they were to be. The bags and bundles were stowed away in the boats, though Neil Brandon offered to carry them on board of the steamer.

One after another the beautiful barges shot out from the wharf, with their colors flying, until all of them were in line outside of the Ocean-Born. All the yachts that were to participate—six in number—were ready to trip their anchors and run up their jibs.

Captain Neil Brandon was in the pilot-house of the steamer, ready to start the boat, for she was to follow the fleet of the Dorcas Club. As

the Lily darted past the Ocean-Born, Kate Bilder waved her handkerchief to him, and he returned the salute by swinging his cap. He could not help thinking of what his mother had written to him; and he permitted Ben Lunder, who was on the forecastle, to indulge without a comment in more extravagant demonstrations. Why should his mother wish him to shun the Bilders? Both the father and the daughter were held in the highest esteem and regard in the city, even in spite of the loss of fortune which had overtaken the ship-master. What had Captain Bilder done? Certainly the fair Kate could have done nothing wrong. He had never heard his mother mention the Bilders before, and he did not know that she had ever been in Belfast.

In this connection Neil could not help thinking of his first interview with Captain Bilder, in which that gentleman had manifested so much surprise when he mentioned the name of his father, and also at the name of the steamer. He recalled the questions which the ship-master had asked him, and he was convinced that there was some sort of a relation between Captain Bilder and his mother. Madam Brandon had entreated him to leave Belfast at once, and avoid the Bilders. He was not to speak to them, but he was enjoined not to be rude to them. Perhaps Neil was not entirely satisfied with the character of his obedience to his mother, though he was now on the point of leaving Belfast. Certainly it would be rude for him, now that the arrangements were all made, to back out, especially as he could give no reasonable excuse for doing so. He would avoid Kate as much as he could without being rude to her; but it must be acknowledged this was not so difficult a task as it would have been for Ben Lunder. Neil was particularly glad that he had not been called upon to avoid the fascinating Minnie Darling, for he had spent most of the evenings of his stay at Belfast in her father's house.

"A gun from the foreto'-gallant forecastle of the Skylark!" shouted Ben Lunder. "Stand by the main-royal mud-hook! Stand by your topsail toggle-joints! Tip up your topping-lifts! Bobble to your bolt-ropes!"

"What's the matter, Ben?" asked the captain.

"A gun from the yacht of the mighty commodore of the squadron."

"I heard it; I'm not deaf."

"Only a little blind in your starboard ear. There go the yachts like a moon-raker in a hurricane. Booms and bobstays! They go it as lively as a dolphin-striker paddling his own canoe in a nor-nor-wester."

"Let fall!" was the signal from the Dorcas, and the oars of the five club boats dropped into the water as one. "Give way together!" And off went the beautiful craft abreast of each other, the girls pulling a gentle stroke, which gave them a speed of about three miles an hour.

"Ah, what is this earth but paradise! especially the watery part of it?" exclaimed Ben, clasping his hands to emphasize his rapture. "Bless them! beaming like silver stars on my dewy toplights!"

"Call all hands, Ben, to get up the anchor!" shouted Neil from the pilot-house.

"All you starboardlines, ahoy!" yelled Ben. "Break for the forecandle, and heave up the anchor!"

Martin Roach was the first to respond to this call, and placed himself at the little donkey engine on the forecandle. Though the anchor was not so very heavy, it would have been a long and hard job for the four young fellows who were available for this duty to heave it up by hand. As only two, or three at most, could be spared for this task when only the four owners were on a cruise, in the Delaware, the donkey engine had been provided for this and other heavy work. Several turns were taken in the cable over the drum of the windlass, the young engine puffed, and in a moment the anchor was at the hawse-hole.

"Anchor's aweigh!" said Martin.

Neil rang one bell, and the Ocean-Born went ahead slowly. Ben and Owen Berry washed the mud from the anchor with an old broom, and it was hoisted up on an iron fish-davit by the engine, and then lowered to its usual resting-place on the forecandle. The cable was coiled away neatly by the deck-hand, the planks swept off, and everything was made as tidy as a lady's parlor. There was no more regular work to be done for the next two or three hours.

"Well, Ben, how do you feel to-day?" asked Captain Patterdale, as the deck-hand ascended to the hurricane deck, where the two passengers were seated.

"In good order and condition, like a ship ready for a long voyage," replied Ben. "I stowed away a full cargo of mutton chops, broiled ham, fish-balls, fried cunners, omelets, boiled eggs, scrambled eggs, and a few other delicate notions, for breakfast this morning, and I feel as though I could keep tolerably cheerful till dinner time, though I shall be ready to take off the hatches for lunch by meridian."

"Do you call that a full cargo?" laughed

Captain Patterdale. "I should think you would wish to eat something for your breakfast."

"I do, as a rule. This ballasting the ship with live geese feathers is not just the thing; still they fill up the vessel from the fore-garboard streak up to the main-royal benders," replied Ben, soberly. "Ever since I began to go to sea, skotch my sky-scrappers, if I haven't been hungry, and at almost any time of day or night I can stow away provender."

"In other words, you need ballast."

"Exactly so, sir. Ballast is the great moral, mental, and social regulator. Because G. Washington had ballast in the hold, he was able to keep an even keel. G. W. was an old salt, like me. That exciting nautical scene, of which he is the central figure, the crossing of the Delaware, proves that he was a great navigator, to say nothing of the happy manner in which he crossed over from Long Island when things didn't work just right. G. W. ballasted his craft, and it is a memorable historical fact that he was always able to tell the truth on a full stomach. In my opinion, when a committee in Congress intend to investigate a case of corruption, it would be a wise plan to give the witnesses a good breakfast or a good dinner, for a man can tell the truth better on a full stomach than on an empty one."

"I dare say you are right, Ben; but I have not investigated your philosophy," added the listener.

"I know I am right, sir. A philosopher don't amount to anything if he has any doubts about his philosophy."

"The subject is rather heavy for a pleasure excursion," laughed Captain Patterdale. "How fast are we going, Ben?"

"Not over ten knots."

"That's a safe answer."

"I am opposed to loose statements; my stomach is full, and I cannot tell a lie."

"Not over two knots and a half, I should say," added Captain Patterdale.

"Life is a voyage, and we are but the sailors," said Ben, looking as wise and solemn as an owl. "He is a prudent tar who often heaves the log. 'How fast are we going?' That was your conundrum, sir. I shall take it as my first text when I write a sermon. I am fond of nautical figures, you know. My tongue is reeking with salt, and I can't help indulging in sea slang. How fast are we going?" repeated Ben, with a flourish and a gesture.

"About two knots and a half, Ben."

"I was looking to the moral significance of the conundrum."

"O, the sermon?"

"Yes, sir. As I should probably be preaching it to an audience of landlubbers, lollipops, and greenhorns, I should first explain the nautical meaning of the expression. As you are a sailor, I need not do so in your case. I should say to the young man, 'How fast are you going?' If you don't know, heave the log. If you can't tell how fast you are going, you don't know how near you are to the sunken ledge of Dissipation. You can't tell how the shoals of Dishonesty bear. If you haven't the means of making up your dead reckoning, you may be running for the reef of Destruction. You can't take the sun when you get out into the fog of Moral Indifference."

"That will make a very good sermon; but I trust you will see the necessity of heaving the lead in such a dangerous sea as you describe."

"Heave the lead shall be the text of another sermon, for I can't afford to put all my subjects into one. The young man must heave the log, and if he don't go any faster than the Ocean-Born at this moment, he will be in no danger of becoming a fast young man."

Neil Brandon had given the helm to Berry Owen, and joined the party on the hurricane deck. He had listened to a part of Ben's speech, and perhaps he was glad to have his friend show that there was something in his composition besides nonsense.

"Der gook dinks you petter told us how much beoples you haf to dinner in der gabins to-day," said Karl, addressing the captain.

"I shall invite the twenty-five members of the Dorcas Club to dine on board," replied Neil.

"No, no, captain!" interposed Captain Patterdale; "you will upset all my arrangements if you do that."

"What are your plans, sir?"

"For the present I must ask you to excuse me, and not get dinner for anybody," replied the managing agent.

"But I intended to feed the ladies on board the Ocean-Born."

"Perhaps you may have the opportunity to-morrow, but not to-day."

Neil submitted, and Karl was not sorry to be spared the labor of setting the table. The breeze was tolerably fresh, and the fleet of yachts was by this time a mile ahead of the Dorcas Club. The water was rather rough for the boats in this part of the bay, though they were all doing very well. They were

now pulling "by twos," with the Dorcas ahead.

"I should think those young ladies would be tired," said Neil, after they had been rowing about an hour.

"They are used to it; but they are advised not to pull over an hour without a rest," replied Captain Patterdale. "Their muscles have been trained; and at the stroke they pull, it is not so hard work as it is to sweep a carpet, run a sewing machine, or even to sew. The air gives them strength, and they don't hurry. A stout boy could pull one of those boats as fast as they are going, and without any great exertion. I am told that those who are still pupils in the High School get their lessons better than before they engaged in this exercise; and certainly their general health is much improved."

At this moment the boats stopped to take the rest enjoined upon them. The girls boated their oars, and the Ocean-Born steamed around them, going near enough to engage in a chat with them.

"O that I were a member of that club!" said Ben, as the steamer passed the Lily.

"We will take you as a passenger for a time," replied Kate Bilder.

"Roses and posies! May I have that bliss?"

"You may."

The steamer was stopped, and the Lily backed up to her gangway. Ben leaped lightly into the stern-sheets. Captain Brandon was invited to accept a place in the Dorcas, and he did so.

"We should be glad to take a passenger," said Jenny Waite, in the Fairy.

"Whom?" laughed Captain Patterdale.

"Mr. Berry Owen."

"But he must steer," added Neil.

"Mr. Gerald Roach, then."

The engineer was at liberty then, and took his place on the Fairy.

The boats went off by twos again, and the steamer followed; but it was observed that the three which contained passengers did not keep their places in the procession as well as before.

"Now, really, I don't feel just right to sit here, and see four ladies pulling before me," said Ben. "I am like a selfish fly in a sugar-bowl, enjoying all the sweets."

"We are satisfied, and you ought to be," replied Kate. "Do you know how far we are going to-day, Mr. Lunder?"

"I do not; but the high and mighty managing agent has a plan which he keeps to himself. I have never navigated these waters,

and I don't know which way the cat-harpings point."

"I hope we shall stop at Fort Point," said one of the fair rowists.

"That is a delightful place," added Kate.

"There is a new hotel on the Point."

"How far is it from Belfast?" asked Ben.

"Not more than ten miles."

"We shall be there all too soon," sighed the old salt, as he glanced at Kate. "I may not again be permitted to take passage on this celestial barge, pulled by peris from paradise. What steamer is that approaching?"

"That is an excursion steamer from Belfast. She takes out parties," replied Kate, after glancing at the boat.

"She seems to be headed towards this celestial fleet."

"Perhaps she is going up to Bangor," suggested Kate.

Half an hour later, the steamer came up abreast of the fleet of boats, and slowed down so as to keep alongside. It was rather a pretty craft, so far as white, blue, and red paint could make her so. Her name, painted under the front windows of her pilot-house, was the "Monogram." She was a small screw steamer, with a cabin aft, and a cook-room in her fore-castle. On the hurricane deck, which was railed in, and provided with seats, walked with folded arms, in solitary grandeur, Mr. Arthur McGusher. He was not to be cheated out of the pleasures of the excursion up the Penobscot by the swinishness of Ben Lunder, to whom alone he attributed his exclusion from the party.

"As I live, there is Mr. McGusher!" exclaimed Kate, as she recognized her "long-lost brother."

"And he seems to be the only passenger," added Ben.

At this moment, Mr. McGusher caught the eye of Kate, and taking off his new white hat, he bowed very low, and flourished with his right hand. Kate nodded to him, but bestowed no further notice upon him.

"Ladies, yaw most obedient! I hope I see you vewy well this mawning," said the long-lost.

No one in the Lily made any reply. Mr. McGusher descended to the main deck, and took a position near the pilot-house. Seeing Ben in the Lily, he did not continue the conversation. The Monogram then dropped astern, till she was abreast of the Psyche, whose name Mr. McGusher spelled out from his position.

"Chickee, ahoy!" said he, taking off his

hat again, and indulging in a tremendous flourish.

Mr. McGusher was not deeply versed in mythology, and had never read the story of Cupid and Psyche. His spelling of the name of the beautiful maiden who became immortal resulted in nothing more classic than "Chickee." Carrie West, the leader of the boat, made no reply, for she did not know what the gentleman in the white hat meant.

"In the Chickee!" called Mr. McGusher.

"Are you speaking to us?" asked Carrie, when the Monogram came so near as almost to interfere with the movement of the oars.

"I addressed the ladies in the Chickee."

"The Chickee!" laughed the leader; and her companions screamed with her.

"I beg your pawdon; but what is the name of your beautiful boat?" demanded the swell.

"The Chickee," answered Carrie. "And we are all Chickees."

The fair rowers laughed so that they almost lost their stroke.

"You must be vewy fatigued. Allow me to offaw the sawvices of my steamaw to tow the Chickee."

"No. I thank you," replied Carrie, smartly.

"Allow me to invite you on board of the Monogwam; and she is entiawly at your sawvice."

"No, thank you; but you will oblige me by keeping your steamer a little farther from the ends of our oars," added Carrie.

Mr. McGusher did not comply with this request, but attempted to continue the parley.

"Oars!" said Carrie, suddenly. "Pull, port; back, starboard."

The headway of the Psyche was checked, and she swung quarter around.

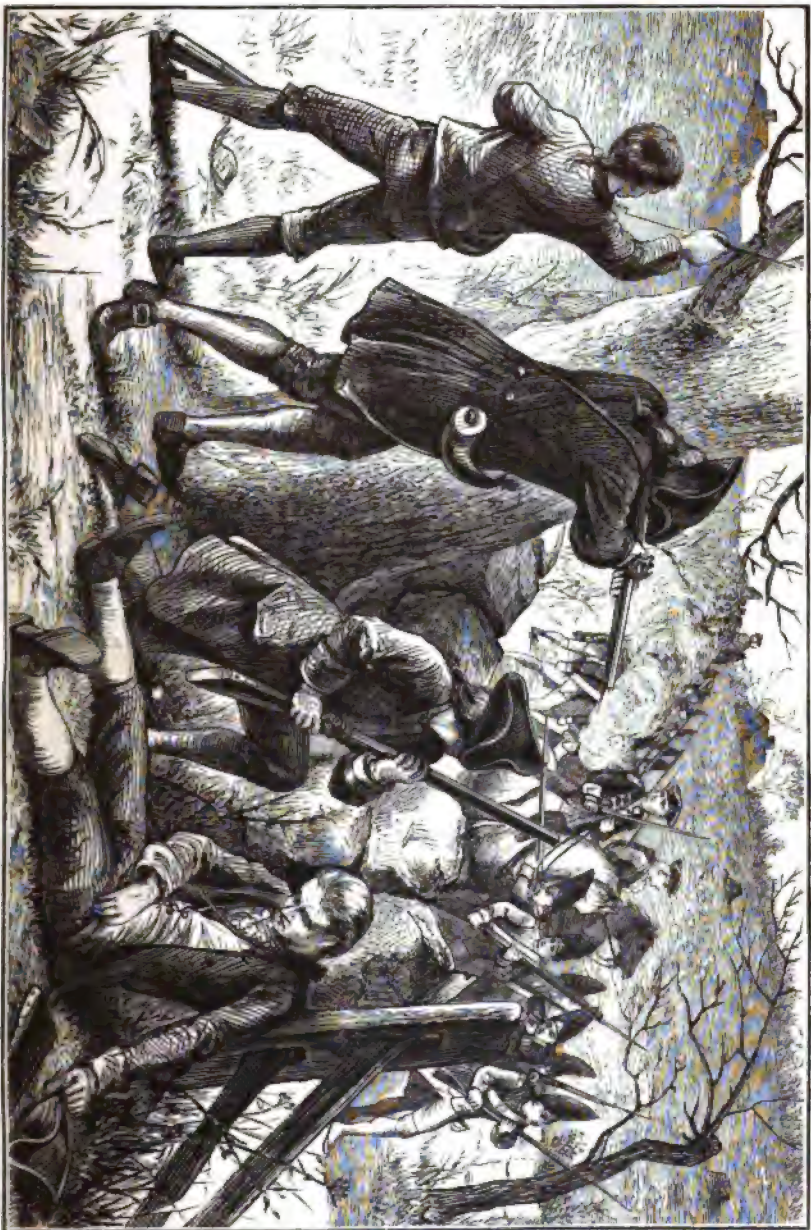
"Oars! Give way together!" she continued, when the boat's head was pointed directly from the Monogram, and she darted away, to the astonishment and chagrin of the 'charter party' of the steamer.

All the other boats did the same thing. The Ocean-Born, which had before rung her speed-bell, came up abreast of the Monogram, and placed herself between the intruder and the fleet.

"On board the Monogram!" shouted Captain Patterdale from the deck of the Ocean-Born, as she slowed down abreast of that steamer.

"On board the Ocean-Born," replied the captain of the Monogram, from the pilot house; and the two steamers were hardly six feet apart.

"Captain Post, I will thank you to keep at



THE RETREAT FROM CONCORD.

a proper distance from the boats of the young ladies," said Captain Patterdale, politely, but in a tone not to be mistaken.

"I only obey orders," replied Captain Post, who knew that it was not prudent to offend a man of so much influence in the city as Captain Patterdale.

"Whose orders?"

"The orders of the gentleman who hired the boat."

"Who is he?"

"I have the honaw to be the gentleman," interposed Mr. McGusher.

"You are no gentleman! You don't know what the word means! You have no more right to speak to those young ladies, having no acquaintance with them, than you would if you met them in the street," said Captain Patterdale, sharply. "Sheer off, Captain Post, and don't come within hailing distance of those boats. Go ahead, if you please, Mr. Owen."

The Ocean-Born started her screw and went ahead. The club boat had swung around again, and was laying her course for the mouth of the river. Mr. McGusher was blustering at the captain of "his steamer," but the Ocean-Born kept between her and the Dorcas Club till they reached Fort Point, where all hands were to remain till the next morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

— MR. LAYARD, during his first expedition to the ruins of Nineveh, made a visit to the Yezidis, a people who dwell a few miles north of Mosul, and who are reputed to be worshippers of the devil. Our traveller found that they hardly deserved the name of devil-worshippers, by which they were known, though they never mention the name of the evil spirit, and, it is said, have put to death persons who have wantonly outraged their feelings by its use. When they speak of Satan, they do so with reverence, as King Peacock, or the Mighty Angel. They believe him to be chief of the angelic host, now suffering punishment for his rebellion against the divine will; but they are persuaded that he is still all-powerful, and that he will be restored hereafter to his high estate. He must therefore be conciliated and revered, they say; for, as he has now the means of doing evil to mankind, so will he hereafter have the power to reward them.

— NEARLY every one wishes to have truth on his side, but it is not every one that sincerely wishes to be on the side of truth.

ONLY A BOY.

BY MRS. SARAH BOLLES.

KIND friends, pray listen to my song,
And sympathy bestow;
I'm sure you will right willingly,
When you my grievance know.
Though I'm a merry, happy lad,
And have much to enjoy,
Yet I my special trouble have:
I'm nothing but a boy!

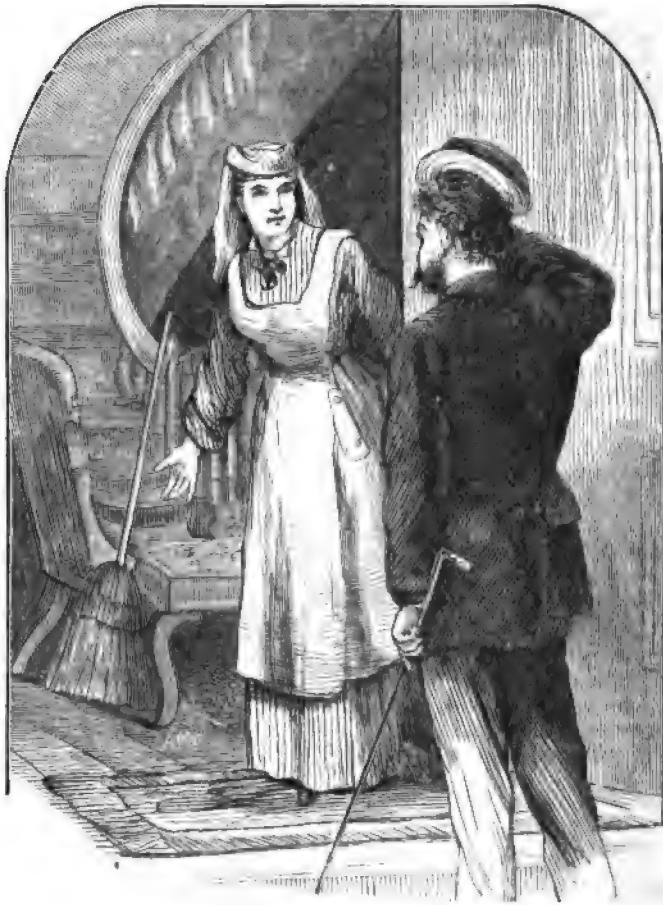
Now, when a snowy morning comes,
And I incline to doze,
I'm routed out with, "Come, jump up,
And shovel out: it snows!"
While sister she may lie and sleep,
With no one to annoy.
But then, you see, the difference is,
I'm nothing but a boy!

Of course I do the household chores,
And on the errands run,
Pick up the chips, bring in the coal.
These trifles count as fun.
No matter if I want to play,
Or try some brand new toy;
Another time will do for me:
I'm nothing but a boy!

Or, say I'm riding in a car
That's full in every part;
A lady comes: all look at me;
Yes, I, of course, must start;
And then, to make things pleasanter,
Some one must needs employ
The same old reasoning: "He can stand;
He's nothing but a boy!"

But, then, sometimes it works in well,
For when I noisy get,
Or break a cup, or track in mud,
To make the carpet wet,
The housemaid frets, and sister scolds,
But mother, to my joy,
Excuses me with, "He forgot;
He's nothing but a boy!"

Besides, I know my time will come,
For when I larger grow,
I shan't be snubbed and set aside:
Young men aren't treated so.
The girls that now treat me with scorn
Will then be sweet and coy,
Forgetting quite the time when I
Was nothing but a boy!



"THE APOLOGIES ARE ALL DUE FROM ME." Page 266.

AUNT BETSEY'S TREASURE.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY.

CHAPTER IX.

SUITORS.

"**Y**OU should take time for study and reading, my daughter," said Mrs. Blessing to Belle, one morning, as they were busy together at the ironing-table. "It might be quite as well for others if you did not devote yourself so much to domestic affairs; for, although it is exceedingly helpful to me, it keeps your sisters from getting the experience of these things which they should have. This minute you are ironing Clara's dress, while she sits moping and desponding over some

fancy sewing. Next week your father and I insist on your having a vacation, while she takes your place as my assistant."

These words from her mother's lips set Belle's brain at work in a certain direction; and as a result of her thinking, and of a conference with her parents, six letters from her ready pen were mailed the following day, all seeking, in one way or another, a situation as a teacher. After despatching these letters, Belle forsook the kitchen and devoted herself to books, reviewing her school studies with such zeal and thoroughness as scarcely anything but the expectation of teaching can inspire.

One evening, as she was sounding the depths of a profound arithmetical problem, Lucretia, who had just responded to the door bell, appeared in her chamber, saying, —

"Professor Hondus is waiting for you, all alone, in the parlor, sister."

"All alone!" cried Belle. "What has become of the family?"

"He inquired *for you*, and we have retreated to the kitchen, to give him his chance, for he evidently comes with a burdened mind; and I hope your yes or no is all ready."

"O, Lu, I hope it hasn't come to that, for I have never dreamed of such a thing. I used to treat Professor Hondus with unusual courtesy and attention at mother's receptions, when we were rich, because he seemed to find it particularly difficult to approach the young people. He was always so awkward, upsetting things, and jumping when he was spoken to, as if he had been dreaming, that I liked to see if I couldn't wake him up, for his own good and that of society in general; for I do think he has a great deal in him, if he could only get it out. When he followed us here, I only took it as friendliness, in contrast with the many who forgot our existence. So I was more attentive than ever. But, Lu, only think of the idea of my being married to him!"

Belle's eyes twinkled, and every dimple trembled with suppressed humor.

"I don't see anything ridiculous about it," returned Lucretia, with unusual spirit. "I wouldn't treat so highly honorable a man as Professor Hondus as you have him, and then laugh at the idea of his offering himself to me. I think we should receive such weighty expressions of esteem with gratitude, even from the humblest, much more from one so learned and worthy of deference."

"But, Lu, if I had once imagined he thought of loving me, I should not have been so kind. You know I was only a school-girl, had never entered society, and wasn't thinking of any such thing as love or marriage from any one, much less from a grave, learned college professor, a dozen years my senior. I was only treating all our guests with attention, in an inverse ratio to their merits."

Here, spite of attempted gravity, the trembling dimples broke into a ripple.

"You can tell him so when he humbles himself at the feet of a giddy, unfeeling girl," replied Lucretia, with unprecedented asperity, hastily leaving the room.

Belle was at heart seriously affected by what her sister had said, and went down with the praiseworthy determination to repair the errors of the past by such coolness of demeanor as would deter the dignified professor from making a proposal to an inferior, who must inevitably reject him.

She was rather surprised to find Professor Hondus, with his eye-glasses on, — for he was near-sighted, — consulting the big Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, both open before him, and so bent on the absorbing task that he only nodded slightly, on her entrance, saying, as he struggled to keep several places open at once, —

"Excuse me for not offering my hand, and excuse my attention a minute longer: I am just coming to a most important decision as to the intention of the lexicographers in their notations of a certain class of final syllables."

Belle said, "Certainly," and going to the hired piano, gently practised a few chords, as the first method which suggested itself of seeming employed and unconcerned. Professor Hondus's brow grew troubled; he fidgeted with the leaves, and finally turning his head, without his body, awkwardly, to Belle, said, —

"Pardon me, Miss Belle, but the decision at which I am struggling to arrive is one of eminent importance to me as a lecturer before my classes; and — the music distracts my attention."

Belle said, "Excuse me," seated herself upon the sofa, and taking some tating from her pocket, worked industriously. It was full five minutes before the man of erudition closed the volumes and approached Belle, but not to seat himself beside her. On the contrary, he commenced a stately march to and fro across the room, pausing each time an instant before our heroine, whom he regarded with eyes profoundly reflective, while she worked on with undisturbed composure. At last he said, —

"The subject, Miss Belle, upon which I have come to address you to-night is of a very delicate character; it relates, not, like the subjects of which I am wont to treat, to the intellect, but to the heart."

As Professor Hondus paused here, awaiting a reply, Belle answered, —

"Pray, don't mention it to me, then, Professor Hondus, for I am sadly destitute of that article, especially to-night; I shouldn't know I had such an organ in my bosom."

"Metaphorically speaking, I suppose," replied the professor, anxiously; "for literally I should judge your circulation to be good, by the color of your cheeks and the warmth of your hands."

He felt her hand, as a physician does that of a patient.

"Yes, my blood is in circulation, and the room is rather warm," said Belle, raising a window, and sitting in a chair beside it. "But I beg you will understand me to speak, in strict-

est metaphor, of the heart as the seat of the affections, when I say I have none, especially to-night."

"I am grieved to hear you say so, Miss Belle, for I had sincerely hoped such was not the fact. I know you have a great deal of dash, bubble, sparkle; but I truly thought there was depth beneath. You have always treated me with especial consideration, and I hoped that to-night I might appeal to something deep and warm in your nature."

"You cannot. Do believe me, Professor Hondus, and do not try to go beneath the surface ripple. Believe that I have no depth of nature, no heart."

"Now, Heaven is my witness how slow I am to credit this of one whom I fain would win, and ever hold in affectionate relationship. Nay, do not interrupt me, Miss Belle. I see clearly that I have nothing to hope from you in this affair of my heart; and while, in view of your past kindness, it is mysterious to me that you will not allow me to explain myself, and elicit your sympathy, at least, if nothing more, I yield to your decision, and am silent. May I, however, ask you one question?"

"If you are sure it is best, Professor Hondus; but I would rather you would not, since I assure you my answer must be negative," replied Belle, gently, appreciating his courtesy, and touched by his profoundly troubled countenance.

"Heaven grant it may be negative to the question I am about to ask. Do your parents object to my visits here — I mean in view of my seeking a son's place?"

"They do not. I am not aware that they have ever regarded your visits in that light, or that they would object if they did. I am glad to assure you that they regard you with high respect and esteem."

"May I ask, then, if it is yourself alone who object to a continuance of my visits?"

"It is, Professor Hondus."

The professor leaned his head for a full minute upon his hand, in silence so deep that the ticking of his watch was distinctly heard in the room; and when he raised his face, it expressed such suffering that the heart, whose existence Belle had denied, ached with sympathy. He broke the silence.

"Miss Belle, I am perplexed, I am troubled, grieved, humbled; for my consciousness assures me the fault must be in myself, which has turned a nature so sweet, true, and benevolent against me. Conscious of deep unworthiness, I fail to discover what I have done or become to occasion in you such a strong and

new repulsion. Will you be so good and so sincere as to tell me?"

Belle, deeply moved, and strangely divided between the desire to relieve the man she honored and a fear to encourage him in vain hopes, replied, —

"Let me entreat you not to take it so seriously to heart, Professor Hondus. There is nothing unworthy in you, and you have awakened no repulsion. Your visits have always been favors, and I should still so regard it, did you not seek the new relation to which you have alluded. In that, I must assure you most firmly and decisively, I can never consent to stand."

"I cannot perceive why this is so," said the professor, in tones of distress. "Surely respect and esteem, alone, are necessary as a foundation. In the proposed relation, intimate sympathies and similarity of taste are not essential. I am the more perplexed and tried because we have always seemed, in ordinary intercourse, to chime so harmoniously. I could talk with you much more freely than with either of your sisters. Your sparkle enlivened my dullness, your grace relieved my awkwardness. Finding myself sometimes shining in society by your light, I ventured to hope I might yet shine by my own. With your help, the reserve, timidity, and consequent blundering, which have been my bane, would disappear, and people would get at the true worth which I strive to possess. I think, since you say you do respect me, and that there is no new repulsion, the past warrants the hope that I might win —"

"Don't, Mr. Hondus. Pray let that forever rest. I am truly sorry to pain you; I shall ever honor you. But we must not talk any longer. I was busy when you came in. Lucretia is quite at leisure, and you like to listen to her music. I bid you good evening, and will send her to entertain you."

"Stop one moment, Miss Belle. Are you willing I should mention this subject to Lucretia?"

"I see no reason why I should forbid it; but I assure you it will change nothing," replied Belle, as she hurried away.

"Go down, Lu, that is a dear girl," said Belle, "and comfort the good professor with your strongest consolation. He is a true, noble man; and you know I can't say a word to cheer him but he will take it as encouragement to what cannot be. Now you can; so do warm up, Lu, and show him the esteem we all really feel. His just self-respect is so wounded, I would have done anything, short of marrying

him, to relieve it. If he speaks of me, and seems to indulge the least hope, tell him it is impossible; tell him—yes, you may—tell him what I meant was, that my heart isn't free: I have a preference."

"Belle, is that true?" cried Lucretia.

"Never mind if it isn't. It will restore his self-respect; and I should have said it myself, only I did not let him exactly propose; and we both went beating about the bush, without really flushing the game. There, go."

When Lucretia had left, Belle sat down and reflected very seriously several minutes; then, rising, she went to her bureau drawer, and taking from a little locked box a small ferro-type, seated herself and regarded it intently.

"Lu thinks that is not true about the preference," mused Belle. "Perhaps it is not; but O, Edward, I shall never forget you; never, never; or the hour you gave me this, and went away, saying you should perhaps never see me again. A mere boy, yet what a face! what a look of power, courage, hope, into a dark future! O, earnest face! shall I ever see it?"

She gazed upon the picture until she could no longer see it through tears, then locked it again in the box, and resolutely returned to the knotty arithmetical problem. Some time had passed, when she heard a quick, light step ascend the stairs, and Lucretia entered, her pale cheeks glowing, her mild eyes sparkling, her whole self almost transfigured by something.

"I am so happy, dearest Belle!" she cried, hugging her about the neck. "Surely you don't blame me for loving Professor Hondus, as I have, secretly, a long, long time; or for accepting his hand, which I have to-night. You don't feel—as he insists you said—that you can never own him as a brother? You are so generous that I am sure you will conquer any such feeling as that for my sake."

"Conquer it! I never had it, dear sister. He is splendid for a *brother*! But O, Lu, what a tremendous blunder I did make! worse than the very worst of Professor Hondus's. I thought he wanted me for a *wife*."

"Don't blush so, dearest Belle. It was rather my mistake than yours, for I said he had come to propose to you, and we all thought so. Mother remarked out in the kitchen, that she blamed herself for not telling Belle she was making herself too agreeable to the professor, unless she meant to favor his suit. He has always been so stiff and cold to me—only admiring my music!"

"I always thought you would marry a pro-

fessor of music, not languages. But Professor Hondus don't know one note from another. He not only cannot make a musical sound, but he can't even keep the place to turn over your music; and you will have to agree to nudge him with your elbow, or tread on his toes, at the right time."

"There, now, you are laughing at him already. But I forgive you, if you will only come down and tell him you can love him as a brother: he is so seriously troubled that you reject the relationship, and thinks so much of united families."

"Dear me! Don't he understand it yet? Don't he know that I thought he wanted to marry me?"

"No, Belle, he does not; and all my hints were thrown away."

"Hints? Why didn't you tell him?"

"I did not think it honorable to you without your leave; and he can never be made to guess it, because, you see, you are so much younger than he, and not in the least the sort of person he would ever wish to marry; and he had never even dreamed of you in that light."

"Poor me! But can't it all blow over without explanation?"

"I tried, indeed I did; but he is so terribly in earnest about endeavoring to heal this family difference that he insisted on my begging you to see him again before he left."

"I will go down and congratulate him so heartily that he will forget what I said before."

But Belle found this inadequate for a teacher so given to getting at the root of things as Professor Hondus. No sooner had she shaken hands with him, saying she deemed herself the happiest of sisters in calling him brother, than he said,—

"This is like you, and truly generous, Miss Belle, to put by your personal dislike for the sake of a sister and a brother. But I shall never rest until I so far win your confidence that you will consent to tell me what are the defects in my character which created the repugnance you so kindly consent to ignore."

"Bless your good, humble heart, my dear brother!" cried Belle, impulsively; "I will tell you now, for you deserve the confidence. I thought you wanted to marry me instead of Lucretia."

"All arising from my own awkward, beetle-eyed blundering!" cried the self-accusing lover. "Seeking a formal, private interview, and then telling you I wanted to address you on matters of the heart! And you, good girl, trying to spare me the pain of rejection!

I have long loved your sister, and it seems she reciprocated the attachment; and these facts have fettered our intercourse and increased our natural reserve. Fearing I should make some fatal mistake with her, I wanted to open my heart to you, and bespeak your good will and influence in my behalf."

"O, it is all plain now, Professor Hondus; and here come father and mother to welcome you as heartily for a son as Lucretia does for a husband, and I for a brother."

That night Belle waylaid her father, as he was on his way to bed, and asked him into the bit of a bedroom which had been altogether her own since she became a student. It had no stove, but, being very small, was coldly warmed by a "drum," or expansion of the kitchen stove pipe, which passed up through the chamber floor.

"Is it right for me to tell you what Professor Hondus, and Lu, and I were to keep as a sacred secret?"

"I should doubt it, my daughter."

"But, father, you are an exception, because I always tell you everything; and I shall let them know I have."

"I will relieve your perplexity by letting you know that your sacred secret is not a secret: Clara heard it."

"How did she hear it?"

Mr. Blessing pointed to the drum, saying, —

"Sitting under there, warming her feet in the stove oven, she heard what you and Lucretia said up here; but not intentionally, I am sure."

"I am sorry she knows, for she will never be done teasing me about it. How differently I feel about your knowing things, dear father! You never do scold me, or blame me, or tease me."

"Yet I remember having punished you, and reproved you, and laughed at you. Seriously, my daughter, I am grateful for the fullness of your love and confidence."

"If you did not deserve it, my father, you know I couldn't give it, even if I tried. When I called you in, I wanted not only to tell you about Professor Hondus, but to show you this letter, received almost a year ago. All my offers seem to be back-handed ones."

Belle spoke in lugubrious tones, but looked merry, as she handed her father the following letter: —

"BOSTON, Nov. 10, 187-.

"MY DEAR MISS BLESSING: Thank you for your brief and explicit letter, in reply to mine inquiring respecting the facts of your

father's suspension of business. I regret that he feels it his duty to reduce himself and his family to poverty beyond the extent required by our just and equitable laws. But every man should act up to the dictates of his own conscience.

"That is what I wish to do respecting our relations to each other. They are not distinctly defined; still, as a man of the highest honor, I feel it my duty to say, definitely, that the utterly changed character of your fortunes forbids my indulging the hope of ever making you my wife. Do not on this account think me mercenary or wanting in heart. I have loved you for yourself alone. But in a world like this, one must regard prudence as well as taste and affection. Love in a cottage is well for stories, but will scarcely do for a poor young law student who has set his heart on winning his way to honor and fame. If you knew how truly I have loved you, and what a wrench it costs my heart to give you up, you would pity more than blame me.

"Although my letters to you could hardly be regarded as legally binding me to marriage, I will ask you to have the goodness to return them.

"Trusting you will secure one more worthy than myself of the hand I resign,

"I am sincerely yours,

"GUSTAVUS HARPER."

"Did you send him his letters, Belle?"

"Yes, without a word of reply."

"Why did you not tell him you did pity more than blame him?"

"He wasn't worth wasting words upon. It was a fortunate escape for me. Gustavus was handsome and talented, was exerting himself to the utmost to win my acceptance of his repeated proposals of marriage; and I might have yielded, especially as you seemed not to disapprove. But what a fate to have married him!"

"Then you don't want me to hunt him up, and let him know you have an aunt Betsey Blessing?"

"No; but I wish some one else would, and make me out her heir, and she worth half a million, and dead. The horse would be worth seeing that he would think fast enough to bring him. But I won't keep you up any longer with my no-lovers; so good night."

"Quite sure you have no more confidences, my darling?"

"Quite sure. O, stop one minute, after all, father. I do remember that I wanted to ask you about a little picture I happened to find when

we moved, stowed away here in this box, one of my toy-boxes, you see. Do you remember the face?"

Mr. Blessing did not remember it, and when reminded of a certain widow Battles, and her only son Edward, who attended their church when Belle was from ten to eleven years old, and to whom Mrs. Blessing was very kind, he thought Belle had an excellent memory, not, like himself, to have forgotten all about the facts in so long a time.

"O, I don't think it is very strange that I happen to recall the face," said Belle. "I used to go to Mrs. Battles's a good deal, to carry presents from mother and read to her; for, although not old, she was nearly blind from an accident, and a confirmed invalid. So I saw Edward often; and I think he was the handsomest boy, and the sweetest-tempered boy, the most industrious boy, the most dutiful boy, the brightest boy, the bravest boy, and the noblest boy I ever saw; and I never expect to see such another man as I think he is, if he is alive."

"Belle," said her father, seriously, "I am surprised at your enthusiasm. It is hardly consistent with the fact you stated—that you only found this picture by chance on our removal here, at which time you happened to recall the face."

"O, father, it was a wicked falsehood!" said Belle, hiding her face upon her father's shoulder. "The truth is, I cried myself sick, and would not tell mother what was the matter, when Edward went away, after his mother's death; and I have kept the picture most carefully ever since, and have had the tears come into my eyes over it a hundred times."

"How came he to give you his picture?" asked Mr. Blessing, gently.

"I left one of my gloves at their tenement the day of Mrs. Battles's funeral, and Edward brought it to me, and asked if he might keep it to remember me by; for he was going away to the west to live with a distant relative of his mother. I gave him the glove, and my picture in a gold locket, which I had intended for a present to a school-mate. Before he left, Edward called in a very manly way, ringing at the front door and asking for me, and gave me this ferrotype. He said it had no beautiful locket like mine, or even a case, because he had no money to pay for one, and that I must always remember him, if indeed I remembered him at all, as a poor boy who had no place in the society where I should shine, when I was older. But as he probably should never see me again, he gave me the picture, because he would like to feel that I need not entirely for-

get him unless I chose. That was all he said about the picture, and he added, warmly, that he should never forget the kindness we had all shown him, and his mother, in their need, and he could never allow himself to do anything to make my father, or any of us, regret it. I have sometimes thought since that he meant something about never seeking to win my heart or hand, but of such things then I never even dreamed. So he left, when I hardly realized what parting meant, or that we had parted, and I remember him thus, although I have never seen him or heard from him since. Now I have begun, I will tell you all, dear father. Sometimes I think I love this face and these memories better than I could ever have loved the talented Gustavus Harper, had I accepted him, or good Professor Hondus, had he chosen me, or than I ever can any one but its owner. Yet that face may now be dust, or if not, there is small, small chance that I shall ever see it. I am glad I have told you, father, and you may punish me, or reprove me, or laugh at me, just as you think I deserve."

"I thank you for telling me, and I am sorry to reproach you; but that deceptive representation of the accidental finding of the picture was unworthy of you, my daughter, unworthy of me, too, and unworthy of our confidential relation. But I know it was hard to break this matter to me. You were embarrassed, and did not, I am sure, premeditate the deceit you so quickly renounced; so I will trust you never to fall into any such miserable trap again; you will soon lose purity of soul if you tamper with the truth, even in trifles and on emergencies. This is reproof enough for a dutiful and heedful daughter, like my own."

Belle raised the hand which held hers to her lips, and her father felt the act to be a satisfactory reply.

"Now, my Belle, about this childish fancy of yours, I neither chide you, nor laugh at you. It is a sweet tender memory, which, however, would in all probability be dissipated by a sight of the original as he now is. It is my impression that you have clothed this youthful memory with all the excellences your fertile imagination can devise—more virtues than ever exist in any one person; and the danger is, that you will let this idol of your own framing stand between you and real worth; but if it has kept you from betrothing yourself to that heartless Harper, it has done you one good service, as indeed a higher standard of ideal excellence might do many a girl. But if you ever feel your heart drawn

towards another true heart that seeks yours, do not let some imaginary Edward come between you. Now, to show me that you love me and trust me better than you do yourself, will you give me this picture?"

Belle started at this request, blushed, and turned pale, but placed the picture in her father's hand.

"You will never regret this act," he said, tenderly, "or the confidence you place in me."

He rose as if to go, but Belle detained him.

"Do you take the ferrottype, father, because you would have me forget Edward?"

"Not Edward; he is your ideal of what you would have in a husband, if you ever marry; but these features, which you can never see again, should be nothing to you. Good night, my daughter."

"Good night, dear father."

CHAPTER X.

ERNEST HERBON.

As days and weeks went by, Belle received very discouraging answers to her letters seeking a situation as a teacher. Some of the vacancies were already filled; some could only be filled by teachers possessing not only education, but experience and tried skill. Friends of her family, whose influence she asked, would "esteem it a privilege to secure her a situation, but —"

"It is all 'but,' and everything means no school," thought Belle, as she read the sixth letter. She was sadly disappointed and unfitted for study; but as an antidote to despondency, set herself resolutely to sweeping the carpets, and had so far recovered her spirits as to be humming a tune in the midst of dust and confusion of her own creating when the door bell rang. Belle, who had always before lived in a spacious and well-ordered house, thought the predicament in which she was caught a fearful one, while in truth it was only what is liable to occur any day in a crowded tenement. There was but one room into which it was practicable to take a guest, and that was nearly destitute of its furniture, which had been removed to the hall, completely barricading the front door, from which came a second request for admission, while Belle was hastily gathering her sweepings into the dust-pan. A generous instinct not to keep any one waiting led our sweeper to put her head out of the front window, hoping that — at that early hour of a Saturday morning, it was only an expected market boy, whose supplies

were on demand in the kitchen. Belle's head was enveloped in a checked gingham apron, as protection from the dust — a fact which Belle in her eagerness quite forgot.

Instead of the market boy she hoped to see, our heroine beheld a fashionably-dressed young gentleman, of especially dignified and graceful bearing, who, having turned his head at a very slight sound of the blind, met her eyes with his own, before she could withdraw her head. The eyes which detained hers were deep blue, shaded by lashes and brows jet black, as was also an abundant silky beard and short, closely-curling hair, which, contrasting strongly with a remarkably fresh and fair complexion, gave the gentleman a marked and unique appearance, quite consistent with the verdict, "very prepossessing," which Belle's thoughts unconsciously passed upon him at the first glance. Belle, never easily disconcerted, said, in her sweet natural tones, —

"Excuse me, sir, until I open the door and explain the delay." It took her swift hands a minute or two to clear a path through the hall, after which she appeared at the door, still wearing the apron as a turban over the curls, not a glimpse of which could be seen. She said, —

"My only excuse, sir, for delay, dust, and disorder, is the fact that I am sweeping our only parlor."

"The apologies are all due from me for calling so unseasonably," replied the stranger, courteously; "but we will not waste time in needless apologies. My name is Earnest Herbon; and you, I presume, are the person whom I desire to see — Miss Belle Blessing."

Belle assented, and Mr. Herbon, perfectly at his ease, said, —

"Allow me to assist you in replacing this furniture before I explain the object of my call." His voice was so quiet, his manner so serene and natural, that Belle, forgetting he was a total stranger, felt quite at ease. Even when, in passing the one small mirror, she saw her turbaned head, she only laughed a single low trill, and slightly blushed, as she caught it off so hastily as to take her net also, thus letting down her wealth of hair. Shaking back her curls with a graceful movement, she turned a glowing, merry face to Mr. Herbon, saying, —

"I forgot it."

"Quite naturally," replied the guest, with a slight smile and inclination of the head, as if in approval of the fact.

"This seems very clean and comfortable now," remarked Mr. Herbon, replacing the

last piece of furniture. "All the commotions women make tend to order and harmony."

"Or should," replied Belle; "you don't seem to have Mr. Oldbuck's ideas, either of dust or of womankind,"

"I must plead ignorance of Mr. Oldbuck, and ask you to tell me his ideas."

"O, in Scott's Antiquary, Mr. Oldbuck finds his sanctum invaded by womankind, with designs similar to mine here this morning, and instead of courteously helping them through, he scolded and drove them out, saying, 'It was very peaceable, quiet dust, and would have remained so for the next hundred years, if these hussies had let it alone.'"

"I was about to introduce myself to you as the principal of the Dudley High School, Boston; do you suppose I can be fit to teach such a school without having read the Antiquary?"

"Possibly; for I have been offering myself as a teacher, and I never read Waverley, and several other excellent books."

"It seems, then, we are on par as to qualifications. I am in want of a teacher, as an assistant in my school, and my business is to offer you the place; the salary is eight hundred dollars, and I will endeavor to make your duties reasonable and agreeable."

"This offer comes to me, Mr. Herbon, as a very pleasant surprise, if indeed I may accept it. You knew that I was seeking a school?"

"Yes; the fact was mentioned to me by a friend who heard of your inquiries."

"Before we conclude any engagement, I would like to show you the answers I have received to my applications for a school. Will you excuse me while I get them?"

"Certainly; and will you please to bring also a few of your text-books?"

"Is your offer still open to me?" asked Belle, as Mr. Herbon, with a quiet smile, laid down the six letters, after reading them attentively.

"It is, Miss Blessing. I differ from the authors of these letters, regarding your youth and inexperience as desirable qualifications."

"Why so?"

"We shall be less likely to quarrel."

"Then you are quarrelsome! But shall I pass that terrible ordeal of an examination by a committee?"

"Never fear that. Let us talk a little about your studies, that I may know in what you excel, and what classes you will prefer to teach. Do you like algebra?"

Belle told him she had not liked either arithmetic or algebra very well, when hurried through them at an early age, but that,

during her recent reviews, she had become deeply interested in thoroughly understanding and mastering every difficulty. She asked him to explain one or two points which perplexed her, caught the principle of his clear solution instantly, blaming herself for stupidity in not seeing it unassisted.

"Now I understand that principle, I shall be able in a single day to solve the few problems that have puzzled me; and then I am sure there is not a question in this Arithmetic or Algebra that can trouble me; but that committee may give questions from other books, or of their own making, which may embarrass me."

"Never fear that committee," again remarked the principal. "Tell me how you like astronomy."

A free and easy discussion of the sciences went on for full two hours, during which time the High School principal made himself fully acquainted with the qualifications and mental preferences of his proposed assistant.

"Your examination is satisfactorily passed," he said at length, taking a paper from his pocket. "Here is a paper signed by that committee, ready for the insertion of the name of any lady whom I judge qualified for the place." As he spoke, he filled the blank with her name, and handed her the paper.

"Thank you, Mr. Herbon; this is very kind: you can have no idea of the burden you have lifted from me. I so dreaded that examination by strangers!"

"A stranger has examined you, very unrelentingly, for two hours, and you have not seemed to suffer."

"Is it possible that two hours have passed? I have realized neither the length of time, nor the fact that you are a stranger."

"After this long and pleasant interview, we are no longer strangers, Miss Blessing. You are needed in the school: can you be present on Monday?"

"Yes, if you wish. Father's store is in Boston; he reaches it before eight in the morning, and leaves the city at six. Can I board at home and accompany him?"

Mr. Herbon approved the arrangement, and said, as the school held only one session, she could usually leave at an earlier hour if she chose, and her services would not be required on Mondays until ten, and the school-house was always open through the entire day for such of the teachers and pupils as chose to study there and use the library. Declining a cordial invitation to dinner, he then took his leave.

Going straight to the closet, as if only interrupted for a moment, Belle took her broom and unemptied dust-pan from the retreat into which she had smuggled them, and hastened to the kitchen.

"What old friend has made you such a long call?" asked Mrs. Blessing.

"It was no old friend, mother, but the principal of the Dudley High School. He came to engage me as one of the assistants, and I have agreed to go Monday morning."

"What about the examinations, for which you have been so industriously preparing?"

"They are all over, and here is the certificate of the committee. It seems they had given the principal power of attorney to examine for them until he was suited and then engage; so he has been examining me two hours; but he made it so pleasant that I never imagined it was more than one, and he did not even let me know it was an examination, until it was over."

Belle was duly congratulated and questioned, until her sisters suddenly recollected that a mighty work for only a part of one short day lay before them, in preparing Belle, externally, for the suddenly assumed office of school-ma'am.

"What could the principal have thought of you, with your hair not even in a net, but flying wild in this style?" said Clara.

"It seems he thought she would answer," replied Lucretia, who, since a certain evening, had been unusually animated.

"He might like it in a turban," suggested Belle.

"If you wish it braided," resumed Lucretia, "I will go immediately and do it for you, and let you see how you like it. I suppose you would look more dignified."

"It is too bad she hasn't a single black dress," cried Clara; "and so much depends upon first impressions! Couldn't we make over one of mother's in season, if we dropped everything else and went to work?"

"I am infinitely obliged to you all," laughed Belle, "but I shall wear my hair in curls, as I always have, and dress just as usual. I don't know how to be anything but my natural self, and am sure I should fail if I tried to assume a false dignity."

"That is right," said Mrs. Blessing, coming to her daughters and speaking heartily. "Belle has the true dignity of an earnest and sincere soul, and it will need no unwonted dress to make it recognized by her pupils."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME TIME.

BY ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

AH, mythical, mystical, treacherous some time!

What visions you bear in your train!
What smiles interwoven with words yet unspoken,

And hopes cherished wildly in vain!

There are glittering castles, and fair, scented bowers,

Set high on your rough, winding steep;
But alas! ere we reach them, like will-o'-the-wisps,

They vanish, and leave us to weep.

If a rose here and there you have chanced to bestow,

'Twas then we began to suspect,
For you promised no thorns should be found on their stems,

No stings when you paid your long debt.

But you tell a new story, and promise anew,
When hope spreads again her white wings,
Dipping down in the sunshine, and mounting aloft

With joy that expectancy brings.

Then, ere long, the thick shadows and rain-drops of doubt

Fall heavily, clouding the way;
But you still are uncertain, still beckoning on,
Still promising, "*Some other day!*"

— MANY people who hear about the Age of Louis XIV., the Age of *La Grand Monarchie*, the Golden Age of French literature, imagine that this period must have been a time of prosperity in France, and that the common people might have been comfortable and happy. Nothing, however, could be farther from the truth. Hardly a year of that long reign (1643-1715) passed that was not marked in some of the provinces, at least, by misery too great to be described. In 1662 women and children died on the roads, and even sucked the bones of the dead that had been dug out of the ground. About 1683 Fénelon wrote, "Your people are dying of hunger; the cultivation of the earth is almost abandoned; the cities and the countries are almost depopulated." In 1707 a great man — Vauban — wrote, "A tenth part of the people are beggars, and of the other nine tenths, five are unable to render any help to the poor."

CALIFORNIA BOB.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

IV.

BOB AT GOLD RUN.

"SEE yere, my boy," said the round, red-faced engineer to Bob, as, after a couple of hours, they neared Gold Run; "I've got just a dollar in my pocket; thar's all I'll hev till the comp'ny fork over; and four bits of that is yourn."

"O, no," said Bob.

"O, yes," said the engineer; "and if ye go for to despise it, 'cause it ain't much, I'll heave ye off this yere engine."

"But," answered Bob, "it ain't but what it'll be very welcome, for I ain't a cent to my name, you know; but I can't bear to take it and leave you —"

"If ye say another word, I'll heave ye off the hoss — I will so."

Bob saw that the kind little man was really annoyed by his objections; so he submitted to having the money slipped into his pocket, with only a half-audible "Thank you."

"An'see yere," said his friend, after a silence of a few moments; "I've got a friend down yere in Gold Run as has a berth in watching sluices. I'll give ye an introduction, and ye can git a job thar yeself, p'raps."

"Thank you," said Bob. "I'd be very glad to earn a little money before I start on my tramp again. The fact is, I can't bear to think of walking the rest of the way, I've got so kind of skeery since —"

"Yes, I know," said his friend, nodding, with a sympathetic glimmer shining out of his little sharp eyes.

When they arrived at Gold Run, — a queer little place, which looked as if it had been pulled one-sided in an earthquake, the engineer looked at his watch, and said, —

"I've got to take a hoss back to Truckee in about two hours; so we'll jest skurry round and find Zooney as soon as we kin."

"Zooney?" said Bob, inquiringly.

"Yes," responded his friend; "he's an old chum of mine; knowed him long afore this yere road was built; used ter watch the sluices myself in the good old flush times."

"Is Mr. Zooney —" began Bob.

"Mr. Zooney! Ya, ha, ha!" laughed the engineer. "Don't call him mister, 'nless ye want ter 'nsult him. He's called Zooney, plain Zooney, and nothing else. Mebby that's his name, mebby not; never heerd tell of his name.

It don't make no difference what his name is; we boys allers called him Zooney, and so does everybody; and that's name enough. *Mister Zooney!* Ya, ha!"

Bob thought that his friend was not over-polite to laugh so much over his natural mistake; but he liked him too much, and felt too grateful to him, to be over-sensitive; so he laughed too, and tried to make believe that he enjoyed it.

In the "good old flush times," of which the engineer spoke, all the mining on the Blue Lead was what is called placer or surface mining. This has now been abandoned for hydraulic mining. Immense iron pipes, as big round as a man's body, throw out great streams of water with tremendous force, tearing away the earth and gravel of the hills, until they are quite levelled, or else worn down to the bed-rock. Strange enough the great white skeletons looked to Bob. He thought that in the beginning the whole world must have looked as they did.

He had seen a great deal of quartz mining — in which great mills do the work — in Virginia City. Indeed, the city is built, as it were, on a shell, for the ground beneath is all honeycombed with shafts and tunnels. But these great pipes, and skeleton hills, and miles upon miles of flumes and ditches filled with icy water straight from the sources of the rivers, in the remote regions of eternal snow, — all this was quite new to the boy, and he looked around with eager interest.

"Reyther a queer little place," said the engineer. "I helped dig some er them ditches. But placer mining — the way we used ter work — is played out. Them big pipes does the business. I've heerd from some er my old mates that the airth comes down sometimes in acres. I might be a rich man now, ef I'd a cobbled shoes, or washed dishes, instid of mining in the old flush times. Never had much luck. I remember in the year '51, at Mariposa; I was thar with a fellow we called Spready Jim, on account of his yaller vests and gold chain and things; and we jist pegged away in them there ditches, sun a broiling hot, and them air pretty flowers the Greasers and Spanish call mariposas or butterflies (that's how the town got its name), jist a covering the hill-sides, and all over everywhere. Wal, we worked away, Spready Jim and I, until one day comes along a feller with a great big nose, and wants ter buy me out. Spready Jim he says, 'Don't yer do it!' But we hadn't had any kind er luck, and I kind er wanted to, for I didn't think the claim was good for much;

so he offered me quite a heap of gold dust, and I tuk it, and laughed at Spready Jim.

"'You'll never git so much dust out er it as I hev,' says I.

"Wal, sir, the next day, — the very next day, mind, — at about two o'clock in the afternoon, they struck pay-gravel, and in two months they'd took out enough ter go home on. I kin run a hoss, but I'm blamed ef I kin mine. It's all luck, you see. Hullo! here's Zooney! — Hullo, old boy!"

"Zooney" was a small man, looking very much like a dried herring, with a saturnine expression of countenance.

He received his friend's salutation with a momentary grin, replying briefly, —

"Hullo! How goes it?"

"Gay," answered the engineer. "Watching sluices now?"

"Yes."

"Want help?"

"Dunno. Tired of the road?"

"You bet I ain't! I want to git this youngster a berth. He's been unfortinit; got robbed and half killed, and's dead broke."

"Huh!" ejaculated Zooney, looking at Bob with no small amount of interest in his withered face.

"Robbed, eh?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Bob.

"Near killed, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dead broke, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Want work, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Kin you shoot?"

"No," replied Bob, wondering what shooting had to do with watching sluices, "I can't; but I think I could soon learn."

"Wal," said Zooney, "come round agin in an hour, and we'll see the old man about it."

After a little more conversation between Zooney and the engineer, including some choice reminiscences of the palmy days when they were partners in the "diggins," they bade Zooney good by, Bob promising to be back within an hour.

The engineer's time was just up as he got back to the station, and Bob was left alone, to spend his hour as he best might. The western-bound passenger train was just in; and as they were likely to be detained some little time by a slight accident to the tender, the passengers were roaming about, looking everywhere at everything; for, most of them being eastern people, the scene was a most novel one.

Bob loved company, but he did not like a crowd; so he walked along down the track for quite a distance. On his way he picked up a jagged piece of waste iron, which reminded him somewhat of the iron bar which had so nearly been fatal to him. He kept it in his hand, half laughing to himself for doing so; but he could not help feeling nervous and fidgety in that lonely place, the attack upon him had been so recent.

He was just thinking of turning back, when he heard the rippling sound of a waterfall. It was very grateful to his ears, for the day was warm, and he was dusty and tired.

He could not see it, but judged from the sound that it must be near. After a little experimental climbing, he found it, dancing and sparkling like a little fairy in the wilderness. He sat down and bathed his face and hands in the cold, pure water. He could plainly see the road, although hidden from view himself. But there was no one passing, and he sat, with his head on his hand, lost in his own thoughts, until a sudden scream and a cry for help brought him back to the world about him.

Looking down, he saw a man and a woman, the former apparently old, for his hair was as white as snow, the latter young, running with all their might down the road, closely pursued by a rough, villanous-looking man, whom Bob had no difficulty in recognizing as Buzzard Bill.

He seized the piece of iron which he had so fortunately kept by him, made a short *détour* to the left, crashed through the bushes and undergrowth with a speed which nothing but the urgency of the occasion and the concentrated rage of many days could have given him, and intercepted Buzzard Bill just as the old gentleman was beginning to stagger, his strength being utterly exhausted. Bob's appearance was so unexpected, and the blow he gave, though badly aimed, was delivered with such well-meant *vim*, that the ruffian staggered and fell.

The old man called to his daughter, and turned back to assist Bob, who had jumped upon his antagonist to hold him down. But he was too late. Buzzard Bill flung Bob off, leaped to his feet, and fled up the side of the mountain, where our hero dared not follow him.

The old gentleman called him his preserver, and overwhelmed him with thanks, introduced him to his daughter, a pretty young lady of about Bob's own age, whose name was Nan-nie, and implored him to tell him of some way in which he might benefit him, and thus show his gratitude.

As they walked slowly back to the depot at Gold Run, Bob told as much about himself as he thought was prudent; and the old gentleman gave him his name and address in San Francisco, and exacted a solemn promise from Bob to call upon him as soon as he arrived in the great cosmopolitan city. He gave Bob a good deal of kind advice, and a vast number of compliments, and might have given him a great many more had he not been obliged to bid him a hasty good by, as the locomotive steamed off. He stood on the rear platform of the last car, and raised his hat, while Miss Nanny waved her handkerchief to our hero, who watched them until they were out of sight; then he suddenly recollected that at least two hours must have elapsed since he had seen Zooney, and he started off at once to hunt him up.

He found him without much difficulty, and they went immediately to find the "old man," who, Bob rightly guessed, was the superintendent of the mine. Bob tried hard to be sociable, but Zooney proved to be by no means as talkative as the engineer had been, and answered Bob in monosyllables until he mentioned having seen the man who had robbed him. Zooney was interested in a moment; and Bob then told him the whole story.

"Buzzard Bill's well known hereabout," said Zooney. "He gets rich once in a while robbin' sluice-boxes, or knockin' boys and old men and women down for their money and trinkets. But money goes through his pockets like water. I'd like to git a crack at him some night. I was in hopes 'twas him when we laid out that Chinaman t'other night; but 'twasn't."

"Was the Chinaman hurt?" asked Bob.

"Hurt?" replied Zooney. "I dunno. He was past axing when the coolies found him next day. Got it in the head, d'ye see! Never kicked much, I guess."

"Does it — happen very often?" inquired Bob, rather timorously, not much charmed with the prospect of his new occupation, if "laying out" Chinamen was to be a part of it.

"O, no," said Zooney; "we ain't much troubled now. The comp'ny hires a good many watchmen. Here we are, and that thar's the old man."

The "old man" was a good-looking young man. If he had been eighteen and Zooney sixty, he would have still been the "old man," and the watchman one of the "boys."

His office was in a little tumble-down shanty, surrounded by empty bottles, tin cans, and rubbish of all sorts. The "office" also served for kitchen, bedroom, and parlor.

He readily agreed to give Bob a berth, at a salary of seven dollars a week, which seemed a magnificent sum to the penniless boy.

"We don't care about hiring boys, as a general thing," he said, "they are so careless with fire-arms; but we are short of a hand just now, and I am quite willing to give you a chance. You look to be a steady boy."

"I'll try to do about right, sir," replied Bob.

"All right!" said the man. — "Zooney, you have an eye over him for a few days."

"I will," replied Zooney.

"You must be on hand at six o'clock to-night, my boy. Your friend here will give you a gun, and tell you what to do."

Bob thanked him, and the two left the office for the "hotel," Zooney having invited Bob to dinner.

After dinner they strolled about for a while, and then went up to one of the guard-houses, where Zooney gave Bob a gun, and taught him how to use it. At the first trial the recoil nearly knocked him over; a circumstance which astonished Bob immensely, and caused the saturnine Zooney to explode in a loud guffaw.

"I kinder spected that feller was a good kicker," he chuckled, patting the gun.

Like all boys, Bob had always longed for a gun or pistol, and, now that he had at last a chance to get used to fire-arms, he determined to make the best of his opportunity. He practised for some time, and at length won from Zooney the remark that he did very well, which put him in a glow of satisfaction with himself, guns, and all the world.

Zooney gave him his "beat" at six o'clock, and left him, telling him he would be off at six the next morning. At first it seemed like play to Bob, marching up and down, like a soldier, with a gun on his shoulder. But as the wee small hours approached, he discovered that he was exceedingly tired and sleepy, that the beat was long and lonely, and his shoulder ached.

About four o'clock he thought he heard a gun discharged, and was sure that he heard the noise of voices and the tramping of feet. After a while the noise died away; but he was told the next morning that the sluice-boxes had been robbed of a considerable amount of dust, it was thought, and that one of the watchmen had been shot and instantly killed by the thief. At twelve o'clock that day the superintendent posted a notice offering a reward of one hundred dollars for the detection and arrest of the thief and murderer.

"Do you suppose it was Buzzard Bill?" asked Bob of Zooney.

"I never s'*pose*," replied Zooney. "Ef it's proved to be Buzzard Bill, I shan't be sorry."

Days and weeks went by, but the murderer was still at large, and Buzzard Bill had disappeared from Gold Run saloons and gambling houses altogether.

Bob had been engaged in his new employment just six weeks, when he counted his money to see how much he had saved. He had a very long face when he found that it amounted to only seven dollars and twenty cents — enough to pay his fare to San Francisco; but he dreaded arriving in the great city penniless as well as friendless.

He was very tired of sluice-watching; but it was evident that he must keep at it a couple of months longer. When he put his money away again he sighed deeply; and for the first time since he had left home, Bob felt homesick.

He usually slept nearly all day; but that day he felt nervous and unhappy, and could not sleep. He wandered about all day, and when six o'clock came he felt that he was quite unfit for duty. Twice he nearly fell asleep, and only aroused himself by a violent effort. The second time, — he had heard the bell ring two o'clock a short time before, — he started off on a brisk run in order to get himself thoroughly awake. He knew that sleeping on his beat would insure his disgrace and discharge, if known at headquarters. He ran until he was out of breath, and then stopped a few minutes to rest himself.

As he stood leaning against a tree, he noticed the branches of another tree, on the other side of the flume, waving in what he considered a suspicious way, as the night was warm and still, and there was not a breath of air. He stood very still, and held his breath. He did *not* feel comfortable, but he was not at all frightened.

In a few moments a man crept out and looked about him. Bob was not at all sure but that he could be seen; and remembering the fate of the watchman who had been killed on the first night of his arrival at Gold Run, had his gun cocked and primed, and ready for use.

The man went up to the flume and lifted up one of the rifles which are placed at the bottom to catch the precious metal as it goes down with the water.

Bob waited. He knew that the thief would be in no hurry, for "cleaning up" must necessarily take time. The man moved softly down the flume, Bob moving softly after him. After a while the thief straightened up and buttoned

his coat. Bob saw that now was his time. He did not intend to kill the man; he shrank from the thought with terror. He aimed at his leg. There was a sharp "crack!" a shriek and a curse from the thief, who instantly fell; and in a few minutes the watchman on the next beat, hearing the noise, came running to Bob's assistance. Between them they carried the thief to the guard-house. When the light was brought in, Bob recognized the features of his old enemy, Buzzard Bill.

The ruffian evidently thought that he was dying, for when one of the men asked if he did not shoot the watchman, Joe, he confessed instantly, and begged them to send for a priest, evidently considering the services of a surgeon as quite superfluous.

The next morning, the superintendent, with many pleasant words, paid Bob what was owing him, and in addition, five shining gold double eagles, being the reward promised, which that gentleman considered that Bob had fairly earned.

The *next* morning, with his money in a safe place, and his heart exceedingly jubilant, Bob stepped on board the train bound for San Francisco, Zooney leaving his breakfast to spoil while he bade him a saturnine good by.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

— CICERO, in his Scipio's Dream, makes Africanus say to Scipio the Younger, "You see this earth encompassed, or bound, by certain *belts* or *girdles*, of which the two that are most distant and opposite are frozen with perpetual cold. The middle one, and the largest of all, is burned up with the sun's heat. Two only are habitable. The people in the southern one are antipodes to us, and with them we have no communication." The geography of Pliny the naturalist, and of Strabo the geographer, who both lived a little later, was no nearer the truth.

— ACCORDING to an estimate made some ten or twelve years ago, there were used on the European continent about four pounds of paper per head of the population, annually — an amount requiring six pounds of paper material for its production. England consumed eight pounds, and America ten pounds.

— BRANDY was invented by Raymundus Lillius, a celebrated alchemist, who died in 1315. For many centuries, it was only used as a medicine, and chiefly as an external application.



"GREEN FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW."



WOLF RUN;

OR,

THE BOYS OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER XIII.

PROWLING INDIANS.

"BUT, husband, you are going to the garrison with us, I hope."

"Not to-night, wife; you and the gals kin go; but there's the cows to milk, and the hogs to feed, and the sheep to put in the pen, or the wolves will have every sheep of 'em afore mornin'."

"O, husband, dear husband, don't stay out; don't tempt Providence so! Let 'em go, sheep, hogs, and everything; sure *life* is worth more than anything else."

"No, 'tain't, if we're goin' to starve and freeze to death arter we git in. The garrison won't feed us. I can't be hobblin' back and forth to the garrison on crutches; if I don't keep quiet I shan't git well all summer."

"But, husband, go to the garrison and stay there. Cal can come out and see to the things to-morrow."

"Can't do it, wife; couldn't live to be cooped up there; at any rate, as long as there's any help for it. I kin shoot, if I can't run; and it ain't three Indians, nor twice three, that'll drive Cal and I out of the log house."

It was in vain that Mrs. Holdness strove to shake the resolution of her husband. Insensible to fear and inured to the perils of frontier life, he had made up his mind as to the real extent of the present danger, and merely said, —

"Nat, s'pose you take charge of the wife and gals; help 'em carry some of their stuff, seein' you've no gun; ain't of no more use here, and it's right on your way home."

Here was another blow inflicted upon poor Nat.

"There it is again," he thought, while moving away with his charge. "He thinks I'm just fit to go with the women, lug bread, and pots and kettles."

"Now, boys," said Holdness, "jist carry out these few bundles of wheat, and stook 'em up; let's leave things in good shape."

Just as the work was finished they heard the report of another gun, but evidently at a much greater distance than the first.

"It's jist as I kalkerlated," said Holdness;

"there's been three or four Indians prowlin' round to see what shape we was in, and if they couldn't surprise somebody and git their scalp. The scouts, they've killed one, and are follerin' up the rest; most like killed another; there'll be no more trouble for a spell. It's no use for you to go now, boys; they are too fur off. S'pose you go and help Cal git the cows. I'll talk with the neighbors about your scoutin', Harry. There'll be chance enough fur Indian fightin' afore the leaves fall, I'll warrant."

Holdness had turned in the direction of the house, Dave Blanchard carrying his rifle, when Harry, who had lingered a moment, and mounted a stump in order that he might overlook the whole field, and count the stooks of grain, shouted, —

"I see a man comin' through the woods. There's two on 'em."

"It's Mr. Crawford and Mr. M'Clure," cried Cal. "I can tell Mr. M'Clure's coon-skin cap; they ain't hurryin', but walkin' slow, with their rifles on their shoulders."

"Then there's no trouble," said Holdness.

In a few moments the two persons referred to came up, each with a fresh scalp at his belt, and two rifles on his shoulder.

"What is it, Hugh?" said Holdness. "Are there many of 'em round?"

"We reckon there ain't. You see we'd got down close to the brook when we heerd the dry sticks cracking, and hid ourselves; in a few minutes a lone deer come on the clean jump, and was out of sight across the river in a minute. Says I to Mr. M'Clure, 'Something's started that critter more'n common to set him agoing at that rate.' Says he, 'Perhaps it's wolves.' 'Yes,' I says, 'perhaps 'tis, and perhaps 'tisn't; perhaps it's Indians.'"

"We was under some windfalls; so we freshened our priming, and kept close. Soon we heerd the cracking of a dry stick, and I put a couple of bullets in my mouth. We didn't hear anything for a long time. All at once I see an Indian walking in the middle of the brook. I couldn't see his body, 'cause there was some alders in the way. But I could see his legs up to his knees 'twixt the alder butts. I made a sign to M'Clure, and let drive where I thought his body ought to be; he gin one screech, and fell dead in the water. I run behind a walnut, and M'Clure to a hemlock close by it, and he kivered me while I loaded."

"Didn't you hear or see any more Indians?" said Holdness.

"We thought we heerd something stirring

in the woods. Arter a minute or two I scalped the Indian, and says, 'What shall we do next?' M'Clure says, 'I'm jealous there's more on 'em, and that's what we heerd, and that they've taken the back track; but they may be hid close by; we'll wait a while; if they are here, they'll be tryin' to flank us, or to carry off this dead dog.'

"Arter a while I said to him, 'I'll take to the brook, and you take to the woods 'longside of it, and perhaps we'll strike their trail.' I follers back the way I see the Indian coming. The water was clear, and I could see, once in the while, where he'd stepped on a stone and turned it over, and sometimes a footprint, till finally I lost the trail; couldn't see a sign of his leaving the water or going in it either. I waited till M'Clure came along; he hadn't found any signs on the bank. There we stood lookin' at one another, and finally sat down on the bank to consider about it."

"What opinion did you come to arter considerin'?"

"That belongs to M'Clure to tell; 'twas his judgment that straightened it out, for I was clean puzzled."

M'Clure, thus appealed to, said, —

"You see, neighbor Holdness, I was as much up a stump as Hugh; but while I was sittin', lookin' round and chewin' a bullet for sheer vexation, and thinkin' whether an Indian hadn't wings like a flyin' squirrel, I observed a flat stone a leetle above water, at the side of the bank, and close to it a big oak, and three of the oak's limbs ran across the brook, one of 'em right over the stone. I gits up and looks back into the woods. Next to the oak was a smaller oak, and next to that a whole clump of scrubby beeches. Something came to me in a moment.

"'What are you lookin' at?' says Hugh.

"Jist boost me up so I kin git hold of that limb and git into this oak."

"'You goin' to roost?'

"'Never you mind; jist give me a boost.'

"Arter I got along the limb to the body of the tree, I says, —

"'Hugh, what do you s'pose was the reason that Indian you killed hadn't any gun?'

"'Don't know; perhaps he couldn't git one.'

"'That Indian come through this tree, and couldn't carry a gun.'

"'Come through that tree?'

"'Yes; I see where the handle of his knife or tomahawk rubbed the bark when he dropped on to that blue stone; another place where he rubbed the moss off the limb with his foot; and right in the crotch of the limb

where some of the grease and the deer-skin was scraped off his leggins.'

"'I seed some deer tracks,' he said, 'bout a rod down the beech, right on the edge of the water; that deer was drinkin', and the Indian started him.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'he heerd the Indian in the tree, thought 'twas a catamount. That's what made him jump.'

"Hugh follered along through the beeches, and says, —

"'I've struck the trail, and here's his gun a settin' agin the tree where he got up.'

"'Well, let alone; them Indians didn't know how many of us there was, and so they run; but they'll be back to look arter this dead one, and git the gun.'

"We follered the trail behind a big rock, and found where they had made a fire; and there was four roasting-sticks stuck in the ground; and then we knew there was three left. Hugh got behind a log. I cut up some bushes and stuck in the ground for a kiver. 'Twan't long fore we heerd the dry leaves rustle, and see three Indians coming one right arter t'other; and jist as they got in range, the leadin' man gits down on his knees to look to the trail. When he was all in a heap I pulled and killed him dead. Hugh's rifle missed, else we'd a had another scalp."

"What did the Indians do?"

"They made tracks. Hugh wanted to foller 'em, but 'twas gettin' late; we heerd the alarm gun, and didn't know how things was at home."

"Holt fired the alarm, 'cause he heerd you fire."

"Ay," said Crawford, "but we didn't know whether 'twas that or some other gang of Indians had made a breach on the settlement, and we might be wanted at home. I s'pose our folks are all in the garrison by this time."

"Yes, and mine and M'Clure's."

The two scouts now made their way to the garrison, while Harry and the others concluded to pass the night with Holdness; but before they separated, the latter, who had noticed the longing looks that Harry directed to the weapons taken from the Indians, made known the design of the boys and their lack of weapons, to the intense delight of Harry and Cal.

"I think well of it," said M'Clure. "Our range is altogether too large; the Indians kin come in one side whilst we are on the other; there ain't enough of us. I would much rather have these boys than the soldiers they put in the forts and send out to scout. Cal, Harry, and the rest you've mentioned, one of 'em's

worth two soldiers, for the very reason they are lookin' out for their fathers and mothers, while the soldiers ain't."

"I don't see any prospect of the governor's doin' anything for us; they'll build forts way to the east of us, and if we choose to stick here we've got to take care of ourselves. If you're willing Cal should go, I'll let my Andrew go, and give him the rifle I took from the Indian I shot, knife, tomahawk, powder, and bullet-pouch."

"I," said Crawford, taking the rifle from his shoulder and the tomahawk from his belt, and handing them to Harry, "will lend these ere to your Elick, and I'll give him the ammunition and the scalping-knife."

In the mean time those who had taken refuge in the garrison passed a most uncomfortable night, as the fortress was not prepared for occupancy. There were as yet no partitions in the block-houses, no beds to sleep on; they had only what scanty provisions and few cooking utensils they caught up and carried in their hands when the alarm was given; and had the Indians attacked in force, they would have been compelled to surrender or starve.

It may be supposed that after this alarm the settlers went into garrison; but it was not so. Living in the garrison was the last resort. They still clung to their homes. The crops were not harvested; the cattle must also feed in the pastures. In consequence of this alarm, however, provisions were placed in the block-houses, and ammunition, wood for cooking cut and hauled within the stockade, and the greatest vigilance was exercised.

CHAPTER XIV.

BOYS IN AMBUSH.

By seven of the clock the next morning the smoke was again rising from the chimneys of the inhabitants, and men were employed as usual, it being supposed by most that the severe lesson the savages had received at this their first attempt, and a knowledge of the preparations made for a desperate defence, would render them more cautious in future, and for a while, at least, prevent any further violence.

Such, however, was not the opinion of those more conversant with Indian character: they were but too well assured that the death of the Indians slain by the scouts would not long remain unavenged.

When, on the morning succeeding the alarm, Mrs. Holdness and her daughters reached home, they found a numerous household —

Harry Sumerford, the Blanchards, and Ned Armstrong. But the cows were milked, the milk strained, and the table set, while Cal and Harry were cooking breakfast.

After the meal was despatched, Harry proposed that they should go and see the dead Indian, averring that he could find the place — "go straight to it."

"Agreed," said Dave Blanchard; "but let's go and get Andrew M'Clure."

"And our Elick; and carry him the rifle, and tomahawk, and ammunition what Mr. Crawford has gin him," said Harry.

The seven boys set off together, feeling themselves equal to any odds, especially Elick Sumerford and Andrew M'Clure, who bore the weapons so recently wielded by the slain Indians, and all of them, excepting the Blanchards, having, in addition to rifles, tomahawks and knives at their belts.

"If we are goin' inter the woods," said Harry, with great gravity, "don't let's go stragglin' along as if we didn't know nothin'. Let's march in Indian file."

"And have a captain: Harry for captain," said Armstrong.

This proposition met with universal assent.

"Step in each other's tracks," said Harry, assuming the tone of command; "and if you go through any tall grass, don't spring it any more'n you kin help."

"What do Indians go that way for, and why mustn't we spring the grass, Harry?" inquired Jim Blanchard.

"So not to leave so broad a trail; and if they step in one t'other's tracks, you can't tell whether there's five or fifty; and if, when you go in the grass, you don't scuff along, but step light, and take your feet right up and put 'em straight down, the grass'll come back same as 'twas afore you trod on it, in a little time."

Harry, who had swallowed every word uttered by M'Clure and Crawford during the conversation with Holdness, in which they described the locality, led his party to a large walnut, across whose roots lay the body of an Indian. It was a hideous and revolting spectacle. The shoulders being held up by one of the large roots of the tree, the head had fallen back, leaving the stern features and glaring eyes upturned to the sky, the pallor of death adding to the terrors of the war paint, that covered not only the face but the whole front of the body to the breech-clout, and the head, from which the scalp had been torn, black with clotted blood.

Coming suddenly around a thick clump of bushes upon this fearful and unaccustomed

sight, the boys clustered together, and gazed upon the grim features at a respectful distance and in silence, experiencing that feeling of awe, verging upon apprehension, the sight of a corpse is wont to produce upon all whose sensibilities have not become indurated by habit. This sentiment, however, was of very brief continuance: the prejudices and antipathies that had grown up with them began to resume their sway. Harry was the first to recover from the momentary impression.

"I know that Injun," he said; "I've seen him afore ter day. That's old Molly Walle-quashena's husband. He and a lot more of Delawares camped three or four summers down by the branch; and 'twas old Molly that colored them ere gay hunting-shirts for Mr. Honeywood and George Holdness; and he used ter come ter our house ter grind his hatchet and knife; and now they knew just where ter come ter kill us, and bring the t'others. Take that, you old viper." He bestowed a hearty kick upon the lifeless body. "You wanted ter kill me and Elick, Knuck, Sammy, and my mother, and the little baby; and like enough you killed my father. But you got killed and sculped yourself — you did."

"You better not come to Wolf Run a murderin'; if you do you'll *git* it," shouted Ned Armstrong; and falling upon the corpse of the Indian, he hacked the face and head with his tomahawk till there was no resemblance of humanity left.

These boys were not naturally more cruel or revengeful than others. They were merely reducing to practice the lessons they had been taught around the fireside — that an Indian had no more soul than a rattlesnake, and should be treated in the same way.

"Now, boys," said Harry, "you know Mr. M'Clure told how there was four Injuns; that they stopped above here by a great rock, and this one come on a scout, ter spy and find where was a good chance to kill some of us, and that he clim a tree, and went ever so fur from one tree ter t'other on the limbs, like a squirrel, till he run out on the limb of a tree that hung over the brook, and dropped ont'er a blue stone, and come down the brook. What say for follerin' the trail? 'Twill practise us in lookin' up Indian signs."

"Agreed!" was the response.

Wading along the brook, they came to the blue stone, and clambered into the oak, and passed from limb to limb, as the Indian had done before them.

Our readers will perceive that to these boys,

burning with the desire to qualify themselves to protect their parents, brothers and sisters, and friends against Indian stratagems, this was an intensely interesting work. Harry pointed out to his mates all those minute signs that had enabled M'Clure to recover the trail after it was lost.

They now followed the trail of the scouts to their places of concealment, and from thence to the remains of the Indian killed by M'Clure, but contented themselves with looking at the body. This experiment, however, served to convince the boys that Harry possessed gifts for tracking that did not pertain to them; that those long periods spent in the woods, which had rendered him obnoxious to some, were now to bear golden fruit.

A week having passed without any occurrence to excite alarm, the settlers began to breathe more freely. The Sumerfords were busily occupied in reaping their wheat: a portion of it had been reaped, and lay on the stubble, and they hoped to finish the piece in another day.

This piece of grain lay not far from the house, that stood on descending ground, near a fine spring. A lane, bounded on both sides by a brush fence, led from the barn-yard to a pasture but partially cleared. On the side of the lane next the field was a pair of bars, through which hay or grain might be hauled to the barn. That portion of the grain still left uncut occupied the angle made by the fences of the pasture and one side of this lane.

Anxious to finish reaping that day, the Sumerfords were early in the field. On the height of land, some distance above the grain, was a tall stump. Around this the boys set their guns, and, as the scouts had of late discovered no Indian sign, felt it not necessary to keep watch, but flung off their garments and took the sickles, little dreaming that from his covert among the thick branches of a hemlock an Indian had counted their number, marked the spot where they placed their weapons, and was then descending from his perch to inform his companions, — who were secreted in some bushes near the bottom of the lane, — that, when the boys were well engaged in their labor, they might surprise and murder them.

As Harry approached the grain to strike in, he noticed the singular behavior of the cattle. They had gone down the lane into the pasture, but instead of feeding as usual, would crop a little grass, then sniff the air, and look towards some bushes that grew at the edge of the woods near the bottom of the lane. The two mules likewise seemed more uneasy and dis-

turbed than even the cattle. This was plain language to Harry Sumerford. Beckoning the boys to come near, he said in a whisper, —

"There's Injuns somewhere 'bout the bottom of this piece of grain, and the cattle smell 'em. Knuck, do you and Sam run ter the house, and tell mother ter take the baby and run fur the garrison as fast as she kin, and not ter stop to take a thing. They'll have ter kill us afore they kin her or the baby."

Sam made the best of his way to the house. Not thus, however, with Enoch, who was fifteen years of age.

"Let me stay with you and Elick, Harry. I've got a gun, and kin shoot—you know I kin. Do let me stay, Harry."

"You'll be so frightened you can't shoot, and the Injuns will kill you."

"No, I won't be a grain afraid."

Harry looked into his brother's face: it was pale, and the tears stood in his eyes; but he saw no signs of fear, and said, —

"Well."

Concealed by the grain and the brush fence from the observation of their foes, Harry crept to the stump and obtained the guns. In the mean time, by his direction, the boys had bound up three sheaves of wheat, put on them their upper garments and caps, and set them in the edge of the standing grain. At a distance, they might very well have been mistaken for persons.

The land on which this wheat stood had been ploughed the year before for the first time, and planted with corn. Many of the roots and small stumps torn out by the plough had been piled against a large boulder, and when, in the fall, the piece was again ploughed to sow wheat, a great many of the corn roots had been flung on it. Behind this excellent cover the boys hid, and making passages through the roots to admit their guns, lay down to watch and wait the result, with hearts that beat quick, if not with fear, at least with anxiety and suspense.

From their concealment the Sumerfords could command, within short rifle-range, the approaches to the dressed-up sheaves from either direction. Harry knew, from the motions of the cattle, that the Indians were either behind the brush fence in the lane, or in the bushes at the end of the grain piece. But he was at a loss to divine whether they would move along, under cover of the brush fence, in the lane, and rush suddenly upon him through the bars, or creep among the grain till within gunshot. He was likewise entirely

ignorant in regard to their numbers. There might be two, there might also be twenty.

Harry had acted in the first place from the promptings of his reckless nature, the desire to protect the retreat of his mother and the children, and the self-reliance begotten of his skill with the rifle. Added to these motives was hatred of the Indians in which he had been trained, and a burning ambition to distinguish himself in the eyes of Mr. Honeywood and his mates; above all, to retrieve his reputation, that had been somewhat injured, by his wandering habits, in the estimation of the older portion of the community.

In his present position, Harry might well doubt whether a flight to the garrison, or the nearest neighbors, while there was opportunity, would not have been the wisest course. But the die was cast. He knew the Indians must be near at hand; and to leave his cover now would be to expose himself and brothers to certain death.

"We've just got ter face the music," said the resolute backwoods boy to himself. "We kin kill two of 'em, sartain, if not three. Ter be sure, it's rather fur for a smooth-bore; but the little gun's a smart one. I've hearn father say, and I've hearn Mr. Holdness say, that the Injuns don't like to lose men; and if you killed one or two of 'em, they'd mostways haul off and give back, fur a spell, at least; and by this time mother's got to Mr. Grant's, or Armstrong's; and she'll send 'em along ter take part with us."

Harry had stationed Elick at the lower end of the cover, to watch the sheaves, while he kept his eye upon the field-bars, having Enoch beside him. At length he saw an Indian look through the bars, and draw back. After a while, he rose up behind the brush fence, and gazed long and earnestly in every direction. Then, crawling beneath the lower bar, he made his way by creeping on his hands and knees, and was followed by four others. Harry saw with surprise that they were armed only with knives and tomahawks.

"I see how 'tis. They kalkerlate ter creep up, see where we've put our guns, git 'twixt them an' us, and tomahawk us; and they've left their guns in the woods, 'cause they don't want to fire—fear they'll be hearn, and the scouts'll be arter 'em. — Boys," whispered Harry, "when you see me put my rifle to my face, do the same, and pull when I pull. Elick, you take that tall Injun forrard, with the red breech-cloth. — Enoch, you take that one with so much black paint on him; and I'll shoot the hind one."

"We can't kill 'em all," said Enoch.

"We kin kill or cripple three on 'em; then there won't be but two left. There's three of us; and they've only got tomahawks, and so have we. Besides, mother's told the neighbors by this time, and some of 'em'll be along. But if you're smart, we'll kill 'em afore they git here. Only think what Ned, and Cal, and Ander — yes, and Mr. Honeywood, and Holdness, and everybody — would say if we should kill *five Injuns*! There's nothin' ter hinder: a man's a big mark. Don't git flustered. Shoot jist as though you was shootin' at a coon."

CHAPTER XV.

TO FALTER IS TO PERISH.

MEANWHILE the Indians crept along stealthily as the panther upon his prey, taking advantage of every stump and the inequalities of the ground for concealment. They had now reached a point where any farther progress must carry them more out of range of the guns of the Sumerfords, when the alarm-gun from the garrison sent its summons through the valley. The Indians sprang to their feet. Harry put his rifle to his face, and the three reports well nigh mingled.

The savage who brought up the rear, leaping forward with a yell of agony, fell headlong. The leader, brought to his knees, struggled to gain his feet, but fell to the ground desperately wounded, while the remaining three, supposing they were attacked by a large force, fled, one of them with a broken arm and wounded in the leg. The bullet and buckshot with which the smooth-bore was loaded had gone wild, and were less effective at so great a distance.

The Indians endeavored to carry off their wounded comrade, but finding themselves pursued by the Sumerfords, who, having reloaded, were now approaching, were forced to leave him at the pasture fence, and seek the shelter of the woods.

Abandoned by his companions, the wounded savage made desperate efforts to climb the fence, though his left arm hung powerless at his side, and he had received a buck-shot in his right knee, but unable to accomplish it, set his back to the logs, and tomahawk in hand, faced his foes. He was shot by Enoch, who claimed the right to fire, as he had wounded him in the first place.

They now hurried to despatch the Indian at whom Elick had fired; but upon arriving at the place, he was missing, and following the trail by the blood, they found him concealed

in a pond-hole, among cat-tail flags, and too much exhausted to make any show of resistance, was tomahawked and scalped by Elick; Harry in the mean while stripping the scalp from the head of the Indian who had fallen by his own rifle.

Relieved from the pressure of imminent peril, elated with their success, and the glory trophies at their belts, the Sumerfords scarcely knew how to express the emotions that throbbed in their bosoms. Enoch was the first to give tongue and express the general feeling.

"What will mother say? I s'pose she thinks we are all killed by this time; you know she wanted us ter go ter the garrison a week ago, and said, now father was gone, she spected the Injuns would kill us all, we was so fur off the fort. Did I do well, Harry?"

"Yes, you did fust rate, steady as an old hunter; you'd a killed that Injun if he'd been a little nigher; 'twas a long shot for a smooth-bore, and buck-shot allers go wild."

"Why don't you sculp your man, Knuck?" cried Harry to Enoch. "You've killed him; why don't you sculp him and hang it ter your belt?"

"Don't know how."

"I'll show you."

"I don't want ter."

The kindly nature of the lad, not as yet hardened by witnessing scenes of blood, revolted at the savage act; and the knowledge that he had shed blood distressed him. Harry laughed at his scruples, and unable to prevail upon him to scalp the Indian, did it himself. Enoch, however, seemed proud to take it from the hand of Harry and hang it at his belt.

"Didn't I tumble that ere Injun over the neatest?" said Elick. "He tried all he knowed how ter git up, but he couldn't. I tell you this ere rifle what Mr. Crawford lent me is a right good barrel."

"Shan't I belong to your scouts, Harry?" said Enoch. "I've taken a sculp, and that's more'n Ned Armstrong, Con Stiefel, Cal Holdness, or any boy in the whole Run's done, and they're all going ter belong; and I should think I might, if I ain't quite so big; I've done more'n any of 'em have. Mr. Seth Blanchard's got a rifle, but he can't shoot, and perhaps he'd lend it ter me. Say, Harry, shan't I?"

"Perhaps so; see what mother says; there must be somebody ter home. Come, we must be off; there may be more Injuns close by."

The boys hastily collected the spoils taken from the slain most precious to them, especial-



BOYS IN AMBUSH. Page 280.

ly the tomahawks; and putting the sickles over their shoulders, started up the rising ground in the direction of the house.

They had gone but a short distance when they encountered Honeywood, rifle in hand, running at full speed; and some distance behind him were Stewart, Grant, Woodbridge, Cal Holdness, Ned Armstrong, and M'Clure.

"God be praised," cried Honeywood (wiping the drops of sweat from his face and drawing a long breath), "I find you alive; your mother and Sammy came screaming along the road, and said the Indians were killing you. I happened to be at Armstrong's."

The rest now came up and crowded around the boys.

"Where did you git them scalps?" said M'Clure.

"Took 'em off the heads of them what owned 'em," replied Harry, proudly; and then he gave briefly the chief incidents of the fray. The boys Ned and Cal could hardly find words to express their admiration.

"I wouldn't have believed it," said M'Clure; "you've done wonderful, all of you; 'specially you, Harry; you've outwitted the Indians at their own game; troth, I wouldn't have

thought 'twas in you; you've shown the judgment and pluck of an old ranger."

"I have been berated and scorned enough; a kind word'll do me no injury," replied Harry.

"If ye hae been miscaed in the past, lad," said Stewart, "dinna take it to hert, seeing it's like to be weel amended in the future; sae let by-ganes be by-ganes; for ye'll allow yer-sel ye've given some sma' occasion."

The whole party, with the exception of Honeywood and the Sumerfords, now started on the trail of the Indians.

"If we kin do no more," said M'Clure, "we'll give 'em a race and a scare that will make 'em shy of venturing agin; so far it's been a losing game to 'em; they've lost five scalps and got none."

"Perhaps," said Cal Holdness, "we may find the guns that belonged to the Indians they killed."

Cal probably had an eye to the arming of the contemplated company—a matter that burned in his very marrow. The Sumerfords would have gone with the rest, but felt anxious to see their mother, dispel her fears, and escort her back to the house, and bury the body of the Indian shot by Harry. As to the

others, being at a greater distance, they were left to be devoured by wolves and ravens.

"Harry," said Honeywood, laying his hand on the shoulder of his protégé, "you're a noble boy, and have to-day justified the good opinion I always had of you; but I am sorry (pointing to the scalp hanging at his belt) that you thought it needful to give such a proof of your courage."

It was no small gratification to Harry that he had been able to extort praise from M'Clure; but one word of commendation from the lips of Honeywood outweighed, with him, the plaudits of the whole glen. The color came to his cheek as he replied, —

"Then you don't like my taking the *scalp*, Mr. Honeywood?"

"You heard what I said the day we held the meeting at M'Clure's. I shall never change the opinion I gave then."

"My father allers took scalps; and so does M'Clure, Crawford, Woodbridge, and all the neighbors; and the governor sometimes gives a bounty for 'em, same as he does for killin' a wolf or a catamount."

"Yes, and they'll go and kill and scalp Indians, women and children, for the sake of the bounty."

"The women breeds the children, and the children grow inter men; and if it's right ter kill a bitch wolf and pups same as the dog wolf, then it stands ter reason it's right ter kill and scalp the Injuns, he and she, big and little; it's just what they do. The Injuns took my uncle Henry, — what I was called for, — tied him ter a stake and killed him by inches; danced, and sung, and spit out their spite on him; and if I hadn't shot that Injun he'd a killed my mother, and Sammy, and the baby. I say, pay 'em back."

"Indians ain't wolves; they have souls, and are made of the same flesh and blood as the rest of us; but they have been brought up in that way; never had anybody to teach 'em better things; and when they see men who call themselves Christians doing the same things and going back to a savage state, it makes them think their way is the best. I can't bear to see a boy that I love and want to make something of, and who is capable of better things, evening himself to a savage. I would go one step farther, Harry; eat some of the flesh and drink the blood of the next one you kill, and then you'll be Indian all over."

Harry stood a few moments silent and irresolute. Honeywood watched his face, the expression of which reflected the struggle

within, while the two younger boys stood leaning on their guns, evidently very much amazed to hear that it was not a most praiseworthy action to scalp an Indian.

Slowly untying the two strands of hair that bound the gory trophy to his belt, Harry flung it from him into the grass, receiving, as he did so, a look of approbation from his friend that amply repaid him for the sacrifice.

"Shall we throw ours away, Harry?" said Elick.

"Yes."

The boys did so, and the party took their way to the garrison. Mrs. Sumerford, who had given up her boys for lost, wept and laughed by turns as she embraced them, and was soon on her way home.

The party that went in pursuit of the Indians returned about dusk, after following the trail for some distance, as they were without provision and could not camp on the trail and continue the pursuit the next day. Fire-arms were very highly prized among the frontier settlers, and it was with the greatest difficulty they obtained money with which to purchase them; two or three spare guns in a house or block-house, that the women could load, thus enabling the men to keep up a continuous fire, had often been the means of repulsing the enemy.

Possessed with the notion that the Indians killed by the Sumerfords had hid their rifles near at hand before entering the field, and that a flying party would never encumber themselves with two rifles each, M'Clure and those with him had spent a long time in searching in the vicinity of the field, and thus the Indians were enabled to get too much the start of their pursuers to be overtaken before night.

Nothing short of having the whole party stop to supper on their return would content Mrs. Sumerford, when the disposition the boys had made of their scalps leaked out by means of Enoch, and excited considerable comment.

"Honeywood," said M'Clure, "is a good man and a brave man, and I love him; but 'twas his misfortune to be a great deal among the Quakers when he was a boy, and he's got too many Quaker rags stickin' to him. Jist let the Indians take that baby he thinks so much on and smash its brains out agin a tree, and see how well he'll like 'em then. I hope he won't see the day he'll repent puttin' trust in an Indian. These folks that come over and never had any relations here for the Indians to scalp kin talk."

Before separating, the guests made arrangements to reap and bind up Mrs. Sumerford's wheat the next day, part of them keeping guard while the rest were harvesting. This afforded opportunity for another search after the rifles of the Indians, but it proved unavailing.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BACKWOODS DRILL.

It might be supposed that the startling evidences of Indians lying in ambush, and the narrow escape of Harry and his brothers, showing conclusively that the scouting-parties were entirely inadequate to guard so large a frontier, would have made the settlers anxious to increase the number of scouts, or else go into garrison. It produced, however, the contrary effect. Some flattered themselves they should escape in the future, as they had in the past; others that the Indians, finding it thus far a losing game, would become disheartened, turn their attention to other places, where the risk was less and the booty greater. All, hardened by their recent escape, seemed to act upon the maxim, "A miss is as good as a mile."

The wheat harvest being secured, the boys were more at leisure; and as they were prevented, by their dread, or rather the dread of their parents, in respect to Indian ambush, from fishing and hunting in the streams and the forest, they forthwith began to amuse themselves in other ways.

Holdness had now recovered from the effects of his wound, and having served frequently in the militia, was familiar with the manual. Harry and Cal, therefore, got together the boys, and he drilled them in the manner customary at that day. The discipline of the army was, however, resorted to more for the sake of variety than for any other reason.

The front rank was given to exercises of a very different nature, and which had a more vital connection with the circumstances in which they were placed. A large pine log was fashioned into the resemblance of an Indian painted for war, and set in the ground. Five tomahawks had been taken from the Indians. McClure, Crawford, and others of the settlers had more than one; and thus the boys were nearly all armed.

Holdness, Honeywood, McClure, Crawford, and others, drilled the boys by turns in striking this effigy, with the edge of the tomahawk, in a vital part. If the axe did not remain in the wood, it went for nothing. The prize, two pounds of lead and a pound of powder, was awarded to the boy who flung the weapon

the greatest distance, and buried it in the breast or head of the target. It was observed that those who excelled in shooting were generally the most skilful with the tomahawk: Honeywood of the men, and Harry Sumerford of the boys.

As this was not mere sport, but each participant knew well it might at any moment become a dread reality, the interest was intense, and the boys practised incessantly at home. Their pride was also gratified, and a spirit of emulation excited to the utmost, by having for instructors the veterans of many deadly conflicts.

They were also practised in the use of the bow, as no powder or ball could be spared for rifle-shooting. Holdness and Seth Blanchard made the bows and arrows, and Honeywood put steel heads to a few that were to be used for shooting game, to economize powder and lead.

It was found that while many of the boys were excellent archers, there were only two of the men, Holdness and Honeywood, who could use the bow to any purpose. Unable to procure guns and ammunition, the boys had, by constant practice, learned to make the bow a substitute for the rifle.

Wrestling, a universal practice at that period, was likewise a part of the exercises, and more especially what are called rough-and-tumble contests, in which all rules of fair play are set at naught, and men grapple and obtain the mastery in whatever way they can; also close hugs; these methods being considered more likely to be available in hand-to-hand conflicts, that in Indian fighting were by no means of infrequent occurrence.

Excited by the presence of their parents and elders, the boys carried these contests to such a length that they were bathed in perspiration, and the blood often started from the nose, lips, and gums.

Throwing a knife so as to make the point enter and stick fast in the target was also practised, in which Ned Armstrong carried off the prize, as also running and jumping.

Holdness then proceeded to instruct them in creeping, taking trees, firing, loading in various positions, regretting all the time the scarcity of powder, that necessitated the doing of this latter portion of the exercises in dumb show.

It must be recollected, however, that these boys were no novices in the use of the rifle; and this very scarcity of powder, that always pertained more or less, taught them to strain every nerve to shoot with accuracy.

It would have been very singular if the proceedings of the older boys had passed unnoticed by their juniors. One pleasant morning, directly after breakfast, the three elder Sumerfords shouldered their rifles, and took the well-worn foot-path across lots to meet their mates at the dwelling of Holdness. Scarcely were they out of sight of the house, when Master Sammy, who, seated, in a very disconsolate frame of mind, — occasioned by the departure of the others, — astride a log, enviously regarding the gambols of a kitten pursuing with the greatest enterprise her own tail, apparently without a care, and doubtless wishing himself a kitten, was most agreeably surprised and cheered by seeing Tony Stewart turn the corner of the wood-pile. Tony further announced that his mother said he might stay till after supper.

"What shall we play?" said Sam.

"Zukkers! let's play hoss. I'll be hoss fust."

A long thong of deer-skin was procured, used to fasten loads on the mules' backs. This was fastened to both ends of a short stick, that Tony took in his mouth for a bit, and getting astride a stick, Sammy took the reins. They thus became horse and rider by turns till the sport was worn out.

"Let's build a barn," said Sammy.

Build a barn it was, the building being made of sticks of wood cross-piled, with a flat roof made of bark, the skill of the architects not being equal to the construction of a sharp one. Indeed, that was exhausted in forming the door, which, however, with some aid from Mrs. Sumerford, they accomplished.

"Now, Sam, let's git the hay in. You got a sled?"

"No, we ain't got nothin'. We did have a sled, but a log fell on it, and broke it all ter smash-bang."

"I know what to git. Zukkers! git a snow-shoe."

The snow-shoe was procured, the deer-thong made fast to the hinder end of it, and, resorting to a haystack, they employed themselves in filling the barn. But even this source of amusement was at length exhausted; and Tony, ever fruitful in expedients, proposed to build a garrison. The fortification was begun, and in a good state of forwardness, when all at once Tony exclaimed, —

"I don't think 'tis very good fun ter build garrison. Let's play Injuns, and sculp one t'other."

"O, well; let's!"

"Injuns paint themselves when they go ter fight," said Tony, thoughtfully.

"I know that. I seed the Injuns my brothers killed, and they was painted red and black."

"We could git some smut off the stumps in the burn."

"Yes, and mix it with bear's grease. Harry says that's what the Indians mix it with."

"How could we git any red?"

"I know. We've got some red ochre, what they had ter mark sheeps with; and mother's got a whole calabash full of bear's grease, what she fries doughnuts in."

Sammy cherished grave doubts as to his mother's approval of such proceedings; and the would-be Indians concluded it was best to enjoy their sport first, and ask consent afterwards.

Tony procured smut-coals from the charred stumps on the burn, while Sam succeeded in obtaining the ochre and bear's grease, without exciting the suspicions of his mother; and going behind a haystack, they mixed the paint to their entire satisfaction. Removing their shirts, they soon smeared each other's faces and the upper portion of their bodies with the mixture, red predominating. Sam's breast and ears were red, and there was a red spot under each eye. Tony's forehead, nose, and chin were red, the rest black. Then they made faces at each other, saying, —

"Don't I look savage?"

One of them would now, with a hoe, make believe hoe corn, and the other, creeping up, would strike him on the head with a stick broken across to represent a tomahawk, go through the operation of scalping his victim, and then utter the most piercing yells.

In the midst of their sport, and when it was the turn of Sam to be killed, the baby, improving the opportunity while his mother, with both hands in the churn, was taking out the butter, came creeping over the door-stone in pursuit of the kitten.

"O, Sammy!" cried Tony; "there's your baby. Go git him, and be a woman with a baby, and I'll tomahawk and sculp you, and the baby too."

"He'll squawk."

"'Tis like he will; he ought to squawk when he's sculped, and you too. Zukkers, I guess you'd holler if 'twas earnest."

The next moment Sam had caught the baby, and, bringing the child half way to the haystack, sat down with it in his lap. The operation was so quickly performed that the baby, though terrified, sat staring at the horrid figure with great round eyes, in doubt whether to cry or not, when Tony, creeping up, gave Sam

a smart rap on the crown, who instantly tumbled over, with the little one in his arms.

Then, indeed, there was an uproar, the baby shrieking fearfully, and Sam clamoring in unison and begging for mercy, while Tony, grim and silent, in all the terrors of the war-paint, was flourishing a broken butcher-knife over the heads of both. At this crisis of affairs, Sam received, from the hand of his mother, a box on the ear that caused him to see stars, and changed his pretended to real lamentations; Tony, likewise, a most effective shaking.

"Poor little blessed baby! — You good-for-nothing brats! — Was he frightened almost to death of them awful-looking critters? There, there, there; don't cry, dear. They shan't hurt him — no, they shan't. — Sam Sumerford, do you come right into the house this instant, or I'll take a stick to you. — And you, too, Tony, and let me clean you both."

"We was only playin' Injuns, marm," put in Sam.

"Injuns! I'll Injun you! Couldn't you find anything else to play, without daubing yourselves all up so, and trying to look like them awful, *awful* critters? If you *play* Injuns, you may expect they'll come in *earnest*, and kill us all, as they liked to the other day."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN INVITATION.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

COME, Spring, and waken all your silver voices,

Dissolve the rivulets, that fain would run
Through woods, where every naked bough
rejoices

To feel the quickening finger of the sun.

Come, with your footprints, ever green and tender,

Along the hill-sides and the meadow lands;
Come, with your daisies' starry splendor,
With crocuses and violets in your hands.

Come, with your happy west wind blowing,
With the enchantment that it weaves;
Set all the life-blood of the trees a-flowing,
Until they crown you with their leaves.

Come, with the chorus of your building thrushes,

Whose score anemones and lilacs write;
Come, with the Mayflower's hidden blushes,
And put the frosts and storms to flight!

THE RETREAT FROM CONCORD.

[WITH A FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATION.]

BUSY times they were having in and about Boston a hundred years ago this very month of April.

The trouble between the American colonies and the mother country had indeed commenced long before; there had been the Stamp Act excitement in 1765, the Boston Massacre in 1770, the Boston Tea Party in 1773, and the Boston Port Act in 1774. In this last year, too, General Gage had arrived in Boston with a strong military force, the Continental Congress had met in Philadelphia, and there had been a Provincial Congress in Massachusetts.

In January, 1775, the English Parliament had declared Massachusetts in rebellion. In February the second Provincial Congress of Massachusetts assembled, and appointed a Committee of Safety, who were to take possession of the warlike stores of the province, and muster as many men as they thought necessary. General officers were now appointed for the colonial forces, and all was busy preparation for war.

In the same month of February two or three hundred British soldiers went to Salem to hunt for military stores. Finding none there, they marched to Danvers, where such stores had been kept; but the provincials were too quick for them, and they failed of their object.

About the middle of April, General Gage prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's military stores at Concord. This had been expected by the provincials, and men were on the lookout to announce the first movement of troops.

On the 18th of April, about a dozen sergeants of the British army, in disguise, dispersed themselves through Cambridge, to prevent any movement of General Gage's troops from being reported through the country; and on the following night some eight hundred of the "red-coats" crossed over to East Cambridge, and took the road to Concord. But secret as were their preparations, their plans had been discovered, and Dr. Warren sent Paul Revere across Charles River to spread the alarm. There a man lent him a horse, and he galloped away to tell the people along the road that the regulars were coming. Soon the news spread from house to house through all the country round; and the minute-men loaded their guns and set out for Lexington, then a little town of some seven hundred inhabitants.

By two o'clock in the morning of the 19th, Lexington Common was alive with minute-men, under the command of Captain Parker. As the last stars disappeared, the foremost of the regulars came in sight, led by Major Pitcairn. Alarm guns were now fired, and drums beat, to call the villagers to arms. The British halted to load, and wait for the rest of their party to come up, and then came on at double-quick time. Pitcairn rode forward, and cried out, "Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse! Why don't you lay down your arms?" and then ordered his men to fire. There was one discharge of musketry on the British side, and then Parker ordered his men to disperse. Seven men of Lexington were killed, and nine wounded. The regulars now fired a volley, gave three cheers, and continued their march towards Concord.

But when they arrived at Concord, the military stores had nearly all been hidden away. By this time, too, several hundred provincials had come together there. Major Buttrick took about three hundred of these, and marched to what is called North Bridge, where some regulars were stationed. When they came near the bridge, the regulars fired, and Captain Davis, of Acton, fell. Then Major Buttrick cried out to his men, "Fire, fellow soldiers, for God's sake fire;" and now two of the British fell, and several were wounded. In two minutes all was quiet, and this was the Battle of Concord.

About noon the British commenced their retreat, and the minute-men and militia began to place themselves in ambush along the road. The alarm had been given far and wide; re-enforcements kept coming in from all quarters, and soon the chase of the British began in earnest. The Americans were good marksmen. They would lie down, concealed, to load their guns in one place, and would discharge them in another, running from front to flank, and from flank to rear. It seemed, as one British officer wrote afterwards, as if men had dropped from the clouds.

At first the regulars moved forward in good order; but soon they began to run, and "were driven before the Americans like sheep."

At last, about two o'clock, when their ammunition had nearly given out, Lord Percy came in sight, with about twelve hundred men and two field-pieces. He formed his troops into a square, and enclosed the fugitives, who were so nearly exhausted that they lay down on the ground to rest, "their tongues hanging out of their mouths, like those of dogs after a chase."

Even with this re-enforcement of twelve hundred men, the British were not yet out of danger. Their retreat became more regular; but the Americans did not give up the pursuit till their enemies were under the guns of British men-of-war.

The Americans lost that day forty-nine killed, thirty-four wounded, and five missing; the British loss in killed, wounded, and missing was two hundred and seventy-three.

The liberty of the American continent may well date from April 19, 1775.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.

BY JENNIE JOY.

BLONDE and brunette: I see them yet, —
Little heads bobbing, golden and jet, —
In the tall grass; each smiling lass
Spreading out arms 'cross the walk I must pass.

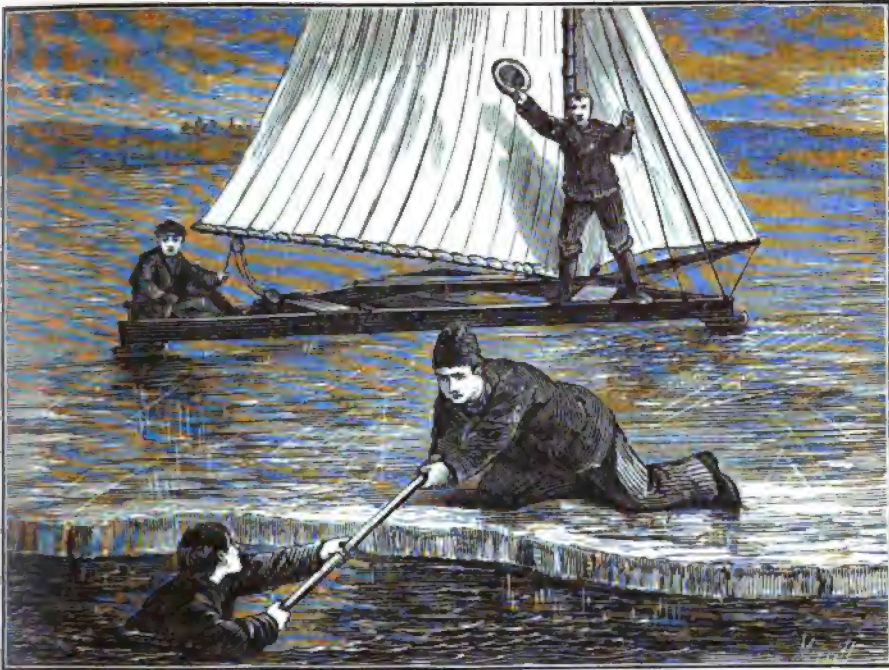
Toll-gate is this: sly little miss
Takes the sweet toll-money — old uncle's kiss.
See how it slips 'twixt the red lips,
Tingeing the blood to the soft finger-tips.

Never can fill full the small till,
With the sweet toll-money, try as I will:
Room yet I see for kisses three,
'Twixt the two lids, parted ready for me.

Now I must go. "Catch me?" O, no!
Uncle's too clumsy for such sport, you know.
"Pig-a-back ride!" Now run and hide,
Else I shall never reach dear papa's side.

Blonde and brunette, I see them yet, —
Little heads bobbing, golden and jet, —
In the sweet grass; each merry lass
Spreading her arms 'cross the walk I must pass.

— For a long time before the Portuguese sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, the Venetians had kept the spice trade all in their own hands. But when the Portuguese had reached India by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, this spice trade fell into their hands. The Venetians, however, did not give up their monopoly without another effort: they made a proposition to the court of Lisbon to purchase of them all the spices imported, over and above what the Portuguese should consume. But the offer was declined, and the Venetian republic never recovered from the blow.



ICE-BOATING.

BY WILLIAM P. DUNCAN.

ICE-BOAT sailing is very exhilarating and healthful, yet possesses the elements of danger, which may add to its attractions for some minds; for boys are brave even to the verge of recklessness, and many hair-breadth escapes there are, the narration of which would seem stranger than fiction. The writer well remembers many years ago the thrilling sensation experienced in his first ride over the ice on a lake in a western town. Our boat—shaped like a flat-iron, with the rudder at the point, a short runner under each corner, rigged with mast, mainsail, and jib—and the boat in motion, like a flat-iron going backwards—but such going! such motion! The lake was about two miles across, the wind fair, our steersman a lad of nerve and spirit, used to a boat. Our ride was simply delightful, but all too short; for when we started we looked up, and then about and up again, and lo! we had reached the opposite shore. Distance was annihilated, steam-travel eclipsed, crowded, unhealthy cars forgotten. We turned about and fairly revelled in our coursings up and down our icy way. That ride passed safely enough, but our final landing was effected rather abruptly, by reason of the rudder

becoming somewhat unmanageable, and we bunted the wharf in a way that more than suggested a wreck, and sent our crew rolling upon the ice very promiscuously—but no bones of ours were broken, though the front of the boat was crushed in.

A few days after, having repaired damages, we went on another excursion. It was near the middle of spring; the ice looked sound enough, though a little honeycombed in spots; and teams were yet crossing to the mills on the other side. The lake formed the mouth (rather a wide one) of a river that flowed into Lake Michigan, some three miles away. We could see its blue waters in the distance, but as our boat was not fitted for sailing there, we kept away from it. A high wind had been blowing for many hours inland from the "big lake," and some of our friends had cautioned us to look out for "breaking-up time"—and one more timid than the rest had even advised us not to venture far from shore; but, nothing daunted, we embarked, and by a succession of tacks crossed and re-crossed the lake several times. The surface of the ice was dotted with many sails that seemed all like swift, strong-winged, white birds flying to and fro; and our hearty "Ship ahoy!" was scarcely heard, if we chanced to meet, so quickly did we pass.

There was a mill way down the lake, and

one of our number had an attraction in that vicinity; at any rate, he proposed taking a run that way, and, boy-like, we all consented, notwithstanding the caution we had received. We arrived safely, and found very agreeable company at the mill boarding-house, and the proprietor strongly pressed us to stay that night, for a "party" was contemplated in the evening; and if any of my readers know what a western "party" is, it will be acknowledged a strong temptation was put in our way. Yet to some of us it did seem that we ought to be returning. We could hear the roar of the "big lake," but the ice we had traversed looked firm and secure, and we yielded. The next morning, it was plain to see that the ice had undergone a change. It had rained a little during the night, and large patches of the surface were covered with shallow pools of water. There was a dark, treacherous appearance to the ice, and one of our number decided not to return with us, but go down to the mouth of the river and cross in a ferry-boat. The rest of us were determined to return as we came, although our kind host urged us to follow the example of our cautious comrade.

Bidding our friends good by, we started homeward; the wind was strong, still blowing inland, and our steel runners fairly hummed over the ice, as we flew on the wings of the wind. We would dash through the surface water, throwing it all about us, if by any means we fell off our course. All went well for a time, and we were congratulating ourselves on our probable safe return, when suddenly, as we were bowling along at our topmost speed, we spied just ahead of us a wide seam in the ice, and the blue water of the lake tossing and chafing either side of it.

"Put about!" "Put about!" "Put about!" was shouted by us all.

Our steersman, with wonderful speed, did "put about," and our vessel obeyed the helm, but with such terrible swiftness that one of our number was hurled with frightful velocity into the very chasm we were seeking to avoid.

It was a fearful moment; the catastrophe broke upon us so suddenly, that we were ill prepared for it. But, as I said before, our steersman was a lad of nerve and spirit, and putting the craft in charge of one of our number, he seized a pole which we carried, and ran quickly to the very edge of the chasm, plunged it in, peering anxiously in all directions; but no boy was there. The thought was agonizing that the current might have carried our luckless comrade under the ice; but suddenly he

rose to the surface just beside us, and quickly clutched the pole, as only one drowning can, and we drew him safely out — more dead than alive. Our shouts of rejoicing rang out over the lake, and, as we afterwards learned, were heard miles away. Vigorous rubbing soon restored our half-drowned sailor, — who was really going down for the third time as we rescued him, and our spirits revived, — for youth is seldom long cast down, — and our pleasure at saving his life warmed our bodies as well as our hearts. We started again along the edge of the chasm, dragging our boat till we reached the point, and, rounding it, came up the other side, embarked, and once more sped on our way.

"Do you see that?" shouted one of our crew. We looked astern, and ever and anon we could see great cakes of ice turn up on end, and sink again in the wake of our runners. Some of us turned pale, I fear, but we were none the less brave for it. Thanks to a kind Providence, we skimmed the watery waste in safety, and on reaching our home landing, found the wharf lined with anxious friends, who received us with loud acclamations of delight and welcome. That ended our ice-boating for the season, for as we looked out the next morning, we saw the ice moving majestically out to the "big lake," and in a few hours it was all an open sea.

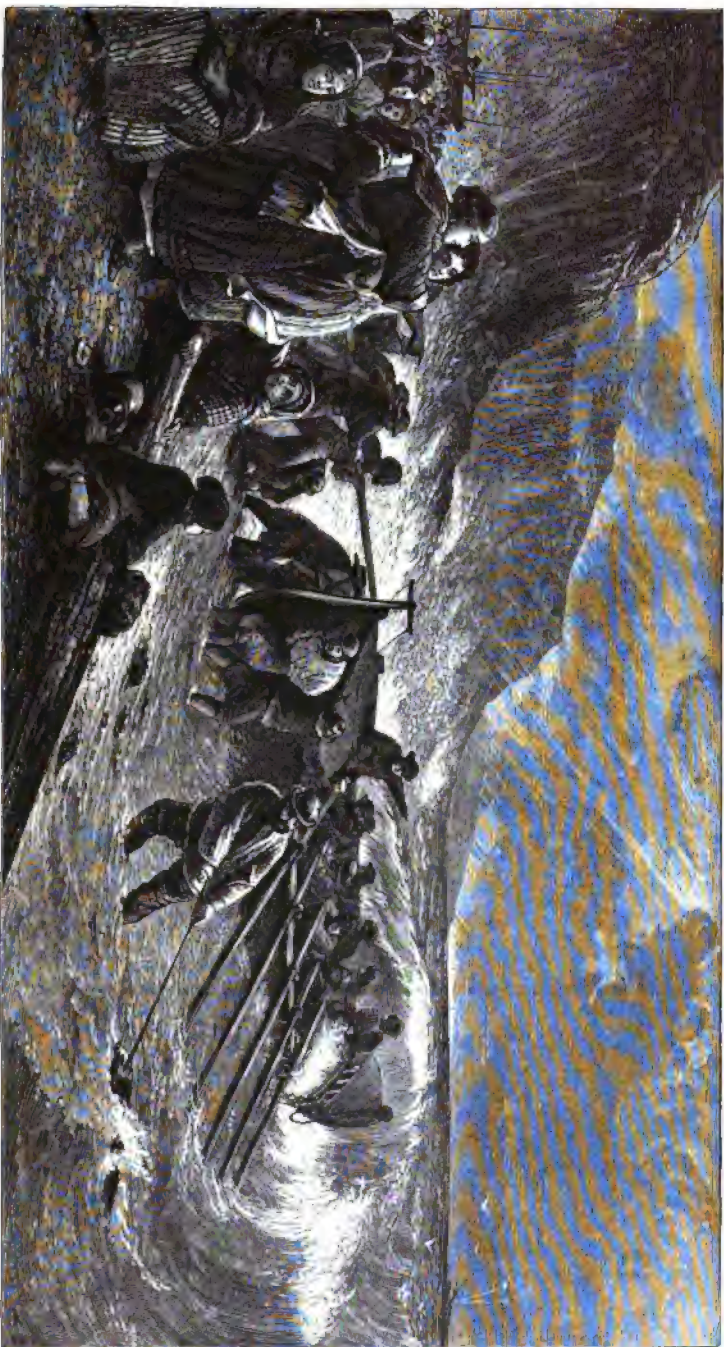
A BROWN STUDY.

BY BESSIE BENTLY.

BBROWN were her eyes, and brown was her hair,
And brown were her gloves — such a dainty pair;
Then her dress was all of a russet shade,
And her janty hat of the same was made,
While upon it there waved a brown feather;
She played with the leaves that came fluttering down,
The bright autumn leaves, so golden and brown,
And she looked like a wren altogether.

I asked her name, and she looked very wise,
And smiling at me with her sweet brown eyes,
She said, as she shook all her chestnut curls,
"My name's Jennie Brown — I'm last of the girls,

But I'm taller than Pollie already;
Our Fred has painted a picture of me
In this brown dress — for he likes it, you see;
And he calls me his little Brown Study."



SIGNALS OF DISTRESS.



THE ARTIST AND THE ROOSTER.

A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

BY NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

MR. SKETCHEM, the artist, must draw two roosters, one fighting and one crowing; that was the orders of "ye editor."

He thought it would be an easy task until he began the operation, when, after sundry futile attempts, he found that, do what he would, he could not get the bird into a fighting position.

"The fact is," said Mr. Sketchem to himself, "I don't believe I ever saw a rooster fight in my life." *Always draw from nature*, was one of his rules; but where could he find a fighting rooster? It really wouldn't do to attend a cock-fight; such a proceeding would blast his reputation forever. But what else could he do? He rested his head on his hand, and stared out of the window, thinking the matter over. It was not a very pleasant view from his window, for it looked directly into Mrs. Malony's back yard.

Suddenly he was startled from his reverie by the loud, sonorous crow of a rooster. He threw up the sash, put on his bone eye-glasses, and looked over into Mrs. Malony's back yard. Here was a fine barn-yard rooster strutting up and down among a dozen hens; and off in an adjoining field, in the midst of another set of hens, was another masculine feathered biped.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Sketchem, "a brilliant idea striketh me. I'll hie me into yonder field, catch that rooster, and fling him over into Mrs. Malony's back yard. A fight will ensue, and art will triumph!"

Mr. Sketchem tucked his sketch-book into his pocket, put his large felt hat far back on his head, and rushed out into the field.

The rooster was scratching worms for his hens, and Mr. Sketchem crept softly up behind him, fancying himself unobserved by the scratching fowl. But *this* rooster proved to be "too old a bird to be caught by chaff;" for just as the artist made a sudden pounce, expecting to seize him by the tail, he uttered a loud, cackling scream, and taking to his toes, sped across to the other side of the field, while Mr. Sketchem pounced down upon his nose, and seized nothing but a handful of grass.



"Very unkind conduct on the part of that rooster," thought the artist, as he gathered himself up, rubbed his nose, and picked up his hat. He sat down on a stone to consider the subject: *how* should he manage to catch that rooster? Perhaps he could cajole him to his grasp. He walked over to the other side of the field, and, squatting down some little distance from the rooster, commenced digging

in the turf with his pencil, at the same time uttering a low, guttural sound, imitative of the cluck of a chicken.

The rooster turned and looked at him with contemplative eyes, evidently revolving in his mind whether this long-legged creature were a man or a fellow-rooster. He decided in favor of the latter supposition, and lowering his wings and ruffling his neck, made a sudden dash at the artist, so frightening that individual that he instantly turned a double somersault, losing his hat, eye-glasses, and sketch-book in the act. The demoralized artist picked up his belongings, and wondered what his next move had better be.

O, he had it! he would run him down. Away went Mr. Sketchem in a bee line for the rooster, and away went the rooster, followed by his flock of screaming hens. Round and round the field flew this astonishing group, Mr. Sketchem determined to catch the rooster, the rooster just as determined not to be caught.

It was a hot summer day; the perspiration fairly streamed from the artist's noble brow, and meandered down his back like a rivulet. His heart beat, his brain reeled, but he would not give up the chase. Madly, blindly he staggered on in the rear of the flying fowls. He was gaining on the exhausted rooster. Ah, he had him now! and Mr. Sketchem gave a sudden bound, and grasped with both hands a struggling mass of feathers. He wiped the perspiration out of his eyes with his elbow, and took a good look at his prize. Great Jove, *it was a hen!* and the next instant she went spinning through the air to the other side of the lot, where she lay very still, with her head all crooked to one side.

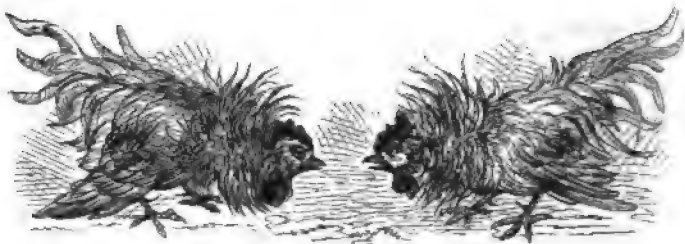
The exasperated artist then looked around for the rooster, and behold, he was not!

Hot, perspiring, disappointed, and angry, the artist leaned against the fence that separated the field from Mrs. Malony's back yard. There seemed to be some sort of a commotion among the feathered denizens of the before-mentioned yard, so Mr. Sketchem laboriously climbed up and peered over. Ah, the gods be praised! There was the rooster of the field making warlike demonstrations towards the rooster of Mrs. Malony's back yard.

Mr. Sketchem frantically climbed the fence, tearing his broadcloth in various places,

perched himself on a post, and awaited further action on the part of the rival roosters.

It was evident that Mrs. Malony's feathered



Brigham was determined to resent the unpardonable intrusion of this impertinent fellow into his harem, and, to Mr. Sketchem's intense delight, they were soon waltzing towards each other with wings and tails drooping, heads lowered, and necks bristling.

Mr. Sketchem was in ecstasies. His skilled fingers rapidly drew the savagely fighting pair. He held the nearly finished sketch at arm's length, and observed it through his bone eye-glasses. Ah, it was life-like!



Just at this moment Mrs. Malony came to her door with a broom in her hand, and beholding the fighting fowls, with her rooster getting decidedly the worst of the battle, commenced waving the broom, and screaming, "Shoo! shoo!" at the top of her voice.

"For Heaven's sake, madam," shouted Mr. Sketchem from the post, "retire into your domicile, and disturb not these noble birds!"

"Begorra! and who in the world are yez?"

cried Mrs. Malony, catching sight of the artist perched on the post, and looking, in his torn and bedraggled garments, more like a scarecrow than a man.

"I'm Sketchem, the artist," replied Mr. Sketchem, meekly, "and I beg of you, madam, disturb not these fighting fowls. I'm making a study of them; they are sacrificed to art."

"Arrah! bad luck to yez, thin, ye murtherin' thafe o' the worrld!" screamed Mrs. Malony. "Fwhat doos yez mane by it, ye dirthy spalpeen yez, bringin' that bloody Saxin toyrant inter me yarrd, an' sittin' him on me bit ov a rooster?"

"Madam," cried Mr. Sketchem, "they are but following the instincts of their nature."



"Git off of me fince, ye owdacious spalpeen! Be jabbers! an' that baste ov the worrld is a batterin' me darlint to smidereens intirely!" screamed Mrs. Malony, making a dash at the combatants with the broom.

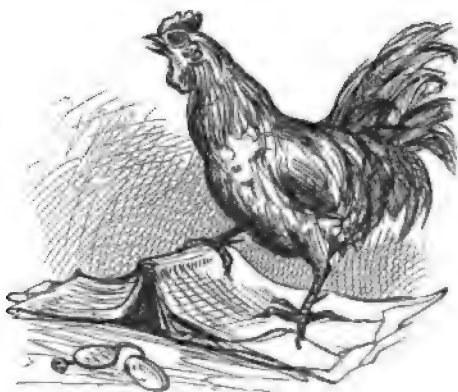
"Don't, my dear madam, don't, pray, don't!" shouted Mr. Sketchem, gesticulating wildly, "I implore—" Here he lost his balance, and pitched head first into the yard, falling right between the fighters. Whereupon each of the roosters, mistaking the artist's head for his adversary, pounced upon it with beak and spur, and tore out his ambrosial locks by the clawful; while Mrs. Malony, thinking his sudden descent into her premises premeditated, fell upon him with her broom, and gave him

such an Irish whacking that the poor fellow was lame for days afterwards. He escaped at last, under cover of the cloud of dust raised from the ash heap by Mrs. Malony's broom; while that irate lady, blinded by the ashes, and thus prevented from witnessing Mr. Sketchem's departure, kept on wielding her broom, screaming as she did so, "Faix, an' I'll guv yez a blue bating—so I will. An' how do yez loik the fale o' thit? Bedad! an' it's mesilf that'll tache the loiks o' yez to bring yer blatherin' toyrant ov a gommerral into me gardden, an' puttin' yer dirthy little fate inter me bit ov a yarrd all to wonst wid yer impudince. Faix, an' is it dead yez are? It's thinkin' ye're takin' it moity plisant I am;" and here Mrs. Malony discovered that the artist was gone, ditto the cock of the field, and that she was pounding away at what was left of her rooster after the beating she had given him.

"Ach! wirra, wirra!" cried the horrified Mrs. Malony. "Is it dead yez are alana? An' divil a bit did I trash thit hang-a-bone thafe ov the worrld thit sat ferninst me on the fince beyant. Bedad! an' whin I thought it was mesilf that was a-knockin' the murtherin' scoundrel inter the middle ov nixt wake, it was wallop in' me own bit ov a rooster—I was." So saying, Mrs. Malony took up the dead rooster by the legs, and went into her house.

When Mr. Sketchem regained his room, he found that he had dropped his book, and lost his glasses.

About one o'clock that night a forlorn-looking specimen of the genus *homo* might have been seen cautiously creeping out of Mrs. Malony's back yard, with the battered remains of a sketch-book under his arm. It was Mr. Sketchem, the artist. He has given up drawing from animated nature.





HISTORY OF THE A. O.

BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.

"WHAT are 'values'?"

It was Nell who propounded the question, and it was Rob who replied.

"Value depends — Now, yesterday I considered my knife worth a dollar and a half, but to-day I would swap it for a fish-hook."

As Nell had broken the blade of the afore-said knife that morning, she may be supposed to have understood the allusion. She quietly ignored it, however, simply remarking, that her question had reference to art, and not knives, and was addressed to aunt Ray.

"I want to know, for I met Mary Davis, yesterday, who is taking lessons in charcoal drawing of Madam B., and she discoursed so learnedly of 'values,' and 'harmony,' and 'tone,' and 'breadth,' that I was quite overwhelmed, and only retained sufficient presence of mind to hold my tongue and look wise and appreciative, as though I understood it all."

"It is not difficult to understand," said aunt Rachel. "Let us take this drawing of an Italian girl for an example. The highest light, that which must be represented by the pure white of the paper, is found in the head-dress. Compared with this, the high light upon the face is less than white. If there were no white cloth in the study, it would be right to leave the white of the paper for the high light of the flesh. As there *is* white cloth, these lights are second in importance. Darker than the flesh is the dress, darker than the dress the background, darker still the shadow in the face, and the bodice and hair darkest of all. In a general way, then, we find six degrees of light and shade in this study; six

tints which are light or dark considered in their relation to each other, the *value* of each being dependent upon its neighboring tint; hence the term 'values,' when speaking of them, is a natural and suggestive one. A correct representation of these values constitutes a good drawing, provided the forms of the lights and shadows are correct. There are truths of form, and truths of light and shade, both necessary to a correct drawing.

"Everything in life is relative; and in art there are no exceptions to the rule. We consider snow the whitest thing in the world: yet the other morning I noticed a snow-covered hill which was darker than the golden sky behind it. The moment the sun rose, however, and gilded the hill-top, the relief was changed. Then the hill was *light* against the sky. I may have on a black dress, but if I stand in the light in front of a cavern, my dress becomes light in comparison with the blackness of the hole behind it; for a hole gives the blackest of all blacks. You will often find that black in the light is lighter than white in the shadow. You must have your eyes continually open to see these effects, and to note the light and shade and value of the objects around you. Try to look at things simply as so many patches of light, and shade, and color, forgetting that they are trees, or hills, or fences, or dresses, or chairs. When you walk in the morning, notice the relief of the distant trees against the more distant hill. See how Nature, when she wishes to define the trees more sharply, makes a mist to rise from the valley beyond them. And notice the straggling Virginia fence in the foreground. See how the consummate artist makes it an interesting feature of the picture by touching it with a pencil of light when the field behind it is in shadow, and when the field grows into the light, painting the fence in vigorous black. This constant interchange of relief forms the charm of natural scenery, and all the artist can do is to note and humbly imitate the effects which nature originates. Be continually noticing the light and shade of objects around you. Observe that Willie, as he sits between you and the light, is but a patch of shadow with a halo around his head where the light shines through his flaxen hair; and Percy, on the other side, is one broad light against the shadow of the corner. To cultivate the seeing eye is the Alpha and Omega of art."

"I wish we could draw in charcoal," said Mollie; "it rubs out so easily."

"I don't wonder that Mollie wants some-

thing which will rub out easily," said Lucy. "I really believe she draws one line and rubs out two."

"Charcoal has its advantages," said aunt Rachel. "So has every medium in which you can work. It is rapid and suggestive; and with no other material can you so quickly represent the light and shade and values of an object. But it has its limitations; and the danger in its use to a beginner lies in this very facility. The ease with which a tolerable representation of an object is produced, a sketch that viewed across the room may look quite like the thing, is in danger of encouraging a careless, unfinished style of work, and of making the beginner impatient of slower and more accurate methods."

"No one will ever accomplish anything in art who is afraid of *hard work*. If you draw a part of the time in charcoal, carefully studying light and shade and the value of tints, and a part of the time with pen or pencil, studying detail and the force and expression of lines, it will, I think, be a more profitable way of working than to confine yourselves to either method alone. For telling much in a few expressive lines there is nothing like the pen. If you can study any of Leech's caricatures, you will realize the truth of this."

"I don't think much of drawing with charcoal," said Bob, loftily. "I have often done it with a burnt stick on a board, and it is just as easy."

"Nothing is difficult to those who know how," said aunt Rachel, smiling; "but the proper drawing charcoal is of French manufacture, being made from willow twigs, and is quite free from grit. The paper to be used is a thin paper, made on purpose; and after the drawing is made, pass over the back with a large brush, a solution of shellac in alcohol, and the charcoal will be fastened to the paper so that it will not rub off."

"And what are we to draw to-day? aunt Rachel. We have drawn and shaded boxes, balls, vases, cups and saucers, plates, chairs, books, mugs, in fact everything there is in the house. I don't think there is anything new to be thought of, and I wish the warm weather would come, that we might go out of doors sketching."

"I think we have hardly exhausted our resources in-doors yet. Certainly we need never be at a loss for something to draw as long as we can see a tree from the window. Sit here, Nellie, and draw for me the top of this elm tree, or a quarter of it will perhaps be quite enough for a day's lesson. Draw

every branch as carefully as you would mark a river on a map, noting the spaces enclosed by the branches, and bearing in mind this fact — that a tree branch only tapers by throwing out other branches, twigs, and buds; and the growth of the tree is angular rather than curved. (2.)



"The value of such a study of skeleton trees will prove inestimable to you when you come to draw the same tree in the summer with its clothing upon it; for a knowledge of the anatomy of a tree is as necessary to a correct drawing of the foliated tree, as a knowledge of the anatomy of the human figure is necessary to the one who draws draped figures. The peculiar growth or method of branching influences the shape of the masses of foliage; and another curious fact has been proved by observation, that there is a connection between the shape of the individual leaf and the clusters of leaves. You can notice this especially in the oak and maple; the masses into which the foliage clusters are curiously like the leaves themselves. And another use of this exercise is to teach you what beauty lies in the tree itself, and its brown, bare branches, and what a variety is presented by the trees of the garden and wood, each growing after a style and pattern of its own."

"Lucy may draw the roofs and chimneys of the houses opposite, as she sees them from this window. The sash of the window will be a guide in getting the right direction of lines in the perspective. The others may draw the open door."

"And the hall outside?"

"Perhaps so; but draw the door first. Little bits of interior are excellent study. A stairway is good practice in perspective —

nothing better. The commonest rooms will often look so pretty on paper that we come to have a new respect and affection for them. (3.)

"And in beginning to draw any object, however simple, do not be in a hurry to put pencil to paper. The longer you look at a thing observingly, the better your drawing of it will be likely to be. Study first its proportions. Taking the vertical or horizontal line nearest you as a standard, compare other heights and

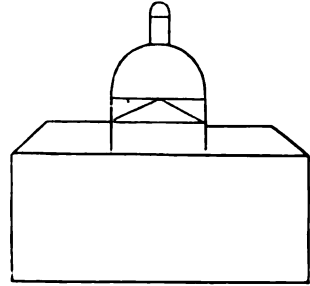
and you will be better able to determine its value."

After the drawings were finished and criticised, the study in design was taken up, and after examining the different solutions of the puzzle; it was found that Percy had made the most ingenious combination. As he put the different forms together, they made a plan of the State House in Boston. (4.)

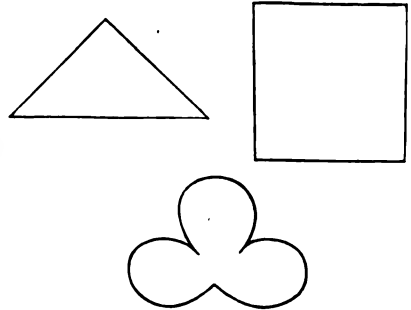


lengths with it. Note carefully the direction of the lines, and the angle they form with other lines, imaginary or real.

"Fasten a button to a thread, and hold it as a plumb before you, noticing what points come beneath other points, and calculating relative distances. When you have drawn a good deal, these artificial aids will be unnecessary. But at first, or in the absence of a teacher to point out errors, some aid is, I think, absolutely needed, or at least is a great assistance. After studying thoroughly the form, look at the light and shade. Note the order of the shades or tints, and if the object is colored, and it is difficult to decide whether such a part or color is really lighter or darker than another part, partially close the eyes,



"For the next time," said aunt Rachel, "we will see who can make the prettiest design for a tile from these forms: (5.) a square, a right-



angled triangle, and a trefoil, repeated as often as you please, and in whatever proportions may be best suited to your purpose."



— THE ancients, who believed that the sun fell at night into the western ocean, did not always agree as to his manner of getting round into the east again in the morning. But some of them thought that his course was not under the earth, but that he was carried round the north to the east again, some say in a golden goblet made by Vulcan, and he reclined during the night on this vessel. This may possibly account for the Northern Lights.

WHALING ON THE CROZETS.

BY AN OLD SALT.

I ALWAYS enjoy music. A hand-organ does not disturb me. Indeed, I cannot quite understand why so many people, who seem reasonable in other things, should object to hand-organs being played in the streets, since it is so delicious to have music in the air. The influence of music—who can tell? It rouses to action, or it soothes the troubled soul; and it lifts us all heavenward.

Therefore I am in favor of organists, everywhere, and of every kind, because there is everybody to hear, and some don't know one kind from another. If I were to except any, it would be the old lady who served under the first Napoleon, whose notes are so faint and squeaky. She is generally on the Common, or thereabout. One would think that she must have played at Moscow, and that her instrument took a cold on that occasion from which it never recovered, so faint and squeaky are its notes. It seems almost a pity that she did not leave it behind her there.

But I would not exclude even this old relict; for, though so wrinkled and weather-beaten, and turning out such unlovely sounds, she is a sister of mine, and I pity her. She was young once, and may have been handsome. She had a father to love her—as she has still. Her Father is my Father. If pity is love, I love her too. We should all love one another, you know. I love her, and would let her play, though her music be ever so shaky and squeaky. Let her play!

But I was going to remark that our blacksmith—we called him "Smut"—was one of the "darnedest fiddlers," as Shanks expressed it, that I ever knew. He was born a-fiddling, he said, and it came so natural to him that he couldn't help it,—he had to fiddle. He used to tell us that he had done nothing but kill cats for a month, before beginning the voyage, so that he would be sure to have strings enough for his fiddle. The old Toms made the best bass strings, but he preferred the little kittens for the upper notes.

Every night, in pleasant weather, Smut would bring up his fiddle, and "make it talk." Then things would be lively. The waist of the ship was the ball-room, and every one who could dance a jig, hornpipe, or breakdown, performed; while Smut sat on the carpenter's bench, and fiddled and cracked his jokes. I used to think sometimes he would fiddle too

much. But no ill effects ever came from his music, and I am quite sure now that a fiddle is a good thing to have at sea.

And so, getting a little good at times, we jogged along towards the Crozets. To the southward of the Cape of Good Hope we had a good deal of heavy weather, and there was a wintry feeling about it that made heavy monkey-jackets desirable. Indeed, the weather was of that character all the way from the Cape to the Crozets; and so it continued even after we had arrived there.

We found whales; hardly a day passed without our seeing them; but they were shy, wide awake, and hard to come at; and the frequent recurrences of heavy weather made the matter worse. There were times when a whale might have blown without fear of harm under our very cabin windows. On these accounts we were not very successful.

We cruised for several weeks, but took only four whales, I think, that we succeeded in cutting in. Two were lost by its coming on to blow, after we had got them alongside, so heavily that we were obliged to let them go. And one of those that we succeeded in cutting in was first let go in the same way, but recovered after the weather had moderated, and after it had been adrift so long that it smelled—bad. It had become filled with gas,—not the kind that Professor Donaldson uses,—judging by the smell, though that smells bad enough,—which distended it enormously, and shaped it somewhat like a balloon. We cut that whale in, after a while, but I have never loved whales since.

Hardly a day passed in which we did not chase whales, unless it was really blowing a gale. We pulled and pulled, sometimes all day, without getting fast,—Sundays as well as other days. If a captain stops whaling because it is Sunday, it is an exceptional case. It did not happen in the North-Light. I suppose it is considered always a work of necessity to take whales.

Sometimes we would get fast to a whale that would run us almost out of sight of the ship. More than once we had to cut and let our whale go, after the ship was so low down that we could see nothing of it but its topsails; and once, I remember, we did not get back on board till long after dark. The result of so much pulling was to make us good oarsmen, if nothing more.

Stoven boats were not rare. Indeed, Smut, who did carpenter's duty as well as his own, had more than he could do to keep the boats in repair. It was fortunate that we had so

many spare boats, for sometimes two or three were waiting repairs at once. I will endeavor to give an idea how one accident of this kind happened.

One day, two or three whales were "raised" at the same time, all near together. They were at least two miles away to windward, and the weather was a little rough; but we lowered all the same in a great hurry, and pulled for them. It would have done a fresh-water man good to have been with us that day; he would have got well pickled, at least.

The bow-boat, to which I belonged, almost always took the lead in a chase; for Mr. Sharp was the most energetic of all the mates, and Scamp, his boat-steerer, was in that respect very much like him. They were both small men, very compactly done up, and filled with "pluck." One being in the bow and the other in the stern, it was as if an electric current extended from one to the other right through us who were between them, enabling us to out-pull all the other boats' crews.

This time we reached the nearest whale ahead of all the other boats, and our bows actually touched his side; and Scamp shoved his iron deep into him before he was aware of our approach. He breached upward, and rolled as he sank back, the point of the fin that was on our side falling upon the boat's gunwale, crushing it down, but not quite upsetting us; and then, with a tremendous pat upon the water with his flukes, he went down.

If so much lead had fallen straight down a quarter of a mile, with our line attached, the rope could hardly have gone out faster. It disappeared from the tub with magical swiftness, almost setting the loggerhead round which it spun in a blaze, and seemed but a flashing line of light leaping through the boat and out at the lead-lined chocks in the bows. A very short time would have taken it all out; but before it was quite gone the whale stopped, the line slackened, and we began to haul in.

"Now is our time!" said Mr. Sharp. "Round it in; he's ours, sure!"

It is not so light work as some might think to haul a long whale-line straight up out of the sea; but we got it in as fast as we could, while Mr. Sharp changed places with Scamp, so as to be ready to lance the whale. The whale must have risen almost as swiftly as he had gone down, for sooner than we expected we heard the "whi-s-h" of his spout, and saw his back above water. He was some distance off, however, and immediately he started to run.

"Haul in, men! haul in!" and we did our

best to get in what line we could before the whale should have straightened out the slack, never noticing that the second mate's boat was fast to another whale that was running square across our bows. In a moment, however, the other whale crossed our course, and we heard a warning cry just as our line tautened. But it was too late; we had barely time to see what the matter was, when the waist boat dashed into ours near the bows, and crashed right through it.

There we were in the puddle, our boat floating around us. All we had to do was to keep our heads out till the first mate came and picked us up; for Mr. Bowlegs did not cut from his whale—not at all: he knew we could take care of ourselves.

I will only add that our whale went off with the line, and the few things attached to it, and hasn't been seen since, to my knowledge. Bowlegs went to windward as usual, returning on board a little before dark, with the same old story to tell.

And this was the kind of whaling we had on the Crozets; and it naturally made the captain a little cross at times, and it seemed as if a little of his sourness was imparted to his officers and to the crew. We had many a rough pull when it was of no sort of use to chase whales, for if we had got fast to one we could have done nothing with it. We would come on board after a long chase, when it was breezing up, and think we had got all done for that day; but it would not be long till "T-h-e-r-e she b-l-o-w-s!" would come from the lookout at the masthead, and down the boats would go again, just because the captain was "out of sorts."

It was a difficult matter to lower a boat and get into it right side up, always. If we tried to get in when it was coming up towards us, it was liable to go the other way before we could reach it, and perhaps we would fall about ten feet farther than we expected to. At least it used to serve me so; and I never could see any sense in lowering at such times, though I never said a word about it to the captain.

One day, when it was blowing unusually fresh, we had returned from a long chase, with nothing, as usual. The captain remarked to Mr. Bowlegs, while the boats were being hoisted up, that he didn't suppose one of the mates cared a fig whether they got fast to the whale or not. He said it in a friendly sort of way, but Mr. Bowlegs felt it, and made reply that he had certainly no reason to think so.

"You needn't talk back to me," said the

captain, sharply; "all you have got to do is just to fasten to the next whale you lower for, or, by thunder, I'll put one of the green hands in your place!"

Mr. Bowlegs understood the folly of trying to carry on an argument with the captain, and the matter dropped. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. The sky was covered with squally-looking clouds, the white caps of the seas were flashing all around us. It looked as though we should have a rough night. No one thought that we should lower again that day. Mr. Bowlegs had a troublesome beard; it required shaving often, and he never underwent that operation without shedding tears. To console himself, it may have been, after the captain's rebuff, he went down to his little state-room to have a shave. Mr. Bowlegs had progressed to that point where those who have tears to shed begin to shed them, and a little farther. In fact, he had scraped one side of his face, round to a line perpendicular with his nose, the other side being covered with as thick a coat of lather as he had been able to put on. At that point his razor stopped, and he listened.

It was that same familiar cry, — he could not mistake it, — "The-r-e b-l-o-w-s! The-r-e b-l-o-w-s!" He could not mistake it, even though he was down below in his state-room, with his face half covered with lather. What should he do? Before he could decide, there was another cry at the door of the house that covered the companion-way, and he recognized the captain's voice. "Stand by the boats!" it said; and, no longer mindful of the lather, Mr. Bowlegs dropped his razor, and responded to that call.

I well remember how he looked as he rushed out of the cabin and into his boat, which was already going down the side, his face just half covered with lather. We were all pleased, especially when the captain called after him, gleefully, "Go it, Bowlegs; you'll catch 'em this time!"

It was rather hard on Mr. Bowlegs, who was a good friend to me, but I had to laugh. The captain ordered the boats down only to plague Mr. Bowlegs, probably, for it was "no weather for fishing," and he called us back before we were out of hail.

But chasing whales is not the worst part of whaling, to a delicate organization. There is work to do after a whale is alongside — dirty work, in which oleaginous matter accumulates all over you, and over all the ship. There is work, and smoke, and gurry, till the whale is tried out. We have plenty of oil in our hair,

and plenty in our clothes. We take a little inside, also, in the way of scraps, fried steaks of whale's flesh, and, should the captain be generous, fried doughnuts, — just to preserve the equilibrium, as it were. It's wonderful how much oil a whaleman can absorb.

There is an unsatisfying odor, too, that pervades the ship while the boiling is going on. It is not like the sweet smell of spices, or the rich perfume of tropic lands — not at all. It is a smell of burning scraps and boiling oil, and the yet uncooked blubber, so mingled, and so impressing itself upon you, that you never forget it. You cannot escape it; though you go up into the top, or descend into the hold, or enter the sacred precincts of the cabin, — if you have any business there, — you are still in the midst of it. And yet it can hardly reach to the tip end of the flying jib-boom, when the ship is on the wind, and it is blowing fresh; but there is hardly room for a whole ship's crew to sit there at once. Although it is not a pleasant smell, the mates all seem to like it, and the captain smiles sweetest when it is thickest. And all good whalemen endure it calmly, because it gives assurance that their ship is filling up.

Much might be said of whales, but it has nearly all been said before. The whale has points that cannot fail to interest any one who gets very near to him; and the most striking of these, I may say, is the tail, otherwise called "flukes." He has a dangerous habit of lifting it when he becomes aware that an enemy is near; and there is no dodging it when it moves: a dark flash, and it is all over. It is a great deal heavier than it looks to be. You might as well be in the way of a cannonball.

I found the tail always interesting when we were fast to a whale; but after we had killed him and were cutting him in, my attention was generally turned to the head. A right-whale's head is so different from all other heads, that one wonders at it. In forming it, the Almighty seems to have designed that this greatest of all animate things should subsist on a kind of food peculiar to itself. Whalemen call it "squid." Probably professors call it by some other name; but whalemen care little about that.

"Squid" is a soft, jelly-like substance found floating in large fields in those parts of the ocean the whale most frequents. To understand how he feeds upon it, we must know about his head; and I will first say that it is very large in proportion to his body. This might lead one to infer that the whale has a large stomach also, which is not the case. In-

deed it is affirmed that a right-whale can swallow nothing larger than a herring; which, if true, would prove conclusively that it could not have been a right-whale that swallowed Jonah.

Instead of teeth, the right-whale has set in the upper part of its mouth, upon each side of a strong bony keel, as it were, slabs of bone—the common black whalebone of commerce. According to a description I have lately seen, “these slabs are from eighteen inches to ten feet in length, shaped somewhat like a blade tapering to a point along the entire length, on one side being quite thick, nearly two inches, and on the other coming almost to an edge, which is fringed with filaments resembling very coarse hairs. The slabs are attached to the palate by their bases, hang down into the mouth, and, from being placed transversely, their edges are parallel and at a very small distance from each other, the base of each, as well as the outer edge, being composed of solid whalebone, while the inner edge terminates in a filament of the fibres mentioned, which fills up the whole interior of the mouth like a curtain set across it.”

This description looks a little misty at first; but by reading it over several times, one can get the hang of it and understand it pretty well. If the commas had held out, most likely it would have been made plainer.

When the whale feeds, he simply opens his mouth, and rushes forward till it is well filled, when he closes it and ejects the water, the hairy filament that lines the mouth acting as a strainer to retain all else within it, and then he swallows his food. Repeating the process, he goes on till he has completed his meal, or till something disturbs him, for he is not always allowed to take his dinner in peace.

I would like to give the measurement of some of our whales; but, if I ever made any figures, I have lost them, and cannot do it now. Those we took on the Crozets were small, compared with those I saw on the North-West Coast. I think they averaged about one hundred barrels of oil each, and were perhaps sixty or seventy feet in length, with a breadth of beam of, say eight feet. On the North-West our whales must have averaged near two hundred barrels each. Once we captured two together that made us *over five hundred* barrels of oil. I suppose those were about as large, possibly the largest whales that were ever taken. There was hardly any perceptible difference in their size, and they must have been nearly one hundred feet in length. When secured alongside, they

reached from the bow port of our ship clear past the stern. Monstrous gray old fellows they were.

The whale has some interesting peculiarities. He always runs dead to windward to escape pursuing boats; and it would seem as if he must be guided by something like reason in this, certainly, for it is the very best course he could possibly take. Owing to this, we got many a wet ride; for to be drawn at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour through combing seas, in a small boat, with a taut line keeping the bows well down, is not conducive to dry shirts.

And when a whale dies, they say he turns his head to the sun. Whether this is merely a whaleman's notion or not, I cannot say. I was always thinking of something else about the time the whale died, and forgot to notice where the sun was; but one thing I can safely say: he makes things lively just before he goes. At last the lance has touched a vital part, and the huge victim spouts out the thick red life-blood, crimsoning the water all around, till it is almost gone. Then comes the “flurry.” Sweeping round and round in a narrowing circle with fearful velocity, he lashes the blood-red water into foam with his flukes; and woe to the boat that comes in his way. At last his struggles cease; life is gone; and the boats, that have been careful to keep at a safe distance, approach, and taking the inanimate mass that has made such fearful struggles in tow, proceed slowly towards the ship. To be stripped of his blubber and boiled down, is, after all, the pitiful end of one of God's greatest works.

— SOME of the ancient sages would have made poor natural philosophers. Xenophon, defending Socrates against the accusation of impiety, says no one ever heard of Socrates acting impiously, either by word or deed. “For he did not argue, as most philosophers do, concerning the nature of all things, speculating upon that which is termed by the Sophists the universe, and by what laws each of the heavenly bodies exists; he maintained, on the contrary, that those who devoted their attention to such subjects were fools. But he was always ready to inquire into what was pious, what impious; what honorable, what base; what sobriety, what excess; what courage, what cowardice; what a state, what a statesman; what the government of men, what one who was capable of governing them.”

MY BOYISH PETS.

BY UNCLE BEN.

AMONG the earliest things that I remember was a love of pets, of which I had a great many, one after another. Not that I grew tired of them and gave them up, but they either died or were taken away from me. I was very constant to my pets, and loved them very dearly, and wept sad tears when compelled to part with them. I have never lost my love of pets, indeed, though they are now of other kinds, and my affection for them is still as warm and true as when I was a boy.

The first which I remember was a tortoiseshell cat, with a coat of yellow, black, and white, that my mother had found in the cellar, in a half drowned condition, and adopted as my companion, she being apparently about my own age. She was a wonderful cat, in some respects, and at once took charge of me, going wherever I did, and assuming the position of protector of my youth. This led her into many an angry affray with dogs, which she deemed my natural enemies, and the approach of one set her into a fever of excitement. Her ears would lie back, her eyes glow like coals, her form bend up like a hoop, and her tail, swollen to twice its natural size, stand erect as a flag-staff. There was war in every motion, at such times, and the dogs, after a brief calculation, would see fit to retire.

One, a little more presumptuous than the rest, once came too near, and he scarcely dared look at the house afterwards, so severe was the drubbing she gave him. She made a severe fight for me once with a big gobbler, who fancied himself the king of the yard, and presumed to object to my wearing a very red dress. He carried his objection so far that he flew at me and began to peck at me. Pusey was on his back in an instant, and rode him round the place, boxing his ears in a very vigorous manner, until he was glad to escape beneath the barn, leaving me to wear what I pleased.

Our house was very near a large pond, in which I early learned to swim. This was a source of great trouble to my guardian. She did not understand the matter, and when she saw me thrashing about in the water, she was filled with the deepest anxiety. She would run along the shore, mewing piteously, and once submitted to my carrying her out into the pond; but when I attempted to make her swim by putting her under the water, she resisted it by sticking her claws into my arms

so that she brought the blood, and I never cared about trying the experiment again. She seemed to fancy that a tame duck, which I often took out to swim with me, was the cause of my vicious habit, and she became at once the duck's determined enemy.

She was peculiar in her tastes, as was often shown, and once when left in charge of the kitchen, where a steak and a box of delicious strawberries were lying side by side, the steak disappeared and the strawberries were left, showing to which her preference inclined. My mother punished her severely, but I remember that I was glad she chose to leave the strawberries, and thought her a very discriminating and wise animal.

Though she watched over me so carefully, she never spoiled me by indulgence, for many a time have I felt her rebuke in a sharp slap when offending her ideas of propriety; for instance, when I pulled her ears or attempted to tie her tail in a knot, she resented such familiarity very much, but never let it turn her affection, which remained true till her death, at fourteen years, when, lame and blind, she was shot by my elder brother during my absence, to my great grief.

My father was a sailor, in the coasting trade, and on a voyage to some port in Maine, he had a young sheep given him, which he brought home to me for adoption as a pet, to share my affection with the cat. There grew a strong friendship betwixt the two, and it was a pleasure to the cat to lie down in the shade with the sheep and nestle in his woolly coat. The sheep became quite tame, and my father, by holding up his hands, taught him to butt, in a gentle sort of way—or what seemed gentle to me. He would play with him thus whenever he was at home; and one day, when out in the field with the sheep, I thought I would try the same trick. I accordingly spread my hands, which the sheep, ready for sport, accepted as a challenge, and ran at me. I was too small to resist, and he knocked me over; his horns, half grown, caught in the waist of my dress, which he could not free himself from, and, being frightened, began to run, with me, a light weight, hanging to his horns.

Away he went around the wide field, to my great terror, and I shrieked so loud that everybody rushed out to see what it meant. My mother, followed by all the women in the neighborhood, ran after the sheep, which, his fear increased by the din, went all the faster. They made a circuit of the field two or three times, and then the poor brute fell, through sheer exhaustion.

Although I was terribly frightened, the sheep was far more frightened than I was. I do not know what he thought, but I said to myself that if this was what they called riding, I would hereafter prefer to walk, and I have never ridden a sheep since. Poor fellow! shortly after, he was hanged by his halter, as he attempted to jump the fence to which he was tied, and the line was too short.

My next pet, of any note, was a little black pig, which my brother Bob brought home from the West Indies. He was a cunning thing, as full of tricks as a monkey, and entirely hairless, his black skin shining as though it were greased. He seemed to know the interest he awakened, and took the largest liberty, which was not limited. He had free run of the premises, and spent as much time indoors as out, always under the women's feet, and always apparently studying some mischief.

An elderly maiden lady, who visited our house, took a superstitious view of the beast, and always drove him from her as if he were something more wicked than common pork. The pig seemed aware of her hostility, and while he ran, as she drove him from her, he appeared to be studying some revenge. One day she put her bonnet on a table, and sat talking with my mother, the pig being seen nowhere about the premises; when suddenly she gave a scream and darted for the door, through which the pig was then running with the bonnet in his mouth. The strings had hung down by the side of the table, and the pig, who came in and went out as he pleased, had entered slyly and improved the opportunity to purloin the bonnet by pulling it down by its strings. There was hurrying among us all to catch the delinquent porker, and he, full of the spirit of mischief, was having a fine time with the bonnet, throwing it over his back as if he were trying to put it on, and apparently laughing to himself to see the confusion he was causing. When caught he looked demure enough, but we who knew him could detect a gleam of triumph in his bright eye.

He grew too big, at last, for a playmate, and my father penned him, I assuming charge of him. One day, while engaged in an effort to make him comfortable, he treacherously seized me from behind, and shook me as badly as he did the old lady's bonnet. He went the way of all pigs; but after he was killed, for all the years that she lived, the old lady would never taste of food in our house, of which pork was a component, for fear lest she might become bewitched by the "black sarpint," as she called the pig.

A settlement of frogs, in an old cellar near our house, afforded a multitude of pets for me, and their gratuitous concerts, though not of a very high order of melody, were listened to and applauded. Indeed, so pleasant were the uncouth choristers to me, that I many times attempted to refine them by introducing them into society, and with my apron full scattered them broadcast over the old kitchen floor, to the confusion of the womenkind.

Then there was a one-eyed duck, which I had saved, when it was a duckling, from the attack of a broody hen, with the loss of an eye. She was a grateful creature, but her unfortunate defect of vision rendered her very liable to accidents, and she died at last from coming under a hatchet, which chopped her head off. I remember how finely she tasted.

A pair of pigeons, that would come at my call, added to the catalogue of my pets. They would alight on my head and shoulders with perfect confidence, take food from my hand, and were the most delightful companions in the world. They seemed proud to bring their family to share my favors; but those were more shy, and did not wish to accede to parental dictation, and so they flew away. A cruel fate befell my two favorites. After several days' disappearance we found them, both dead in their cote, victims to rats.

The last, and perhaps the funniest of my boyish pets, was a young owl, which I captured in the woods. He had fallen out of his nest, and was tumbling about on the ground, blinded by the daylight. He was a handsome little fellow, with ears like a cat's, and great wondering yellow eyes, that gave him a very wise appearance. It was my delight to worry him by day, boy-like, when he would snap at me with his sharp, hooked bill, although he could not see at all. As soon as it began to grow dark he was all alive, when he would fly upon my shoulder and show many signs of affection. He was an epicurean in his tastes, with a marked proclivity for beef's liver. He took but one meal in a day, and it was a pleasure to see him eat. He would alight upon the meat, in which he plunged his claws, then, stretching himself to his utmost height, he would rock back and forth for several minutes, as if pumping up strength from somewhere, and tear the food ravenously. He was, however, upon the whole, more ornamental than useful. One day, perhaps while indulging in some excited dream upon his perch, he started to fly and fell into a tub of water. He was instantly taken out, but he was as dead as though he had been in the water a week.

As I have said, my love of pets has continued ever since, but in higher forms. Some have passed from me in their grace and beauty, to meet again; some remain to bless me, and, I hope, will remain with me until my eyes shall close on earth, and the re-union comes, in a better world, with the pets that have long since been lost to this.

MY BOY.

BY MRS. C. J. DESPARD.

TWO lips met mine a moment since,
A blithe voice "Good night" saying,
With breath so sweet, no rose need wince
If likened to it. Laying
My book aside, in half surprise
I turned to meet my boy's clear eyes.

'Twas but his usual good night kiss;
And yet to-night it brought me
Emotions new and sweet. I wis
Some subtle spirit taught me
How pure the atmosphere became,
Encompassing love's filial flame.

And as his feet run up the stair,
To whistled measure moving,
A scrap from off the leaf I tear
(Where he, his "hand" improving,
Has scribbled many a name and line),
And try to sketch this boy of mine.

A very boy he is, in truth,
Of quick and generous feeling;
His confident and fearless youth
Bright vistas still revealing;
Nor sees he in the coming days
One cloud to dim their sunny rays.

A heart as tender as the dove's
His jacket round throbs under;
All furred and feathered pets he loves:
It is a pleasant wonder
To see him tend and train his birds,
And mark how well they heed his words.

His room, oft altered and arranged
To suit the ruling passion,
To cabin, camp, or hut is changed
In most ingenious fashion.
And never, sure, had genii old
Such marvels as his book-shelves hold.

Dragons, enchanters, glorious knights,
Fair maids with griefs distressing

(But grandly conscious of their rights
To seek and find redressing):
Ah me! how happily they rest,
Nor dream how much *we* have progressed!

Marked by a grand simplicity
My boy's administration
Of justice and rewards would be,
Were *he* chief of the nation:
Right in his realm supreme would reign,
And wrong to Hades fly with pain.

All kings and despots vile he'd brand,
And, ere he'd quite efface them,
Within a museum vast and grand
He'd label, cage, and place them,
To represent the history
Of human error long gone by.

Of babies, girls, and lovers' bliss
He is an open scorner,
Yet boldly steals or begs a kiss
From Alice in the corner;
And oft his last dime disappears
To dry his baby-sister's tears.

So gay, with many a spring-time flower,
Life's morning passes by him,
And noon comes fast, with fevered hour
And throbbing pulse, to try him.
O, might he keep unchanged and pure
His boyish heart, with mind mature!

I know not if his star be fixed
In cloudless skies above him;
I dare not wish him good unmixed,
But surely, we who love him
May prophesy a fair life's span,
If *my* boy's "father to the man."

"The sky is a drinking-cup,
That was overturned of old."

THE idea of the form of the earth, as we find it in the poems of Homer, — perhaps B. C. 1000, — is that it was a circular plane, surmounted and bounded by the heaven, which was a solid vault or hemisphere with its concavity turned downwards. And this idea still continued to be entertained, after the lapse of five hundred years, in the time of Herodotus, but not by Herodotus. "Many even now," he says, "commit the ludicrous and ignorant error of drawing a map of the earth, in which it is represented of a circular form, as if its outline were traced with a compass, and the ocean is made to flow around it."



DIANA'S PROPOSALS.

BY H. ELLIOTT MCBRIDE.

CHARACTERS. — MISS DIANA GIBSON, *an ancient maiden lady, with a desire to marry.* JOHN PETER JENKINS, *a young man who has no desire to be united to DIANA.* JACOB THOMPSON, *a widower.* DUTCH BILLY, MR. SMITH'S "*help.*" TOMMY, MISS DIANA'S *boy of all work.*

SCENE. — A Room in Miss Gibson's House.
DIANA discovered.

Diana. I don't want to be an old maid, and I *will not* be an old maid, if there is any way to avoid it. I must marry somebody. It would be an everlasting disgrace upon the entire Gibson family if I should go down to my grave without getting married. I can't think of it. Here, now, I am fifty-two years of age, — although I don't confess to more than twenty-five, — and I have never yet had a proposal. The chances seem to be slipping away from me; the world looks matrimonially dark; but I am going to make one desperate effort, and if I don't succeed with one effort, I will make another, and yet another, and still another. I must marry somebody. Now there's Jacob Thompson; he's a widower, with two children, and he ought to have a wife. I can't understand why he doesn't get married. He is certainly standing in his own light. I wish he'd come here and court me. I would be willing to marry him, and I would endeavor to be a first-class wife to him. He should have no trouble, and I would be a kind mother to his children. I would keep the cobwebs swept down, and no woman in all this broad land would bake better bread than I. O, I could love Jacob Thompson to distraction! He is my beau ideal. I will write him a note, and ask him to come over; and then, when he comes, I will propose to him; that is, if he is too bashful to propose to me — and I think he is. Yes, it is settled. I will write him a note. (*Goes*

to table, seats herself, and begins to write.)
Now, what shall I say? Let me see. (*Writes.*)

"DEAR MR. THOMPSON: Come over this evening; I want to see you. A crisis has arrived. Something must be done. Be sure and come over. Come for tea. I will say no more, but will close with some poetry.

"My pen is poor, my ink is pale,
My love for you shall never fail;
And the quill came out of the goose's tail."

"I am your most obedient servant,
"And, also, yours, respectfully,
"And, likewise, yours, truly,
"DIANA GIBSON."

There! I think that will do pretty well. It was a good idea in me to put in that remark about the crisis. He'll come without fail, for he'll think there's something dreadful on hand. And then I say, "Something must be done." It's quite likely he'll think that the cow has got hanged in her halter, or the pet sheep has tumbled into the well. (*Folds and seals letter.*) Here, Tommy!

Enter TOMMY.

Take this letter down to Mr. Thompson's house, put it under the door, and then come right home again. (*Hands letter to Tommy.*) Do you understand?

Tommy. Yes, ma'am.

Diana. Be careful that you make no mistake.

Tommy. Yes, ma'am.

Diana. You may go now.

Tommy. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit TOMMY.*]

Diana. Now, I will propose to Jacob Thompson. He should have a wife. It is wrong, decidedly wrong, for him to live as he is doing. There should be a woman in the house to take care of the children, and there should be a woman in the house to look after Mr. Thompson's clothes. He did actually come to church last Sunday with one button off his coat; and his shirt was dreadfully ironed. The poor, dear man should have a wife; but he is too bashful to make the at-

tempt. I do believe he grows more bashful every day. But ah! who is this?

Enter JOHN PETER JENKINS.

John Peter. Good morning, Miss Gibson.

Diana. Good morning, Mr. Jenkins. I am pleased, yes, very much pleased, to see you this morning. Pray be seated. (*JOHN PETER seats himself, and removes his hat.*)

John Peter. I have not long to stay. I just stepped in to see how you were getting along.

Diana. Did you, really? That is so kind of you, Mr. Jenkins! Not many of my neighbors are so thoughtful. — (*Aside.*) I declare, he's a nice, pleasant gentleman. I believe I will propose to him, and let Mr. Thompson go. — (*To JOHN PETER.*) Are your folks well?

John Peter. Yes, quite well, thank you.

Diana. If I should say something startling to you, Mr. Jenkins, you would not be startled — would you?

John Peter. I presume that I am like other people; and anything that would startle other people, I have no doubt, would startle me. But proceed, Miss Gibson, with what you have to say, and I will endeavor to be calm.

Diana. I was going to say to you, Mr. Jenkins, that I have decided to get married.

John Peter. (*Springing up.*) Cæsar Augustus! You don't say so! Miss Gibson, I am startled. I declare, I haven't been so dreadfully startled in all my life before.

Diana. And yet there is nothing so very startling about it. All people marry — do they not?

John Peter. No; all people do not marry. Some could get married, but don't want to; others want to get married, but can't.

Diana. But there is nothing startling in the fact that I am going to get married.

John Peter. Now that I come to think of it calmly, I believe there is nothing very startling in it. But the news burst upon me with such a crash, that I must confess I was stunned.

Diana. You consider it a woman's duty to get married, if she wants to — do you not?

John Peter. Certainly, certainly. I will not fight you upon that point.

Diana. John Peter Jenkins, you are an exemplary young man. I have long admired you. I have watched your course for many years, and I must say that your parents ought to be proud of you; and I have no doubt they are proud of you. A wife would be proud of you. I repeat it, John Peter Jenkins, a wife would be proud of you. In all ages of the world there have been some men who were better than other men; some men who were an honor

to themselves, to their wives, and to their country at large. We have some of that kind of men now. John Peter Jenkins, you are one of them. (*JOHN PETER springs to his feet.*) Why do you jump up that way, Mr. Jenkins, when I am talking to you?

John Peter. I was startled again; that was all. Proceed, Miss Gibson, and I will listen attentively. (*Seats himself.*)

Diana. Well, as I was remarking, you are an exemplary young man, and you are about my own age, too.

John Peter. (*Aside.*) Yes, just about; she is fifty-two, and I am twenty-four.

Diana. And I think we are congenial spirits. There seems to be a good deal of congeniality about us. Now, Mr. John Peter Jenkins, it is your duty to get married.

John Peter. (*Springing up.*) Thunder!

Diana. Does the thought startle you?

John Peter. It does. I have not thought of matrimony. Indeed, I did not know it was my duty to get married. I am startled; I am stunned; I am struck all of a heap. Yes, Miss Diana Gibson, I have no hesitation in saying that I am curflummuxed. Do you really think it is my duty to get married?

Diana. Most assuredly I do.

John Peter. Then I shall not lose a moment, but I shall forthwith proceed to hunt up a companion. Where can I go to find one who will be a No. 1 wife?

Diana. O, John Peter! are you so blind that you cannot see?

John Peter. I am not blind, Miss Gibson; but, really, I can think of no one who would suit me in every respect.

Diana. I will proceed with what I was going to say. You know, Mr. John Peter Jenkins, that some persons think it is not proper for a woman to propose. But then there are some who think it is perfectly right and proper. Now, why should not a woman propose?

John Peter. I give it up.

Diana. A woman has just as good a right to select a husband as a man has to select a wife. Now, how can she do this if she is not allowed to propose?

John Peter. If that's a conundrum, I give it up again.

Diana. I have always held the opinion that the women ought to do some of the proposing, if not all of it. I have never yet proposed; but probably I will propose soon.

John Peter. (*Springing up.*) Jupiter!

Diana. Are you startled again, Mr. Jenkins?

John Peter. Indeed I am. The thought that you were about to commence proposing

not only startled, but almost upset, me. (*Sits himself.*)

Diana. And why should it upset you? Haven't I a right to propose?

John Peter. Yes; but if you should commence, others would follow, and there would be a revolution, and a regular hullabaloo.

Diana. And that is just what I want to see. I want a revolution. Now, Mr. John Peter Jenkins, as I said before, I admire you; I have admired you for a long time. What do you think of me, Mr. Jenkins?

John Peter. I think you're a buster.

Diana. Thank you, Mr. Jenkins. That is a compliment, and I am very much obliged. You no doubt intended it as a very high compliment. But you might have put it in different words. A buster, according to the phraseology of the present day, means something of great beauty and worth. I thank you again, Mr. Jenkins, for the compliment, and shall always endeavor to be worthy of your good opinion. I always respected and admired you, Mr. Jenkins. And now I come to the point. Will you be my husband, Mr. Jenkins?

John Peter. (*Springing up.*) Thunder and blazes!

Diana. You are surprised, John Peter. I supposed you would be. You did not know you could win me. There is a happy life before us, dear John Peter. We will reside in this cottage, and the sun will rise and set as usual; but in all this broad land there will be no couple so completely happy as we. Now, John Peter, my own dear John Peter Jenkins, I will take you into my arms,—these arms that have been so long aching to hold you,—and I will imprint one long, fond kiss upon your lips. (*She advances with the intention of embracing him.*)

John Peter. (*Stepping back, and shouting.*) You old fool! keep your distance, or I'll cave your head in.

Diana. O, John Peter! you would not be so cruel! Come and let us fall into each other's arms. Let us cling to each other in prosperity and adversity; let us lean upon each other, and let the storms of life howl around us. (*Advancing.*)

John Peter. I'll send you a howling if you come any nearer.

Diana. And will you not marry me?

John Peter. Marry you? Never!

Diana. (*Wringing her hands.*) O, I have been deceived! What shall I do?

John Peter. I'll tell you what to do.

Diana. What?

John Peter. Get John Jones, and Sam

Smith, and Isaac Wheeler to take you to a lunatic asylum. That's where you ought to be. Good by. [*Exit* JOHN PETER.]

Diana. That's an impudent young man! Take me to a lunatic asylum! I'd like to see John Peter Jenkins, or any other Jenkins, attempt to take me to a lunatic asylum. The Jenkinsees always were a mean set; and yet they think they are better than other people. I despise the Jenkinsees, particularly John Peter; and I hope most sincerely that the girls will turn up their noses at him, and that he will never get a wife. I'll get even with the puppy some day. But hark! There is a step, and I think it is Mr. Thompson's. I should not have proposed to John Peter: I should have waited until Mr. Thompson came. But it will all be right now; I feel sure of it.

Enter MR. THOMPSON.

Mr. Thompson. I'm all in a plaguy sweat. (*Wipes his face.*) What on earth is broke loose, any how? You said in your letter that a crisis had arrived, and something must be done. What kind of trouble have you got into? I couldn't wait till evening. I thought I must come over immediately. What is it, any how?

Diana. Be seated, Mr. Thompson. There is no great hurry. (*MR. THOMPSON sits down.*) It will take me some time to explain. You are a widower, Mr. Thompson?

Mr. Thompson. Yes.

Diana. You should be a widower no longer.

Mr. Thompson. Madam, what do you mean?

Diana. Don't get impatient, Mr. Thompson, and I'll explain. As I said before, you are a widower. Two small children are clinging to you, and asking you to be both a mother and a father to them. And you know you cannot be this; it is impossible. Yes, Mr. Thompson, it is impossible for any man to be both a father and a mother to his children. Mr. Thompson, you should immediately proceed to select a wife—one who would be a companion to you and a mother to your children. Now, Mr. Thompson, there are not many who could fill the place properly. But I flatter myself that I could. I have had considerable experience in this world, and I have a loving and a motherly heart. I would make you an excellent companion, Mr. Thompson. I understand how to make good bread, and I can place patches upon pantaloons with dignity and despatch. I can sweep and scrub; and in all this broad land I suppose there are none that can exceed me as a pie-baker and as an apple-dumplingist. Mr. Thompson, I do

not know what your ideas are regarding proposals by women; but I will proceed to give you my views upon the subject. I think women should be allowed to do at least half the proposing. Now, Mr. Thompson, if women are not allowed to propose, how can we have happy marriages? When men do all the proposing, the women generally have to accept those they do not love, or they must live and die old maids. I have thought the matter over for many years, and I am firmly persuaded that there ought to be a change. I intend to inaugurate a change. I am going to take a bold step forward, and in the right way. You know, Mr. Thompson, I have always looked upon you as an excellent man. You are noble, good, and true; and you are a handsome man: you have an intelligent eye, a good mustache, and a Roman nose. I always admired the Roman nose. You will not be startled — will you, Mr. Thompson — like John Peter — that is to say, Mr. Thompson, you will not be startled. I have thought the matter over, Mr. Thompson; I gave it due deliberation, and then I decided to send for you first. I will come to the point at once, Mr. Thompson. Will you be my husband?

Mr. Thompson. (Jumping up, and going towards the door.) Gerwhillakins! the woman's crazy! *[Exit.]*

Diana. Now that man has gone and made a fool of himself too. What do the people mean in running away from me in that way? I wonder if they think I am crazy. Well, I'm not succeeding very well in bringing about a change. My revolution doesn't seem to revolute just right. If I had a husband, I wouldn't bother any further about the revolution. Well, I'll not give up. "Perseverance conquers all things," and I will persevere until I win a true and trusting heart. Who comes now? *(Looking off.)* It's Dutch Billy. I wonder what he wants. Could I marry him? No, no! Let me see. Come to think of it, I believe I could. It would be better to marry Billy than to live single all the days of my life — yes, far better. I think I'll marry Billy.

Enter BILLY.

Billy. How you does? Mr. Smidt he sent me ofer to porrer your cobber kiddle. Mrs. Smidt she wants to make te abble putter to-day, and she sents me ofer to porrer te cobber kiddle for to make de abble putter. Dat ish vat I coomes ofer for.

Diana. Sit down, Billy, and rest yourself.

Billy. (Sits down.) Yaw, dat ish vat I likes to do. Mr. Smidt he keebs me a goin' from mornin' till night, und I gits most

treadful tired, und I vishes I could sit down and rest some; but Mr. Smidt he keeps me goin' from mornin' till night; und I gits most treadful tired.

Diana. I will give you a piece of pie, Billy. I think you must be hungry. *(Goes for pie.)*

Billy. Yaw; dat ish so. Mrs. Smidt she's not mooch at makin' pies. *(DIANA hands BILLY a piece of pie. BILLY takes a large bite, and continues to talk.)* Dat ish treadful good pie. O, dat ish mosht te goodest pie ash I iffer did see. Now, if I only had some millik, it would be so good to te pie.

Diana. I will get you some milk. *[Exit.]*

Billy. Dat voman ish a splendid gal! She gifes me pie, und she vill gife me millik. She ish sich a nice voman! She ish a regular Sharman voman; und I would mooch liefer lif wid her than wid de Smidts.

Enter DIANA with a cup of milk.

Diana. (Handing the milk to BILLY.) Here, Billy, is a cup of cool milk.

Billy. (Eating.) I tanks you so mooch! You ish such a goot voman!

Diana. You ought to get married, Billy.

Billy. Vell, den, I would shoost git married right off straid, if I could git such a nice vomans as you are. I would like to haf a vomans ash could make sich goot pies. O, you ish sich a goot vomans!

Diana. Do you really think so, Billy?

Billy. Yaw.

Diana. I suppose you did not know that I always admired you, Billy.

Billy. (Still eating.) Yaw; you is sich a goot vomans!

Diana. I have always admired you, Billy, and I have often thought you ought to get married.

Billy. Yaw; you ish sich a goot vomans!

Diana. What is your opinion, Billy, about women proposing? Don't you think there are times when it is perfectly right and proper for women to propose?

Billy. (Still eating.) Yaw; you ish sich a goot vomans.

Diana. I have thought the matter over, and I think that you ought to get married. I ought to get married, also.

Billy. Yaw; you do make te goodest pies! Haf you got any more corners of pies around te house?

Diana. (Getting him another piece of pie.) Yes, Billy, here is another piece. It makes my heart glad to see you eat with so much avidity. Well, Billy, what do you say? Are you willing to marry me?

Billy. (*Dropping the pie and milk, and starting up.*) Tunder!

Diana. Are you startled?

Billy. Yaw. I tinks I had bedder git te cobber kiddle, and pe a goin' pack to Mr. Smidt's. Mrs. Smidt she vants to make te abble putter to-day, und she ish in a hurry. I guess I had petterish git te cobber kiddle, und pe a goin'. Dat ish goot pie und millik; but I tinks I had petterish pe gittin' te cobber kiddle, und pe a goin' pack to Mr. Smidt's.

Diana. But you will marry me, Billy?

Billy. You makes sich goot pie und millik! But den, I hash got a vomans in Sharmany, und I don't vant to pe married to two vomans at vonst. It ish wrong to haf two womans at vonst. So I tinks I had petter pe gittin' te cobber kiddle, und goin' ofer to Mr. Smidt's, for Mrs. Smidt vants to make te abble putter to-day.

Diana. (*In a rage.*) Get out of my house, you Dutch blockhead! You have a vast amount of impudence, to eat my pie, and drink my milk, and then tell me that you are a married man. Get out of my house, and don't darken my doors again!

Billy. Put vot apout te cobber kiddle?

Diana. (*Raising a broom to strike him.*) Go! Leave my house immediately!

Billy. Tunder!

[*Exit BILLY, followed by DIANA.*]

[*Curtain.*]

CHRONOLOGY.—Our common chronology deals with rather small figures, if we compare these figures with those of the Egyptians. Manetho, a native Egyptian priest, who lived in the reign of the first two Ptolemies (306-247 B. C.), wrote a work on Egyptian history, in the Greek language. The work itself is lost, but a summary of it has been preserved. He begins his Egyptian chronology at the year 30627 B. C.; but twenty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-five years of this time are taken up with three dynasties of gods, four dynasties of demigods, and one dynasty of heroes. Thus the first mortal king, Menes, commences his reign B. C. 6702.

But even these figures are small compared with those given by later authors. Simplicius, a commentator on Aristotle, who lived in the sixth century of our era, had heard, as he informs us, that the Egyptians had been in possession of astronomical observations extending over a period of not less than six hundred and thirty thousand years; but that the Babylonians had observations extending over a period of one million and four hundred thousand years.

Pliny is more cautious; but when he undertakes to prove the remote antiquity of writing in Assyria, he cites Epigenes—a weighty authority—as stating that the Babylonians were in possession of astronomical observations for seven hundred and twenty thousand years, inscribed on baked bricks. Many bricks have been found in Assyria with astronomical inscriptions; but their antiquity is remarkably moderate by the side of the above figures.

—THE Greeks and Romans were persuaded that there is an affinity between the stars and the souls of men; that the essence of the stars is divine; that the souls of men are taken from this reservoir, and return to it again at death; and that the souls of the more eminent men are converted into stars.

Shortly after the death of Julius Cæsar, during the celebration of games in honor of Augustus, a brilliant comet appeared in the north, and was visible for seven days. This comet was generally believed by the Roman people to be the soul of Cæsar translated into heaven.

The Latin poet Lucan supposes the soul of Pompey, after his death, to mount to the region where the souls of men endowed with superhuman virtues have been converted into stars. Claudian, too, another Latin poet, describes the Emperor Theodosius as ascending through the spheres of the planets until he reaches the portion of the heavens where the fixed stars welcome him, as a new comer, to be added to their band.

One ancient opinion of the Milky Way is, that it is formed of the souls of illustrious men, who after their death have been received into the heavens. Many ancient philosophers believed that the stars are of a divine nature. Even Aristotle believed that the stars are divine beings, and that they have independent wills of their own—more than can be said now of some men of our own day.

—THE discovery of the art of making paper from linen and cotton rags led to the art of printing; for printing presses would be of little use without a plenty of paper. And now so many books are made that all the linen and cotton rags in the world do not seem to be sufficient for making the paper; and cotton, flax, and jute waste from spinning mills, as well as wood and straw, are largely used for the same purpose. There is also a grass, called *esparto*, which grows in the south of Europe, and is very abundant in Spain; and this is now largely employed in paper-making. Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand tons of *esparto* were imported into Great Britain in 1871.



OLD FARMER GRAY GETS PHOTOGRAPHED.

I WANT you to take a picter o' me and my old woman here,
Jest as we be, if you please, sir, — wrinkles, gray hairs, and all :
We never was vain at our best, and we're going on eighty year ;
But we've got some boys to be proud of, — straight, an' handsome, an' tall.

They are coming home this summer, the nineteenth day of July,
Tom wrote me (Tom's a lawyer in Boston since forty-eight) ;
So we're going to try and surprise 'em, my old wife and I, —
Tom, Harry, Zay, and Elisha, and the two girls, Jenny and Kate.

I guess you've heern of Elisha ; he preaches in Middletown.
I'm a Methody myself, but he's 'Piscopal, he says.
Don't s'pose it makes much difference, only he wears a gown ;
An' I couldn't abide (bein' old and set) what I call them Popish ways.

But he's good, for I brought him up, and Tom, then Harry, 'n' Zay,
They're merchants down to the city, and don't forget mother 'n' me.
They'd give us the fat of the land, if we'd only come that way.
And Jenny and Kate are hearty off, for they married rich, you see.

Well, lud, that's a curious fix, sir ! Do you screw it into the head ?
I've heern o' this photography, and I reckon it's scary work.
Do you take the picters by lightnin' ? — La, yes ; so the neighbors said :
It's the sun that does it, old woman ; 'n' he never was known to shirk.

Wal, yes, I'll be readin' the Bible : old woman, what'll you do ?

Jest set on the other side o' me, 'n' I'll take hold o' your hand.
That's the way we courted, mister, if it's all the same to you ;
And that's the way we're a goin', please God, to the light o' the better land.

I never could look that thing in the face, if my eyes was as good as gold.
'Tain't over ! Do say ! What, the work is done ? — Old woman, that beats the Dutch !

Jest think ! we've got our picters took ; and we nigh eighty year old !
There ain't many couples in our town, of our age, that can say as much.

You see, on the nineteenth of next July our golden wedding comes on ;
For fifty year, in the sun and rain, we've pulled at the same old cart.
We've never had any trouble to speak of, only our poor son John
Went wrong, an' I drove him off ; 'n' it about broke the old woman's heart.

There's a drop of bitter in every sweet. And my old woman and me
Will think of John when the rest come home.
Would I forgive him, young sir ?
He was a boy ; and I was a fool for bein' so hard, you see :
If I could jist git him atween these arms, I'd stick to him like a burr.

And what's to pay for the sunshine that's painted my gray old phiz ?
Nothin' ! That's cur'us ! You don't work for the pleasure of working, hey ?
Old woman, look here ! There's Tom in that face ! I'm blessed if the chin isn't his !
Good God ! she knows him ! It's our son John, the boy that we drove away !

— "Men miss truth," says Whately, "more often from their indifference about it than from intellectual incapacity."



THE REASON WHY.—We presented the first of the articles on the Naval Academy at Annapolis in the March number. We “gave it out” and it was put in type for the January number, as we promised, but the printers—oddly enough—found it quite impossible to get ninety pages of matter into eighty pages of space. Of course, we are sorry we promised more than inflexible circumstances would permit us to perform; but we do not know whether to apologize for promising or for failing to do what was not possible. We regard this as a grave question, and we hope to be able to decide it before the end of the year. We trust the dozen or more who have written to us about the matter will forgive us, either for promising or for failing; and perhaps, if they are feeling particularly magnanimous, they will do both.

BUCKEYE.—We should have been very happy to avail ourselves of the “accommodations at a first-class hotel, at reduced prices,” in Alliance, Ohio, and to attend the semi-annual meeting of the Buckeye Amateur Press Association, February 2, but having extensive preparations to make for St. Valentine’s Day, we were unable to cross the Alleghanies for this purpose. But we were with Brother Greiner and his associates in spirit, if not corporeally, and we extend to them all our best wishes for the prosperity of the “Buckeye.”

HONORS.—This notice came: “I hereby notify you that you have been elected a privilege honorary member of the Irving Literary Society of Frederick College. Please let me know within two weeks whether you will accept or not.”—As the Corresponding Secretary of the Society neglected to give the state wherein the college is located, we were unable to notify him of our grateful acceptance of the honor conferred upon us within the two weeks.

If, by this delay to reply, we have lost the honor, why, it has slipped away from us like an evanescent gleam of hope, and we suppose we must “grin and bear it.”

MAKING A FLAG.—Ellie’s letter was not in season for the March number, and probably it is too late now for us to be of any service to her. She wishes to know how to make a flag for a sail-boat. We confess that we never worked much at flag-making, though we have done something in that line. She does not inform us what kind of a flag she desires to make; but as the letter C is to be in it, we infer that it is a burgee, or signal. Such flags are not often, if ever, made of silk, but of bunting. The edges are hemmed; the letter must be cut out of one color, and sewed into another, and, of course, will be reversed on the wrong side; no lining is used, even in silk flags—not banners. Three feet long, and two wide, narrowing to a point, is large enough, or in the shape of a triangle, which is the form of the Brooklyn Yacht signal flag.

A FEW QUESTIONS.—Bartlett asks them: We have answered the first on this page. “Sowed by the Wind” was the first of a new series by Mr. Kellogg. “Going West; or, the Perils of a Poor Boy,” will be the first of a new series by the editor, to be commenced in the July number.—In a diagonal puzzle, words containing the same number of letters are arranged in the form of a square, the number of words being equal to the number of letters in each, so that the answer shall read from one corner to the diagonally opposite corner. It is a double diagonal when two words or phrases read from the two upper to the two lower angles. A half word square consists of words of unequal lengths arranged in the form of half a square, the division being made from the upper right to the lower

left angles. It should read *down* and *across*. — We do not intend to insert addresses more than once in a year in "Our Letter Writers," except for special reasons. — We do not think Bartlett is more inquisitive than boys generally.

NAUTICAL. — M. P. writes, "Will you be kind enough to give a full description of the principal nautical instruments and their uses, and the best and most correct means of measuring casks, &c., intended for cargo?" — We cannot give a very full description in the space we can afford, but will mention the implements and state their uses. 1. The compass to steer by; and large steamers have three or four set on deck. In iron ships one is generally elevated twelve or fifteen feet above the deck. A telltale is an inverted compass, often placed under the skylight, where it can be seen by the officers in the cabin. 2. The quadrant or sextant is for measuring the altitude of the heavenly bodies, in ascertaining the latitude and longitude. The chronometer is used in obtaining the longitude, and is simply a very accurate clock, indicating the time at a given point on shore. "Taking the sun" is ascertaining when it is noon where the ship is; the difference between this time and that of the given point on shore enables the navigator to ascertain his longitude, as four minutes of time make one degree of longitude. 3. The barometer, whose rise or fall indicates a change of weather, falling greatly before a storm. 4. The thermometer, to ascertain the temperature of the water and the air, to discover whether or not the ship is in the vicinity of icebergs. 5. Dividers for measuring distances on the chart. 6. A parallel rule for finding the course of the ship, or the compass course from one point to another, on the chart. 7. The log-line or patent log, for ascertaining the speed of the ship, usually heaved once in two hours, in order to obtain the dead reckoning, or number of miles on each course the vessel has sailed in a given time. 8. The lead and deep-sea lead, used to find the depth of water. The latter generally has a cavity in the lower end, filled with grease, to which the mud, sand, shells, &c., at the bottom stick. As the character of the bottom is given on the chart, valuable information in regard to the ship's position may sometimes be obtained. 9. The measurement of casks for stowage is usually taken from tables, as, 140 barrels of flour weigh 13.75 tons, and occupy 850 cubic feet of space.

A SUPPLEMENTARY LETTER BAG. — Fighting Joe's cross word will pass. — Cyma slips up on a definition. — A "thin G before ewe" is not passable in Caxton's rebus. Why not "after A"? — Our picture was in No. 27; but we have outgrown that one; stereotyping is a good trade. — Niagara's anagrams are very good. — Blake De Kalb, 96 Washington St., Boston; initials, S. S. — The principal words in Japetus's reversible have been used before; but we do not doubt his honesty on that account. — Algol's King's Tour shall go to an expert. — Joe Ker's rebus we have used; and the riddle is not original.

Sphinx's six word square is good, but the fifth is a "coined word," though almost anybody might use it; and we save the puzzle. — Fighting Joe's rebus will hardly pass muster, though he expects to get the prize. — Lillie Grant writes for herself and three other girls, from San Francisco, asking us to explain diamonds, squares, cross words, and double acrostics. We should like to send Feramorz on a mission to the Pacific coast for this purpose, but we doubt whether he will be willing to go. If the girls will compare the puzzles with the answers, we think they will understand them.

We confess that we cannot get Cyma's letter puzzle into the "mill." — Eureka's six word square is very well done, so far as the words are concerned, but the poetic element is not felicitously managed. "To immure one's self into another's love," is not particularly elegant or fastidiously correct, for there are no walls in "another's love." Good common-sense expressions are infinitely better than poetic twaddle. — Caxton made a bad mistake in his diamond, which he would have seen if he had read after he wrote. — H. A. A., all answers that reach us before the fifteenth of the month, will be on the same footing.

In Brisco's diamond, the definitions are not just what we desire, and his spelling might be improved. We infer from his "request" that he has not seen the Magazine for the last two months. — G. W. J.'s boy does very well for a beginner in rebus making, but that German word is not allowable, and the "talked to death" would hardly be intelligible. — In E. L. R., Jr.'s cross word, the last line does not come into the rhyme. — Alonzo G. L.'s enigma does not come within our rule, even if our modesty did not take fright. — Japetus's word square will do, and we have already received several answers to the sphinx. — Phred's square is good enough to use.



ANSWERS FOR MARCH.

41. HUMID
BREVITY
DECUSSATE
RECOGNITION
DISQUISITIONS
INFESTATION
STRATAGEM
CLEMENT
DREAD

42. The road to learning. 43. Doe, door, dosed. 44. H

PAR
PILOT
HALIBUT
ROBIN
TUN
T

45. Chicago. 46. *Question.* What saying is here illustrated? *Answer.* It's a big feather in his cap. 47. Washington Irving.

48. PALE
AXIS
LIMP
ESPY

49. Yemen, a part of Arabia. 50. Solvitche-godsk. 51. Gray, ray, bay, May, jay. 52. (A) (sun) (tooth) (E) (boat) (he) (C) (oar) (dice) (sou) (NaT) (he) (manis) (woman) —

As unto the bow the cord is
So unto the man is woman.

53. LOVE 54. TAPE
OVID AREA
VILE PEAS
EDEN EAST

55. There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war.

56. PA
AM
PARANA
AMAZON
NO
AN

57. The breve, et, colon, el, comma, finis =

ending (= nding) — the brevet colonel commanding. 58. 'Tis a wise child who knows its own father. 59. (Time on O) (fat hens) — Timon of Athens. 60. Idle hands make sad hearts. 61. BREAD

ENI
AFTER
NEG
SURGE

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials are a flower, and the finals a drug that relieves pain.

62. 1. Relating to a garden. 2. Christmas. 3. To bring together. 4. Filtration. 5. An inference. 6. Nourishing. 7. Complete. 8. The blood-stone. STEROPES.

ANAGRAMS.

63. 1. Neat masts. 2. Parse Ida. 3. Not chains. 4. Naiad chip. 5. A sour mail. 6. Too near dim. NIAGARA.

64. KING'S TOUR.

Chess Movement. Commence on black.

¹ H	² E	³ T	⁴ T	⁵ F	⁶ S	⁷ O	⁸ N
⁹ I	¹⁰ T	¹¹ N	¹² O	¹³ I	¹⁴ T	¹⁵ G	¹⁶ M
¹⁷ O	¹⁸ R	¹⁹ N	²⁰ R	²¹ R	²² H	²³ E	²⁴ A
²⁵ T	²⁶ W	²⁷ O	²⁸ E	²⁹ E	³⁰ A	³¹ D	³² S
³³ S	³⁴ T	³⁵ J	³⁶ M	³⁷ B	³⁸ O	³⁹ N	⁴⁰ O
⁴¹ E	⁴² U	⁴³ N	⁴⁴ E	⁴⁵ H	⁴⁶ H	⁴⁷ E	⁴⁸ N
⁴⁹ K	⁵⁰ R	⁵¹ W	⁵² W	⁵³ E	⁵⁴ O	⁵⁵ S	⁵⁶ M
⁵⁷ N	⁵⁸ O	⁵⁹ A	⁶⁰ W	⁶¹ W	⁶² F	⁶³ F	⁶⁴ O

ALGOL.

65. REBUS.



SIX WORD SQUARE.

66. 1. A native kingdom on the west coast of Africa. 2. Indifferent. 3. A passage for water. 4. A city of Ontario. 5. The deviation of a course by a vessel from the course steered. 6. The disposition of armed forces for defence. HOODLUM.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

67. My first is in mind, but not in brain.
My second is in thunder, but not in rain.
My third is in catch, but not in hold.
My fourth is in brave, but not in bold.
My fifth is in might, but not in power.
My sixth is in house, but not in tower.
My seventh is in crush, but not in quell.
My whole was a seaman whom none could excel. TELEGRAPH.

LETTER PUZZLE.

68. S
E T A L G. BRAIGH.

ENIGMA.

69. I am composed of ten letters.
My 5, 2, 9, 7, is a kind of starch brought from the East Indies. My 6, 10, 8, is a pronoun. My 3, 4, 1, is to gasp for breath. My whole is a good piece of advice. PINE KNOT.

DECAPITATIONS.

70. Whole I am an animal. Behead, I am a kind of frame. Behead and transpose, I am

an animal. Curtail, I am a body of water. Restore me, behead and transpose, I am to let. Curtail twice, I am a field. UNKNOWN.

71. SHAKESPERIAN REBUS.



FIVE WORD SQUARE.

72. 1. A bird. 2. A weapon. 3. Solemn.
4. An admirer. 5. Vessels. TECUMSEH.

73. REBUS.



HALF WORD SQUARE.

74. 1. A precious stone. 2. Struck with a chill. 3. A dwarf. 4. A snare. 5. A boy's nickname. 6. A consonant. CLARA.

75.

REBUS.



CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

76. My first is in might, but not in power.
My second is in soar, but not in tower.
My third is in float, but not in swim.
My fourth is in border, but not in rim.

My fifth is in diminish, but not in waste.
My sixth is in modest, but not in chaste.
My seventh is in notice, but not in heed.
My eighth is in action, but not in deed.
My ninth is in destiny, but not in fate.
My whole's in the United States, a state.

VERBENA.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

77. 1. A vowel. 2. An insect. 3. A buffalo. 4. A province in Canada. 5. Wearied. 6. A Spanish chief. 7. A vowel.

SCOTCH CANADIAN.

CHARADES.

78. My first is seen in my second. My whole is a part of a year. GUS FITZ.

79. My first does my second in my whole. FRISCO.

PI PUZZLE.

80. Glaf fo het asse no snoace veaw
Hyt ratss lashl religtt roe teh verba
Newh theda cringeare no eth lega
Spewes kradyl droun eht lebdiel lais
Dan redfight vawes suhr wildyl kacb'
Febore het dorabdises leergin crak
Chae gnidy dawnerre fo het ase
Lashl kolo ta ocen ot nevahe nad hete.

LADY PAULA.

DIAMOND.

81. 1. A consonant. 2. A cover. 3. Profit. 4. A tree. 5. A sluggard. 6. Before. 7. A consonant. LEOPOLD.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

OUR good friend, the Rev. Mr. Chaney, has written a capital book for "boys that mean business;" and we have a word for such: Don't begin till you are ready. Be sure that you understand what you are to do before you attempt to do it. If your business is to compete for the prizes we have offered for answers or for puzzles, take the trouble to read and understand the conditions. One sends his answers mixed up in a note to the editor, and on the same sheet with the puzzles he offers as contributions. Several send the answers on a separate sheet, but without any address or other clew to guide the committee in awarding the prizes. The conditions are in the December number.

Hiawatha hopes the Magazine may "live long and prosper," which sounds more like R. V. Winkle than the Indian maiden; but his square is good enough to use. — We object to "in G hi" in Wm. Low's rebus, which is capital in other respects. As it stands it means "hing." We send it to the artist, who may tinker it. — Willis H. Beals's picture puzzle is quite an elaborate affair, indicating ability and labor on the part of the maker; but it is too extensive for our Head Work pages, and we must refer it to our artist. — E. D. K.'s cross word will pass; "buried cities" should contain no proper names. — Karl Doran did not finish his diamond, and his rebus will not do. — Regular purchasers and subscribers have the same privileges in Brockton as all over the world.

Jesse Healy's pictorial contains an obsolete word; "kit" is a *small* fiddle, but he draws it just the length of the "inn." The poetry of the centre puzzle is too execrable; the draw-

ing is well enough. — Feramorz is a nice fellow, but he does not send the answer to that charade, so that we cannot use it if we would; we advise him to re-write it, with more regard to poetic feet. — Frisco does not describe the "third" in his first charade; the second will do. Of course we remember all the old head workers, and we think a person ought to answer when he has invited correspondence, and a stamp is sent. — We can only give Codger's suggestion to the publishers, and thank him for not wanting to "kill the old man." — Mystic's double acrostic goes to the printer. — If head workers put their puzzles into verse, we must insist upon sense and some regard to poetic rules. "You raise the voice my next is heard," is better rhythm than sense, Juanito. — The very asking of the question whether supplementary answers will be considered, prevents his list from going to the committee. Why? The answers are sent to the committee; we retain letters to be answered in the Magazine. As we make no account of time, we cannot bother with supplementary lists. — Brisco's word square will do. — Eugene's double will take its chance with the artist. — Caxton evidently does not read what he has written, or he would have seen the mistake which is a fatal flaw in his diamond. — We will not publish the addresses of girls, because it would subject them to possible insult; no objection to girls and boys corresponding, if their parents know it.

We answered Leopold's question last month, and we take his diamond. — Lady Paula writes fairly, and we prefer the pi puzzle. — Stevens sends no answer with his cross word. — Mazzeppa does not give his name. — Lychopinax's rebus is accepted, though we never heard of that vehicle before. — We take Hyperion's double diamond, though it contains an obsolete word. — One of Longbow's cross words will do. — So will one of Will H.'s. — A decapitation by Unknown, also. — Italian Boy's

acrostic, ditto. — Xerxes' rebus will do nicely. — McC.'s rebus shall have an introduction to the artist. — We change Al. G. Braigh's word rebus for the sake of the pronunciation. — Breech Loader gives us an account of a day's duck shooting, which he enjoyed more than we should, for we haven't fired a gun for twenty years. — Scotch Canadian's diamonds are first water, and we save one. — Verbenia did not count right in the enigma; the cross word is saved. — We will take Louis M.'s word, over his name. — Topic, Jr.'s matter is too mixed and crowded to be intelligible. — Covers furnished — 50 cents. — Maxa, no boys; sixty-eight books; I am! The cross word will not do; it is incomplete.

E. H. S.'s letter makes us blush, all alone in our sanctum. Of course, the word square is a good one. — Coburg's geographical shall go to the artist. — Erid has a level head; we don't remember "The East India Nabob," but perhaps we wrote it, and the title has been changed; "The Will and the Way," in the Fireside Companion, is by the editor. — Clara's half word square shall not be used to "cook turkey" over, for it is worthy a better fate. — Mohawk is informed that the writer he quotes is a humbug, who probably never staid over night in Boston — thanks. — Henry of Rome — no name — diamond not perfect. — Mignonette's diamond is tough, but shall be saved. — Ella is very kind to wish that we may live a thousand years to edit the Magazine; but we are afraid we should get tired of the work after four or five hundred years. — *Lupus d'Oris* is ingenious, but the Latin is a little shaky in the cases. — S. R. S.'s rebuses are not analyzed, and the riddle is hardly a riddle. — Captain Hussy should put his puzzle and answer together. We shall have to re-write them if we use them.

C. T. Hat is respectfully informed that we are not the pope, and make mistakes; we are glad that our readers are smart enough to correct them, as about fifty of them have those in the January number. The diamond is good enough. — Will H.'s square is passable. — Pine Knot does not go to the blaze. — German Boy, and boys and girls of every nationality, should put the puzzle and answer on the same page. The double acrostic is good. The Elements of Conchology may be obtained of Lee & Shepard. — Telegraph's cross word shall go through. — We are very glad to hear from Trip again, but he has "run in" his puzzles, answers, and queries in such a manner that we can't use anything without copying it. — Willis the Pilot is a sequel to the Swiss Family Robinson. — Buckshot hits again. — Gus Fitz's

charade goes to the right place. — Vigilax's rebus shall take its chances. — This Magazine, J. H. B., was started as a weekly in January, 1867, \$2.00 a year; enlarged in July of the same year, \$2.50. The back numbers can be supplied in volumes or numbers. — We missed Tecumseh; we welcome him back; we insert his word square: he was a clerk, but is now a "knight of the composing stick." — We comply with Marcus's request, but there is no fish in the half-square.

Steropes's maiden puzzle contains hard words enough to burst the dictionary, but we will try it. — Titan's diamond is very good. — Carolus's cross word would be all right if he had used cross words; try again. — Top Knot is sensible, but his rebus is not a success. — Tart Boy must not be sour if we hand his rebuses over to Hannah.

OUR LETTER WRITERS.

[For the use of subscribers and regular purchasers only, who should state that they are such. Addresses on postal cards are not inserted, and only one name from each letter. No advertisements admitted here.]

Charles H. Worth, 523 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. (puzzles). — A. W. Roberts, Randolph, N. Y. (amateurs and puzzles). — Charles M. Augur, Box 732 Le Roy, N. Y. (writing and address cards). — G. E. Stevens, 7 Wooster Place, New Haven, Conn. (fun). — John R. Bridge, Box 418, Le Roy, N. Y. (scroll and visiting cards). — Edward H. Wheeler, 188 Fulton Market, New York City. — Frank R. Shull, Decatur, Ill. (stamps and geological specimens). — H. J. Mabbett, 544 Cape St., Milwaukee, Wis. (fun and improvement). — Philip F. Timpson, Orange, N. J. (birds' eggs). — Wm. Preston Jerome, Care S. H. Thomas & Co., Louisville, Ky. — Edward W. Drew, Buffalo, N. Y. (amateurs and photographic students). — J. H. Simonton, Camden, Maine (fun and improvement). — Thomas J. Wilson, Box 44, Auburn, N. Y. (birds' eggs). — J. A. Nevers, 1630 Locust St., Phila., Pa. (pigeons and coins). — W. H. Zeigler, 1307 Locust St., Phila., Pa. (stamps). — Walter B. Patterson, 1213 Vermont Av., Washington, D. C. (stamps and amateur specimens). — John Wilson, 513 Vine St., Phila., Pa. (stamps and curiosities). — J. Henry Barnum, Box 162, Rochester, Fulton Co., Ind. (fun, autographs, coins, &c.). — Marcus, Puzzle Editor, 92 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. (puzzles wanted). — A. Reitler, 1015 Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill. (puzzles and catalogues). — John S. Reese, Box 1434, Akron, Ohio (stamps, amateurs, and puzzles). — Frank B. Cash, Oakfield, Genesee Co., N. Y. (cards and amateur printing).



EDITORIAL.

THE LATE SPANISH GOVERNMENTS.

WHEN Napoleon III. was no longer emperor, the King of Italy felt freer to do as he pleased, and without much coaxing he accepted the Spanish crown for his son, Amadeo, Duke of Aosta. On the 16th of November, 1870, the Spanish Cortes assembled under the management of General Prim, and Amadeo received one hundred and ninety-one votes against sixty-three for a republic, and twenty-seven for the Duke of Montpensier, and a few scattering ones.

But before the new king reached Madrid, General Prim, the king-maker, the Spanish Warwick, had fallen by the hand of an assassin. The man who had called the Italian prince to the throne of Spain, and who, perhaps, would have made his burden lighter, was no more.

This reign, begun with omens so unfavorable, and the object of so many hopes, lasted less than two years. All kinds of difficulties were thrown in the young king's way; and men even complained that he was not fond enough of his office, and that he lived too much like a simple citizen. So, finally, in February, 1873, he concluded to abdicate and return to Italy.

The acts that would have been most to his credit in any other country, all counted against him here. He refused to take harsh measures against the Carlists. He had been persuaded that it was not his duty to spill the blood of his subjects, as if a poet had not said that the first king was a fortunate soldier, or as if there was a man in Spain, of any rank or consideration, who had not some drops of Spanish blood upon his hands.

Perhaps Amadeo was not the wisest of kings; but the wisest of kings could not have satisfied Spain at that time. "Man may take every precaution," says a celebrated poet; "what is to happen will happen." Besides, unlike General Prim, Amadeo would have preferred not to reign at all to ruling by the sword.

After the abdication of Amadeo, a republic

was proclaimed, and though there were all shades of politics in the Cortes, a republican ministry was formed, and Señor Figueras was appointed president of the executive power.

By the 1st of June this provisional government was at the end of its road. Figueras, after having tried in vain to make some change that would be satisfactory to all parties, resigned his place and left Spain.

Señor Pi y Margall now undertook to form a government. The plan of this new president was to carry out a system of hostility to all old parties, while he attempted to unite all shades of republicans. This plan turned out to be better in theory than in practice — there were too many parties in Spain that called themselves republican. Pi y Margall's government was called the missionary government, because he sent agents into different parts of Spain to reason with the discontented people. Some of these agents, when they failed to keep the people quiet, put themselves at their head, in order, as they said, to moderate the movement. And thus the missionaries did not convert the savages, but the savages converted the missionaries. The first outbreak was at Alcoy, near Alicante, a town of sixteen thousand souls. Soon Seville, Cadiz, Granada, Cordova, Valencia, and other cities, followed. In the midst of all this, Señor Pi did nothing. The opposition journals compared him to a somnambulist, who dreams with his eyes wide open on the edge of an abyss.

Men breathed freer when Señor Salmeron became president. His first care, he declared, was for public order; and he followed up his words with deeds. Seville was retaken, and the surrender of Cadiz, Cordova, Granada, Malaga, and Valencia followed. But now the Spaniards were not satisfied with victory alone; they demanded that the insurgents, especially the leaders, should be punished without mercy. But Señor Salmeron was in favor of the abolition of the death penalty in all cases, and so he had nothing to do but to resign his power.

Castelar, just at present the most popular

of Spaniards out of Spain, — the man who, without knowing English, writes for English and American magazines, — now became president of the executive power. This was on the 8th of September, 1873.

The new administration lasted about four months, or till January 2, 1874. On that day Castelar asked for a vote of confidence; this was refused by the new Spanish Congress, and he resigned. A few minutes later, General Pavia, with his civil guards, swept the members of the Congress of Deputies out of the hall; and a few hours after this, the radicals and conservatives had given Spain a new government, a kind of dictatorship, under General Serrano.

Serrano's government remained in power during a whole twelvemonth; but finally this also failed. And at last, with the beginning of the new year, 1875, Alfonso XII., son of the Ex-Queen Isabella II., was proclaimed king, and received the support of the army and navy.

It is one thing to gain power, however, and quite another to hold it. Alfonso finds his treasury empty, and his army not in the best condition, while his government inherits the Carlist war, which has troubled the late governments of Spain.

FIXING DATES.

WE can hardly over-estimate the convenience of having a well-known date to reckon from in every part of Christendom. It is easy to write Jan. 1, 1875, and as easy to understand what such a date means. In giving dates of events in Grecian history, we either say they were so many years B. C., or that they happened in such a year of a certain Olympiad. But, though it seems quite natural to date events in Greek history by the Olympiads, the Greeks rarely did anything of the kind. Indeed, they had a few little impediments that we are free from: even in the second century of our era the Greeks had no civil calendar of months common to them all, and having a fixed position in the year. Each Greek state had a calendar of its own. And thus, when the great historians of Greece — like Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon — wrote, they had to give the date of an event as best they could. Here is the way Thucydides fixes the date of the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. We should say, the war began B. C. 431; but Thucydides states it in this way: "The thirty years' truce, which was made after the reduction of Eubœa, lasted fourteen years; but in the fifteenth year, when Chrysis was in the forty-eighth year of her priesthood at Argos, and Ænesias was ephor of Sparta, and

Pythodorus had still two months to be archon at Athens, — in the sixth month after the battle at Potidæa, and in the beginning of spring, — about three hundred Thebans entered with their arms into Platæa."

Timæus, who died about B. C. 256, is said to have been the earliest historian who made a systematic use of the Olympic era.

This era never passed into use in civil and political life; but it came in time to be used by all who wrote on the affairs of Greece; and there was no longer any practical use for the older method of fixing dates.

It sometimes happens, however, that things which are useful in one age are employed for ornament at a later time. For example: in the cathedrals of the middle ages, the lofty walls of masonry were supported by strong buttresses, because such walls needed some support of this kind. But now, when our small country churches are built of timber, we sometimes find them ornamented with buttresses made of pine boards, which add nothing to the strength of the buildings.

In a similar manner we find this old Greek method of fixing dates used by modern writers as a kind of rhetorical flourish. Thus we find in Bancroft's History of the United States, on page 76 of the first volume, "In the month of August, 1619, a few days only after the first representative assembly of Virginia, about sixteen months before the Plymouth colony landed in America, and less than two years before the concession of a written constitution, more than a century after the last vestiges of hereditary slavery had disappeared from English society and the English constitution, and five years after the Commons of France had petitioned for the emancipation of every serf in every fief, a Dutch man-of-war entered James River, and landed twenty negroes for sale."

Again, in the same volume, page 308, we find the same style: "On the sixth day of September, 1620, thirteen years after the first colonization of Virginia, two months before the concession of the grand charter of Plymouth, without any warrant from the sovereign of England, without any useful charter from a corporate body, the passengers in the Mayflower set sail for a new world."

THE PRIZES FOR FEBRUARY. — The first prize for answers to the Head Work is awarded to Alice, of Boston; the second to Tecumseh, of Lancaster, Penn., and the third to Coburg, of Winchendon, Mass. We are obliged to defer the announcement for the best puzzle till next month.

GREETING TO SPRING.

Written by EDWARD LOWE, Esq.

Music by D. F. HODGES.

GLEE FOR MIXED VOICES.

Voice. TENOR.



1. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly now we will sing, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! For

2. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, soon we shall hear, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! The

Sop. and ALTO.



Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

Bass.



yon - der is com - ing the bright hap - py Spring, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!

gay, feathered songsters a chim - ing so clear, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!



Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!

SOPRANO SOLO. *Cantabile.*

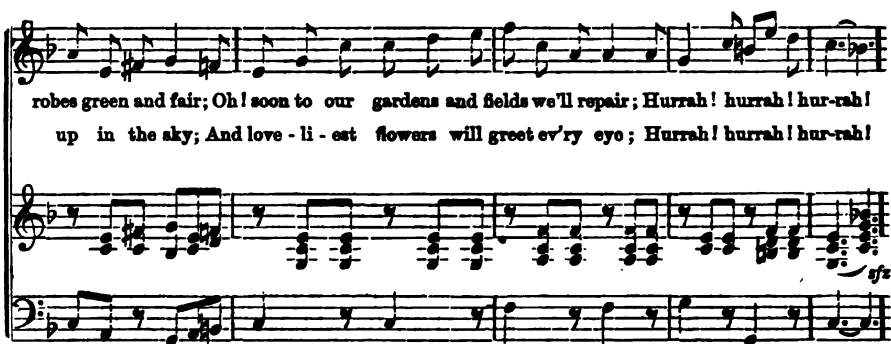
Win - ter has gone with his cold chil - ly air, And Spring is re - turn - ing with

Soon will the Day-King in Char - i - ot his, To his loft - i - est throne a - way



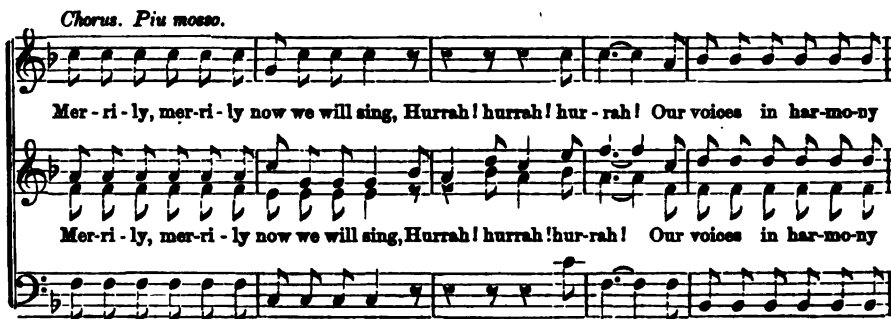
PIANO-FORTE.



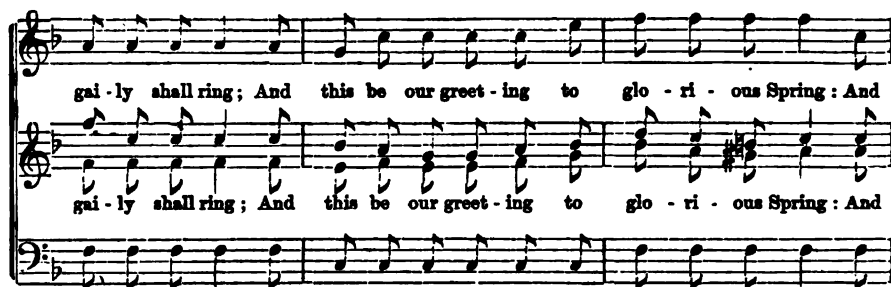


robes green and fair; Oh! soon to our gardens and fields we'll repair; Hurrah! hurrah! hur-rah!
up in the sky; And love-li-est flowers will greet ev'ry eye; Hurrah! hurrah! hur-rah!

Chorus. Piu mosso.

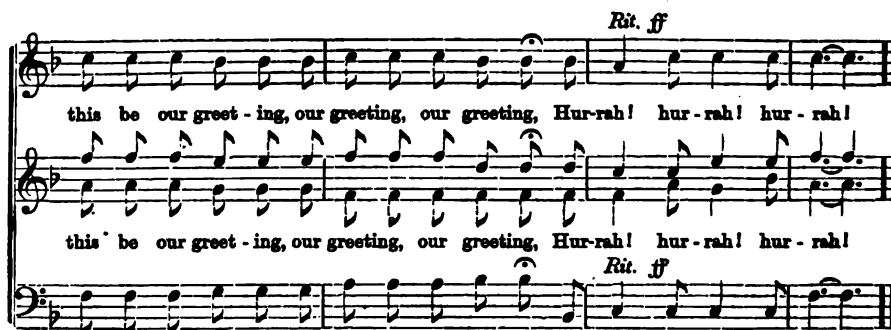


Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly now we will sing, Hurrah! hurrah! hur-rah! Our voices in har-mo-ny
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly now we will sing, Hurrah! hurrah! hur-rah! Our voices in har-mo-ny



gai-ly shall ring; And this be our greet-ing to glo-ri-ous Spring: And
gai-ly shall ring; And this be our greet-ing to glo-ri-ous Spring: And

Rit. ff



this be our greet-ing, our greeting, our greeting, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!
this be our greet-ing, our greeting, our greeting, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

Rit. ff



THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

MAY, 1875.

No. 262.



McGUSHER ON THE DISHES. Page 327.

OCEAN-BORN; OR, THE CRUISE OF THE CLUBS.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLUBS AT FORT POINT.

THE Yacht Club fleet was already at anchor off Fort Point when the Dorcas Club and the Ocean-Born arrived. The yachtmen, who were on shore waiting for the young ladies, assisted them to land, and then, taking

their boats out of the water, conveyed them to a barn appropriated to their use. The Ocean-Born came to anchor in deep water, and all hands landed except Martin Roach, who was to attend to the engine, and join the party at a later hour. The Monogram, though she had kept at a respectful distance after the admonition of Captain Patterdale, now came in, and running up to the wharf, landed Mr. McGusher, who seemed to be determined to take part in the festivities of the trip, in spite of all the snubbing that could be administered to him.

As soon as the entire party had gathered on the wharf, and in the pretty grove which bor-

dered the river, — for the boats entered the river when they rounded Fort Point, — the young ladies and the young gentlemen began to wonder what was to be done. No one seemed to know what they were to do, or why they had landed at this delightful spot. It was certainly very pleasant; but then it was half past one, a time somewhat later than most of them had been in the habit of attending, in this provincial locality, to the ceremony of dinner, which, in the present instance, after a trip of ten miles on the salt water, was likely to be something more than a mere form.

"Are we to have no dinner?" asked Kate Bilder, at whose side Ben Lunder had placed himself as soon as he stepped upon the wharf.

"Really, Miss Bilder, I don't know what the arrangements are," replied Ben, shrugging his shoulders.

"I am as hungry as a wolf!" protested Kate.

"Hungry as a lamb! I am as hungry as a wolf. Let us have the similes properly placed."

"Do you mean by that you are any hungrier than I am?"

"I can't say as to that; but I haven't tasted a mouthful of food since I ate my breakfast; and it is now half past one in the afternoon," added Ben.

"Your sufferings can be no greater than mine. I have eaten nothing since breakfast. I supposed we should dine in the cabins of the yachts."

"Behold, there is a great mystery somewhere! The high and mighty commander of the Ocean-Born intended to invite all the ladies of the Dorcas Club to dine in the cabin of the steamer. He had gathered great stores of ambrosia, and such ethereal 'feed,' for the occasion, and was about to issue his sovereign mandate to the cook, when the puissant managing agent of the expedition interposed with a veto. It cannot be that Captain Patterdale, who has a human stomach in his corporation, has doomed us to an afternoon of famine."

"If he has, I shall rebel, and buy some cookies at a shop, if I can find one," pouted Kate.

"But shops are not hopeful in such a place as this; and we can do better: we will invade the pantry of the Ocean-Born, where the ethereal provender is stowed."

"What's that?" asked Kate, as a band of music, concealed in the grove, suddenly struck up an enlivening air.

"There's music in the air," replied Ben.

"All the yachtsmen, ahoy!" shouted Sam Rodman, the captain of the fleet.

"Ay, ay!" responded the several crews,

as they gathered in an open space near the wharf.

"By order of the commodore, you will form a procession by crews," added Rodman.

"A procession!" exclaimed Ben. "That's a prodigious formality."

"The Dorcas Club will form by clubs," said Minnie Darling, the president.

"Dear me! we must wear a strait jacket, too," laughed Kate.

Each yacht had a crew of four, besides the captains; and each had been strictly limited to this number, so that the members of the Dorcas Club could be accommodated, if occasion should require. The crews formed, with the captains in front of them. Rodman placed the commodore, the vice commodore, the secretary, and the treasurer at the head of the procession. Three yacht crews came next, who were followed by the five divisions of the Dorcas Club, and the rear was brought up by the other three yacht clubs.

"The officers and crew of the Ocean-Born seem to be left out in the cold," said Ben Lunder, when the formidable preparations for the march were so far completed.

"Not at all," replied Sam Rodman. "The Ocean-Borns will form a guard of honor for the Dorcas Club. Only six of you seem to be present, and three of you will walk on each side of the young ladies."

"Thanks, magnanimous captain of the fleet, for putting us in the sugar bowl," added Ben.

The B. B. Band, which had been mysteriously sent forward in the morning boat, was placed at the head of the procession. Commodore Montague gave the order to march, and the line moved up the gentle slope and through the grove, towards the hotel, which stands on a considerable bluff, with the waters of the bay on one side, and those of the river on the other.

Mr. McGusher witnessed all the proceedings with about the same feeling that a hungry street cur looks through the cruel pickets of a fence which separates him from the sleek house-dog feeding upon the well-covered beef bones from a lavish table. Mr. McGusher was conscious of his own merits, if no one else was. He knew he could shine in such a company as that which marched like a pageant before him. He could bring to it the graces and brilliancy of the metropolis of the nation. He could fascinate those young ladies with his speech. He could charm those young ladies with his conversation, so that the fairest daughter of the richest and proudest nabob of that Down East City would gladly own his

sway. But he had not been invited to join the excursion. He was acquainted only with Kate Bilder and one or two others; and that miserable Ben Lunder was always near her; even his position in the "guard of honor" was abreast of her. She could introduce him to all the young ladies, and open the gates of paradise to him — and, happily, to them.

He followed the procession to the hotel, keeping step to the music; but, alas! his heart was not allowed to beat in unison with those of the members of the Dorcas Club. With eight hundred dollars in his pocket, — he had been compelled to pay for two days in advance for the Monogram, — he was a beggar for the smiles of that bevy of beautiful beings.

The procession marched into the great hall of the hotel, the band playing the grand *finale* of a grand march, and then into the parlors assigned for the use of the party. At the door stood Captain Patterdale and Dr. Darling, like two great ogres at the entrance of an enchanted palace. But the long-lost was so infatuated by this time that he was superior to any fear of ogres, giants, or dragons; and with easy assurance he stepped up to this gate of paradise. He was about to enter, when the ogres placed themselves in his way.

"This parlor is private," said Captain Patterdale.

"I beg yaw pawdon; but I wish to speak to Miss Bildaw," replied Mr. McGusher.

"If you wish to see any lady of this party, send your card to her by one of the waiters; that's the proper way in genteel society," answered the remorseless ogre.

Of course Mr. McGusher was perfectly familiar with the ways of genteel society. He went to the office, wrote his name on a card, and sent it to Kate by a servant. Then he wrote his name on the register of the hotel.

"I desiauw the best wooms in the house," said he, magnificently.

"We are quite full to-day, on account of the party which has just arrived," replied the gentlemanly clerk, who did not seem to be very much impressed by the young man's magnificence. "We have nothing left, short of the upper floor, except a suit of rooms on the second floor."

"Vewy well, saw," added the guest, with a nod and a graceful wave of his right hand. "That will ansaw my pawpose."

"It is a large parlor, with a bedroom attached, suitable for two persons, and we have to charge fourteen dollars a day for the suit, with board," continued the clerk, who doubtless believed that these terms would settle the question.

"I didn't ask the pwice. I don't object to that. It seems quite weasonable," added Mr. McGusher, with an expression of sovereign contempt on his classic features.

"The lady says she is engaged just now, and cannot see you," said the waiter who had carried the card to Miss Bilder. "She says she will endeavor to see you this afternoon."

"Vewy well," replied the long-lost, biting his classic lip.

"Have you any baggage, Mr. McGusher?" asked the clerk.

"Baggage! Do you mean to insult me?" demanded the swell, who doubtless knew the rule that "guests without baggage are required to pay in advance."

"Certainly not, sir," replied the clerk, obsequiously; for by this time he deemed it possible that the airy guest might be the simple scion of some New York nabob.

"Take out one day in advance," said Mr. McGusher, selecting a hundred-dollar bill from the notes in his wallet, and tossing it upon the counter with the air of a wounded lord.

"I beg your pardon; you quite misunderstood me," added the clerk. "I only wished to send your baggage to your rooms."

"My baggage is on bawd of my steamaw — the Monogwam, at the whawf. Oblige me by sending a pawtaw saw it," said Mr. McGusher, restoring the hundred-dollar bill to his wallet, satisfied with showing that he had plenty of money.

"The porter shall bring it up at once."

"And now I want some dinnow," continued the long-lost.

"We dine at one; but we will get some dinner for you."

"Nevaw mind: I will dine with the pawty that just came."

"That is a private party," answered the clerk, firmly.

At that moment Mr. McGusher happened to turn his head, and saw Captain Patterdale talking with his old friend Monroe, who had "shadowed" him in Bangor.

"Aw, my deaw Monwoe, I'm delighted to see you!" exclaimed the long-lost, rushing in between the two gentlemen, and breaking up their conversation.

In spite of the shade we cast on Mr. McGusher's good breeding in doing so, we cannot help saying that there is no more flagrant violation of the rules of politeness, in social or business intercourse, than breaking in upon the conversation of two or more persons, be they ladies or gentlemen, or both. Better wait an hour, any time, than do it, except in

a case of life and death; and then it should be commenced with an apology.

Mr. Monroe, evidently, was not so much delighted. His function as a "shadow" had ceased; and the New York swell was not just the person he would choose as an associate at a sea-side resort; but he took the offered hand of the long-lost, and greeted him rather coldly.

"Dine with us, Monroe — won't you?" said Captain Patterdale, as he turned to leave.

"I dined an hour ago, and am hardly in condition to do it again," laughed Monroe.

"Ask him if you may invite a friend," said Mr. McGusher, in a low tone.

"Come in and see us, whether you dine or not," added the captain, as he retreated from the office.

"Thank you; perhaps I may," replied Monroe.

"Why don't you ask him if you may bring in a friend, my dear Monwoe?" added Mr. McGusher, rather impatiently; for though the Belfasters, through prejudice, failed to recognize his merits, certainly Monroe could not be so blind.

"I don't think I care to invite a friend. Those are all young people, and I am afraid I should not feel quite at home among them," replied Monroe. "Besides, I have something else to think of. I came over here from Bucksport this morning, intending to remain a couple of days; but there is no room short of the attic for me."

"My dear fellow, come to my rooms. I have the best suit in the house, and you shall share them with me," interposed the long-lost, with enthusiasm. "But I wish to dine with that party. I have had no dinner yet. I desire to make the acquaintance of those young ladies."

"Very well. Go to your room, McGusher. I will speak to Captain Patterdale; and if I find I can get you an invitation, I will call for you in five minutes at your room."

"If you say yaw friend, you can't leave him, and all that sort of thing, it will be all right."

"I will see what can be done."

Mr. McGusher went to his rooms, and Monroe to the parlor, where Captain Patterdale had joined his party. He alluded to his "friend from New York," but he did so with a sort of smile, which seemed to nullify all he said, and reduce his suggestion to a mere form. Captain Patterdale objected to inviting the gentleman from New York; and, strange as it may seem, Monroe did not press the matter. In fact, he behaved like a very cold and indif-

ferent friend. And when the managing agent of the excursion party actually declined to invite the would-be guest to the dinner, Monroe selfishly sat down to the table with the merry party himself, without taking the trouble to inform his friend from New York of the result of his mission.

The feast was very creditable to the hotel, and fortunately the quantity, as well as the quality, was equal to the emergency, for, perhaps, a hungrier company never surrounded a table than the members of the two clubs and the crew of the Ocean-Born. The B. B. Band played, on the veranda, during the dinner, and, though the party was supposed to be private, the guests of the hotel, and everybody else who chose to do so, could look in at the open windows upon the festive scene. Among the spectators who availed themselves of this privilege was Mr. McGusher; but "he was not happy." He had waited in his rooms for Monroe till his patience was exhausted; and then, with the belief that his friend was treacherous and shabby, he had joined the throng of lookers-on. His wounded sensibilities were not healed when he saw Monroe gayly chatting with the young ladies of the Dorcas Club.

When the animal wants of the company had been fully satisfied, Commodore Montague rapped upon the table, and having secured the attention of the diners, introduced Captain Patterdale as the host of the occasion. The captain rose and stated that he had taken the liberty to provide the present entertainment, and others which were to follow, in honor of the officers and crew of the Ocean-Born. He could never express, either by words or deeds, the obligations he was under to the people of the gallant steamer. He should not attempt to do so; and he was content forever to owe a debt of gratitude to such noble and generous friends. But he would not dampen the festivities of the young people by thrusting the soberness and dignity of age upon them in his own person, and should therefore request Commodore Montague to preside at the table instead of himself.

After the applause had subsided, Commodore Montague made a little speech. He was sure that no one was younger in heart and feeling than the esteemed gentleman to whom they were indebted for the pleasures of the present occasion. He fully sympathized with their liberal host in his high appreciation of the conduct of the officers and crew of the Ocean-Born, who had behaved like noble and generous sailors, as they were. Every member of both clubs should feel that he was personally indebted to

them for the service rendered to their companions in distress; and he trusted that all would remember the conduct of the noble deliverers of the shipwrecked party in the Sea Foam. The tables trembled and the glasses rattled under the applause which followed; and Captain Neil Brandon rose to reply; but it was some time before the demonstration of favor which greeted him would permit his voice to be heard. Neil replied in a very brief and proper speech, in which he disparaged his own humble efforts to serve the party in distress, and warmly expressed his gratitude for the princely entertainment at which the officers and crew of the Ocean-Born were the honored guests.

Dr. Darling was called upon, and after he had expressed his personal obligations to the guests of the occasion, he invited all the company to participate in certain festivities at the Bangor House, on their arrival at their destination.

"This is to be a jolly time — isn't it, Miss Bilder?" said Ben Lunder, who had a seat by the side of Kate.

"I should think it was. I had no idea we were to do things so grandly; but then, Mr. Lunder, we might all have been at the bottom of the sea at this time, if you in the steamer had not taken pity upon us. There, Ned Pat-terdale is going to make a speech."

Ned spoke very well, though, like most young men when they make off-hand speeches, conned for two or three hours in advance, he was a little stilted, exaggerated, and flowery in his remarks.

"Mr. Commodore, and ladies and gentlemen," he said, in conclusion, "I beg the privilege of proposing a toast: The old salt: Pickled in the briny ocean, he will keep till the end of time as the impersonation of what is noble, heroic, daring, and unselfish."

"Mr. Commodore, it is quite impossible," shouted Ben Lunder, springing to his feet, and upsetting his chair, and tipping over several glasses in front of him, in his eagerness.

"I beg the gentleman's pardon," interposed Commodore Montague; "but I must remind him that certain formalities are necessary on these occasions, and that upon me devolves the very pleasant duty of introducing Mr. Bounding Billow Ben Lunder, as the representative of the crew of the steamer Ocean-Born, of Philadelphia."

"Mr. Commodore, I beg your pardon for my unseemly impetuosity; but when the old

salt is alluded to in speech, toast, or song, I am there," continued Ben; "and I respectfully submit that I am known so well to this company in connection with this briny appellation, as to need no formal introduction."

"No, no!" laughed the yachtmen.

"Thank you, gentlemen; you know how it is yourselves. I am an old salt, called upon to speak for that saline institution without any — without any — any — (Ben took from his breast pocket a paper, which he unfolded, glancing nervously at the writing upon it) preparation; I find my stomach — my stomach — no — (and Ben took the paper from his pocket and glanced at it) my heart — I find my heart too full for utterance. I am not the first old salt to whom the attention of the people has been directed. There was another old salt, sir, first in war, first in — first in — in — (consulting the paper) peace — first in peace, and first in the arts of seamanship and navigation. Proudly I point to that first old salt in the history of — the history of — of — (the paper) the United States. You know him well, Mr. Commodore. His name was George — George — his name was George — George — (the paper) Washington — George Washington. He stood at the helm of the ship of — the ship of — of — (the paper) state; the ship of state, Mr. Commodore. In other words, sir, he took his trick at the wheel. He navigated that ship as no other man could navigate her, sir. He knew when to take a reef in the skysail-boom! He knew when to top up the flukes of the main-royal mudhook! He knew just how much the foreto'-bobbin-stay would bear, and he didn't burst it! He sailed that ship of state with the jib-stay fast to the bowline-hitch, with the jib-tack swelling in the breeze, and the sky-scrapers hauled taut on the weather staysail sheets! He kept her head south-east by no'th, and the grand old craft bowled along like a white cloud through the azure of the canopy below — Below? — (the paper) above him; the canopy above him, Mr. Commodore; or like the ship of the desert over the burning sands of the Straits of Magellan!"

At this point of the speech there was an interruption. Mr. McGusher, who, seated on a window-stool, had been gazing with longing eyes upon the party at the table, swung his legs into the room, and dropped upon the floor. Not heeding the piles of dishes there, he came down upon them with a grand smash, which for the moment checked Ben's eloquence.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COMPLIMENTARY DINNER.

THE smash of crockery which attended Mr. McGusher's entrance through the window into the dining-room attracted the attention of all present, and brought Ben's speech to an abrupt stop. Captain Patterdale, who had kept his eye on the long-lost, had noticed his gradual approaches up to the moment of the catastrophe. Leaving his place at the table, he confronted the intruder.

"What are you doing, sir?" demanded the captain, savagely.

"I beg your pawdon, Captain Pattawdale, but I wish to speak to my fwiend, Mr. Monwoe," replied Mr. McGusher, moving towards the head of the table near which his friend was seated.

Very much to the chagrin of Mr. McGusher, Monroe rose from his seat and passed out into the great hall of the hotel.

"He has left the room," replied Captain Patterdale. "You will find him in the hall."

"Miss Bildaw was kind enough to say she would see me this aftawnoon, and I will speak to haw before I go."

"No, you will not," answered the managng agent, sharply. "You will leave this room."

"Do you mean to insult me, saw? Do you know who I am?" demanded Mr. McGusher, straightening up his form.

"No matter who you are -- leave this room, or I will call upon the servants to put you out."

"I am the only son of Captain Bildaw; and Miss Bildaw is my sistaw!"

This might have been a very startling announcement to Captain Patterdale, if the "long-lost father" of the "long-lost son" had not already spoken to the managng agent about him, and requested him to save Kate from any annoyance on his part. Indeed, Captain Patterdale was a confidential friend of Captain Bilder, and knew all about the "long-lost" business. Both of them regarded the gentleman from New York as an impostor and a humbug. But the attention of the landlord had been called to the disturbance, and he appeared upon the ground. He insisted that Mr. McGusher should go out the window again, as he came in, and with a little gentle force helped him along. The long-lost, boiling over with wrath and indignation, hastened around to the hall to confront Monroe; but that gentleman quietly returned to his place at the table as soon as his late friend was hustled out.

"Go on! Go on!" called the yachtmen. "Ben Lunder!" "Old Salt!"

"Really, ladies and gentlemen," said Ben, taking the floor again, "the interruption of an unprepared -- unprepared -- (the paper) speech is fatal to the higher flights of oratory. I have forgotten where I was, being called upon thus unexpectedly, with nothing particular to say;" and Ben nervously turned the leaves, and looked up and down the pages of the manuscript, which seemed to be an old letter. "Where was I?"

"On the burning sands of the Straits of Magellan," laughed one of the yachtmen.

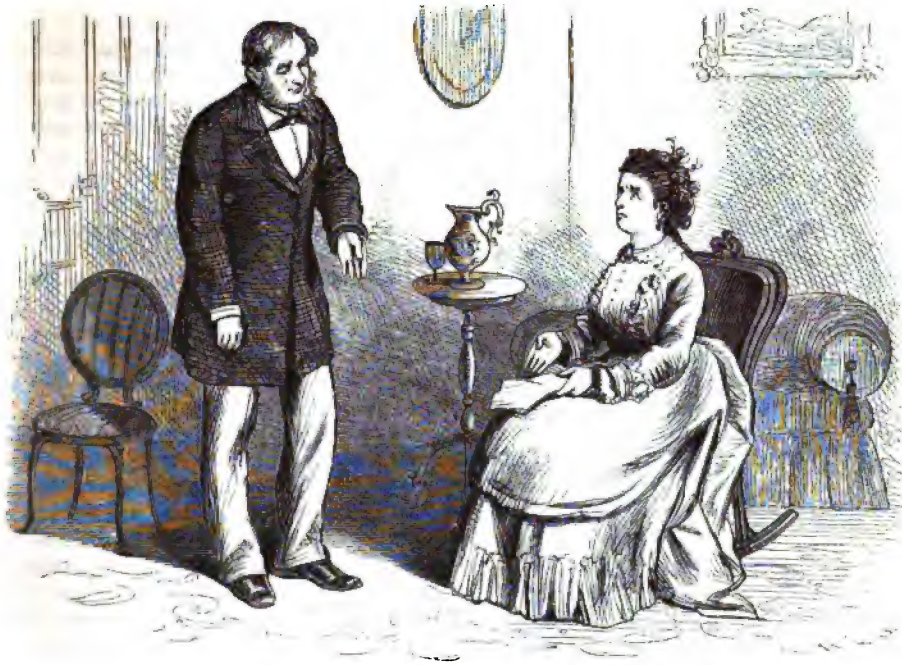
"Ah, yes! Thank you. I remember. I was speaking of the ship of state, that gallant old craft, lifting her foreto'-gallant cutwater to the breeze, with her main royal hatchway braced sharp up, and the bilge water flying like pop corn in a parcher. I was speaking of the skipper of that craft; of that old salt George -- George -- George -- I mentioned the name -- George -- (the paper) Washington; George Washington. He saved the ship! With his little hatchet he cut away the booms, bobstays, bowsprits, becketts, bo's'ns, and buntlines, and brought the old craft safe into Portland -- Portland? -- into -- into -- (the paper) port; into port. But, Mr. Commodore, I was about to allude to other distinguished old salts, who have honored the profession to which I belong."

"Go on!" "Go on!"

"There was one down in Tennessee, who navigated that same old ship of state. He was a tough specimen of the old salt. He kept his backstay braced sharp up into the eye of the wind. He was tough as the foreto'-mainmast of a man-of-war! Sometimes they called him Old -- Old Hickups -- Hickups? (the paper) Old Hickory! They called him so, Mr. Commodore, because he was fond of peanuts! His name was Andrew -- Andrew -- Andrew --"

"Johnson," suggested Ned Patterdale.

"Andrew Johnson! His name was Andrew Johnson, Mr. Commodore!" continued the orator. "Johnson -- Johnson? It seems to me that was not the name. (The paper.) Jackson, Mr. Commodore! His name was Andrew Jackson! He was the captain of his ship, sir. When he was sick he knew enough to heave to, sir. When South Carolina wanted to nullify, he knew enough to lie to, sir. In this respect, sir, he was different from George -- George (the paper) Washington; George Washington, sir. History solemnly records that G. W. couldn't tell a -- a -- tell a -- a -- a



"CAPTAIN BILDER, . . . THIS LETTER HAS BEEN OPENED!" Page 335.

— (the paper) a lie; tell a lie, sir. G. W. could not tell a lie; but he could lie under an imputation, and he did; and Andrew Jackson could lie to, and pour his booming guns into the nullifiers, like a brave old salt as he was. But, Mr. Commodore, time would fail me, and your patience give out, before I could allude to all the old salts to whose honored profession I belong; and I can only mention General Phil — Phil — General Phil — Phil — (the paper) Sheridan; Phil Sheridan, who rode at anchor from Winchester down to the battle-field, and made a good run of it. Now, Mr. Commodore, permit me to return my — my — my — (the paper) thanks; my thanks for the very handsome manner you have treated the crew of the Ocean-Born; and I assure you I shall ever cherish a very grateful remembrance of this occasion, and especially of the Dorcas — Dorcas — the Dorcas — Dorcas — (the paper) Club; the Dorcas Club."

Ben was heartily applauded for his effort, and rose to bow his thanks, and express his regrets that some slight slips of his memory had caused him to stumble a little in the delivery of his unpremeditated speech. Doubtless the plan of his speech was new at Fort Point, but Ben did not claim to be entirely

original in its conception, having adopted it from a similar effort put forth by a member of a club on a festive occasion. Other speeches were made, and most of the young gentlemen struggled to be funny without being entirely successful. At four o'clock the party left the dining-room, and spent the rest of the afternoon in social intercourse, or in such sports as were available.

"Who is the young man that tumbled in at the window and broke the crockery ware, Captain Patterdale?" asked Neil Brandon, as they met in the hall.

"He is a young exquisite from New York," laughed the captain. "He has more cheek than brains, and as my friend Ben would say, very little ballast in his craft."

"Didn't I hear him say that he was the son of Captain Bilder?"

"But the claim is absolutely absurd. Captain Bilder could not be the father of such a monkey as he is."

"He said that Kate was his sister."

"If Captain Bilder is not his father, it can't very well be that Kate is his sister, for neither the captain nor his wife was ever married more than once."

"But how can the fellow put forward such

an absurd claim?" inquired Neil, curiously. "If Captain Bilder ever had a son, he ought to know about it."

"Unfortunately he does know about it. He had a son who is supposed to have been drowned when a child."

"Was he drowned?"

"I am sure I don't know. Captain Bilder believes he was; at least with about one chance in a thousand that he was not. I heard the story many years ago, but I don't remember all the particulars. I believe the child fell overboard, or something of that sort, on the Mississippi River. At any rate, this Mr. McGusher claims to be that child."

"Is Captain Bilder sure that he is not what he claims to be?" asked Neil, very much interested in the meagre narrative.

"He has already detected the rascal in some trickery, and he is quite sure the knave is not his son. The scamp annoys Kate very much, and she is anxious to avoid him."

"She has succeeded very well this afternoon," added Neil, as Captain Patterdale's attention was called in another direction.

Neil sat down in a great arm-chair to consider the situation. His mother had insisted that he should leave Belfast, and avoid the Bilders; but she had given no explanation of her request. Why was she so anxious that he should avoid them? Captain Bilder had had a son who was supposed to be drowned. The name of Neil Brandon had startled the father of the lost child. The name of the steamer—Ocean-Born—had surprised him. There was something very strange about all this, and Neil could not fathom it. He felt it to be his duty to avoid Kate Bilder, after what his mother had written, as much as he could without rudeness. He wondered if she knew anything about the lost child, the little brother. He was tempted to ask her; but then he had too much reverence for his mother to disregard her commands even in the spirit, if he could in the letter.

"I beg your pawdon, Captain Bwandon," said Mr. McGusher, rushing up to the commander of the Ocean-Born; "I have been insulted several times by a pawson that belongs to your steamaw."

"Indeed? Who was he?" asked Neil.

"The fellow they call Ben."

"What has he done?"

"He is vewy wude."

"Is he? I am sorry for that."

"He is wolling ten pins in the bowling alley with Miss Bildaw. I pwoposed to join them for a game, and though Miss Bildaw de-

siwed my company, he wefused to let me play."

"That is no affair of mine, Mr. McGusher. If Miss Bilder desired you to join the party, I am sure Mr. Lunder would not object."

"But he does object! He wequested me to leave the alley."

"You are acquainted with Miss Bilder, then?"

"To be suaw I am. I was the guest of haw fawthaw in Belfast."

"I think I heard you say she was your sister. Is that so?"

"That is so," replied Mr. McGusher, as he seated himself by the side of the captain of the Ocean-Born. "It is twue, though I don't care to say much about it just yet."

The long-lost was satisfied that he had been imprudent; and perhaps he understood the reason why he had been so. When he found it was impossible for him to dine with the clubs, he had concluded to take the meal alone, and in the absence of other company. He had called for a half bottle of champagne. He drank the whole of it, and as his head was not a very powerful piece of machinery, the wine had turned what little brains he had. Doubtless it made his legs a little uncertain, as well as his head, which explained the destruction of the crockery ware. His head had been under the weather, or he would hardly have claimed so near a relationship to Captain Bilder and his daughter. Neil Brandon saw that he was not entirely regular. Mr. McGusher wanted to be very confidential in regard to his relations with Captain Bilder, and he placed his mouth so near Neal's face that the captain could not help smelling the fumes of the wine in his breath. Topsy or not, Neil wanted to know more about Captain Bilder's son.

"Are you really his son?" asked the captain.

"No doubt of it. I bwought pwoof positive to Captain Bildaw."

"But his son was drowned in the Mississippi when a little child," added Neil, using the fragment of information he had obtained from Captain Patterdale.

"Not dwound, faw heww I am!" said Mr. McGusher, warmly.

"But how do you know you are his son?"

"I was saved; in a wawd, I was stolen by a man of the name of Neil Bwandon."

"Neil Brandon!" exclaimed the captain of the Ocean-Born.

"By gwacious! I didn't think of it befowe, but yaw name is Bwandon!" replied the long-lost.

"Not only Brandon, but Neil Brandon. You say you were saved by him."

"I was stolen swom my pawents by this Bwandon. I don't know why. He took me to England, and left me with a man who bwrought me up as his son till he sent me to an Awphan Asylum. That's all I know about it, but I was always suaw that I belonged to a good family."

"But what became of Neil Brandon?" asked the captain.

"I don't know," replied Mr. McGusher, shaking his head.

"You were stolen by a man of the name of Neil Brandon," repeated Neil.

"That is what I said; and if you don't believe it you can wead this lettaw;" and the long-lost produced the epistle he had read to Mr. Bilder and Kate.

Neil read it. Perhaps he would have thought nothing of it if his mother had not directed him to avoid the Bilders. He inquired about the pieces of card, and they were explained to him. Neil knew that his own name was the same as his father's; he knew that his mother was born in New Orleans. He was bewildered and confounded. Was his father the Neil Brandon who had stolen the child? If so, what had he done with it? And again, why had his mother forbidden him to see the Bilders any more? Why was she so worried because he was in Belfast — so worried that she could not sleep? He was tempted to call Martin Roach, and hasten back to Belfast, where he could confront Captain Bilder, and learn more from him. But he respected the wishes of his mother, and he promptly abandoned the idea.

"I beg yaw pawdon, Captain Bwandon," said Mr. McGusher, as he took the letter from his companion's hand; "you see there can be no mistake about this business."

"I don't know: I don't understand it well enough to give an opinion," replied Neil.

"Might I beg the favaw of an intwoduction to some of the young ladies in yaw pawty?" said the long-lost, coming to the point he had had in view from the first.

"You must excuse me, Mr. McGusher, but the young ladies are not under my protection, and I don't feel at liberty to introduce any one to them without their permission."

Neil was firm as a rock, because he saw that his companion was tipsy, in the first place, and because he believed he was an impostor, in the second. Fortunately Mr. Monroe happened to pass through the hall at this point of the conversation, and Mr. McGusher,

smarting under the indignity received at his hands, "went for him," leaving Neil to brood over the statement in the letter that his father had stolen Captain Bilder's son — he believed it was his father, for he could hardly think there was another Neil Brandon in the world.

"Monwoe," shouted Mr. McGusher, as he saw his late friend pass, and rushed upon him as with the intention of annihilating him, "don't you think you tweated me uncommon shabby?"

"Shabby? How so?" asked Monroe, as coolly as though the long-lost was nothing more than a common mortal.

"I didn't expect it of you," added the New Yorker, reproachfully.

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you make me a pwomise, and didn't you bwreak that pwomise?"

"I was not aware of it."

"Didn't you pwomise to get me an invitation to dine with that pawty?"

"No, sir; I did not! I told you if I got an invitation for you, I would call for you in your room in five minutes. That's what I said," laughed Monroe. "I didn't get any invitation for you; so of course it was of no use for me to call for you."

"Why didn't you get the invitation? It was an easy thing faw you to do. If you had only said yaw fwiend, one to whom you was undaw pawticulaw obligations, it would have been all wight."

"I was not willing to say all that, you see; and that was what was the matter."

"Not willing to say it!" gasped Mr. McGusher. "I saw you chatting and laughing with the young ladies at the table without a thought of me, out in the cold."

"These young ladies are my friends and neighbors; and of course I felt quite at home among them. They are the daughters of some of the wealthiest and most respectable men in Belfast."

"I know it, and that was the weason why I wanted to be intwoduced to them," growled the long-lost. "When I got into the woom, and wanted to speak to you, you walked out. You might have saved me the mawtification of being awdawed out the woom."

"You might have saved yourself by not going into the room; and especially by not going in through the window."

"It was shabby, Mr. Monwoe, to desawt yaw fwiend. When I went wound to the office, you went wound to the dining-woom, seated yawself by the ladies, and seemed to fawget all about yaw fwiend."

"I have a bad memory at times."

"I did not think it of you, Monwoe, when you could have got me in just as well as not, and intwoduiced me to all the young ladies."

"My dear fellow, don't you see I had no right to do any such thing? I was only a guest myself."

"The young ladies waw yaw fwriends and neighbaws, Monwoe; and —"

"But that is just the reason why I couldn't do it," protested the Belfaster. "If they hadn't been my friends and neighbors, I would as lief have done it as not."

"I don't undawstand you."

"Certainly I ought to be very particular whom I introduce to my young lady friends. In my humble opinion, every respectable man is in honor bound never to introduce to a young lady any person, unless he knows that person is of good character and entirely respectable."

"Good gwacious! Do you mean to say that I am not a pawson of good chawactaw and entiawly wespectable?" demanded Mr. McGusher, with something like an expression of horror on his spooney face.

"You persist in misunderstanding me. I did not say you were not such."

"But we waw togethaw faw two or thwee days in Bangaw."

"I know that; but you see I am not so particular about myself," said Monroe, with an affectation of earnestness. "While I don't intend to keep bad company, I am not fanatical in regard to a chance acquaintance I may meet in travelling. Of course I couldn't inquire into your moral character, when I met you at breakfast on board of the Cambridge, or when we took a room together at the Bangor House. A man may be extremely careful about his friends, you know, Mr. McGusher, without thinking it necessary to require a certificate of good moral character from every person with whom he may chance to pass the time of day in a railroad car, or at a public hotel. I have seen something of the world, McGusher; and if I happened to make the acquaintance of an unworthy person under such circumstances, why, I could stand it. I really don't think it would seriously affect my reputation — do you?"

"Do you apply those wemarks to me, saw?"

"But it is quite a different thing with young ladies, you are aware."

"Do you apply those wemawks to me, Mr. Monroe?" demanded the long-lost.

"What remarks?"

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am not a pawson of good mowal chawactaw?"

"Certainly not! You persist in misunderstanding me. My dear fellow, I don't know anything at all about your character. I only said, if you were a person of bad character, that my chance acquaintance with you would not affect my reputation. You might be a gambler, a blackleg, a swindler, a thief; and I could treat you civilly, even courteously, at a hotel, without compromising my own character. That's all I said. But when you ask me to introduce you to the daughters of my friends and neighbors, you can see for yourself that it's quite a different thing."

"Do you insinuate —"

"My dear fellow, I don't insinuate. I speak right out just what I mean. For aught I know, I may have conversed for hours in a hotel, a railroad car, or a steamboat, with a burglar or a blackleg. I may even have gone out to ride with a thief; but I don't reproach myself for it, and don't think I am damaged by it so long as I didn't know who and what my chance acquaintance was. But I feel my responsibility when I introduce any gentleman to a young lady. Why, if you remember, I didn't even ask you where you got that five-hundred dollar bill I changed for you."

"No, you didn't," groaned Mr. McGusher.

Mr. Monroe was the most ungrateful of friends, and the long-lost went to his rooms to consider the situation. It was not pleasant to think that he had been snubbed by almost every one he met. Even Monroe, whom he had treated like a prince, upon whom he had poured out money like water, gave him the cold shoulder. Everybody conspired to keep him out of the presence of the young ladies. With all the eight hundred dollars in his pocket, with his steamer at the wharf, and his elegant parlor at the hotel, he almost realized that he was a nobody — not quite, for it was wholly impossible for him to lose his self-esteem. After a while, he brightened up. It was only a passing cloud that obscured his sky; all would yet be well, and he should yet shine the brightest of the bright.

"There was a sound of revelry" below, that evening, for the clubs had a grand hop in the hall. The music was like a funeral knell to Mr. McGusher, for the door of paradise was closed against him. The young ladies were whirling in the mazy dance, but he could not whirl them. At eleven the festivities were finished, and the officers and crew of the Ocean-Born returned to the steamer.

CHAPTER XV.

CAPTAIN BILDER'S VISITOR.

WHILE the young ladies of the Dorcas Club were sleeping soundly in their rooms at the hotel at Fort Point, and the crews of the Ocean-Born and the yachts were sleeping soundly on board the several craft at anchor, the steamer from Boston made her stop at the wharf in Belfast. Among the passengers who landed there was a well-dressed lady, not a stylish person, but one who would have passed for the wife of a well-to-do farmer, whose ideas were rather above the homespun order. She might have been forty-five, or she might have been older; but this is a delicate question to settle. She called a carriage, and was driven to the principal hotel. She took a room, and after breakfast she seated herself in the parlor, and sent for the clerk.

"Is there a young man by the name of McGusher at this house?" asked the lady.

"No, madam; he is not here at present," replied the clerk.

"Not here!" exclaimed the guest.

"Not now; he was here for a day or so, but he left a week ago."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"I think he has gone up the river with a party which left yesterday morning."

"Then he has not been staying at this hotel?" added the lady, apparently somewhat surprised.

"He was here a day, or part of a day; I don't remember how long," answered the clerk.

"Do you know where he went when he left the hotel?"

"To a private house."

"Whose house?"

"He said he was invited to the residence of Captain Bilder to stay a week or two; and I suppose he went there."

"Captain Bilder's!" exclaimed the lady.

"Yes, ma'am; and I heard of his being with the boat clubs on some of their excursions; but I don't know anything more about him," added the clerk, moving towards the door, as if he had already practised too much condescension in answering so many questions.

The lady was musing over the information she had obtained, and she said nothing more for a few moments. The clerk left the parlor, but he returned immediately.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I believe you did not register your name," said he.

"You can enter my name upon the register," replied the guest in an absent manner.

"I will, if you will be kind enough to tell me what it is."

"Mrs. Banford, New York," she replied.

"Mrs. Banford, New York," added the clerk, bowing and retreating.

"Stop a moment, if you please," interposed the guest. "Does Captain Bilder live where he did a dozen years ago?"

"I believe so, Mrs. Banford, though I really don't know where he lived a dozen years ago. I can tell you where he lives now, though I heard he was going to move out of his house."

"Going to move? Does he intend to leave Belfast?" asked the lady.

"I'm sure I don't know where he is going. Do you know the captain?"

"I used to know him years ago; but I haven't seen him for at least ten years."

"Then perhaps you haven't heard that things have been going wrong with him," added the clerk, who was astonishingly garrulous for a hotel clerk dealing with a stranger.

"Indeed! What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Banford, with deep interest.

"I don't know about it, but it is all over the city that he has lost his property, speculating in New York."

"Lost his property!" gasped the lady, greatly startled at this information.

"That's what they say; and what everybody says must be true. He isn't worth a dollar now, and must move out of his fine house, sell his horses and carriages, and go to work again. It's a hard case; but it's just what happens to the best of men."

"Not worth a dollar?" repeated Mrs. Banford, to whom this seemed to be disastrous intelligence.

"I don't know anything about it myself; I only tell you what is town talk," replied the clerk, apparently unwilling to bear any of the responsibility of the captain's financial disaster.

Mrs. Banford dropped into a rocking-chair, and, whether from sympathy or other motives, she seemed to labor under some great anxiety, evidently caused by Captain Bilder's misfortune. As she said nothing more, the clerk retired, and wrote her name on the register at the office.

"Lost all his property! Not worth a dollar!" muttered Mrs. Banford to herself, as, much excited, she tilted back and forth in the rocking-chair.

She sat there half an hour, curvetting, like a race-horse, in the chair. The news she had received doubtless deranged some plan she had formed, and which had occasioned her visit to Belfast. Then she got up, and nervously walked the room.

"Not worth a dollar! Why didn't the fool

tell me this in his letter?" she muttered, impatiently.

But she did not indicate who the "fool" was; and after she had taken a day's wear out of the parlor carpet, she went to the office, and asked for a carriage. It was at the door, and getting in, she told the driver to take her to Captain Bilder's house. In five minutes she reached her destination; but her excitement and nervousness seemed to increase all the time. The driver rang the bell; and having ascertained that the ship-master was at home, Mrs. Banford entered the house.

"I suppose you don't know me now, Captain Bilder," said the lady, as the captain presented himself before her.

"Mrs. Banford!" exclaimed the ship-master, promptly recognizing her as soon as she spoke. "Is it possible!"

"I didn't think you would know me," replied Mrs. Banford, taking the captain's offered hand. "It's almost ten years since I left Belfast."

"All of that. Where have you been all these years? I believe you were going to Oregon when you left."

"I did go there; but I didn't stay long. I have been living with — with a friend of mine in the State of New York for several years. But how is Miss Kate?"

"Very well, indeed, I thank you. She has grown up into a great girl, and you wouldn't know her."

"I suppose not," she added, rather coldly.

"She is very strong and healthy; and more than these, she is as good a girl as ever lived," added the captain, warmly.

"She always was a good girl, when I took care of her."

"She is just as good as she ever was. She has gone on an excursion up to Bangor with the boat club. You don't seem to have grown much older since you left Belfast. I suppose everything has gone well with you."

"Yes, very well."

"I'm happy to hear it. I am very glad, indeed, to see you again. I was thinking the other day that I wished to see you again very much."

"Well, I'm sure I'm just as glad to see you," added Mrs. Banford; but even Captain Bilder could observe that there was not much heart in her words. "I hope everything has gone well with you, sir."

"No; I'm sorry to say, things have gone all wrong with me of late. In a word, I've lost all my property, and I'm not worth a single dollar that I can call my own."

"I'm sorry to hear that;" and there can be no doubt that she was sorry, if not from sympathy, then from some other motive.

Captain Bilder recited his misfortunes at some length; but he was by this time reconciled to his hard lot, and did not bewail it.

"I'm sure I'm sorry for you," said Mrs. Banford, when the story was finished. "Did anything ever come of that letter you received just before I went away?"

She asked this question with an assumed indifference, and her eyes wandered about the room as she did so. "I suppose you remember that letter. It had a piece of card in it."

"O, yes; I remember all about it," replied Captain Bilder, who, however, did not seem to be very communicative on the subject.

The ship-master had given a great deal of thought to that letter, and to the one which had been delivered to him by Mr. Arthur McGusher. Whatever the object of the one or the other of the writer of these letters, it was evident to him that each of them was quite familiar with his past history, and with his business affairs. He had endeavored to connect them with some one he had known in former years. Mrs. Banford had been in his mind more than once, as almost the only person who had knowledge enough of the incidents of his career to write those letters; or, rather, the last one; for the first had come while she was still his housekeeper. But then he had believed for years that she was in Oregon, where it would have been hardly possible for her to manage such an enterprise as that in which Mr. McGusher was engaged. Now it appeared that Mrs. Banford had been in Oregon only a short time, and for several years had resided in the State of New York. He was disposed to ask if she lived in Goshen, or to suggest that she did; but he was a prudent man, and did not care to commit himself.

"I suppose no one ever brought the other pieces of the card," added Mrs. Banford. "It looked like a ridiculous piece of business, in the first place, to me."

"Well, it didn't to me," replied Captain Bilder. "I'll tell you why. If my boy was really stolen from the steamer on the Mississippi, and not drowned as I believe he was, the person that did it might have intended to restore him to me some time or other."

"Why didn't he do it, then?" demanded Mrs. Banford, "and not fool with those bits of card?"

"There may have been good reasons why the person did not restore the boy. In the

first place, it is a penal offence to kidnap a child; and he may have been afraid of the consequences."

"That may be," added the late housekeeper, as if partially convinced.

"Then, if anybody stole the child, it must have been in order to make some money out of me; and the person may be waiting for a good chance to open negotiations with me."

"Do you think any one would wait ten or a dozen years?"

"It may be; I don't know."

"That's all nonsense, Captain Bilder," protested Mrs. Banford. "If the one that stole the child intended to make any money by the job, he would have commenced operations long before this time."

"I think you are right."

"If anybody stole the child, he is sorry for it, and wants to restore him to you."

"I have hoped this might be the case."

"Then you have had no letter since that first one?" said Mrs. Banford, rather sharply.

"I did not say so," replied Captain Bilder, with a smile. "But speaking of letters reminds me that we have one for you."

"A letter for me?"

"A letter for you; and the strange part of it is, that this letter came about ten years ago — a short time after you left, I think."

"That is very strange. Whom is it from?" asked Mrs. Banford.

"Of course I don't know: I didn't open it. I kept hoping that we should hear from you. You went to Oregon from here, and I had not your address. It was stuck into the looking-glass frame in one of the spare chambers. Kate wanted to send it to the dead letter office in Washington, that it might be opened, and returned to the person who wrote it; but I told her to let it remain where it was, so that it might not be forgotten. I expected to hear from you some time. Of course I shouldn't have kept it if I had supposed it would be ten years before I heard from you. If you will excuse me for a moment, I will get the letter."

She was very willing to excuse the captain, for she evidently knew what the letter contained, or what it ought to contain, whether Mr. McGusher knew or not when he opened it. In a moment the captain returned with the letter, and gave it to Mrs. Banford. She read the address; then she turned it over and looked at the back. The envelope was a white one; or, rather, it had been white in its day, but was now musty and discolored with age. She could not help seeing that the flap of the envelope was daubed and dirty where it was

sealed; that it had been vigorously pressed, rubbed, and marked with finger-nails. With a nervous hand, she tore the letter open. She was satisfied that the seal had been tampered with; the daubs and dirt had already convinced her on this point. She took the sheet of paper from the envelope, and unfolded it. Before she thought of reading it, she opened the sheet, turned it over and over, and then looked in her lap and on the floor, to ascertain whether anything had dropped from it. Finding nothing, she looked into the envelope, but it was entirely empty.

"What are you looking for, Mrs. Banford?" asked Captain Bilder, who thought the actions of his former housekeeper were rather extraordinary.

"I was looking to see if there was anything in the letter," replied Mrs. Banford, fixing her eye-glasses on her nose, and proceeding to read the letter.

It was very short, as we have had occasion to remark before, and was quickly read. Mrs. Banford opened the sheet again, turned it over, and looked into the envelope once more. She seemed to be very much disturbed, and even more nervous and excitable than before. Finally, she fixed her gaze upon the back of the envelope, soiled by the dirty, perspiring fingers of Mr. McGusher.

"Captain Bilder," said Mrs. Banford, with her lips pursed up, and with an expression of the utmost severity, which rather amused the captain, who, of course, had no idea of the difficulty under which his visitor was laboring.

"You were about to say something, Mrs. Banford," replied the ship-master, after he had waited a moment for her to proceed.

"I was, Captain Bilder!" answered she, with added sternness. "This letter has been opened!"

"I see it has; in fact, it is open now."

"But it had been opened before you gave it to me!" snapped the lady.

"If it had been, I was not aware of the fact," replied the captain, who did not seem to be much alarmed at the implied charge.

"It has been opened in this house!"

"How do you know?"

"It came here by mail, and it must have been opened here."

"I think not. I am confident it could not have been opened here, Mrs. Banford. Certainly I did not open it; and I am just as sure that Kate did not."

"I don't know who opened it; but it has been opened," persisted the visitor.

"Impossible, I should say. I was looking

at the letter a few weeks ago, when I happened to be in the room where it was. I am sure it had not been opened then; and I have not seen it since."

"Captain Bilder!"

"Well, Mrs. Banford?"

"This letter contained a thousand dollars in money!" added she, with all the severity she could crowd into the expression.

"A thousand dollars!" exclaimed the captain. "And it has been in the frame of the looking-glass for ten years. A thousand dollars? That's rather a large story."

"There was a thousand dollars in it, captain Bilder; but now the money is gone! Who opened that letter? It was done in your house," added Mrs. Banford.

"Do you mean to tell me there was a thousand dollars in that letter, which has lain in my house for the tenth part of a century?" demanded Captain Bilder, with energy. "I can't believe it. Why, if that had been the case, the—"

"Read the letter, then!" said the lady, almost in a fury, as she handed the document to her former employer.

If she had not been excited and angry when she did this, she would doubtless have considered the consequences of what she was doing. Captain Bilder eagerly grasped the letter, and proceeded to read its contents before his visitor could reconsider her action. It was as follows:—

"MRS. BANFORD: Enclosed I send you one thousand dollars in this letter. If you are not still living with Captain Bilder, let me know where you are living. Yours, truly:"

This was all the letter contained; but the penmanship immediately attracted the attention of the captain. The spelling also challenged his observation; but both the writing and the spelling were the same as in the letter in which the middle piece of the card was enclosed. The writer was a woman; and whoever she was, she persisted in retaining the final *e* in words ending in *ing*. The writing, too, was like that on the pieces of card. He was positive in regard to the penmanship, and he was satisfied that Mrs. Banford was, or had been, in communication with the person who wrote the card and the first letter.

"Are you satisfied, Captain Bilder?" asked the visitor.

"The writer of this letter certainly says she sends you a thousand dollars in it," replied the captain.

"Well, sir, isn't that enough?" demanded Mrs. Banford.

"Would anybody send you so large a sum without signing her name to the letter?"

"I suppose she forgot to put her name to it."

"That may be; but if she received no reply to her letter, she would be likely to inquire into the matter."

"She did inquire into it."

"Ah, she did! She informed you that she had sent a letter to you containing a thousand dollars, in my care. If you knew the letter had been sent, nine or ten years ago, why didn't you write to me about it?"

"I did write to you; but I suppose my letter was lost."

"By the way, Mrs. Banford, who sent you this letter, with the money in it?" asked Captain Bilder, quietly.

"My sister, in Philadelphia."

"What is her name?"

"Emily Gilpath."

"Where does she live in Philadelphia?"

"At No. 1298 North Thirteenth Street."

"Thank you. I am glad to know where I may find her, for the person who wrote the letter in your hand, enclosing the thousand dollars, is the one who wrote the anonymous letter containing the card."

Mrs. Banford drew a long breath, and realized that she had made at least one bad blunder in allowing Captain Bilder to read her letter.

"I don't know anything about that," she replied, when she had in some measure recovered her self-possession. "I don't care anything about it, either;" and perhaps she did not, since Captain Bilder had lost all his property. "All I want is my money—the two five-hundred dollar bills that were in that letter. That's what I came here for; and I must have it."

"The two five-hundred dollar bills! Then you know what the bills were?" suggested Captain Bilder.

"Of course I do. Didn't my sister tell me what they were? You must have opened that letter; at any rate, it was done in your house, and you are responsible for the money. Look at that envelope! Don't you see it has been opened?"

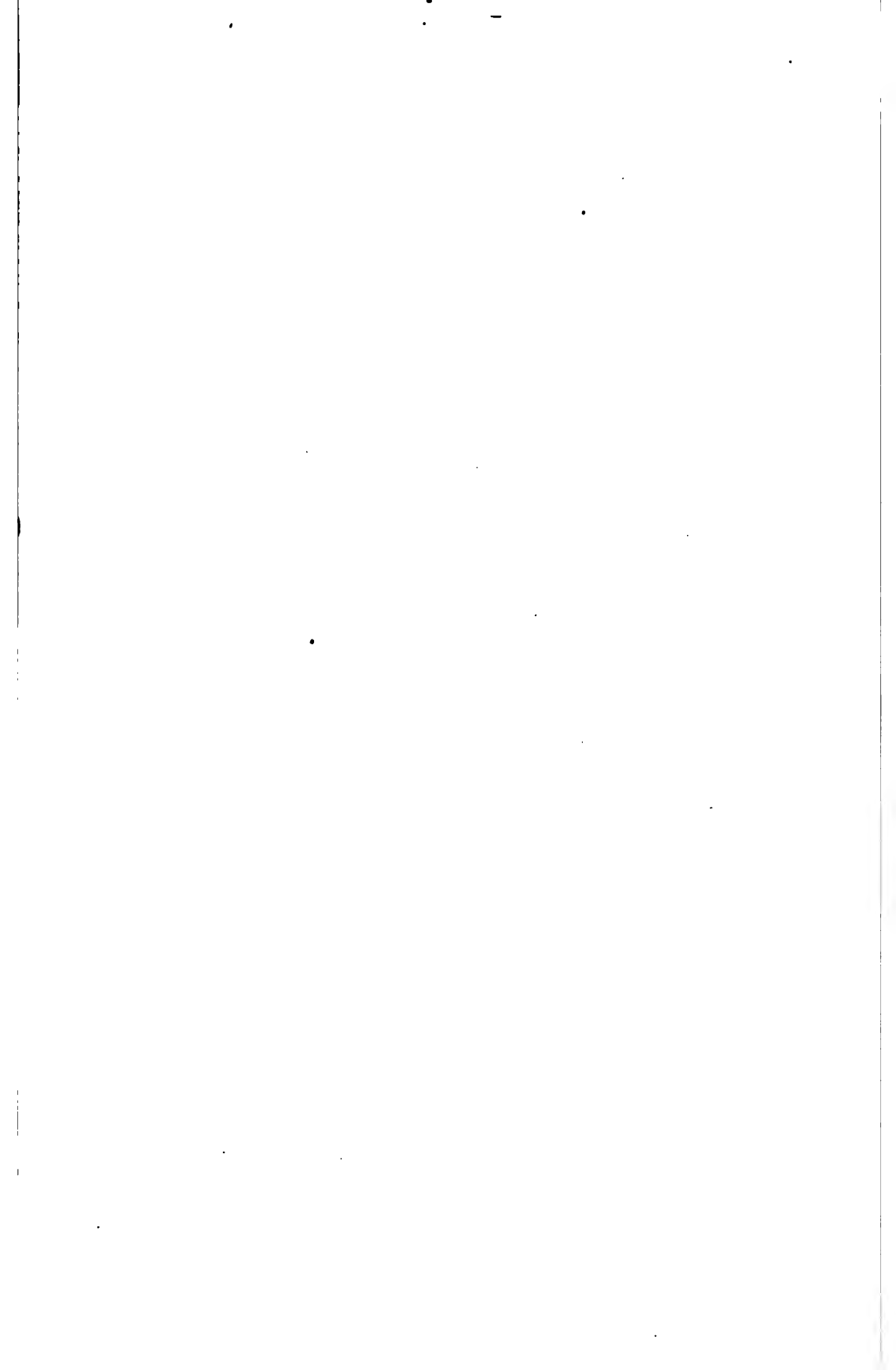
"I am confident now that it has been opened. A young man by the name of Arthur McGusher slept in that room one night."

"You needn't lay it to him, or to any of your company."

"Then you know Mr. McGusher."

"No, I don't!"





"Of course I should not charge it upon him simply because he slept in that room. But I happen to know that he changed a five-hundred dollar bill in Bangor the other day, though he told me he had not money enough to pay for a week's board at the hotel. I think the bill can be had, for the cashier of the bank in Bangor, suspecting that all was not right, agreed to keep it."

Mrs. Banford dropped into her chair, from which she had risen in the excitement of the moment. She was evidently overcome. She said she was sick, and would see the captain again. She left the house, and taking her carriage at the door, returned to the hotel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MAY MORNING SERENADE.

BY NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

COME, my love, no longer keep
Nestled in the arms of sleep:
Pretty sluggard, rise.
To match the heavens' melting blue,
Or baby pansies bathed in dew,
Open wide thine eyes.

Maiden, wake! the king of day
Rides his blazing steed away
O'er azure fields of sky.
The light that all this dark world fills
On the far-off purple hills
All too soon must die.

Hasten, love; I wait for thee
To go a Maying, sweet, with me,
All the livelong day:
Down the cool, green forest aisles,
Where the first young floweret smiles,
Hand in hand we'll stray.

Through the orchards we will go,
'Neath the apple blossoms' snow,
O'er the velvet grass,
Where will press thy slender feet
Buttercups and daisies sweet,
To kiss them as they pass.

Led by paths of blooming flowers,
Thou shalt find the fairy bowers,
Where spring lingers now,
And where, 'neath the last year's leaves,
The star-eyed arbutus weaves
Garlands for thy brow.

We will seek the fragrant place
Where spins the Fern her emerald lace—
Diamonds gemmed with dew,
And where blossoms, all for thee,
Purple-fringed anemone,
And the violet blue.

And I will crown thee, little one,
Where, with shining hands, the sun
Shuts the gates of day,—
Lead thee to thy throne of green,
Swear allegiance to my queen—
Queen of Love and May.

Ah! now thy casement bar uncloses,
And amid the budding roses
Gleam thy tresses fair.
Thou art coming; I will wait
Just beyond the garden gate:
Meet me, May Queen, there.

MISPRINTS. Rev. Dr. Propeller prides himself on his power as an extempore speaker. One anniversary day he made a very amusing off-hand speech before a vast assembly. Next morning he read in his paper, "The written speech of Rev. Dr. Propeller was received with tremendous applause." Dr. Propeller, paper in hand, steamed down to the office of his friend the editor.

"How comes your paper to say my speech yesterday was *written*, when I never —"

"Written! Who ever dreamed it was written?"

"Reads so!"

"Let me see. O, that is only a misprint. The word was *witty*! Should read, 'The witty speech of Rev. Dr. Propeller.'"

In Congress, one gentleman (?), in heat, accused another of lying, but repenting when cool, confessed and apologized as follows:—

"I said that he lied, it is true, and I am sorry for it."

In print, next morning, the offender's apology read,—

"I said that he lied: it is true, and I am sorry for it."

It takes sharp wits, and eyes, to keep the reading right.

— THE ancient Germans, like many other peoples, reckoned, according to Tacitus, only three seasons, Spring, Summer, and Winter; and thus our Anglo-Saxon ancestors borrowed the idea and the name of Autumn from the Roman or Latin tongue; while the three other names are good Anglo-Saxon.

THE OLD'S DAUGHTERS.

BY ROTH.

THE adventures of Doña Sol and Doña Elvira, daughters of the famous Spanish warrior of the eleventh century, are handed down to us in a romantic legend, as authentic, perhaps, as some of the wonderful exploits ascribed to their noble father. They were first wedded to two young noblemen, sons of the wealthy and powerful Count of Carion, whose height and manly beauty easily won the affections of the damsels, but who, even amidst the wedding festivities, betrayed their cowardly nature. When the noble knights and ladies, who graced the occasion with their presence, were assembled in the banqueting hall, a large lion escaped from his keepers, and drawing his clanking chain after him, suddenly appeared among the startled company. The craven bridegrooms, in undisguised terror, concealed themselves behind chairs, while their noble father-in-law calmly advanced to the royal beast, and taking the chain, led him back to his keeper. The scene excited much scornful comment among the bystanders; but the Cid and his friends, willing to hope better things of the *Infantes*, his sons-in-law, glossed it over, and dismissed them with the gift of two splendid swords, trophies of the Cid's valor, when they departed with their brides for their father's domains. The daughters of the Spanish champion were tenderly attached to him, and left him with many tears, their grief being shared by their father; but neither party foreboded the manner of their return.

Like all cowards, the *Infantes* Diego and Fernando, resenting their own disgrace, wished to wreak their vengeance on some weaker object, and sought an early occasion for this purpose. Stopping for the night in a dense forest, they sent forward their train, appointing a rendezvous, at some distance from the halting-place, for the next morning. A friend of the Cid and his family had accompanied the party, to see the journey safely accomplished, and he now asked permission to remain with his young friends; but this was refused, and the bridal party was left alone. The false youths, with many protestations of affection, lulled their victims into security, until the time fixed for setting out in the morning arrived.

Then throwing off the mask of kindness, Diego, as spokesman for his no less perfidious brother, as well as for himself, revealed their

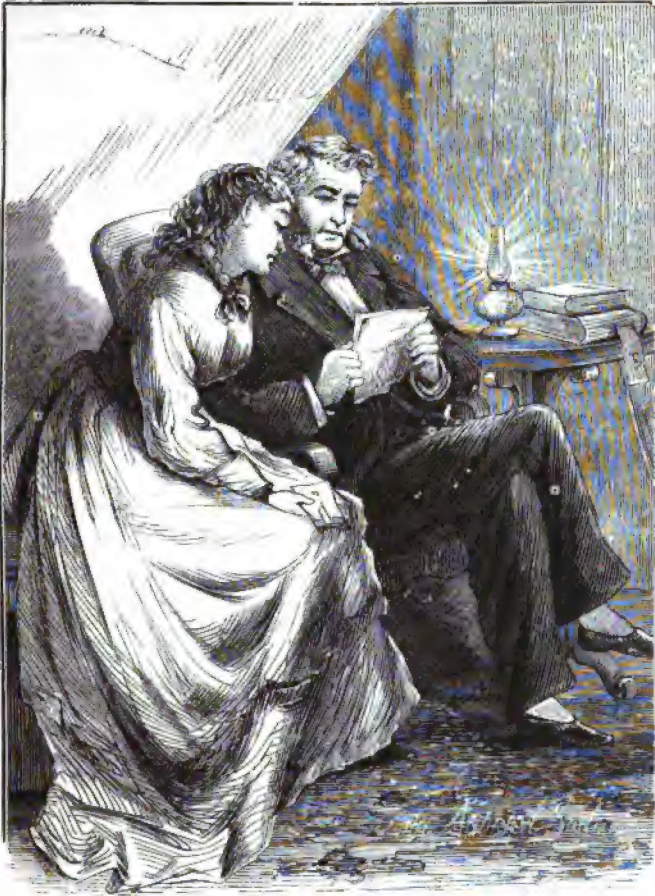
real intention. Charging the Cid and his daughters with having let loose the lion to test their courage, or rather cowardice, they had resolved to desert their newly made wives in the forest, after inflicting on them the disgrace of scourging. The unfortunate ladies besought them to slay them with their father's swords, as they infinitely preferred death to such ignominy; but the unfeeling brutes, deaf to their entreaties, executed their cruel purpose, leaving their victims bleeding and senseless on the ground.

They rode on then to rejoin their attendants, whom they easily satisfied, for the non-appearance of the brides, with some flimsy story invented for the occasion. The only person who was really uneasy and anxious for the fate of the unhappy ladies was their father's friend, Don Felez, who, waiting until the train was in motion, and his absence would not be remarked, dropped out of the ranks, and made his way back to the halting-place of the night before. The unfortunate ladies were restored to consciousness, and after much delay and difficulty, escorted back to their father's castle by their faithful attendant.

And now a heavy retribution awaited the traitor sons-in-law at the hand of the Cid, who appealed to the king for satisfaction. Cowards as they were, they were forced to meet champions chosen by the Cid himself, and in spite of their appeals for mercy, their lives were only spared to their father's intercession, after the infliction of many cruel wounds. Ample restitution was made to the Cid of his daughters' property, and he also claimed again the swords so unworthily bestowed. The old ballad tells that the wronged wives were soon after asked in marriage by the *Infantes* of Navarre and Aragon, and in their new alliance, it is to be hoped that they met with a better fate.

— ORIGIN OF "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK." It is said that "Strongbow," on entering Waterford Harbor, observed a castle on one shore and a church on the other. Inquiring what they were, he was told they were the "Castle of Hook," and the "Church of Crook." "Then," said he, "we must enter and take the town, by *Hook* or by *Crook*." Hence, it is said, the proverb to this day.

— THE managers of ragged schools in London organized a Rag-collecting Brigade, in 1869, which was in operation till very lately, and may be now.



THE FATHER DID READ IT. Page 344.

AUNT BETSEY'S TREASURE.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY.

CHAPTER XI.

BELLE A SCHOOL-TEACHER.

BELLE'S ring at the school-house door, on Monday, at a quarter before ten, was answered by one of the pupils, who had orders from the principal, if Miss Blessing came, to conduct her to the library, where he would see her when released from the recitation which then engaged him. Belle's heart beat audibly as she entered the large hall or school-room, through which she must pass to the library opening into it by folding doors, now nearly closed. She was gratified to see the

boys all seated in perfect order, industriously studying, with the room so still that she could hear the tick-tick, tick-tick of the clock; and she almost feared they would hear the tumult in her own bosom. She went into the library, leaving the scholars alone as she had found them; for all the assistants, as well as the principal, were absent; and her conductor told her, in reply to a question, that the scholars behaved just as well when left alone as when watched. She could observe the school, unseen, from the library, and found there was perfect order.

Mr. Herbon soon came in, and, greeting Belle cordially, accompanied her to the school-room, and calling upon a certain division of the school to rise, introduced them to their new teacher, and sent them away with her into a recitation-room adjoining the hall. She

stood at the desk, all ready to make a pretty little speech, saying what good boys they were, and what a delightful time she expected to have instructing them, when, the door having been silently closed, she found herself in a scene of the wildest confusion. More discordant sounds than there were boys in the room startled her ears — buzzing, whispering, talking, muttering, sighing, groaning, humming, singing, whistling, scraping, shuffling, rapping, and more other *ings* than can be easily imagined. The scene was indescribable: it was all, in the line of mischief and confusion, which the inventive genius of more than a score of Yankee boys could make it.

They did not fail to realize that the new teacher, who stood at the desk, was a very young lady, and physically by no means their equal. "Not out of her teens." "Hasn't got her growth yet." "Any one of us could pitch her out of the window quicker than you could say *scat*." So the boys whispered.

She could not hear herself speak for the tumult, and did not know one scholar from another by name or sight. Her cheeks glowed with the grief and disappointment of this cruel reception; and she felt more like laying her head down upon the desk, and having a hearty cry, than like accepting the challenge to battle. What could she do? It was useless to speak in a Babel, when she could not even hear herself. So she just turned the knob of the recitation-room door, and threw it wide open into the hall. She stepped silently back to her desk, and immediately every scholar was in his seat, and the room became so still that the fall of a pin could have been heard; but nobody ventured to drop one.

Belle gave up making her speech, and went pleasantly from one to another, taking the names, looking each boy steadily in the eye as she did so: and many eyes fell before hers. Then she threw her whole power into the recitation, and succeeded in making it so interesting that when the bell rang for its close the boys wondered that the hour had expired.

It was recess now, and as the boys went out, they whispered one to another, —

"We shan't have any more goings-on in No. 10 without Mr. Herbon knowing it."

When the boys were all gone from the recitation-room, the principal came in, and Belle said, with a painful blush, —

"You saw, Mr. Herbon, I was obliged to open my door to bring the boys to order. There was a perfect riot before I did it."

"And afterwards?" questioned the principal.

"There was order and attention to the reci-

tation. The boys are bright, and easily interested. I think they will behave well, too, if there is an open door between you and me. You will allow that, I trust."

"Certainly: honor and right keep open doors. Every one of those boys must make you a public apology, or leave the school."

"Thank you: but leave them to me for a little. I hope they will apologize without compulsion."

When the boys came in for a recitation, after recess, they left the door open, as requested, and took their seats in perfect order; and Belle said, pleasantly, —

"Boys, how many of you think you did right when you came in here with me the first time? How many think it was an honorable and kind reception? Hands up, those who think so."

No hands went up.

"How many of you are ready to say to me, 'I beg your pardon'?"

The scholars glanced questioningly one at another. A few hands rose, then more and more, till all were up.

"You may say it, then, in concert, three times, to make sure of a full chorus; and speak up loud, so that Mr. Herbon may hear you, for we will have no secrets from him."

Belle raised her hand for a signal, and the boys brought it out in fine chorus: "I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon! *I beg your pardon!*"

"Well said, boys!" spoke Mr. Herbon, appearing at the open door. "How many will give this lady reason to say to me, 'The boys do just as well when the recitation-room door is closed as when it is open'?" Those who will, say 'I.'"

A full chorus of "I's" responded.

"Then we will close this door," said Belle, as the principal turned away. "It is all the same to us, closed or open, since there is to be no wall of deceit here."

"Did the boys give you any further trouble?" asked Mr. Herbon, anxiously, at the close of school.

"No; 'the boys did just as well when the recitation-room door was closed as when it was open.' But you must think me very inefficient; and I fear it will injure my influence with them that I could not manage them alone. Going into that room from the perfect order of this, such a sudden and entirely unexpected development utterly confounded me. and the only thing I could think of as a remedy was a practical resort to you by throwing open that door."

"You have never asked me, Miss Blessing, why there was a vacancy here in the middle of the term."

Belle, who did not intend to ask any such question, remained silent, and Mr. Herbon added, —

"Your predecessor shut the door, which should ever have been open, by trying to hide from me the bad conduct of the boys in that class. But it became public, and she was dismissed by the committee from her charge. If she had been sincere, she would have found no trouble. I thank you for opening the door which she closed. Nothing else that you could have done would have secured such happy and permanent results."

"But only think what a risk! If I did the right thing, it must have been from instinct, for I believe I was too crushed by that reception to think or reason clearly. And, Mr. Herbon, — pardon me for saying it, — I think perfect openness on your part should have led you to explain the difficulties of my position, that I might be on my guard."

"I accept your reproof as very just," replied the principal, smiling; "but you have justified my own judgment, that it was not best to frighten you, but leave you to your own instinct — that is, your own nature. To any one else I should have read a long lecture on keeping order, before I sent her in there."

"I am not the less grateful that I do not see the ground of your confidence in a stranger," replied Belle.

"And I am the more grateful that I do not see the ground of *your* confidence in a stranger."

Raising her eyes to his, Belle was puzzled by an unaccountable feeling that they were not strangers, and that — if she believed in pre-existence — she should think they had known each other, not unhappily, in other worlds.

From this hour terms of mutual respect and confidence not only existed between principal and assistant, but the fact that such was known by the pupils to be the case, saved her all trouble in regard to discipline, and left her free to devote her energies to awakening such interest in her classes as put to a final flight the latent spirit of mischief.

The committee, in their visits to the school, were so pleased with the aspect of Belle's classes, that they begged the principal in future to take the whole charge of selecting his teachers, as Miss Blessing was certainly a treasure, which fact they, for themselves, should never have discovered, but, on the contrary, have regarded her as unfitted for the place by her

youth and inexperience. The principal, however, declined the weighty honor of selecting his teachers unaided, saying he could not be responsible for so correct a judgment in other instances as he had exercised in this.

CHAPTER XII.

BELLE PERPLEXED.

BELLE had finished the long term following the one on which she entered the school, and was spending her second vacation at home, when she was one morning surprised and perplexed by the following letter from Mr. Herbon: —

"BOSTON, August 20, 187-.

"MY DEAR MISS BLESSING: Allow me to begin with that which should, perhaps, more properly close my letter — a request that you will not be troubled by its contents, in however disagreeable a light they may strike you.

"The relations which now exist between us are so pleasant and useful, that I should deeply regret to have disturbed them by a futile attempt to make them nearer and dearer. Nor do I see a reason why, in any case, such need be the result.

"I offer you my heart and hand; and if you can love me well enough to consent to be my wife, I shall esteem myself the happiest of men. Yet I would not, in a matter of such vital consequences to yourself, hurry you to a decision; nor would I, for all the treasure earth has, secure my own happiness by a sacrifice of yours. Such a thing is, however, impossible, for I can never be wretched while I know you are happy; nor could I be happy knowing you to be otherwise. Will you, my dear friend, consider my offer and myself candidly and at your leisure, weighing everything in the balances of your own true heart and sound judgment, and then speak with me as freely and sincerely on this subject as you do on all others?

"If you feel that you cannot give me your heart as my wife, do not let that fact break our friendship, or disturb our relations to each other in our school. My love for you is such as will forbid my ever marrying another; but it is also such as will lead me ever to watch your interests with tenderest solicitude, even if I may never call you my own.

"In sincerity and truth,

"ERNEST HERBON."

All day long, in her own little room, now an attic, Belle pondered this letter; and when, at evening, her father came up to ask the cause

of her seclusion, she laid the letter open before him, and hiding her face upon that dear resting-place, his shoulder, shed the tears which had been all day gathering.

"Tears, Belle, and over a letter from Mr. Herbon! What is it? Have you lost your situation?"

"Re-read tha-at!" sobbed Belle, indicating the letter with the hand that was not around her father's neck.

The father did read it, after which he looked perplexed, and rather vexed, quite forgetting, for a while, to caress Belle's beautiful hair—an act which from her infancy had possessed over her a wonderfully soothing power.

"Why did he do this?" at length queried the father, more to himself than to his daughter, who, however, replied promptly, looking up bright as a May blossom after a shower, —

"So I say, father; and I wish he hadn't. We were going on so nicely and happily together, I, for one, never so much as dreaming of love or marriage! I *like* Mr. Herbon so thoroughly every way, — respect, esteem, honor, trust him, — that it seems too miserable to have anything come between us."

"It isn't in your heart, then, to accept his offer?"

"You know I said I never thought of his loving me. He is always deferential, yet serenely and beautifully responsive, without becoming intrusive or demonstrative. No; I never thought of his loving me! Now that question comes, I think there is something wanting to make my sentiment just the love one should have to the man she marries. Still, I am quite as unprepared to say 'No,' as 'Yes;' and I can't bear the thought of leaving Mr. Herbon and my school."

"Your careful friend seems to have had an intuitive perception of just this state of feeling, and provided for it by urging you to go right on in the old relations, just as if nothing had happened."

"That is, if I can say Yes, or No. But I can't say either."

"He asks you not to hasten any decision, but weigh all things candidly and leisurely."

"I don't more than half like that, father: it seems too quiet — almost cold. It is evidently not his intention to go distracted, and commit suicide, if I refuse to be his."

"Is it possible my Belle made that speech over that letter! You would do well to consider its nobleness in comparison with the fire-and-fury order of things."

"I should not have spoken just as I did, father, for I do not feel the spirit of those

words. Mr. Herbon could never act otherwise than nobly. I suppose the simple truth is, I should feel flattered by a little more ardent expression."

"Will you please frame a more thoroughly ardent expression than truly and calmly to say that one loves you so well that he can never marry another, yet will not urge you against the dictates of your own heart and judgment, because your happiness is dearer to him than his own?"

"You would have me marry him?"

"Not for all the treasure earth has, unless your heart is his. I only claim you are right in calling him a noble man; and I doubt not he loves you with all the strength of a great heart. Whether you can return his affection is a question for you alone to decide."

"If I can ever come fully to know my own heart," said Belle, sighing.

"Does this face still trouble you?" said the father, taking the ferrotype from his card-case, and handing it to his daughter.

Belle started as she took it, and, after regarding it a full minute, said, —

"I believe I have linked Edward Battles and Mr. Herbon together, somehow. In my fancy; for when you placed this picture before my eyes, I thought of Mr. Herbon more than of Edward. Here, take it again. I wish I had never seen it or its original."

"You are making hard speeches against that 'handsomest, noblest, bravest, best,' and so forth and so forth, boy, that ever was."

"Please don't!" cried Belle, with gathering tears.

"I did not mean to tease you; but you should do Edward justice as well as Mr. Herbon."

"Why need their names be linked together? or why need a memory stand between me and him? Yet I believe it does; and perhaps that is all the reason I am not sure that I love him. No, it is not all: there is one thing more. We are very sincere and open to each other; yet I have a terrible feeling sometimes that Mr. Herbon is hiding something from me. I know I can trust his truth; yet the feeling is, that I don't get to the very bottom of truth's well after all. It is an indescribable kind of consciousness, for which I can render no definite reason, and which a second consciousness tells me does him injustice."

"Poor Belle, you are in a hard place!" said her father, in a tone of sympathy more profound than even Belle felt the circumstances required.

"Do you think," she asked, "that it would

be just to Mr. Herbon for me to tell him how truly I honor and esteem him, while yet I find it impossible to be sure that my heart is fully his, and that I will, if he truly wishes it, return to my place in his school, as he requested in his letter?"

"Yes. Why do you question the right of such a course, if it is your wish?"

"He might be hoping I should yield to his suit by and by; and I should regret to cause him pain."

"On the other hand, you will have the further opportunity, which he wishes to give you, to know him intimately and decide wisely."

"I am glad you think I may do as he requests, although I am not yet quite sure that I ought. You have lightened my burden, my best of fathers, so that I believe I can go down and eat some supper, and then go to sleep. I could not eat, or even go down, at dinner time."

"I am glad you take these things seriously, my daughter. It is the last subject for trifling, involving, as it does, all our future. Will you take this picture? for I have no desire to keep it longer."

"I do not want it, father. I wish I could forget that I ever saw it."

"Justice to Edward's memory!"

"No danger! The trouble is, I can't forget."

CHAPTER XIII.

A DISCOVERY.

BELLE rose the next morning, still undecided as to her duty in respect to retaining her situation as a teacher; and she felt that if she resigned, it should be done very soon, to give time for a successor to be secured. Thus perplexed, she went down to breakfast.

The family had just commenced their meal, when William was seen hastily approaching the house. He entered very quietly, and, in reply to anxious inquiries, reported all well at his home, still, however, wearing a troubled brow.

"Out with it, my son. Something is the matter," said Mr. Blessing.

"Uncle John has failed. The news came to me last evening by mail; but I thought it would do no good to tell you until morning. Here is the letter."

It was not from Mr. John Blessing, but from his lawyer, giving a formal statement of the failure, and inviting Mr. Charles Blessing to unite with the other creditors in compromising for twenty-five per cent.

Mr. Blessing's face darkened with painful

emotion as he read the letter. His brother owed him twelve hundred dollars, borrowed before the loss of the Belle Blessing. If he failed, this note was part of his assets, and he depended on the payment of the note — now several months past due — to meet his own rapidly maturing paper.

"It seems hard not to do as well by my own brother, in his trouble, as others are willing to; but I do not see how we can sustain ourselves without the whole of that money."

"Perhaps uncle means to pay it," suggested William. "He may not be responsible for this letter from his lawyer."

"The note was due six months ago, my son; and brother has put me off with so many excuses, when he knew I was in need, that I fear the worst. It would not be so bad for us had we not been compelled already to use all our capital and all our credit. I do not know where I could borrow a hundred dollars, except at usurious interest, which would be our ruin."

"If aunt Blessing knew —" suggested Belle.

"She must not be permitted to lend us her little store," said the father. "I forbid any mention to her of brother John's debt."

Mr. Blessing ate little breakfast, and hastened away with his son, both of them looking deeply troubled. Belle went to her room and wrote to Mr. Herbon, in accordance with the sentiments expressed to her father the previous evening, leaving it for the principal to say whether, in view of the facts, he wished her to return to the school.

Her mind that morning had been in that state of even balance when a feather turns the scale; and her father's new need had been the feather which decided her to follow her own inclination, and her father's advice, by returning to her school, if Mr. Herbon approved, as she felt sure he would, and as he speedily assured her, by letter, that he did.

She had added to her salary by teaching a singing class, out of school hours, and had five hundred dollars, which she could give to help her father; only, the new dresses, which she had thought necessary, must be given up until her next vacation. Then there were those coupons. She had a confidential letter from Charley, saying he had engaged to instruct a few wealthy students, who had been "conditioned" in mathematics, and must make up, or leave the ranks. And as this was lucrative work, and he was, besides, likely to win a prize in mathematics, he should be quite self-supporting. He had urged her to use that income, as was the original intent of the giver, for her own comfort and improvement. She

now wrote, asking Charley if she could, with entire safety to his interests at college, lend it all to their father in this emergency.

Mr. Blessing did not come home that night, having obeyed the dictates of his heart by going to New York, to sympathize with his brother, if he could not help him. When he did return home, he looked grieved and worn, and his comforter, Belle, with the five hundred dollars and the coupons in her pocket, sought the earliest opportunity to see him alone.

"How is it with uncle John?" she asked.

"It is very ill with him."

"Then he really cannot pay more than twenty-five per cent. of his debts?"

"That is all he will pay," replied Mr. Blessing, evasively.

"And how do my aunt and cousins bear this sad trial?"

"I did not see them, Belle. I told my brother I felt the deepest sympathy for his family in the great change that must come to them; and he replied, testily, 'Don't distress yourself for my family: I have sense enough to take care of them. Save your sympathy for my creditors.'"

"What does that mean?"

"He has secured to his wife, in her own right, an independent fortune, so that these commercial reverses hardly touch their private life. Feeling that even my presence would be a reproach in that house, I did not enter it."

"We are a thousand times happier, father, in this cramped tenement, with an honored name, clear consciences, and loving hearts."

"Yes, thank God! But, Belle, it is a great grief to me to have lost my brother."

"You don't mean that you quarrelled?"

"No; I uttered no reproach, and turned my note — due six months ago — into the common pool, to receive twenty-five per cent.; but we are brothers no longer in unity of heart and purpose. If John had been blessed with a wife and children like my own, this would not have been."

"We have only done our duty, dear father. Here is something to help you through this strait."

She gave him the five hundred dollars and the coupons, explaining that she was going back to her school to earn more, and that Charley had become self-supporting.

"What children! But I need not use your money: I can readily borrow the nine hundred dollars, with all these coupons for collateral, and will gratefully accept the use of them in that way."

"Don't borrow, father. You are already burdened with too many liabilities. Your success is ours; so we have no separate interest, and that is all settled."

Belle put the roll of greenbacks and the tiny pile of coupons into his vest pocket, and pinned it up with two pins, for fear they would slip out. Of course she had her way; and the credit of "Blessing & Son" — no longer "& Co." — was confirmed when his paper was promptly met, and it became known that he was not affected by his brother's failure.

Patience and skill served the place of money in replenishing Belle's diminishing wardrobe, which had received no additions since their change of fortune. She returned to her school in excellent health and spirits; for nothing is more likely to produce these than earnest and successful effort to benefit somebody besides self.

Mr. Herbon was so precisely the same, that Belle could hardly realize the existence of that letter, folded away in the bottom of her locked trunk. The author of the letter was seldom absent from her thoughts, and she did her very best to meet his wishes, even in the smallest particulars. But then, she thought that only her duty, and a thing quite aside from love or marriage. She worked on from day to day, so happy and contented in his service that she forgot to consider the great question which that letter asked her deliberately to settle. One night a conviction of her neglect of this matter came over her, and she took out the letter, read it very thoughtfully, and laid it under her pillow, thinking more than sleeping that night.

She resolved to tell Mr. Herbon the next day that she had not been considering, as she ought, the question he had asked her, and that whenever she did so, an indefinable something seemed to come between them, so that she could not promise to be wholly his; and she thought she would ask him if he could help her to ascertain what that "indefinable something" could be.

But an event occurred the next day which prevented this purpose from ever being carried out. After school hours, Belle and Mr. Herbon sat side by side at his desk in the school-room, making out the monthly reports. They were not quite alone, for the school-house was open, and here and there a pupil lingered at his desk. In the work of consulting the register, open between them, their heads came so near together, that Belle several times put back her curls to prevent them from touching Mr. Herbon's cheek. At last, having perma-

nently secured her own hair, she happened to fix her eyes upon his, when it was close beneath them, and that instant she made a discovery which affected her deeply and strangely.

Aroused from his absorbing work by her absolute stillness, Mr. Herbon looked up, to see Belle sitting, regardless of her task, white and motionless as a marble statue.

"Miss Blessing, you are ill!" he cried. "Forgive me for suffering you to work after school hours. I will send one of the boys for a carriage to take you to Mrs. Barton's."

Mrs. Barton was a friend of Belle's mother, and had offered her the use of a room, which hospitality she frequently accepted.

Belle shook her head in decided negative, but asked for a glass of water, and when she had drank it, walked out alone upon the balcony, insisting that Mr. Herbon should go on with his work. Accustomed to yield to her wishes, he seated himself at his desk for a few minutes, when, unable to pursue his work for anxiety, he followed her, only to find she was no longer there. Her hat was not in its accustomed place; and it seemed probable she had gone to her room at Mrs. Barton's, whither Mr. Herbon instantly resorted, with anxious inquiries respecting her health. Mrs. Barton only knew that Belle had just come in, but immediately sought her at her room. Belle sent a verbal message to Mr. Herbon, that she thanked him for his thoughtful attention, that she was not quite well, and was not certain respecting her duty for the morrow. In reply to which Mr. Herbon sent up the following hastily-pencilled note:—

"DEAR MISS BLESSING: Do not attempt to resume your labors to-morrow. You have worked too hard, and need rest. I cannot forgive myself for not having watched over you more carefully. Take a vacation of a few days, and I will supply your place by hearing your classes to the best of my ability. Please treat me with entire confidence.

"ERNEST HERBON."

To which Belle replied,—

"MR. HERBON. My dear Sir: I will go to my father's for the rest you prescribe. Before doing so, I shall send my resignation to the school committee. *Ernest Herbon* must feel that Belle Blessing reciprocates all the confidence he has reposed in her.

"BELLE BLESSING."

In vain Mr. Herbon sought an explanation. His letters were returned unopened. An in-

terview was declined. Belle sent the resignation of her situation to the committee, disappearing from the school and from the city. She declined to withdraw her resignation, notwithstanding the earnest solicitation of the committee, seconded by the urgent request of the principal, and the unanimous vote of her classes to do their best without her, under Mr. Herbon, until the next term, if she would consent to try to return to them then.

The united voices of all availed nothing. She was firm that it was impossible for her to return to her place, and that another should be at once sought to fill it.

The committee and the pupils thought the teacher had worn herself out with too arduous service; and the former, hoping in time to secure her again, procured only a temporary supply. Mr. Herbon felt there was something more for him to ferret out; but no opportunity was given him, for when he called on Belle at her father's, she politely declined seeing him, without a pretence of inability to do so. Her salary to the term's end was sent her. She retained only what was strictly due, returning the rest with grateful acknowledgments. She also visited the school one day, and apologized to her classes for the abruptness of her departure, saying she was taken suddenly ill that day, and continued quite unable to return.

To Mr. Herbon she was profoundly quiet and reserved, with something of sad reproach in her eyes, which went to the deep places of his heart, but the meaning of which he sought in vain. The following correspondence passed between them, Mr. Herbon's letter coming under cover to Belle's father, who prevailed upon her to read and answer it. She did not reveal its contents to her father, or confide to him her trouble.

"MY DEAR MISS BLESSING: Why will you not see me or read my letters? Up to a certain day I found nothing in you but sincerest friendship. Since then what a change! That it is, in some way, all my own fault, I am sure; yet I am too blind to discover the cause. Will you not pity my stupidity, and enlighten my blindness? Has it anything to do with that letter to which you replied, so candidly, last vacation? Since answering your reply, I have made it a point of honor not to allude to its contents. Have I erred in ignoring it? or have I, on the other hand, unconsciously to myself, betrayed too plainly the love which fills my heart? In either case, can you not, and will you not, have the magnanimity to pardon and enlighten me?

"My heart is yours, more and more entirely every day I live; and renewedly I ask you to be mine, if that is possible: if not, at least be my friend, and let me be yours. If we can be quite sincere, I am sure this sad estrangement need not continue. Do not refuse a true reply.

"Sincerely yours,

"ERNEST HERBON."

To which Belle replied, —

"MR. ERNEST HERBON. My dear Sir: It is utterly impossible, in the nature of things, that *Ernest Herbon* and Belle Blessing should ever unite heart or hand, or even meet on terms of true friendship. The reason should be too clear to your own consciousness to need pointing out by me. To that consciousness alone I must leave the future.

"Sincerely yours,

"BELLE BLESSING."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO MY PILLOW.

BY LAURA D. NICHOLS.

PRELUDE.

WHILE many sing the praise of wine
(A treacherous friend at best),
And others chant the soothing pipe,
Companion of their rest, —
While Thackeray's old cane-bottom chair
Is full well known to Fame,
And Cowper's rabbits, Byron's dog,
Their honored niches claim, —
For lowlier friend than all of these
Will I invoke the Muse,
And for the subject of *my* lay
The gentle *Pillow* choose.

TO MY PILLOW.

Be thou with daintiest quillings trimmed,
Or rustic cotton lace,
I sing thy sleepy, soothing depths,
Thy fresh, inviting face;
Be thou in fine or homespun case,
For cradle, crib, or bed,
For prisoner's hard and narrow couch,
Or king's "uneasy head," —
With feathers filled, or homely straw,
With hair, or hops, or hay, —
To thee, O, faithful friend of man,
I dedicate my lay.

In tearful, wondering babyhood,
And childhood's restless hour,
With their uncomprehended woes,
How sure thy soothing power!

When headache and fell toothache rage, —

Those dreaded foes to rest, —

By many a moan and fretful toss

Our anguish is expressed;

But thou, though twitched, and thumped,
and turned,

Art kind and yielding still,

Offering a soothing surface soft,

Though treated ne'er so ill.

Though, in the hands of murderous men,

Thou hast extinguished life

(Those royal babies in the Tower,

The jealous Moor's fair wife),

Yet fearlessly and fondly still

Thou'rt pressed by every brow:

Not thine those dark and dreadful deeds —

A shrinking tool wast thou.

In sheltering shadow of the night,

The pangs we would not own,

Our secret tears, our loneliness,

We bring to thee alone.

Each weary, longing, homesick soul

Finds faithful friend in thee;

Thou bearest us, in slumber soft,

Where'er we fain would be;

And friends and places that we love

Once more, in dreams, we see.

O Pillow! soft, and white, and cool,

Thou beckonest me all day

Upon thy sympathizing breast

My world-sick head to lay.

Thence would I float, as in a boat,

To Dreamland far away.

— WE do not associate the idea of the highest honor and benevolence with the name of Turk; yet the difference between a Turk and an American is not always in favor of the American. Layard, the explorer of Nineveh's ruins, speaking of a governor of Mosul, says, "He was one of the most honest and amiable men that it has been my lot, in a life of some experience amongst men of various kinds, to meet." This governor's troops had plundered a friendly tribe; his principal officers had falsely represented this tribe to him as rebellious, as they were desirous of enriching themselves with the spoil. When the governor, Tahyar, learned the particulars of the affair, and that the tribe were peaceably pasturing their flocks when attacked, he exclaimed, "You have ruined my house," — that is to say, its honor, — and without speaking again, died of a broken heart.

CALIFORNIA BOB.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

V.

BOB IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BOB felt extremely happy; and well he might, for the day was bright and beautiful, he had plenty of money, had left nothing but friends behind him in Gold Run, — he magnanimously left Buzzard Bill out of the count, — and at last was fairly on his way to his destination.

He sat at one end of the car, where he soon made the acquaintance of the conductor. Bob was a great hand to make acquaintances; though, having been endowed by Nature with a great deal of caution, he was always extremely careful in what he said and did, fearing that they might prove to be sharpers.

The conductor was a pleasant man, very willing to talk and answer questions. When they reached "Cape Horn," — a terrible precipice some six or eight miles from Gold Run, — Bob could not look down steadily, but drew back and shuddered. It seemed to him that he could easily jump from the platform into the river, which was winding below like a mere thread of yellow ribbon.

"How far down from here?" asked Bob of the conductor.

"Twenty-five hundred feet," replied he, briefly, with the air of one who had been asked that question several times before.

"What's that black speck across the river, way down there?" questioned Bob.

"The turnpike bridge, on the road to Iowa Hill," was the reply.

"I'd like to be down there, and look up," remarked Bob.

"Yes," replied the conductor; "you get the best view that way: the train looks as though you could hold it in the palm of your hand. When the Chinamen were at work here, at the time the road was building, I was going through the cañon down there with a mule-team; and I swear I couldn't believe they were men. They looked, for all the world, like a swarm of ants."

"I don't envy the first ones who broke ground," said Bob.

"They had to be held by ropes until they could dig and blast and obtain a foothold," said the conductor.

"My!" ejaculated Bob.

"Fact!" said the conductor; and then they both kept silent while they turned to take a parting view of the grandest scene on the great railroad.

Bob arrived at San Francisco at half past eight in the evening. His friend the conductor had told him of a quiet, respectable place, on Howard Street, where he could be boarded for the very reasonable sum of four dollars and a half a week — a dollar less than he had been paying at Gold Run.

His baggage was anything but burdensome, and he had received full directions from the conductor how to find the place; so he evaded the importunities of the hack-drivers and hotel-runners, albeit they made him very fidgety, and walked off up the busy and brilliant streets alone.

"I think I'm rather lucky," he thought to himself: "I might have got here without friends or money; but I've got plenty of cash, and there's Mr. Tarbell's friend, and Nannie's father!"

Bob smiled as he thought of Nannie. He was getting quite over "hating" girls now; and then, Nannie was so pretty! By making a few inquiries, he easily found the boarding-house on Howard Street to which he had been directed by the conductor; and, after giving the landlady that gentleman's name, and paying his week's board in advance, he was quite hospitably welcomed to his new home.

The next morning he was up betimes, for he was quite impressed with the idea that he had "business" on hand that day, which he must be attending to. His wardrobe, though he had made a few additions to it while in Gold Run, was still rather a shabby affair. However, remembering Nannie's rosy cheeks and blue eyes, he arrayed himself in his best, and started out. His money he tied in a handkerchief, and carried in his pocket.

He first inquired his way to the post-office: he had an affectionate plan in his heart, which he determined to carry out at once. Stopping at a stationer's, he purchased envelopes and paper, and then asked permission to write a note at the desk. The gentleman was quite willing, and Bob took the pen in his unaccustomed fingers, — Bob had never been brilliant at school, — and wrote this letter to his mother: —

"SAN FRANCISCO, aug. 3, 1871.

"DEER MUTHER: ive got the munny to by yore first silk dress, but i don't no what kind you will like best, so ile send you the munny, and you can by it yoreself, and get a prety wone, deer mother, and give my luv to my sis-

ters and the baby and pa, and no more at present from

"Yores respectively Bob.

"p. s. i earned the munny honnest. Bob."

Having put this scholarly production into an envelope, Bob went to the post-office, bought a postal order for seventy-five dollars, and sent it off, feeling, as he did so, a glow of peace and happiness which no amount spent on his own adornment could possibly have afforded him. "Mother" would be so pleased! By consulting the envelope of the letter which Mr. Tarbell had given him, Bob found that he was then on Battery Street, and that by walking a few blocks he would arrive at Mr. Sinkmitz's residence, or, rather, place of business.

He was obliged to make some inquiries, which were courteously answered; for Bob's natural good sense prevented him from asking those who appeared to be in a hurry.

Arriving at the imposing store which bore the name of A. T. Sinkmitz over the door, Bob walked in, and presented his letter to the first person he met. The clerk—a very self-sufficient young personage—looked at the address, and handed it back.

"Mr. Sinkmitz has gone east," he said, briefly, eying Bob at the same time with a supercilious expression of countenance, as though he would like to ask how long it was since he had arrived from the country.

"When will he be likely to return?" inquired Bob.

"Can't say," was the reply, accompanied by another look.

Bob felt indignant. He put the letter in his pocket, turned around, and walked out without a word, thinking to himself that if Mr. Sinkmitz were as hateful as his clerk, he was not at all sorry that he was not in the city.

"I suppose Nannie'll think I'm awful countrified," he thought; "and I suppose I am."

Nannie, however, he did not see that day, for, on ringing the bell at the house, the servant told him that Mr. Wedgwood had gone to the Springs with his daughter, and would not return for a couple of months.

"If my cash melts away as fast as my friends have," thought Bob, ruefully, "I shall be in a bad fix."

He found, in the course of a week or so, that his cash *was* melting away at a most alarming rate, although he was very careful, and looked at every dime before he spent it.

Another week passed away; and still, in spite of all he could do, he could find no work; when, looking and feeling very melancholy,

he came down the steps one evening, a young man who boarded in the house met him, and said in a friendly voice,—

"Pleasant evening, sir."

Bob looked up quickly, with a bright, cheerful smile. He had felt so lonely, homesick, discouraged, and forsaken generally, that he was very glad indeed to hear a friendly voice. He responded, and the two walked down the street together.

"I am glad to get out of this," said the young man, after a little conversation. "I find the work too hard; and as I have a chance to go into a store, I am going to leave to-morrow."

Bob pricked up his ears, and said, in an earnest voice,—

"I am friendless here, and my money is about gone. Don't you think I could get your place?"

"I wouldn't wonder," replied the young man. "Come into the office, and I'll introduce you. But it's hard work, and poor pay."

"What do you do?" asked Bob.

"I'm a car conductor: fourteen hours a day, and sixty dollars a month. I don't believe they'll give you more than fifty."

Fifty seemed a fortune, almost, to the poor boy, who had but a few dollars left. The place was secured, thanks to the recommendations of the young man, at a salary of *forty* dollars a month.

The next day Bob went on duty. He had an unpleasant consciousness that he looked green, awkward, and boyish; that all the gentlemen were impatient with him, and that all the ladies laughed at him. His face was covered with one long-continued blush from morning until night; but he tried his best to do right, and was *very* honest: he would not have robbed the company of one dime, although "knocking down," as this particular way of stealing is called, was very common among conductors—so his friend had told him.

The second day he was a little more at his ease, and began to get accustomed to his duties. The third day, some mistake occurred in changing drivers, and he was requested to drive while the regular driver went to supper. He was delighted, boy-like, to have the reins in his hand. He knew nothing of the management of horses, but he did not say so. Perhaps he thought that he could manage them as well as anybody.

"That nigh horse is a little skittish," said the driver.

"All right," responded Bob, with an air of perfect self-confidence.

The horses went well enough for a few blocks, when the appearance of a kite in the air started the skittish "nigh horse," and in a very few moments Bob realized that the horses were both quite beyond his control. The passengers realized the same fact at about the same time. There were a number of school-girls in the car, going home after their daily labors; these screamed and jumped, and would, no doubt, have tried to get out and jump off; but a self-possessed lady stood with her back against one door, firmly holding it, and the other door had a convenient habit of "sticking," so that it could not be moved at all.

Bob held fast to the reins, and pulled in with all his might. Had the horses kept the track, he might, perhaps, have conquered them; but some spirit of mischief prompted them to jump to one side, overturning the car and themselves, and sending poor Bob off the platform like a rocket. Some workmen rushed to the rescue, prevented the horses from running again, and lifted the terrified school-girls out through the windows.

One or two of them had fainted, and a few were cut by the broken glass; but, fortunately, none of them were seriously injured. The horses were badly cut and bruised, and one of them had to be shot on the spot by a policeman, to put the poor thing out of its misery.

Bob, meanwhile, picked himself up from the cobble-stones where he had fallen, and sat down on the edge of the sidewalk, so stunned by his fall as to be almost unconscious. The blood was streaming down his cheek from a cut over one eye, while over the other was a great black-and-blue lump almost as big as a hen's egg.

Pretty soon one of the employees of the company came with fresh horses, righted the car, and drove off, informing poor, wretched Bob that the "boss" would like to see him at the office.

The "boss" eyed Bob, when he presented himself, with great disgust.

"You are a bright youth," he said; "a fine hand on a car."

"It was an accident, sir," faltered Bob.

"An accident!" repeated the boss, in thundering tones, and with a threatening inflection in his voice. "If you wasn't pretty well bungled up, there'd be an accident happen to you. You're discharged, sir! Take yourself off!"

"Isn't there something owing me?" inquired Bob, meekly, remembering his three days of hard work.

"Owing you! There's a good deal owing

us for a dead horse and a smashed car. Leave! clear, or I'll kick you out!" answered the exasperated man.

Bob waited for no more compliments, but left instant. His friend, the ex-conductor, laughed himself nearly into a fit, when Bob related his troubles to him, but promised to help him get another place when he heard of one vacant. At the end of a week, however, he had heard of none; and Bob's money was quite exhausted. He told the landlady, and asked her to trust him, promising to pay as soon as he could get a place.

"No," said the lady, her face very suggestive of vinegar; "I never trust. Your room will be wanted to-morrow morning: I shall be obliged to call in an officer."

"You won't be compelled to, ma'am," replied Bob, very indignantly: "I will leave to-night."

He went out immediately and pawned all his spare clothing at the nearest pawn-broker's; then he devoted himself to hunting up a cheaper room. He found one in a little back street, in a little house owned by an exceedingly little old woman. The room was hardly more than a box, and was very cheaply furnished with only a bed and wash-stand; but the rent was trifling, and Bob was glad enough to secure it.

As he had pawned everything but the clothes he had on, he did not need, and did not desire, to go back to the house on Howard Street. He certainly had no love for his landlady.

Another week went by, and the money which he had obtained at Mr. Abrahamson's pawnshop was quite exhausted; yet he could get nothing to do.

The little old woman who owned the house had never noticed him much; and his experience had not predisposed him to ask many favors of his landlady. But the prospect of being turned upon the street, friendless and penniless, was by no means a pleasant one; so he mustered up courage, and told the little old woman that he had no money to pay his next week's room-rent; but if she would trust him, he would promise to pay her the very first money he received after he got work.

"I'm a very poor woman," said she, "but I try to be a Christian. You look like an honest laddie, and I'll trust you a couple of weeks, if you need it. But how will you get anything to eat?"

Bob shook his head: he did not dare to speak, for fear he should betray to his landlady the fact that the tears stood thick in his eyes. Tears he thought worthy only of girls.

"Well, well," said she, kindly, "take heart.

So long as I have a crust, I won't see you starve."

That very day Bob heard, from a boy who worked in the glass factory in Townsend Street, that there was a chance there for a boy, though at low wages.

"Tain't much of a place," said the boy.

"Anything is a good place for me," replied Bob; "and I'm sure I'm very grateful to you for your kindness."

"Come down about three o'clock, and you'll find the foreman at leisure," said the boy.

"All right!" answered Bob, hopefully.

At two o'clock he left the house, where he had been busy all the morning doing chores for the kind little woman, in payment for his breakfast, and walked briskly down Third Street towards Townsend.

Near Mission, he found himself in a crowd, such as only San Francisco, perhaps, could collect, gathered around a saloon in which a man had just been shot, and, it was said, killed. There were Englishmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Austrians, Italians, Chinese, Hindoos, Indians, Kanakas, Mexicans, and every other nationality, all talking, pushing, and gesticulating.

Bob could not resist the temptation of lingering to see what was going on. He was pushed and jostled this way and that. Suddenly an old gentleman cried out that he had lost his pocket-book, containing valuable papers and all his money. Everybody began looking for it, Bob among the rest. Then he heard somebody say, —

"That's the one — there!" and, looking around to see who it was, was astonished to be himself seized by the shoulder, by an officer, with the remark, —

"You play innocence pretty well; but it won't do."

"Me!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes, *you*!" said the irate old gentleman, shaking his fist in Bob's face. "Give me back my pocket-book."

"I haven't got it," said Bob.

The policeman laughed, and pulled out of Bob's outside jacket pocket a book which certainly did not belong to him, and which he certainly had never seen before.

"That's it — is it?" said the officer, holding it up for the old gentleman to see.

"That is it, thank Heaven!" was the pious response.

"What name in the inside?" pursued the officer.

"John L. Banks," answered the old gentleman; "and there are two pictures, one of my

wife, and one of my daughter, pasted in the inside."

The officer opened and examined it. It proved to be as the old gentleman had described it; and he handed it back to its owner, saying, —

"You'll appear and prosecute?"

"Most certainly," said Mr. Banks. "Where is the dear young man who pointed out this thief?"

The officer looked around carelessly, and answered, "Vamosed!" then marched Bob off.

"If my name ain't Bad Luck, I wouldn't say so," sighed our hero, wishing, as earnestly as Mr. Banks, that *he* could see that "dear" young man for a few moments.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CRACKS IN WALLS.

BY DARA G. COLLIVER.

THEY stood, two country children,

Under a sheltering tree;

Sweet as a bud the lassie,

Brown as a berry he.

The sudden rain was pouring,

But they were quite secure:

The birds looked sidewise, laughing

At the lassie and her wooer.

"Look!" said the little maiden;

"That big cloud seems to me

A wall 'twixt us and heaven,

So thick we cannot see."

"And," said the lad, deep blushing,

"To me it seems a wall

'Twixt us and happy future,

That's bound at last to fall."

They watched the cloud together:

In two whole halves it broke;

She was the first who saw it,

She was the first who spoke:

"God hides the heaven from us,

But does not hide it all;

For, see! above the steeple,

A crack is in the wall."

He put his arm about her;

Both blushed a rosy red;

Only the birdies saw them,

And heard him as he said,

"Love is a part of heaven;

Time cannot hide it all;

I guess we see a little, —

A crack is in the wall."



WOLF RUN;

OR,

THE BOYS OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHILDREN AND THE BEARS.

MRS. SUMERFORD, after getting the baby to sleep, gave the delinquents such a scrubbing with soap suds and sand, that, in the bitterness of their souls, they resolved it was the last time they would ever "*play injuns*."

The two boys, after being thus rudely interrupted when they were having a nice time, were quite at a loss in what manner to spend the afternoon, but finally concluded to go into the pasture after berries.

Whenever the Sumerford boys went away together to drill, one of them always came home before the others to do the chores. Harry, having left the house of Holdness soon after dinner, resolved that, instead of going directly home, he would have another search in the pasture for the guns of the Indians, unwilling to give up the hope of finding them.

He was returning to the house after a long and fruitless search, when he heard loud talking at a little distance, and, pressing through the bushes, saw Sam and Tony Stewart running for dear life, and dragging by a string a bear cub, with the bear in hot pursuit.

"Drop that ere cub, you little fools," he shouted; "the bear'll tear you all ter pieces. Drop it, I tell you."

"We won't touch ter," cried Sam; "'tain't none of your bear, nor Elick's, nor Knuck's; it's mine and Tony's. We found it."

The bear was now coming on apace. Much against his inclination, Harry drew up his rifle and fired; the brute instantly turned upon him, though hit hard and vomiting blood. Harry sought refuge behind a pile of dead limbs and brush, that the bear, weakened by loss of blood, attempted in vain to mount, and was knocked on the head with the breech of the rifle.

Sam and his companion now came back to look at the dead bear, bringing the cub with them. The young of the bear is very small at birth, not much bigger than a rat, — at any rate, two of them could be carried in a pocket handkerchief, — and for some months grows slowly.

While they were looking at the cub, that,

when put down, began to suck the teats of its dead mother, two more came out of the bushes, with their noses to the ground, smelling the trail, and evidently in pursuit of their parent, at which the delight of the children reached its climax.

The reflections of Harry (a born hunter) were of a very different nature.

"Just look a there," he said, in a peevish tone; "I *had* ter shoot that ere bear, or she'd a killed both on you. What did you want ter meddle with her cub for? If I hadn't happened to come, she'd a eat you up. Bears hide their cubs away at that ere age. I never found one without I dug him out. How'd you git him? Where was the bear when you got him?"

"We don't know," said Sam. "We was picking berries, and heerd him cry in the bushes, and we tied our string, what we play hoss with, on him, to lead him home, and then we seed the old one way up on the hill, and runned — we did."

"We might as well put these ere cubs out of their misery, now the old one's dead;" and Harry drew the tomahawk from his belt to execute his threat.

The boys instantly threw themselves on the ground, embracing the cubs and screaming at the top of their voices, the big tears running down their cheeks. Finally Harry agreed to refer the matter to his mother, and the boys professed themselves willing to abide by her decision.

Tony, who was the older, took two of the cubs, Sammy the other, and they set out for the house. Harry offered to carry one, but the little fellows seemed unwilling to trust him.

No sooner had they reached the door-yard than Sam, committing his charge to Tony, darted into the house, clambered into his mother's lap, and flinging his arms around her neck, began to state the case as follows: —

"O, mother! don't you think, me and Tony found three little cubs, little mites of ones, mother; and their mother's dead, 'cause Harry killed her; and they tried to suck arter she was dead, mother — poor little things; and one of 'em's got a white stripe in his face. Me and Tony want ter keep 'em for our own, but Harry's going ter kill em. Marm, don't let him — will you?"

Catching hold of his mother's hand, he led her to the door. Mrs. Sumerford put down the baby she had taken from the cradle to fondle one of the cubs.

"What pretty little fat things! Who'd

think they would ever be as big as an old bear, and be savage?"

"Mother," said Harry, "the boys are raving distracted ter keep these cubs; but they can't feed 'em; they'll only starve ter death; better knock 'em in the head at once."

"Yes; we kin keep 'em, ma'am," cried Sam; "'cause we kin larn 'em to drink milk, jist as we did that lamb last spring what the sheep wouldn't own, and then we kin have cosset bears. Donald McDonald's got a cosset bear, and we want one too. Shouldn't you think we would, marm?"

"I guess, marm, if you'd a seed them little baby bears tryin' ter suck arter their marm was dead, you'd a cried a lot."

"I expect I should; but you don't want three on 'em?"

"Tony wants one, and me one."

"Well, then, let Harry take the other off and kill it."

During this dialogue the baby had crept to the cubs, put both arms around one of them, and got its ear in his mouth.

"There, marm," shouted Sam in tones of triumph, "baby's taken *that* one that's white-faced; and that'll be *baby's bear*."

Upon this, Harry, who considered it of no use to dispute the claims of the baby, went off to fold the sheep. The baby likewise served the purpose of an umpire to settle rival claims. In the division of spoils, both coveted the white-faced cub, as that mark was rare, but were willing to defer to the baby.

Enoch and Elick now made their appearance. Being younger than Harry, they had not outgrown their love for pets, and took a lively interest in the cubs, after several trials succeeded in making them lick up milk by putting their noses in a dish of milk and a finger in their mouths; and made a nest for them by chopping off a section of a hollow log.

This they partly filled with dry moss, and placed it in the hovel. It would not be easy to find a prouder and more self-satisfied boy than Tony Stewart, when, after supper, he set out for home with the cub in his arms, to tell his father and mother "how he and Sammy found the cubs, and the old bear chased 'em with her mouth wide open, and was almost to 'em, when they and Harry shot her."

"It was too bad," said Harry to his brothers, "ter kill that ere bear this time of year, with cubs on her; if she'd only been let alone till the acorns were ripe, and the wild grapes and beech-nuts, she'd a been hog-fat, and her cubs would have been full-grown and fat likewise.

Now she's poor as a rake, and the pelt ain't worth takin' off."

"Harry," said Elick, "what made you so late? You haven't done up the chores, and you come away right arter dinner."

"'Cause I went ter have another look arter them ere guns the Injuns had hid away."

"What do you s'pose Mr. Holdness said arter you come off?"

"I don't know. What did he?"

"He said as how, if we could only have a drum and fife in the fort, or a drum, and night and mornin's beat on it, and the man what keeps guard holler and yell as though he was givin' off orders, if there was Indians prowlin' round, they'd hear it, and 'twould make 'em kind of shy, 'cause they'd think there was sogers in the fort, and they know 'bout how many there is of us."

There is one of Harry Sumerford's qualifications that we have not mentioned. He was possessed of a great deal of mechanical ability, that, for the lack of any appropriate stimulus, had remained in a great degree dormant; yet the boys knew, and often said, that "Harry Sumerford could make anything he liked."

He had stocked his own rifle, the stock that came with it having been chipped by a bullet, and it was called a very neat piece of work. He made wooden plates and bowls from beech and birch whorls; made his own bows and arrows; and Mr. Seth Blanchard was willing to lend him tools, saying that "he knew how to use them."

The next morning Harry discovered that there was very little powder and lead on hand. He also ascertained that M'Clure, Crawford, and Armstrong were alike short of these articles of absolute necessity, and volunteered to take some furs, go to Raystown Fort, and barter for himself and neighbors with a trader who kept a store under the guns of the fort. The neighbors came into the arrangement, and Harry, mounting a pack-mule, set off.

No sooner was Harry out of sight than many of the neighbors had much to say about the matter. Some were sure that he'd never come back; that the Indians would kill him; others, among whom was Holdness, thought it much more probable that he would kill the Indians.

Others thought his mother was very much to blame for letting him go on such an errand, and M'Clure and Armstrong for putting him up to it. Harry, however, went and returned in safety, having seen neither Indians nor Indian signs, obtaining his powder and lead.

The morning after his return Harry went to the house of Holdness, and took Cal out into the pasture with him. They sat down on a cradle-knoll and Harry said, —

"Cal, what do you s'pose I went ter Rays-ton for?"

"Powder and lead; that's what you said you was going for."

"I didn't go altogether for that."

"What else did you go for?"

"I went ter look at a drum, and I've looked at it, and I'm goin' ter make one for the fort; leastways I'm goin' ter try, and you've got ter help me; we'll keep it still, and if we slip up on't, nobody'll be the wiser."

"Good on your head! That will be great. But what do you want me to do? You know I'm not so handy with tools as you are."

"You are first-rate to dress skins, 'cause your father beats everybody in the Run, and the Injuns too, and what you don't know he kin tell you."

"What kind of a skin does it want?"

"A wolf-skin, the drummer over ter the fort said, was the best skin in the world, and 'will take two on 'em."

"Glad of that; there's wolves enough. I was 'feard 'twas a calf or sheep-skin. Don't s'pose anybody would kill a calf or a sheep if they never had a drum."

"How do they dress 'em?"

"You git 'em, and git the hair off, and then I'll tell you what Mr. Heyward told me. He said, he'd 'been ter the skinners' yards a hundred times for heads, and saw how they dressed 'em.' He kin make a drum. He made the one he beats; and he said they 'mostly made the heads of calf-skin in the old country; but they allers got a wolf-skin if they could; but they had ter be brought from here or somewhere, 'cause they ain't any there.'"

"'Cordin' to that, we can git a better drum-head here in the woods than they can in England."

"Sartinly, if we kin dress the skins."

"To be sure we can dress 'em, if the man at the fort told you how to do it."

CHAPTER XVIII.

HARRY RESOLVES TO MAKE A DRUM.

It may not be considered a very arduous labor for a boy of common ingenuity to make a drum at the present time, when material can be obtained at the mills, and at other places, almost or quite fitted for the purpose, and when tools of all kinds are within his reach; but it was quite a different affair in the

wilderness, where the material was in the forest, or in its native state; where patience, fertility of resource, and skill of hand must supply the lack of tools and machinery. I can assure you it was no light task, no boy's play.

Harry's stock of tools was not very extensive. It consisted of a broad axe, three narrow axes, a tomahawk, jack-knife, draw-shave, an awl, straight, and made from an old three-cornered file by the smith at the Huddle, and a crooked knife, bent in the form of a half-circle, with a chisel edge, the handle standing at right angles with the blade, with a rest for the thumb, and drawn towards the workman when used. With this knife he scooped from beech and birch whorls bowls and other dishes.

In addition to this he had made himself a cooper's horse, in which he could, with his feet, hold any piece of wood to shave it.

I trust my young friends will not smile as I enumerate among his tools a large spike, for it was highly valued by Harry, and a burning-iron — an iron rod, one end of which swelled to a bunch two inches in diameter, and then gradually tapered to a point. Harry had a gimlet, and when he wished to make a larger hole in any piece of wood than the gimlet would make, he bored a small hole with the latter, then made the burning-iron red hot, and enlarged it, pushing the iron in more or less, according to the size of the hole he wished to make.

There were times when he wanted to make a square hole; and as he had no chisel, he was wont to heat the spike, that was large and square-edged, and burn the round hole square by putting the burning-iron into the hole cold, and then thrusting the red-hot spike in beside it.

Mr. Holdness owned a carpenter's two-foot rule, divided into inches and fractions of an inch. By means of this Harry made himself a measure, divided in the same manner. Mr. Holdness also had a grindstone, that he was welcome to use; each of the neighbors had some few tools, that they freely loaned to one another; but unfortunately, each had about the same kinds; thus there were both an excess and a scarcity.

Our young readers will now perceive why there was so much rejoicing among the neighbors when the Blanchards came, bringing with them tools of various kinds, that they knew how to use, and were willing to lend. Harry, however, disliked to borrow, and was so fond of taxing his own ingenuity, and possessed

such an amount of that faculty, that he would contrive all manner of ways to accomplish his purposes before he would borrow a tool.

John Heyward, who had taken a great liking to Harry, unbraced his drum, took out the head, and explained to him the manner in which it was made, and how the heads were made and put in.

Having obtained this information, the question was whether, with the limited means at his disposal, Harry could make the *shell*, as it is termed, or wooden portion of the drum. He had no bench, and there was not a board or plank on the premises. He had neither compass, square, chalk-line, nor chalk. Nay, he had not even so much as a nail, except some old horse-nails. He had indeed a few horse-nails that had not been used, but they could not be used for any other purpose than to fasten the shoes of the beasts. He could, to be sure, now borrow tools of the Blanchards; but even then, could he overcome all the remaining obstacles?

All I have to offer as to the probability of his doing it is, that before the Blanchards came into the place, and without borrowing of the other neighbors, he made tubs and milk-pails that were not merely tight, but even handsome, as he often made the staves alternately of white and red cedar.

You may wonder how he did it. He split out the hoop with a tomahawk, and cut the lock in his hoop with a jack-knife. At first he jointed the staves (that he split from a log, by placing an axe on it, and striking the head of the axe with a club) with his draw-shave; but it required much pains-taking, and a vast deal of time.

One day Harry went to Smith Town (or the Huddle, as it was sometimes called) to mill. In the blacksmith's shop, where he went to get his mule shod, he saw among some old iron an ice-chisel, made to cut ice around the beaver-houses, for the use of trappers, and about four inches of the end of a handsaw, containing three teeth. He bought the chisel, and the smith gave him the piece of saw, saying it was good for nothing.

Harry, however, made it good for something. After returning home he undertook to make a cooper's jointer. This is a plane, several feet in length, one end of which is placed on the floor of the shop, the other supported by a prop, and the plane being turned upside down and the ends reversed, the staves are shoved edgewise against the iron, and thus brought to a true bevel.

Harry hewed out a piece of beech to the

right dimensions (there was not a chisel in the settlement), ground his ice-chisel to a keen edge, borrowed a foreplane of McDonald, and with it formed the face of his jointer, cut the mortise to receive the iron with his ice-chisel, made a wedge and used the chisel for a plane-iron, and jointed his staves, which saved him a world of labor, and also gave him two tools instead of one, for when he wanted to make a mortise he would take out the jointer-iron and use it for a chisel.

It cost Harry a great amount of labor, and required much patience, to cut the "croze" or rabbet in the staves of his tubs and pails to receive the head, his method being to cut the sides down with a knife, then, grinding his awl to a chisel-edge, take out the wood from the middle before the tub or pail was set up for the last time.

He now, however, got out a piece of wood in the form of half a circle, cut a mortise near one edge, and fitted in this mortise a square piece of oak. Into this latter piece of wood, that could be moved up and down in the mortise, he fitted his piece of saw-plate, and by running the circular piece around the edge of the tub or pail, cut with these projecting teeth the croze, in about as many minutes as it before had occupied hours.

The queerest and most singular part of Harry's coopering was the method in which he put in the bottoms of his ware. Coopers are provided with large compasses, by means of which they strike out the heads of barrels or bottoms of other vessels, but Harry accomplished the same purpose in a very different way.

When his tub or pail was set up, he fitted across it at the croze a square pine stick with a nail in each end, or something that would scratch, found the exact centre of that stick, made a hole at that point and fastened it with his awl to the middle of the piece intended for a bottom, and, by whirling the stick around the awl, made it perform the office of a pair of compasses and strike out the bottom; by this mark he cut, allowing for the croze by his eye. As he made all his tubs of one size and his pails of one size, the same sticks served on each occasion.

Our readers will perceive by this that if our hero had a hard task before him, it was by no means the first time he had encountered difficulties, and that he had been wont to overcome them. Harry was sorely puzzled as to the manner in which and the material of which he should make the *shell*, as it is termed, of

the drum. At first he thought to make it of staves and hoop it, then of peeling a walnut, by breaking the bark in but one place, and utilizing that.

At another time he was on the point of searching the woods to find a hollow tree, take a section of that, borrow a gouge of Mr. Seth to smooth the inside, and with a drawing-knife reduce the outside to a proper thickness. Finally he bethought himself of that greatest of blessings to frontier settlers and all people far from mills, the *whip-saw*, and his mind was made up in a moment.

He saw, however, that it was impossible to conceal his design from the neighbors, for he must have their assistance. Harry could saw well, having been taught by working a good deal with Mr. Blanchard; but Cal could not saw well enough to work upon stuff that must be cut so thin, and therefore so true, as was necessary in order to make the shell of a drum.

He took the whip-saw to Mr. Honeywood's; together they cut a straight-grained yellow ash, hewed it to a stick of timber, lined it on both sides, and sawed from it two boards nine feet long, eleven inches wide, and three eighths of an inch thick.

Borrowing a handsaw of Honeywood, Harry took the two saws, together with one of the boards, on his shoulder, and set out for home, where arriving, he at once became conscious of a multitude of wants before unthought of. This board must be planed down to at least one half its present thickness; and he had neither bench, nor plank, nor even a board to make it of.

"If," said Harry, "I go a great deal to borrow tools of Mr. Seth, every body'll up and say he showed me how ter make the drum, or made half on it hisself. Hang it! I'll make part of the tools, and then they'll be mine, no thanks ter anybody; the fust thing I'll make shall be a saw-pit."

The next day, with the help of his brothers, he made a saw-pit; cut two pine logs, and hauled them to it; with the aid of Cal, sawed one of the logs into boards, the other into joist and plank; and with plenty of good lumber in his hands, made and levelled his bench.

He now resolved to see if he could not make a few of the tools he needed. Thus occupied, we will leave him, to note the progress made by Cal in procuring heads for the drum.

There was a good moon, and Cal assisted by Elick and Enoch, built, close to the edge of the woods, and not far from the house, a pen of logs six feet in length, and three in height,

very strong, but quite open, the chinks being large enough to admit the head but not the body of a wolf, and permit a view of the inside; made a brush camp for a cover to shoot from; put a junk of pork on top of the camp, and another inside, with an opening in one end, and left it.

The first night the pork was not touched; but on the second the piece on top was taken, and on the third that inside, while wolf tracks were plenty around the pen; and Cal knew the pork was taken by them, as tufts of their hair, torn out in quarrelling for the meat, were scattered over the grass.

His father had a pair of twin lambs, that came very late, and the sheep had not weaned them. At twilight Cal put the lambs in the pen, and concealed himself in the camp with two rifles. The lambs began to bleat, the mother in the fold at the door to answer; and it was not long before the whole flock followed suit.

The howling of wolves far away in the mountains was soon heard. Gradually it became more audible—a sign that they were coming near. The bleating of the sheep and lambs now ceased at once, as likewise the howling of the wolves.

Assured by these tokens that the sheep scented their implacable foe, and were dumb with fear, Cal lay with his finger on the trigger. Presently he heard a swift trampling, and now and then, where the moonbeams penetrated the woods, caught glimpses of gaunt forms passing and repassing among the trees.

The ravenous beasts, though always boldest when in a pack, seemed shy of venturing into the moonlight, but collected together beneath the cover of the trees, growling and licking their chops.

"Guess, if 'twas a cold night, and a foot of snow on the ground, you'd be sharper set; reckon deer are plenty; don't think I'd care to be here if 'twas winter time, with twelve or fifteen hungry wolves."

At length a large dog wolf crept out from the woods softly as a cat, and the keen ear of Cal could detect no sound. He was followed at a little distance by another, of smaller proportions. Coming into the full radiance of the moonlight, they stopped short, listened, put their noses to the ground, then went on a few paces, and stopped again. The others now began to file out in the some cautious manner, and Cal held his breath.

The foremost brute was now within two rods of the pen. Cal could see his red tongue as he thrust it out and drew it back. Sudden-

ly darting forward, he rose on his hind legs, and placing both fore paws on the pen, thrust his head between the logs. The rifle cracked, and the brute fell on his back, his fore legs beating the air in the agony of death. Cal seized the spare gun, and the second wolf, that had just turned to flee, limped away on three legs, severely wounded, with a fore shoulder broken.

Confident that the wounded animal could not go far, and anxious to save powder and lead, Cal returned the lambs to the fold, and dragging the dead wolf home, went to bed, well satisfied with his night's work.

At break of day Cal went in pursuit, and guided by blood, stains on the dry leaves, found the wolf dead on the banks of a brook, to which it had crawled to drink.

CHAPTER XIX.

HARRY ASTONISHES JIM BLANCHARD.

THESE skins were now to be manufactured into something very similar to parchment before they would answer the desired purpose. The first step in the process was to remove the hair. A tanner would have done it by the use of quick-lime; but without any appliances of the craft, this frontier lad knew how to compass his ends.

Cal collected a large quantity of walnut, made a fire with it, and flung on a bushel of corn in the cob, and continued to feed the flame until he had a sufficient quantity of the strongest ashes that could be made, the corn and walnut wood containing a large amount of potash — as Cal well knew. Then, after washing the skins, he put them in a trough, covered them several inches deep with the ashes, filled the trough with water made just warm enough not to scald, and set it in the sun.

"If we'd only thought 'bout making the drum afore," said Elick, who was present, sent by Harry to see what Cal was about, "we might have skinned them ere Injuns, and then there wouldn't a been any need of so much work ter git the hair off."

"Just let Mr. Honeywood hear you say that. He'll *tan your* hide for you with a beech withe."

Cal's work was done for the present, and he strolled over to Sumerford's with Elick to see what Harry was doing to further the common interest, as Harry had probably sent Elick to find out what progress he was making.

On the bench lay the ash board Harry had just finished planing.

"Is this Wolf Run? Thought I'd got to the mill, or to Baltimore. If there ain't a regular jiner's bench, just like Mr. Seth's!"

"Got the wolf-skins?"

"Yes, got 'em in lye strong enough to eat 'em up, only let 'em stay in it. Where did you git that plane?"

"Borrered it of McDonald. What do you think of that, youngster?" Harry pointed to a wooden square of the largest size, made of oak.

"Whose square did you borrow to make that by?"

"Didn't borrrer nobody's square; made it out of my own head."

"Then it can't be correct."

"Tell you 'tis; you may take it home and try it by your square, and if it's a thirty-second of an inch out of square I'll give it ter you."

"How could you get it true by guess? Nobody ever did make a square 'thout they had another one to make it by, or somebody showed 'em."

"Somebody made the first one that ever was made—didn't they? Wonder whose square they borrrered? I didn't guess at it no more'n if I'd borrrered Mr. Seth's square and marked it out by that."

"How did you do it?"

Before Harry could reply, Jim Blanchard, who, unperceived by them, was standing behind and listening to the conversation, said,—

"Cal's right, Harry; you couldn't get it correct without some guide, some other square that was right to make and try it by. Father could with compasses, 'cause he has studied geometry; and uncle Seth has a rule he calls 'the rule of six, eight, and ten,' that when we lived in Vermont, I've seen him lay out a cellar by, and make a square with boards; but it was an awful great one, and took him ever so long to get it right."

"That's jist like you, Jim Blanchard," retorted Harry. "You kinder run of an idee. if a boy didn't come from Varmount, and ain't been ter school all his days, he don't know anything. I never went ter school, and I can't read in a book: but I kin shoot straight, and I kin see straight; and I kin make any tool, that I have the good luck ter git hold of. do what I want it ter; and I'll bet a pound of lead, that give you the best square ever was made, you can't saw a board off square; and I don't believe there's a boy in the Run kin, 'cept me, that you think don't know anything. 'Cause I ain't been ter school."

"Where'd the fust schoolmaster git his larn-



SAM AND TONY WITH THE BEAR CUB. Page 355.

in? Where'd the fust man that ever made a square borry his square? Where'd the fust Injun ever made a canoe borry his pattern? I'd like ter have you tell me that! I'm sartain sure I never want ter go ter school, if it's ony ter larn what somebody else tells me, step right in their tracks, and eat somebody else's cold victuals. I'd be better suited to kill my own game and kindle my own camp-fire."

"Never mind, Harry," said Cal, soothingly; "tell us how you did it."

Harry placed on the bench a piece of birch bark stripped very thin, laid his rule on it, and with a bullet hammered to a point, drew a line across it.

"You'll allow, both on yer, that's a straight line — won't yer?"

They both gave an affirmative nod. He then very carefully cut the bark by the line.

"You'll allow that's a straight edge — won't yer?"

"Yes," said Jim.

He then doubled the bark over in the middle, exactly on the cut edge, bringing the two straight edges together. They formed a right angle.

"That's a square, and no mistake," said Cal, amazed.

"Ter be sure 'tis; one straight line fallin' square 'crost another straight line, makes a square corner, and no mistake, I kalkerlate."

Harry had never heard of a right angle, but nature had given to him a mechanic's eye and brain.

"That ere's the pattern I made the square by, and 'tis true; if Jim don't believe it, he kin take it home and ax his uncle Seth. Didn't take me long ter make it, but took me a master while to think how ter make it."

"It is very simple," said Jim; "anybody might have thought of that."

"Yes," replied Harry, with a sarcastic smile, "simple arter you see it done; arter you've been ter school."

"I must go," said Jim.

"I, too," said Cal.

"Don't go yet, Cal. I want you ter borry M'Clure's cross-cut saw, and help me saw off a log."

No sooner had Jim gone than Harry said, —

"I want ter show you something, Cal, but I thought I wouldn't till arter Jim was gone."

Harry went into the house, brought out a pair of wooden compasses that would spread to a great width, and large in proportion, and

put them in Cal's hands. The latter, surprised and delighted, exclaimed, —

"Harry, these are beauties! I don't see how you ever thought of making 'em. But what did you make 'em so large for?"

"You see, Cal, I want sometimes ter make a tub, or pail, and it's a master job ter do it by measurin' and scribin'; and I have to have patterns, and can't have only jist sich sizes; but with these ere tongs, I kin strike out bottoms any size, in no time. They ain't quite so good or handy fur small work, but then I mean ter make a smaller pair."

Harry's compasses (*tongs* he called them, by reason of their size) cost him much labor. He made the legs of walnut, put them together with a scissors-joint, and confined the two parts with a pin made of wood. This kind of joint would not retain the legs in position while using them; but Harry boiled an old powder-horn, and while it was soft, cut from it a semicircular strip, that he flattened, by putting it in press between two large stones, ground his awl to a chisel edge, and mortised the horn into one leg of his compasses, and pinned it. He then cut a mortise through the other leg, in which the horn played as the compasses were extended or closed. Holes were bored in the horn every sixteenth of an inch, and a peg, passing through the leg of the compasses and entering these holes, confined them.

But the greatest difficulty remained to be overcome. The points were of wood, and thus were well nigh useless; some harder substance must be found and applied.

Iron, of course, would have been the best material; but Harry had only a few broken horse-nails, and no tools with which he could work iron. But a file, and he was loath to use even the broken nails, they were so valuable. Could he spare any part of his awl? No, that instrument served too many purposes. With it he could bore, pierce, and even use it as a chisel, by grinding it in different shapes, to suit his necessities.

He killed a wild turkey, thinking to make use of the claws, but found them unfit for his purpose. At length he bethought himself of the tooth of a beaver, the hardest substance within his reach. Harry knew that the bones of the beaver were so hard that the Indians would not permit their dogs to gnaw them, because they broke the dogs' teeth, and that a beaver's tooth was even harder than his bones.

There were plenty of beaver skulls along the banks of the stream, and by means of his

file, after much labor, he fashioned the outside of two teeth to the proper shape, and then, grinding the point of the file to the form of a drill, made holes in them to receive the legs of his compasses, and filed them in such a manner that they looked very neat.

The question now was, in what manner to fasten them. Harry knew that he should need glue for his drum, and so resolved to glue them. Where, it may be asked, could he get glue in the wilderness? We shall see.

The Sumerfords were in the habit of hanging up the horns of the deer and moose they killed, as trophies. Harry pounded up some of the ends of the horns with an axe, on a large rock, and then boiled them, and made glue. He explained all these matters to his friend, who no longer doubted Harry's ability to make a drum, or anything else he might undertake. Jim Blanchard to the contrary notwithstanding. M'Clure had a cross-cut saw, which, while Harry was smoothing and edging the board, Cal borrowed.

At his return they sawed a block, fourteen inches in length, from a pine log of the proper size. Harry put his compasses at the ends of it, and drew a circle the diameter of the drum; and the boys, with axe, draw-shave, and a straight-edge, worked the log down to that circle. They now put two round pins in the ends, bored a hole in a tree, setting a post in the ground near it. Through the top of this post a hole was bored, and the cylinder hung, the pin that passed through the post being eighteen inches in length, with a hole in the end to receive a stick, by which to turn the log.

Harry now scarfed the ends of his board, and prepared to bend it. The board was green, straight-grained, tough, and only needed to be limbered. He placed it on some straw, upon which he had poured boiling water, covered the board with shavings, poured on more water, till it was warmed through.

Then one end of the board was confined to the log. Cal turned slowly, Harry tended the hoop, Elick poured on hot water, and it was wrapped around the cylinder like a piece of leather, without the least break or splinter, bound with many turns of a hickory withe, and left to cool and set.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DRUM ROARS.

THE shell of the drum Harry had seen at the fort was fastened at the scarf with tacks, and glued, being made of seasoned wood.

But there was a difficulty in regard to this shell, the wood being green, and they had no tacks; must use wooden pins, that would loosen when the wood shrank, and so would glue.

As for waiting till this green ash seasoned, they could not possibly think of that. Our young readers must recollect that the first settlers of this country were indebted to the Indians for the knowledge of many things. From them they learned to plant, and take care of corn; to make birch-bark dishes and bark ropes, make glue out of deer's horns, make snow-shoes, and many other articles.

You may be sure Harry Sumerford was a boy likely to profit by contact with these ingenious people, as was manifest in the present instance.

"I've got it, Cal! Jist let this ere shell stay on the block and set, and season, what it will. We'll kill a deer, take his ears, and the skin on his head and legs, make some right strong glue, then take and make thread of his sinews, and sew the shell together, and glue it. Arter it shrinks all it will, cut the stitches, sew, and glue it over again."

That very night they killed a deer, by torch-light, on the river. Cal went to work making glue, and Harry thread.

Harry dissected out the long sinews of the legs and thighs, then fastened them at each end, and with the point of an awl raised up so much of it as the size of his thread required, and running the awl along between that portion and the main sinew, stripped it off. As deer's sinew is remarkably strong, he was enabled to run this thread very fine.

When the glue was applied, small holes were pierced in the shell, and it was sewed together; and as the stitches were not only small, but sunk below the surface of the wood, the work looked very neat. Two flat hoops, called stay-hoops, three quarters of an inch wide, and one quarter thick, were now fastened to each end of the shells, and inside, to support it, their upper edges bevelled, that they might not cut the heads.

Two hoops, called flesh-hoops, to which the head was to be fastened, a quarter of an inch wide, and five sixteenths thick, were placed on each end, also outside, of a size to slip easily back and forth on the shell. Above the flesh-hoops, on the outside of each end, were fitted outside hoops, — as they were called, — one inch and a quarter wide, and five sixteenths thick, and movable, like the flesh-hoops.

A round hole, half an inch in diameter, was bored near the scarf, half way from either edge, and so as not to be in the way of the

bracing-cords. This vent-hole was to prevent the head from bursting, when the drum was beaten violently.

But one thing was now necessary in order to complete the shell; ten small holes were bored in the top edge of the outside hoops, five inches apart, — not corresponding, the holes in the hoop of one end being half way between those of the opposite one, in order that the cord to be put through them might diverge, as it went from hole to hole.

Cal came over, just as Harry was boring the last hole, to announce that the hair had started on the wolf-skins; and the boys were so delighted with the progress made in accomplishing their object, that they devoted the rest of the day to sport, wrestling, playing pull-up, jumping, throwing the tomahawk, and shooting at marks with the bow and blunt arrows.

It was now Cal's turn to struggle with difficulties, and he was not found wanting. The first thing he did was to haul the dug-out up to the door, turn it upside down, elevate one end to the height of his hip, and confine it to a pair of posts set in the ground.

On this he spread his skins, and scraped the hair from them with what he called his hairing-knife. It was not a very handsome implement, and yet accomplished the purpose as effectually as the tool the place of which it supplied, though it was made of an old scythe.

The pelts were now shaved on the flesh side with a sharp knife, also made from the point of a scythe, put into the hominy-block, and pounded with the great pestle; then washed and pounded again, to free them from the lye and all sediment; then dried in the shade, trampled with the feet, and drawn back and forth over the end of a post set in the ground; and again put to steep in a bath of corn, cut green from the cob, and mixed with water.

After remaining some days in this mixture, they were dressed with salt and alum, stretched on a hoop, and dried in the shade. Some years before, Holdness had brought home from Baltimore a quantity of broken window glass, that had been carefully husbanded to smooth plates and arrows with. Cal made use of this to scrape his skins on the flesh side. He bestowed much more labor on the skin that was to form the end that was to receive the blows of the drumsticks, termed the *head*, while the other is called the *reverse*. He also selected the best skin for this purpose.

Our frontier parchment-maker now carried the skins to Harry (who, in the mean time,

had made the drumsticks), and they proceeded to put in the heads.

The skins were soaked in water till they were soft, spread on the bench, and Harry, with his large compasses, struck on them a circle of twenty inches, and placed the flesh-hoops on them, leaving about two inches of skin outside, all round. A portion of this skin was folded over the flesh-hoop, and tucked under its lower edge with the handle of an iron spoon; another portion on the opposite side; and still more, half way between those points; and so on, always tucking from opposite points, in order to keep the hoop in a true circle.

As the head drying becomes rigid, it will remain, and when the hoop is put on the shell, it cannot start, because it is jammed between the hoop and the shell. The head and the reverse were now put on the shell, the outside hoops above them, and the bracing-cords passed through the holes in the shell. Pieces of moose-hide were now sewed round the cords where they separated.

When these leathers were pulled down on the cords, the latter were brought together, and the cords drew the outside hoops down, and they, in turn, pressing on the flesh-hoops, strained the heads.

It was near sunset, when, having completed (as they thought) this, to them, most arduous labor, they saw boys coming through the woods, fields, and pastures, in all directions, most of whom had never seen a drum. Tony and Sam had spared no pains to let the neighbors know that "Harry and Cal spected ter have the drum done that arternoon."

Harry slung the drum on his shoulder, took the sticks (the boys, all curiosity, crowding around him, while his mother, with the baby in her arms, stood on the door-stone), and struck the head with vigorous blows.

It gave forth only a low, bass note, not the least resembling the sharp rattle and stirring tones he and Cal had counted on. They turned pale with chagrin, while the blank look of the crowd evinced how far the result had fallen below their sanguine expectation: while Sam, never backward in giving his opinion, shouted, —

"That won't skere Injuns! 'twouldn't skere me and Tony. Sounds jist like a bull-frog!"

What could it mean? After such a world of painstaking, and contriving, and just when they flattered themselves the end was gained — to fall short!

The Blanchards had been accustomed to drums in Vermont; yet neither they nor any

of the rest could tell what was wanting; but sound properly it did not, and would not.

They resolved in the morning to submit it to the inspection of M'Clure, Crawford, and Holdness, who, being old soldiers, might tell what was the matter.

"Cal," said Harry, "I feel so down ter heel, I want you ter stay with me ter-night."

After going to bed, they consoled with each other, and concluded, finally, that Crawford, who had been a drummer, would help them out of the difficulty; and thus comforted they fell asleep.

Towards daybreak, Cal was roused by a punch in the ribs, and heard Harry shouting, —

"Cal, it's come ter me 'bout the drum. I know all 'bout it now!"

"What is it?" cried Cal, Elick, and Enoch. — for they all slept in one room.

"There isn't any snares on it. Mr. Heyward told me 'bout 'em; but I can't write, so I can't set down anything, and had so many things to 'member, I forgot it."

"What are snares?"

"Strings of catgut (but he said you could make 'em of green hide, and told me how) stretched right across the head you don't beat. They make the head 'spring back arter every stroke, and the drum snap, and rattle, and roar like blazes. Think I should be sich a fool ter forgit them ere, when we wanted ter show off afore all them boys! Yes, and when 'twas the raal thing, arter all, 'ceptin' that little oversight."

Harry and Cal were out of bed at the first streak of red light. From the remains of the wolf-skins they cut four narrow strips from round patches, each strip more than twice the length required to cross the drum head.

These they soaked in water till completely softened, rolled on a board to round them, and then pulled them many times through a gimlet-hole bored in a piece of oak, in order to even and take off the bunches.

They were next hard-twisted, two strands together, by fastening them to the end of M'Clure's grindstone crank; rounded, by rolling and drawing through the gimlet-hole; polished, by rubbing with fine sand, and then stretched until entirely dry.

The edges of the shell were notched, in order to permit the snares (four in number) to touch the reverse head; and being doubled, the bite was put through a hole in the outside hoop, and a wedge or toggle inserted, the snares drawn tight over the opposite edge of the shell, and the hoop jammed down upon

them. They have better methods of fastening snares now, but that was the old fashion, and just as good, both for security and tone.

They were all day about it, as a great deal of time was consumed in waiting for the snares to dry, and in rubbing and smoothing them. The first tap on the *head* now showed that all was right; and they resolved to have an early supper, and then make trial of their production.

Neither Harry nor Cal knew how to beat a drum; but they contrived to make such a noise, that the boys were soon seen flocking from all quarters.

"Harry," shouted Cal, "here comes *Mr. Crawford* and Hugh! O, good! I'm so glad he's coming!"

The moment Crawford reached the house he said, —

"Harry, take my rifle, and let me have them sticks. I'll soon show you what 'twill do."

Bracing the drum and tightening the snares, he made a few preliminary flourishes, and then struck into the long roll, making the drum roar at a rate that set Sam and Tony screaming with delight, while the boys made the woods ring with their cheers; in the midst of which arrived Holdness, M'Clure, Armstrong, and Stewart, who, on their return from scouting, were near by.

At sight of them, Crawford instantly started off, drumming as he went; and Holdness, assuming the office of captain, using the ramrod of his rifle in lieu of a sword, shouted, —

"Fall in, men! Fall in!"

Men and boys, shouldering in high glee their rifles, instantly obeyed the summons, and marched around to the sound of the first drum that ever woke the echoes in Wolf Run, while the cattle in the pasture fled, terrified at the unwonted sounds, to the shelter of the woods; the hogs, snorting with affright, brought up the rear; and the cows, breaking out of the yard, joined their companions.

"That's a good drum," said Crawford. "The heads are good; it's snared first rate. 'Twill go better still arter it's been used; the hoops are tight and bind the shell now, so it don't quiver (vibrate) as 'twill arter the shell shrinks and they grow slacker. You're a raal blessin', Harry Sumerford, and so is Cal. I wouldn't have thought he could have made as good a head as ever I put a drumstick on!"

"Somebody," said Holdness "must make a fife to go with it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT GRIZZLIES.

BY L. A. B. C.

THE lion has long held sway in song and story as the "king of beasts;" but in California the blaze of his royalty is quite extinguished by the power and might of the grizzly bear. Experienced Forty-Niners confidently assert that a lion would stand no kind of a show in a fair fight with a grizzly. But then, much allowance must be made for the partiality of these men, who fondly imagine that California beats the world in everything.

But the stories they tell of wonderful adventures with these animals, and hair-breadth escapes from them, are really appalling.

Once, in the early times, a miner started from Oreville, a central trading-post, with a few supplies, for his diggings in Mud Cañon. He was on horseback, and sunset was upon him as he entered the pine-woods trail, two miles from the diggings. But he was a brave fellow, and scarcely thought of danger, for he was quite familiar with the way.

He had scarcely entered the woods, however, before he found the path suddenly contested by a horrid monster, which rose up on its haunches, and, before the man could draw a weapon or run away, struck him senseless to the earth, breaking an arm, and severely lacerating his shoulder with its cruel claws. But the severity of the blow, doubtless, saved the man's life, for the grizzly, thinking him dead, dug a hollow, rolled in its prey, and covered him with leaves, as is the custom of this animal, intending, no doubt, to return later and make a meal of him.

In the mean time the frightened horse had returned to the trading-post, with the saddle covered with blood; and a party quickly formed to go to the rescue. They found the wounded man, covered with leaves, as the bear had left him, just returning to consciousness. They bore him back to Oreville, where he was well cared for, and next day turned out to hunt the grizzly. Before night it was captured, and, when dressed, weighed *fourteen hundred pounds*.

The comrades of the wounded miner took the bear meat and "peddled it out" among the various diggings in the vicinity, for the benefit of the disabled man. As each pound of meat readily brought a dollar, you will see that the bloodthirsty animal paid very well for his mischief.

Several men have been able to escape from the clutches of these terrible creatures by

feigning death. A half-breed Indian-Portuguese boy was recently herding sheep in a southern county, and was attacked by a grizzly bear. Although severely lacerated by its sharp claws, he had the hardy presence of mind to preserve the semblance of insensibility, while the bear pawed him about, rolled him over and over, and at length covered him with earth and leaves, and retired. After a while the boy crept out and made his escape.

When taken young and domesticated, grizzly bears are said to make very interesting and engaging pets. But for purposes of petting, I think I should prefer a kitten.

Some years since, a grizzly cub was brought to Hardy's Ranch, and allowed to grow up there. He was very sagacious and gentle, and was never confined. He was carefully trained to many amusing tricks, and readily drove away cattle, and did much useful service, like a dog. He seemed to know all the cattle belonging to the place, and as he was never fierce, they were not at all afraid of him. One day, when he had grown to be quite a grizzly, some strange oxen appeared in the road a little way from the house, which was a favorite country inn. Somebody bade the dogs drive the cattle away, and a pack rushed out, followed by "Kit," the grizzly, who was a lazy, lumbering fellow, and only went out a little way and sat up on his haunches with his fore paws dropping down, to watch the fun.

The cattle did not mind the dogs much, but continued feeding about, until presently they spied the grizzly. Such an excitement! The oxen snorted, bellowed their war-cry, and then charged upon poor Kit, tumbled him over, and would have torn him in pieces if he hadn't been so tough. He recovered from his surprise enough to get away from them, and proved himself a sad coward by running to the house, crying with fear, at the top of his voice. Although all the ferocious elements seemed to be tamed out of him, Kid developed an astonishing talent for mischief, which ultimately led to his untimely death.

He had been taught to drink from a bottle—an accomplishment in which he took much delight. First, the bottle contained sweetened water, then whiskey was added, until Kit would go reeling and staggering about, quite like a man.

One night the "pop-beer" man stopped at the Ranch, leaving his wagon, as usual, before the door. In the morning, Kit was found standing behind the wagon, helping himself to beer. He would take up a bottle, bite the wire off with his teeth, strike the bottle upon

his other paw to make the cork fly out, then luxuriously drink the contents, and throw the bottle away. The number of bottles strewed around, and the nearly empty wagon, proved that he had been industrious, and was exceedingly fond of beer.

Loaded teams were constantly stopping here, and Kit showed great curiosity in investigating their contents. If he found anything eatable, he would tear open sacks of flour, grain, potatoes, rice, and after eating all he could himself, sit up on the wagon and feed the rest to the pigs, that ran about the premises.

This sport at length became too expensive to the parties who were responsible for Kit's behavior, and after he had damaged several loads of grain and flour, and eaten nearly a barrel of sugar, a court martial was called, and Kit was sentenced to be shot.

Those who had treated him to whiskey were sorry to part with their jolly comrade, but they asserted that he made very good eating.

Alas poor Kit!

But I will not moralize. If there is a moral to the story, I cheerfully dedicate it to those who are moralists or temperance lecturers by profession.

— FROM the following description of an old Norse Viking we may get some idea of what the Icelanders, in the early days of their history, looked upon as the qualities that went to make up a perfect gentleman. There was, says the old Icelandic Saga of Burat Njal, a man whose name was Gunnar. He was a tall man in growth, and a strong man, best skilled in arms of all men. He could cut, or thrust, or shoot, if he chose, as well with his left as with his right hand; and he smote so swiftly with his sword that three seemed to flash through the air at once. He was the best shot with the bow of all men, and never missed his mark.

He could leap more than his own height, with all his war gear, and as far backward as forward. He could swim like a seal; and there was no game in which it was any use for one to strive with him; and so it has been said that no man was his match.

He was handsome of feature, and fair-skinned. His nose was straight, and a little turned up at the end. He was blue eyed and bright eyed, and ruddy cheeked. His hair was thick and of good hue, and hanging down in comely curls. The most courteous of men was he. He was, moreover, wealthy in goods.

FIRST FAST, AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

BY AN OLD SALT.

A FEW incidents, that I have passed over, may be worth relating, and therefore I propose going back a little, before proceeding further upon my four years' voyage.

The first of these incidents, though a trivial one, was rather amusing. It happened the next morning after we left Brava, where we shipped our goats. These goats were of all sizes and kinds, from the long-bearded and venerable down to the little kid with only a tiny goatee. But there was one particular goat, — a she goat, albeit she had a beard like the rest, — that the captain had bought because he knew that she goats sometimes give milk. It appeared that the captain had a longing for milk, and he had bought this goat that his longing might be appeased.

The next morning after the goats were on board, the steward came out of the house, while we were scrubbing decks, with a cup in one hand, and a solemn smile on his face, to do the milking. With a woe-begone expression of sweetness, he said, "Come, Nanny," and tried to take hold of her gently.

But Nanny did not come, perhaps because she did not understand English. Instead, she went the other way; and the steward seemed disappointed. He went to where she was several times; and at last he said something about her being a naughty goat, and went and told the captain.

The captain had set his mind on having milk in his coffee that morning; and, as the steward could not catch the goat alone, it chanced that he told me to help him. So, tossing my scrub-broom upon the try-works, I began to help.

We went forward, — or aft; I forget which, — and then went back again. We did so more than once, I am quite sure; and I remember that the steward remarked that he did not think we should get much milk. Once the goat went abaft the house, — to learn how we were heading, perhaps, — and the steward thought we would have her then, sure.

"Now, you goes dat side, an' I'll go dis, an' we's dead sure to hab 'er," he said, confidently.

But the steward was disappointed again. The goat came my way, of course, and I took hold of where she was, just a little too late. But, somehow, we got her at last; and then we formed a pleasing group, as we tried to milk her. All the men stopped work, and

stood with open mouths to admire us. The goat looked meekly down, while I stood grasping her horns, and the steward, doubled and with his turbaned head bowed low, looked so solemn that it seemed as if our very lives depended upon the milk he got. The captain and the mates all came to look at us, and each encouraged the steward to persevere. It was a she goat, they said, and of course he ought to get milk. But the hopeless look which the steward returned them said, as plainly as could be, that it was of no use. At last he opened himself and stood up, with just enough of the lacteal to show, assuring the captain, with touching earnestness, that he never worked so hard before to get so little milk. The captain smiled, and did not seem disconsolate, though he was evidently disappointed.

And now I trust I may be pardoned for bringing our hogs again to notice. I think I will call them *pigs*, for pigs are so much more lovable.

There was something singular about them: they seemed to have an intuitive understanding of what the weather was to be. Always, when the wind was freshening, they would begin to run, as if the Old Harry was after them, every one of them, all together in a huddle; and they were no small crowd. Aft they would go, the whole length of ship, jumping the tiller and the man at the wheel, and as likely as any way the captain too, and back on the other side, to the bows, over or through everybody and everything they met; and so round and round, till they had fairly run themselves down, like machines that had been wound up. It was something we could not account for, though Mr. Bowlegs suggested that they were set to running by the same influence that made the swine run down the mountain into the sea, in our Saviour's time; and he was confident that the wind must have been breezing up when that herd drowned themselves.

As a general thing, our pigs were amiable; but there were times when they seemed to delight in getting in our way, and when they would take liberties with us. One morning we were scrubbing decks, as usual, and the pigs seemed determined that we should understand that they were gentlemen at large, and that we had no business to molest them. They seemed so anxious to impress this upon our minds, that at last "Johnny Essex" got offended with one of them, and went for him. Of a sudden that pig seemed to remember that he had done wrong, and made particular haste to get out of Johnny's way. Perhaps his instinct failed him at that moment, for, singular as it may seem, he turned into the bow port-

hole when he came to it, and was very soon gone.

In fact, that pig unwittingly took the very way to get out of trouble that mortals sometimes do, and instead of getting out only got deeper into it. Who knows but that it is so with those who go into the water to drown themselves, and their troubles with them?

But however that may be, there was no help for the pig then. Johnny was excited and sorry; for he had tended pigs at home, and was really much attached to them.

"Catch him in a pail!" he shouted to the man who had the bucket in the main-chains, forgetting that at sea all *pails* are *buckets*.

But the man with the bucket only laughed, and did not catch him, and the pig was soon far astern; the only consolation Johnny could find was in the fact that it was good warm water to drown in. No boat was lowered; the ship was not even hove to, for Mr. Bowlegs, in whose watch it was, said the pig might go to the — father of all pigs, for all him. He had no business to be on board. Just as though the pig had run away from home to go to sea! And so the pig went, and we had to get along without him. After all, it was better for him than to have remained to have his throat cut, like the rest. We do not always know what is best for us.

Not long after leaving the Cape de Verdes, I changed my quarters in the ship from fore-castle to steerage. The "man" who had shipped for steerage-boy — *Joe*, they called him — did not get along very well. The boat-steerers, and others who lived in the steerage, made it so warm for him that he was glad to get another to take his place. By their advice, he came to me one evening, in the dog watch, with proposals. If I would take his place, he would take mine. I had been in the steerage enough to know that it was a better place than the fore-castle, and was very ready to exchange, especially when Tom came and told me how it was, and that I had better come. So we transferred all our personal effects that very night; and after that I lived in the steerage.

It became my duty to pass down the grub from the galley at meal times, and to carry the kids — wooden kids, these were, to hold the beef and pork, and so forth — and buckets back afterwards. Besides, it was expected that I would scrape the bit of deck between the two parallel lines of chests once a week, and keep it clean. These were all the extra duties I had to perform, and they were not heavy. Joe could have done them, and got along well enough, only he was saucy.

There were eight bunks in the steerage, and one of these I had all to myself. In the fore-castle I had had to share my bunk with another man; and now I found it very pleasant to have a bunk all to myself. The steerage was a little cuddy-hole, partitioned off from the 'tween-decks, just forward of the cabin, having hardly more than room enough for eight chests between the two rows of bunks. The deck I had to scrape was not much. My condition was in no way changed from what it had been before, except in these respects. The tone of society was a shade better than in the fore-castle; but we fared the same in regard to food, and our meals were served in the same way. Each man took care of his own pot, pan, and spoon, the same as in the fore-castle.

Of those who lived there, four were boat-steerers — Tom, Ned, Scamp, and Kanaka Joe. Tom and Ned were Yankees, good fellows, fast friends, both from the same town, — and not a very large town, either, — Dighton, they called it. Scamp was from the Middle States, though I don't know that he was any the worse for that. He was naturally an uneasy fellow, as I found out before long. It was not because of homesickness that he wished to leave the old No'th Light; not at all. He seldom sighed for home, I think; but he was very anxious to leave the ship. He seemed almost as eager to escape as I; and, somehow, our feelings became known to each other, and we used to talk together, alone, of how we could best get away. After a while we took another man, the carpenter, into our confidence.

The carpenter was no carpenter, after all. — at least the captain thought so, — and he had been degraded, though he still lived in the steerage. He was as sick of the North Light as any one could be, for he was from the green hills of Vermont, and it was his first voyage. He was old enough, and large enough, to have been a man, but had been foolish enough to ship as carpenter, really believing, probably, that he could do carpenter's duty. The officers of the ship soon found him out, and his subsequent life on board was not a very pleasant one. He could not be blamed for wishing to escape. He told me, in confidence, one day, that the captain and mates were a heathenish set. His "dad" at home knew more than all of them. It was his first voyage, and it would be his last — he was sure of that. Of course it was very natural for me to reciprocate the carpenter's confidence, in some measure.

Besides the boat-steerers and carpenter, there were "Bungs," the cooper, and "Smut," the blacksmith. The carpenter was called



EVANGELINE.

AN ILLUSTRATION TO LONGFELLOW'S POEM.

"Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a widow's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and, shagreened together, belabored the moon's line."

"Chips." Smut, as we have seen, was a fiddler. He could do almost anything; and when Chips failed, Smut turned to and did carpenter's duty as well as his own. He could hardly have done better had he been a carpenter by trade. Bunge was a dry, matter-of-fact man. He once tried to bring down the steward by hitting him on the head with a heavy bucket, but, of course, failed of his purpose. I will tell how it was in its place.

I ought to speak of Kanaka Joe. He was a swarthy fellow, with pearly white teeth and flashing black eyes. His brother Bill, who lived in the fore-castle, was very much like him. The first time I saw Joe, he was sitting on the end of the wharf, where I went, with my chest and tub of soap, to take the boat that was to carry me on board the North Light. His legs were dangling over the water, his elbows on his knees, and his head bowed down, as if he were reflecting whether it would be best to drop in and be drowned. But he looked up, and as I tumbled into the boat I saw that in his eyes that said plainly, "You are green!" I did not know I was to have him for a ship-mate then. He was Mr. Plump's boat-steerer, and a more reckless and daring fellow even than Scamp.

I had just got settled in the steerage when we saw our first whales. They were sperm whales, and our encounter with one of them was a little exciting.

We had been drifting and broiling for some days, with hardly a breath of air stirring, so near the Line that we crossed it, back and forth, several times. The heat was intense; and, to keep off the sun's fierce rays, we got up awnings of old sails over the decks, and beneath them we worked at mending other old sails, of which our ship had an unusually large supply. We never could imagine why the owners had sent so many old sails to sea, unless to get rid of them, or keep us busy in mending them.

One day we were drowsily stitching upon an old topsail. It was one of the warmest, stillest, dreamiest of all those hot, sleepy days. Hardly a sound but our own faint voices was heard within or without the ship. But suddenly the silence was broken. A low, clear, musical voice broke upon it weirdly, coming from aloft, startling and rousing us all.

"T-h-e-r-e b-l-o-w-s! t-h-e-r-e b-l-o-w-s!"

The sounds were low and musical, but the effect was electrical. They seemed to penetrate everywhere, and almost to make the ship itself start into life. Every man sprang to his feet, and the sluggish blood leaped again

through every vein. The captain sprang from his couch in the cabin, and leaped upon deck, uttering a sharp, quick, "Where away?"

"Three points for'ard starboard beam, sir, two miles off. T-h-e-r-e b-l-o-w-s! t-h-e-r-e b-l-o-w-s! Sperm whales, sir—two of 'em!"

"Ay, ay; that's the talk! All hands, stand by the boats!" and, without more words, the captain sprang aloft, with his glass, to get a look at them. He hardly reached the fore-yard, before he called back, "All right, Mr. Plump. Sperm whales, and waiting for you. Three points for'ard, as we head now. Lower away!"

It was an exciting moment, for those were our first whales, and every mate, and boat-steerer, and old whaleman was eager for the honor of being first fast. Every one had leaped to his own boat at the first cry from aloft; and when the word came to lower, the boats were all ready, and down they went by the run, the crews tumbling in almost as soon as they touched the water.

To fasten to the first whale is an honor that every whaleman works hard for, but none so hard as the mates who head the boats. No one was more energetic, or more determined to have that honor in this instance, than the third mate, in whose boat I pulled the after-oar. Although we had seen no whales, we had been thoroughly drilled in the boats, and had already had two or three encounters with blackfish.

"Now, men, do your duty!" said Mr. Sharp, in a low, but firm, voice; and his eyes flashed as I had never seen them flash before. Their fiery glances seemed to go right through us.

We got a little advantage at the start. Every man pulled as if he were working for his life, and the ashen oars leaped and quivered as if filled with life. Mr. Sharp hove hard at mine, throwing his weight upon it at every stroke, constantly entreating us to pull harder.

"Lay back, my men, lay back! Harder, harder! You're splendid fellows! Pull, pull! Now we're going! Keep it up! keep it up! Pull! pull like devils! They're after us! It's nothing to kill a blackfish! anybody can do that: we must have that whale! Pull! O, my men, pull, if you love me!"

In this way we were urged on, though we pulled, from the first, every ounce we could. Before we had gone half the distance to the whales we were several boat-lengths ahead of all the others. The two miles were soon made; but the whales had sounded, and having arrived where we expected to meet them, we stopped pulling, and waited for them.

It was only for a few moments, but it gave the other boats a chance to come up. They kept some distance off, however, spreading out, so that we should all have an equal chance, and not be too near each other. But the chance was ours. Suddenly there was a "whi-s-h!" like escaping steam, just ahead of us; and Mr. Sharp sprang again at my oar.

"Now! he's ours! Lay back, men!" and our oars snapped again.

A dozen strokes, and then, —

"Stand up, Scamp! Now — give it to him!"

A report like the discharge of a gun followed, and we were suddenly drenched with water. Something heavy seemed to have fallen very near to us.

"Stern!" cried Scamp; and we sterned, for a moment, with all our might.

But in the next instant the line was spinning round the loggerhead, and flashing through the boat, the flakes of coil disappearing from the tub as if by magic. It would soon be gone, at that rate. The loggerhead smoked: the whale was sounding.

"Wet the line, Tub!" from Mr. Scamp to the tub-oarsman, whose duty it was to pour water on the line when it was running out at such a rate.

Tub wet the line, remarking that it picked itself up mighty fast. It was a little trying to his nerves — judging from my own — to have it flashing out through the boat, right alongside of him, in that way. But it did not last long. Soon the whale seemed to have touched bottom, — or to have changed his mind, — for the line slackened.

"Now is our time — haul in! Come off, Scamp!" and Mr. Sharp changed places with the boat-steerer, so as to be ready to lance the whale as soon as he should come to the surface, if possible.

He came up very quickly, though at some distance from the boat; and immediately he seemed to be looking for us.

"He's going to show fight!" Scamp remarked, quickly; and, almost in the same breath, "He's coming for us! Oars, men, oars! Lay her off, Scamp!" were Mr. Sharp's quick orders. And we had just time, as we turned to our oars, to see the great square head coming swiftly towards us. "Pull starboard! Lay her to port, Scamp!"

The last words were hardly uttered before the whale was rushing past. His head came so near that it struck and unshipped the starboard oars, knocking mine quite out of my hands. We had succeeded in turning the boat just enough to escape his head; but, quick as

the lightning's flash, he raised his flukes, and brought them down close alongside; and again we were completely drenched with water.

"He'll tack, and come for us again," said Scamp: "he's ramping mad."

And Scamp was right. The whale stopped, turned slowly, and again rushed towards us. We did our best to get out of his way; but in a moment he was upon us, and we only succeeded in keeping clear of his head a second time. But we were not beyond the reach of his flukes, for something flashed upward before my eyes, and the next instant I was conscious that Scamp was gone, and the stern of the boat with him, and that I was settling in the water. I never should have a better opportunity to practise swimming; so I began at once, and managed to keep my head above water. Under such circumstances men can sometimes swim who never could swim before. I had hardly realized what had happened, when I heard Mr. Sharp's voice raised in warning.

"Clear the road!" he cried. "Take care of yourselves! he's coming again!"

And, indeed, the enraged whale was actually coming down upon us the third time, and this time open-mouthed. It was fearful to look at that huge, upraised head, coming so swiftly, while in its way. We did our very best to make room, and all escaped it; but the wreck of the boat came in its way, and those ponderous jaws closed upon it, crushing it to a shapeless mass. This probably satisfied the whale, for he did not turn again, but held straight on, steaming away to rejoin his companion, who had been alarmed, and escaped before either of the other boats could get fast to him. Ours carried away our iron, — harpoons are called *irons* by whalers, — and the whole of our strong whale-line towing after him. How he disposed of them I am unable to say.

The other boats soon picked us up, and then we understood more fully what had happened. The whale had cut the stern of the boat squarely off with his flukes, and thrown it, with Scamp in it, twenty feet high, — Scamp always insisted that it was a hundred, — and it had fallen at least twenty fathoms distant from where it started. Scamp was paralyzed, and was found lying insensible in the stern-sheets, sustained by the floating wreck. He did not fully recover for some days, though he received no permanent injury.

And this was the result of our first chase for whales — a great deal of honor, perhaps, but not much profit. And so it sometimes happens that honor of that kind costs about as much as it is worth. But those who seek for it do not find that out till afterwards.



HISTORY OF THE A. C.

BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.

"I HAVE decided that portraiture is *my forte*," said Nell at the next meeting of the club; "and I don't think any of you will venture to disagree with me, when you have examined this work of art;" passing round her sketch-book for inspection. "Mother recognized it at once."

"She never would if you hadn't written my name under it," said Willie, warmly. "I know I never stared like that; and it looks old enough for father."

"My child," said Nell with dignity, "this is the picture of the future; prophetic of your personal appearance at forty." (1.)



"We will hope, then, that Willie may be taken from the evil to come," said Percy.

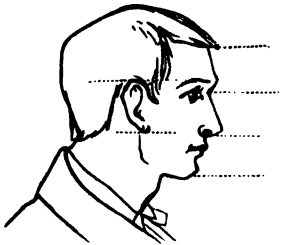
"I am quite resigned to being laughed at," said Nell; "but I wish the rest of you would try heads, and you would then find it no laughing matter. This was the very best I could do, trying as hard as I knew how."

"You did not try in the right way," said aunt Rachel. "I can see exactly by this result, the manner in which you went to work. You began, very likely, at the top of the head to draw its outline, looking only at that, and seeing and exaggerating, unconsciously, every swell and depression of the line upon which your whole attention was fixed. By the time you got back to the point from which you started, there was no correspondence of parts; everything had been thrown out of its proper relation. In drawing a head, as in drawing a vase, you must establish some governing line, some line of action. If the head is tipped to one side or the other, draw first the line of the brows; then a line at right angles with this,



marking the location of the nose. Having established these two construction lines, notice quantities and let the outline go. That will come right in its turn, after the quantities are attended to. To better understand this, we will take Willie for a model. (2.)

"Observe that his head is not unlike a pear with the largest part up. See what proportion of this pear-shaped mass of the head is above the eyes. More than one half. The face, you see, is but a small part of the whole head, while Nell's drawing is all face. The eyes of a child are below a medial line dividing the head in equal parts. If you observe this proportion, the face will look young, even though it be seamed with wrinkles; disregard it, and no amount of juvenile character in the features themselves will make it look other than old. In the face of a woman, the eyes are upon a medial line; in a man, a trifle above. The top of the ear, you see, is about as high as the eyebrow, and the lower part as low as the nostril. In the average face, the forehead, nose, and mouth and chin, form equal thirds. In a man, we find the height of his head from chin to crown is contained in his whole height seven or eight times; in a woman, six or seven; in a child, three, four, and five, according to age. Of course these proportions vary in different individuals, and can only be con-



sidered as an average; but it will be found that people vary less from this standard than you may suppose; and not to bear in mind some proportions of this kind will lead one into caricature rather than portraiture. To return to our model.

"Notice how the head is set upon the neck, which is only a cylinder more or less bulky, according to the age and characteristics of the person. This neck is in turn planted upon the mass of the shoulders, which even in the child of narrow shoulders will certainly be once and a half the height of the head in width. Now, what you should do in beginning a drawing of Willie, is to look at these several quantities, compare them one with another, and determine their relative sizes and shapes before putting them upon paper. The outlines you can get right after proportions are somewhat nearly correct. And another suggestion. In drawing figures, you will find that the curves are much more subtle, and approach nearer to straight lines, than you im-

agine; and if you bound your quantities by straight lines, you will in all probability come nearer the truth than if you limit them by curved lines. A touch will then suffice to curve them sufficiently." (3.)

"May we try drawing each other to-day, aunt Ray?"

"If you like; it will be good practice. It is now four months since we began our club, and you have all gained considerable facility in representing what you see before you. Until one is able to draw with a good degree of rapidity and accuracy, it is quite as well to let figures alone. For even the best model will find it difficult to sit entirely still, or to assume the same attitude twice; and it is better to practise one's hand upon that which is immovable than that which is movable. If the weather continues mild, I think it will be dry enough for us to take our first lesson out of doors next Wednesday, and it will be well for you to begin to accustom yourselves to change in your model; for I assure you Nature will not stand still for you. Every fleeting cloud that casts its shadow on the hill-side, and passing breeze that stirs the leaves, conspire to puzzle and dishearten the artist who has the temerity to sit down and strive to imitate Nature's effects."

The next Wednesday proved bright and warm — a day in early May; and more than punctually, preparations were on foot for the first Field Day of the A. C. The boys were on hand with camp-stools and a water-proof to spread on the ground, securely strapped together, walking-sticks cut, and were trying to convince the girls that a basket of apples and doughnuts were the necessary accompaniment of a sketching tour, when aunt Rachel appeared. She was much amused at their extensive preparations, and decided that lunch was unnecessary.

"Can't we go to Checkerberry Hill?" said Rob. "The view from the top is just splendid. You can see twenty miles in one direction, and on a clear day I have counted ten towns."

"You make the common mistake," said aunt Rachel, "of all those who attempt sketching from Nature for the first time — that of selecting too elaborate a subject. People generally think that a fine prospect, a bird's-eye view of the widest extent of country, is what the sketcher must need to inspire his pencil — while the truth is, that nothing has so few of the available elements of a picture as the ordinary view from a mountain-top. There is too much distance and too little foreground."

The horizon line is carried so high that every thing is flattened, and the country grows like a map, and not like a picture."

"Then let us go to Miller's Pond," suggested Percy. "There is everything there to sketch, — water, and trees, and rocks, — and it is only a mile away."

"That is its chief objection," said aunt Rachel. "We can find plenty of subjects nearer than that; and to spend half of our two hours in going to and coming from the thing to sketch, is poor policy, I think. I see you all have rather exalted ideas, and I fear my suggestion after yours will receive but little favor. Do not be quite disgusted, and lose all your interest, when I propose that we spend this first afternoon sketching in the orchard back of the house. Unless we can see beauty at our very door, it is useless for us to look for it abroad; and I will this afternoon prove to you, that you cannot step out of doors without finding something upon which to exercise your pencil. Much valuable time has been spent in looking about for 'something to sketch,' when that something lay in the rock and the weed at the feet."

"To the orchard it is, then," said the boys, shouldering their disappointment and the camp-stools with a very good grace, and leading the way through the bars to the orchard, nearly a century old. Above and around were the gnarled old trees, twisted and broken by the blasts, whose years of usefulness were nearly told, but whose picturesqueness was only enhanced by the awkward spread of their branches and the general decrepitude of their appearance. The western sun cast long shadows on the grass, and down in a damp hollow by the fence two ancient willows were beginning to show a tinge of yellow-green.

"I don't see much to sketch except old Dobbin over the wall. Can I try him?"

"You may, Rob," replied aunt Rachel, "if you will keep patient and persevering. Lucy may draw those two willows, with a piece of the fence behind them. Include perhaps a rod in your sketch, which will require you to seat yourself about three rods away. It is a good plan, in beginning a sketch, to cut a hole in a piece of paper the shape of your proposed sketch — perhaps an inch and a half long by an inch broad, like this. Hold it before the eye, and look through the hole, and you see the subject as a picture, disconnected from the rest of the landscape, and you can readily tell what is within and what without the designed sketch."

Lucy tried the experiment, and was delighted with the result.

"Why, how lovely it looks! I confess I did not see much of beauty in the study before, but this bit of paper sets it off just as a frame sets off a picture."

"You will be continually learning how much beauty lies in humble things, how much grace of line and charm of composition will often be found in the careless confusion of the barn-yard, and how light and shade are constantly idealizing the commonest things. Some one says that the Berlin Exposition proved to him one thing — that if one wished to paint a great picture, the simpler the subject the better. It is the way a subject is treated which makes it poetic or prosaic, and not the subject itself."

Nell was told to draw the tree in front of her — the lower part of it, with its shadow on the grass, and the sprouts coming out from its roots.

Mollie was to draw the bar-post, and Percy a dead tree branch just as it had fallen upon a rock.

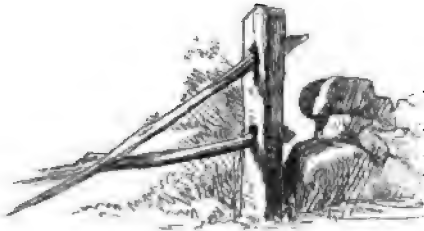
"And how does Dobbin come on?" said aunt Rachel to Rob, who had perched himself in a low branching tree for a better outlook.

"Not very well," replied Rob. "I could draw the old thing well enough if he would stand still; but I no sooner get an ear done than he turns his head the other way, so I can't see 'nary' an ear; and then I try his tail, and up that goes to whisk off a fly."

"You can appreciate now somewhat the patient study it takes to draw animals even tolerably well. Sketching them will not avail much unless you first know something of their anatomy, in order that you may observe them knowingly; otherwise, though you may study them much, you will fail to remember what you see. Then must follow the trained hand to catch rapidly the lines of action. These are the lines which the important parts of the body assume in motion, the angles which the legs and neck form with the body, and the angle of the head with the neck; and after this patient study of the separate parts. This afternoon we will begin at the end. If you will follow old Dobbin about and find out how to represent one of his feet, you will have done a good afternoon's work. Notice how it looks before, behind, and at the side; when it is planted firmly on the ground, and when lifted up. Look a great deal more than you draw, and not make a line until you know how you wish it to go. Of course this will not be drawing a horse; but by confining yourself to one

point you will not be so overwhelmed with difficulties, and at the same time you will be learning a good deal about the action of the legs in walking.

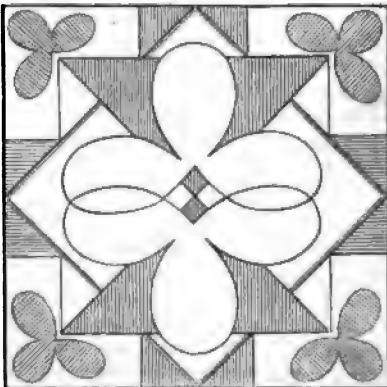
"Nell and Percy must remember that a tree trunk and a tree branch are but cylinders with their deepest shade and highest light somewhat within the edge, like all other circular objects. Percy's study is not an easy one, for the branch coming towards him involves a difficult problem in perspective, and the shadows on the rock are confusing. They are less dark than the branch, and are perfectly plain tints, while the branches themselves are more



or less diversified by light and shade. To give a *texture* to different parts of your drawing adds to effect. Distance must be even and quiet; foregrounds broken."

Mollie's post proved quite a success. As Nell said, "any one would know what it was." (4.)

All too soon the setting sun warned the A. C. to adjourn; and all agreed that never had two hours passed more quickly or pleasantly. After examining the various designs for ornamenting a tile, it was unanimously agreed that Lucy's was the most pleasing, and it is herewith submitted. (5.)



THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE.

[WITH A FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATION.]

A COCK, from his own barn-yard gone astray,

To an exalted spot once made his way,
And, perched upon a leafless, blasted tree,
His clarion crow sent forth both wild and free;

A signal note,

That welcome smote

The ears of one who roamed remote.

A hungry fox, in quest of food,
In haste came dashing through the wood,
And stared amazed at Chanticleer,

Transported to so high a sphere;

Then scratched his crown,

With puzzled frown,

To find some way to bring him down.

At last his cunning found a wheedling voice:

"O, gallant rooster, let us now rejoice,

For harmony and universal peace

Have been proclaimed. Henceforth all wars
must cease.

In flocks and herds,

With beasts and birds,

Are love and friendship 'household words.'

"The piping times of peace have really come:

Descend, dear coz, and let me see you home,

That I repentant courtesy may show:

We'll talk these matters over as we go.

With joy elate

At such a state,

To share with you I all impatient wait."

The tough old fowl to this made no reply,

But in the distance fixed his roving eye

So earnestly that Reynard must inquire

What sight so much attention could inspire.

"Yonder appear,"

Said Chanticleer,

"A pack of hounds fast drawing near."

"If that's the case," says Reynard, turning tail,

"I must be off; there's mischief in their hail."

"Be not in haste," says chuckling Chanticleer;

"You know the piping times of peace are here,

When fox and hound

Securely bound

In love and friendship must be found."

"Yes, yes; I know," says Reynard, with a wink;

But yet, 'tis hardly safe to wait, I think;

For, though 'tis true, as I have just now said,

This proclamation has been widely spread,

To share its views

Hounds may refuse:

And ten to one, they have not heard the news."

G. M. B.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY AGAIN.

GETTING IN, AND STAYING THERE.

BY A. P. C.

AND so, boys, "a glimpse" was not enough? You want to hear something more, — about getting in, — notwithstanding my warning? Well, getting in is one thing, and staying in is another. But I will tell you what I know.

In the first place, you must get an appointment. The number of cadet-midshipmen allowed at the Academy is one for every member and delegate of the House of Representatives, one for the District of Columbia, and ten appointed annually at large. The one from the District of Columbia and the ten at large are chosen by the President; so, if he is a particular friend of yours, just write him a note about it, and no doubt you will be nominated. If not, then you must apply to your representative in Congress. And if he is not a particular friend, what then are you to do? Why, do without your appointment, probably. Yet, if it should happen that your honorable representative were a poor rascal, and your father a rich one, you might get your nomination with little difficulty. But it would be better never to have it, than to have it on those terms. There is a way, however, in which boys have been appointed without any bribing or begging whatever. Once in a while it happens that a representative, having no particular boy friends, or else having so many that he does not dare to choose one for fear of offending a dozen, passes over the nomination to the schools, to be given to the boy who stands head at a competitive examination. This is the happiest way to receive an appointment, for one has to thank only his own industry for it, and also feels in a measure prepared for the examinations yet to come.

When you get your nomination, — supposing you do get it, — there are numberless things to be considered. Firstly, you had better look into the looking-glass, and see what sort of an individual you are — how tall, for instance. If you are under five feet, you need not pack your trunk for Annapolis, for the Examining Board there will pack you home again very quickly. If you are over five feet, then go around to your doctor, and let him pinch and punch you from head to foot, till he finds out if all your bones, muscles, &c., are in their right places, and behaving properly. If you have any permanent disease, weak

sight, poor hearing, bad teeth, or a tendency to lunacy, out you go from the Academy; or, rather, you never get in. Good, healthy boys are what they want down there. And moral boys, too: so you had better provide yourself with letters from your professors, pastor, and Sunday school teacher, all going to prove what a little saint you are; for, though every one knows that there are abominable boys in the Academy, none are allowed to enter who do not bring certificates of an excellent character.

And once the admissibility of your body and soul is decided upon, then for your mind. What do you know? And what are you expected to know? There is that examination before the Academic Board to be gone through, while your papa and mamma sit in the Academy library, in misery, trying to look unconcerned. But see that you go through it well, for it is nothing wonderful. It is not to be compared with the examination you would have to pass to enter Yale or Harvard. It is made simple, because the boys are appointed from all parts of the country, and all ranks of society, and may not have had at all equal opportunities for study. Nothing is exacted of you in Greek or Latin, or in any modern language except your own. Boys are expected to read, write, and spell well, to understand arithmetic thoroughly, and have a good knowledge of geography. Arithmetic is considered the most important branch. Excellence in this will counterbalance a slight deficiency in other studies. If you want to know exactly what is required of you, here are a few examples: —

In Arithmetic. Convert Arabic into Roman notation, and Roman into Arabic. Express in figures any dictated number of quatrillions, &c., down to units. Explain the nature of vulgar and of decimal fractions. Add, subtract, multiply, and divide any denominate numbers. Find the greatest common divisor; the least common multiple. Add, subtract, multiply, and divide any vulgar fractions, or mixed numbers, and explain the method. Reduce to the simplest form any group of vulgar fractions and mixed numbers, connected by the signs +, —, \times , \div . Divide by means of prime factors of the divisor, and explain the derivation of the final remainder. Reduce vulgar fractions to decimals, and decimals to vulgar fractions. Explain the nature of ratio and of proportion.

Examples under all these heads are to be solved, both in writing and orally.

In English. To write from dictation, showing a good hand, and a knowledge of spelling and punctuation. To spell orally. To write

an original composition, or letter, of fifteen or twenty lines, in the examination hall. To give all the definitions and classifications in grammar.

In Geography. To name the grand divisions of the earth. To name all the nations, with their capitals, chief cities, mountains, rivers, and lakes. To name the oceans, seas, bays, gulfs, straits, and channels. To name the principal islands, and to what nations they belong. To name the population of some of the largest cities. To describe how to make a voyage; that is, through what waters to sail, and near what countries to pass, in going from one given place to another; for instance, from Boston to San Francisco, or from New York to Calcutta.

Here your intellectual examination would cease. Then would follow the physical examination, by the surgeon stationed at the Academy. These examinations take place between the 5th and 15th of June, and the 20th and 30th of September.

When a boy has passed all the necessary intellectual and physical inspection, he is admitted to the Academy at once, his travelling expenses from his home to Annapolis paid, and he signs a paper which binds him to serve in the United States navy for eight years, four in the Academy and four at sea. If he fails to pass, his travelling expenses are not paid, and he is not allowed another examination, unless by special recommendation of the Academic Board. The secretary of the navy never interferes in these matters.

If a cadet-midshipman resigns his appointment within a year, he is required to refund the money paid for his travelling expenses. When a boy enters, he is obliged to procure for himself immediately the following outfit:—

One parade suit; one fatigue suit; one flannel jacket; one pea-jacket; one parade cap; one fatigue cap; six white shirts; six pairs socks; four pairs drawers; six handkerchiefs; one hair mattress; one straw mattress; one hair pillow; one pair blankets; one spread; four sheets; four pillow-cases; six towels; two pairs shoes; one tooth-brush; one hair-brush; one whisk; one fine comb; one coarse comb; one mug; one requisition book; one laundry book; one pass book.

These articles cost, within a few cents, one hundred and fifty dollars. Besides this, one hundred dollars has to be deposited with the paymaster, to be spent for books &c. Underclothes from home will answer; but other things, which have to be uniform, are better

purchased of the storekeeper at the Academy. Room-mates are required to procure, for common use, one looking-glass; two basins; one water-pail; one slop-bucket; one broom. All of which may also be had of the storekeeper.

During the first year at the Academy the studies are, Seamanship, Mathematics, Grammar, Physical Geography, History, Composition, and French.

The second year: Seamanship, Gunnery, Mathematics, Steam Enginery, Chemistry, Rhetoric, History, Composition, French, and Drawing.

The third year: Seamanship, Practical Seamanship, Naval Tactics, Ship-building, Gunnery, Infantry Tactics, Fencing, Astronomy, Electricity, Dynamics, Statics, French, and Drawing.

The fourth year: Seamanship, Practical Seamanship, Naval Construction, Gunnery, Fencing, Marine Engines, Boilers, &c., Astronomy and Navigation, Heat and Climatology, Optics and Acoustics, International Law, and Spanish.

The studies are divided into departments, most of which have several branches.

First Department: Practical Seamanship, Naval Gunnery, and Naval and Infantry Tactics, seven branches.

Second Department: Mathematics, six branches.

Third Department: Steam Enginery, seven branches.

Fourth Department: Astronomy, Navigation and Surveying, four branches.

Fifth Department: Physics and Chemistry, ten branches.

Sixth Department: Ethics and English Studies, seven branches.

Seventh Department: French.

Eighth Department: Spanish.

Ninth Department: Drawing.

Each department is in charge of an officer, called Head of Department, under whom are several assistant professors.

There are three recitations daily, excepting on Saturdays, when there is only one. They are of two hours' duration each, and usually occur from half past eight to half past ten. A. M., from quarter to eleven to quarter to one, and from two to four, P. M. The boys study in their own rooms, and the classes march in sections to the recitation hall, recite, and then return to the quarters. There are drilling and exercise daily for about an hour and a half. The drills usually take place after the third recitation, excepting on Saturdays,

when the recitation and drill both take place in the morning.

The routine comprises seamanship, boat-howitzer, great gun, and infantry drills; also fencing and boxing. The exercises vary according to season, the infantry drill, fencing, &c., occupying most time in winter, and the seamanship and boat drills receiving most attention in the spring.

The boys are divided into four divisions, officered by members of the senior class. It is rare that more than two divisions drill together, excepting at the dress-parades, which take place every evening in the spring and fall, and at the special drills, which occur during the stay of the Board of Visitors. Once in a while they have what is called a "combination" drill, which is in reality a sham battle.

On these occasions it is sometimes arranged that the marines are stationed in the woods, on one of the government farms up the Severn, and the midshipmen are sent to attack them. Two divisions, armed as infantry, go in cutters, two with the howitzers, in heavy launches. They row up the river till they reach a good spot for landing, draw up into line, the launches at each end, the cutters in the middle, and then all row for the shore, the howitzers opening a murderous fire of blank cartridges, to which the marines in the woods respond.

The cutters, being comparatively light, land first; the infantry spring on shore, throw out skirmishers, form, fire, and then charge bayonets into the woods. The launches soon arrive, with some struggle and difficulty the howitzers are landed; the midshipmen drag them up the embankment, and there open fire again on the marines. The marines retreat, down one hill and up another, till they reach the bridge crossing a neighboring creek.

Here comes a grand scuffle. The marines shut and lock the gate; the cadets scramble over it; the marines swing open the draw; some cadets spring on and try to close it.

There is a great excitement, and considerable rough handling. The midshipmen and marines are not very fond of each other. Of course, poking bayonets into people is prohibited; but both sides enjoy a general boxing-match, which is apt to ensue when the

fighting becomes hand-to-hand. Prisoners are taken on both sides; but in the end, of course, the midshipmen are victorious.

But to return to the daily routine. At six A. M. in summer, and half past six in winter, the morning gun-fire and *reveille* take place. Then, boys, you must jump up and dress instantly; no time for frolic or dawdling. And then — O, how good Miss Catherine Beecher, Dr. Dio Lewis, and all the preachers on health would howl if they knew it! — you are to make your bed, without giving it one minute's airing, and put your room in order before leaving



it. Of course you are disgusted at the thought, my masters. What do you know about making beds, sweeping floors, and dusting furniture? Well, you will have to learn, and that is all about it. And if you don't learn quickly you will have demerits raining down upon you as thick as hailstones.

All the rooms must be in perfect order, and exactly alike in arrangement, when the inspecting officer comes around, which is half an hour after the *reveille*, and several times during the day. If you should hang up your mother's photograph, or a picture of your old home, on the wall, you would be punished.

Nothing is allowed there but the names of the two occupants of the room, each of whom is responsible for its appearance, one week at a time, in turn, when his name must be placed uppermost. At quarter to seven are morning roll-call and prayers. Breakfast at seven. At half past seven is the sick-inspection, when all who are suffering from any bodily ailment are to report to the surgeon. Studies and drills are as before described. Dinner is at one P. M., and supper immediately after the evening parade. Forty minutes are allowed for dinner, and for other meals half an hour.

The midshipmen form and march into the dining hall. They are divided into guns' crews, of about eighteen men each, officered by members of the first class. Each gun's crew has a table to itself, the two captains sitting at the head and foot.

From half past seven to half past nine P. M. are study hours. At half past nine are the evening gun-fire and tattoo, the signals for retiring. At ten P. M., the taps, the signal for extinguishing lights.

Once a week the midshipmen are allowed to bathe. They are marched, in crews, to the bathing-rooms, and the captains held responsible for their behavior there. No noise is allowed, no talking from one room to another, no throwing of articles from one room to another; and when the order, "Dress," is given, they must do so without delay, and be ready to march back to quarters quickly. And they must take the soap out of the water, let the water run out of the tub, and not leave their towels on the floor, but hang them up.

If any midshipman wishes to take extra baths, he must do so at hours which will not interfere with the crews' bathing, and he must pay six cents to the barber. Indeed, there is a rule for everything that is done in the Academy; and there are plenty of people to see that the regulations are obeyed. There is the admiral, who is superintendent; the commandant of midshipmen and his assistant; the officer in charge; the officer of the day, chosen from the first class; the superintendents of buildings; and the watchmen.

Really, how the middies ever find an opportunity to be uncivil to any one, to smoke, swear, or even put their hands in their pockets, is an absolute miracle to any person who reads the regulations — and is not aware that "boys will be boys."

But, strict as the *régime* is, it is not cruel. There is ample provision for amusement, if boys know how to take it in the right way. It is true that no games are allowed in the rooms,

and that the youngest class is not permitted to take books from the library — which seems very hard. But games in the rooms might lead to much disorder, and to neglect of study; and perhaps it is considered better for the health of the younger boys that they should not be poring over books in their leisure hours.

All out-door games, athletic exercises, boat-clubs and ball-clubs, are warmly encouraged. A regatta is allowed every year, during the annual examination, and a flag is presented to the winning boat. The flag remains at the Academy, and the names of the victorious crew are engraved on a silver plate, and attached to the staff.

Other entertainments, such as exhibitions in fencing and gymnastics, glee-club singing, fancy-dress parties, and theatricals, as well as rabbit-hunts, pig-hunts, and other queer amusements, are permitted at the discretion of the superintendent, though, of course, usually only on holidays. The holidays are Thanksgiving day, Christmas, New Year's day, and the Fourth of July. Once a week, on Saturday evenings, there is a hop; and once a year, in January, a grand ball. There is also generally a ball given to the graduating class in May.

And, besides all this, there is the weekly freedom of Saturday afternoon. Then the boys play ball in the great field behind the admiral's house; take a boat, if they get permission, and row or sail on the Severn; or, if they are allowed, go into the town, and wander about the dingy, winding streets of Annapolis, spending their pocket-money — by the way, they are not supposed to have any, as it is against the regulations for them to get any except from the paymaster, for things needed — right and left, for cake, candy, ice-cream, soda water, and, it is to be hoped, nothing worse.

Sometimes, too, they sit in their rooms, and write letters home, or give extra time to study; though, I imagine, as a rule they take all the fun they can get out of their liberty, and leave such sober entertainment for Sunday. Are you shocked, Master Virtue? You never do such things — O, no! Well, personally, I do not, either, highly approve of them. Of course, reading their Bibles would be better; but at the same time, if all boys, in all their boyhood, never did anything more wicked than break the Sabbath studying mathematics, we should have an exceedingly well-ordered world. Besides, at the Academy there are some regular hours appointed for study, even on Sunday

— to keep the boys out of mischief, I suppose; so, down there, you could not, no matter how much you wanted to, be such a terrible little saint. Still, you are obliged to go to church once on Sunday, and allowed to go twice, if you particularly wish it. The morning service, which you must attend, is in the chapel of the Academy; the other services are the usual afternoon services of the churches in Annapolis, where you are permitted to go, though, of course, with certain restriction and supervision.

But in one thing the Academy differs from all private boarding-schools and colleges: excepting the one summer furlough, which each midshipman gets immediately on entering the second class, there is no going home for the holidays. This seems very hard, both to boys and parents, in families accustomed to grand merry-makings at Thanksgiving and Christmas time. But leave of absence is an almost impossible thing to obtain, except on the plea of illness, or some matter of very extraordinary importance. But probably this severity is necessary, as, to have boys coming and going at all seasons of the year would doubtless, in many ways, break in upon the discipline. They would get behindhand in their studies, and the occasional tastes of home freedom would make the restrictions of the Academy seem more than ever irksome.

And now, boys, what do you think of it — the getting in and staying there? Do you feel anxious to try the experiment? or has your enthusiasm for the sea suddenly collapsed at the thought of all the studies, examinations, hard work, and strict disciplining to be gone through preparatory to that "life on the ocean wave"?

But whether the career at the Academy is a happy or a sad thing depends very much on the individual character of the boy. To one who is sensitive, reserved, and comes from the midst of a very loving family, there is unmeasured misery, especially in the beginning.

Though hazing has been suppressed, teasing never can be. Suppose yourself, on the receipt of your first box from home, to be suddenly seized by a band of young ruffians, placed on top of your wardrobe, and required to recite "Mary had a little lamb," while they turn over the contents of the box, devour your goodies, and tell you maliciously how they taste! Suppose, on retiring to bed, you discover that your pillow and sheets have been nicely sprinkled with water. Such things do sometimes happen, as well as the indulging in nicknames, the giving of wrong information, and all manner of small mischief.

And here, boys, is where I think you are so contemptible, and utterly inferior to girls! Who ever heard of hazing at a girl's school? There the scholars are always kind to a new comer, and try to make her feel at home; but you! Well, we won't talk about it now; but, really, I am quite ashamed of you.

To dull, lazy, disorderly boys the Academy is a terrible place. But its terrors do not last long to them, for they very soon are dropped. A certain number — a pretty large one, to be sure — of demerits will expel a cadet from the Academy. Failure to pass the yearly examinations will send a student back to his old class. But to boys — as we like generally to think of them — full of health, and spirits, and good will; ready for hard work whenever hard work is to be done; quick to enjoy themselves when any fun is to be had, and willing to take the world as they find it, with a jolly, good-natured sort of philosophy, life at the Academy may be about as pleasant as life is made in this imperfect world. Such, in after years, will look back affectionately to the old place, which for so long was their only home; and, when out on the boundless blue ocean, think tenderly of its smooth green lawns, and of the tall trees which shaded the walks where they strolled so often, with such different people and in such different moods.

But, perhaps, the occasion which brings most to the test, all the pleasure and all the dolefulness which may be concentrated into the midshipman's career, is — what I have not as yet told you one word about — The Cruise.

— SHAKESPEARE is said to have taken the charm-song of the witches in "Macbeth" from "The Witch," by Middleton, the original being as follows: —

"The Witches going about the Caldron.

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.

Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;

Firedrake, Pucky, make it lucky.

Liard, Robin, you must bob in;

Round, around, around; about, about;

All ill come running in; all good keep out!

1st Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that; O, put in that.

2d Witch. Here's libbard's-bane.

Hec. Put it in again.

1st Witch. The juice of toad, the oil of adder.

2d Witch. Those will make the yonker madder.

All. Round, around, around," &c. *

A DREAM OF THE GOOD TIME COMING.

BY LOUIE J. MCCOY.

"HOW noiselessly these doors swing!" I said to the janitor as we passed through the hall.

"Yes," he replied, "we are now in the girls' department, and nothing that would make the least unpleasant sound is allowed here, as the nerves of girls are so delicate any noise might do incalculable injury. Here is one of the rooms in which some of the pupils are reciting."

We entered. About forty young ladies were in the room. They were all seated in easy-chairs, with a little table near each seat, on which the students might write when they felt equal to the exertion. Their dress was very peculiar. It seemed to blend the classic style of the Roman toga with the unbecoming "contrivations" of Bloomerism.

I noticed some black lacings which were tied over the shoulders of the young ladies. I inquired their use of the teacher. He replied, —

"Girls should wear thick shoes, and as they are physically so delicate, all the weight of the clothing should be supported by the shoulders; so it is a rule here that boots shall be laced, and the strings tied over the shoulders. Any other method might injure their anatomical construction."

"What do your pupils study?"

"Our *curriculum* is not very extensive, as, in order that our pupils may be healthy, we teach only one day in the week."

"Then I suppose Greek and Latin are not taught here."

"Occasionally, we have a pupil of unbounded ambition, probably the effect of some trouble in the cerebrum, who wishes to learn these languages. But it would be wrong for girls to study such text-books as boys do. We have a few rhymes from Mother Goose and such authors, in which part of the words are in Latin, part in English, and perhaps a few in Greek, and, as most of the girls know these rhymes, from the English words, they can translate the Latin without doing any injury to their mental capacity. Here is the book."

I opened it and read, —

"Old Grimes *est mortuus*,
That *ayaðòs* old *δωδύρων*;
Usus est habere an old toga
All *ante* buttoned down."

Surely such lessons could not injure the most delicate.

"Do you teach mathematics?" I asked.

"A little arithmetic, and we have a few who ventured, at a great risk, to study algebra a short time."

"We had *one* whose desire to study mathematics was intense. She studied algebra, and when her last lesson in it was finished, the poor girl was an invalid. Her parents, following the physician's advice, took her to Europe, where she regained her health. She returned to school, and most insanely wished to study geometry! Her parents, teachers, and physicians remonstrated with her, but in vain. At last she commenced the study. In six months her parents were obliged to take her on a much longer journey — even to Egypt. There she spent several years, but never entirely regained her health."

I wished to ask more about the school, but I heard a bell ring, and awoke, and found I had been dreaming! I remembered then that I had heard some ladies talking, before I fell asleep, about how hard it was for girls to study out of school, and that they were not as strong as boys, and ought not to try to learn as much, and similar remarks, such as we all listen to every day. So I had dreamed of a model school, that is to be in the "good time coming," if such ideas are carried out.

I was thankful that I attended school where I had an opportunity to receive useful instruction, and that I enjoyed learning.

I hope this great blessing may be mine —
"*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

IRON SHIPS. — "What explanation is there to the fact that an iron ship will carry more than a wooden vessel of the same registered tonnage?" Joe K. Churchill asks this question; but we must refer him to John Roach & Sons for an answer.

— For several centuries after the fall of the Roman empire, and the decline of the *murex* fisheries, purple was an unknown color. A short time ago an extensive heap of shells was discovered near Athens. Subsequent investigations proved that the heap consisted almost entirely of a species of *murex* and other shells, which yield the famous dye known as the *Tyrian purple*. This fact shows that here was the site of an ancient dyeing establishment. A single shell gives only one small drop of purple; consequently it took a large number of shells to make a small amount of dye, which made it very precious. Because of its great beauty and high cost, purple came to be the symbol of imperial power.

WRITING-INK.

BY MARIE C. LADREYTT.

THE history of ink is as ancient as that of writing itself. It has even been proved that, before ink was ever used for tracing alphabetical signs, it was made to serve as a species of paint or color in the delineation of ornaments and mythological figures, on the inner and outer walls of public buildings.

The art of engraving appears to have preceded and led to the art of writing; for in nearly all of the ancient languages the verb *to write* is synonymous with the verb *to engrave*.

The early history of the Assyrians was first traced, or graven, upon coarse bricks and tiles. The Egyptians carved theirs in hieroglyphics, for which they gradually substituted painted signs. The Greeks and Etrurians wrote considerably on porcelain and earthen ware; and some of these curious records are still preserved in various of the European art-galleries—in the Louvre, for instance, where a large collection of tax and impost receipts, quaintly written on fragments of china, are on exhibition.

The Egyptians were the first to introduce and popularize the use of writing-ink and prepared sheets, or tablets, of papyrus, which they obtained from the stalks of a plant growing on the banks of the Nile. This invention was the starting-point of a complete revolution in the art of representing ideas and objects. The painting of hieroglyphics—tedious in the extreme, and conveying but an imperfect, and often obscure, meaning—was succeeded by the writing of hieratic signs—so denominated because they were intelligible to the Egyptian priests alone. These signs were gradually simplified, until they became transformed into demotic or Coptic letters, which could be understood by the people in general.

The Egyptian museums at Berlin, Paris, and Turin, and also, we believe, the Escorial library, contain a number of very ancient documents, in an excellent state of preservation, by means of which all the different stages of this transformation and progress can be distinctly traced and studied. The Greeks and Romans were in the habit of using wax and ivory tablets merely as memoranda: nearly all their records and works of importance were consigned to papyrus, and written in ink. There

is on exhibition at the Louvre a leaf from one of Homer's manuscripts, quite legibly written with ink at some very remote period.

Pliny left us a recipe for the compounding of the ink used in his time, which would seem to have been of a superior quality, judging from the condition of the numerous manuscripts discovered at Pompeii and Herculaneum.

The manufacture of writing-ink was carried to a very high degree of perfection among the ancients; for the contents of many of the old Greek and Latin parchments, which, in the middle ages, were erased, washed out, and written over, could still be deciphered; or, at least, were plainly discernible.

The inks in use towards the twelfth century were quite inferior to those just alluded to. They faded more rapidly; and, although much pains seems to have been taken in the shaping of the letters, most of the documents remaining from that period have become almost illegible.

In the sixteenth century, the Italian and Spanish inks were justly regarded as the best and most durable. Autograph letters of Pope Leo X., the Duke of Toledo, Charles V., and Machiavelli, which have been handed down to the present day, are as clear and legible as if they had been written only a few days ago; while letters from the pen of Madame de Sévigné, Bossuet, Madame de Pompadour, Cardinal Mazarin, &c., although of a more recent date, are far from being as well preserved, the ink having almost invariably turned red or a yellowish hue.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century a very brilliant black ink was manufactured, and came into general use on account of its fine jetty tint; but it proved very poor for documentary purposes, as it ate through paper and parchment in less than fourscore years, every letter and flourish being as clearly cut out as if with a punch. Many of the inks in use at the present time are so carelessly compounded as to produce the same effect in a still shorter period.

Good writing-ink is not merely a superficial color, but an indelible dye, which penetrates the fibres of the paper, and settles there in a permanent manner, resisting the action of the atmosphere and of chemical agents. Those inks in the manufacture of which sulphate of iron and the best quality of gall-nut enter most largely, are the most desirable and enduring.

James Starck, a skilful English chemist, has devoted much time and study to the compounding of an ink which should answer all practi-

cal purposes, and unite all the qualities of the ancient writing-fluids.

From 1842 to 1860 he compounded two hundred and twenty-nine different kinds of ink, and tested each on various substances and different qualities of paper, coming to the final conclusion that no salt was so effective as common sulphate of iron. He moreover remarked that the contact with steel—and, indeed, with almost any metal—materially alters the nature of the best ink; and he accordingly recommends the use of quill pens in writing documents intended for preservation.

As a result of his researches, this chemist expresses it as his opinion that the blackest, most durable, and best-flowing ink can be obtained by using the following formula, the proportions being estimated for one quart:—

Gall-nuts, twelve ounces.
Sulphate of Indigo, eight ounces.
Copperas, eight ounces.
Gum Arabic, four ounces.

To which add a few cloves to keep the ink from turning mouldy; cloves being highly preferable to acids and corrosive sublimate, which are more commonly used, but are very destructive to paper.

The high price which gall-nuts command in nearly every market causes inferior ingredients, such as sumac, logwood, and oak bark to be substituted, but their presence is very easily detected by an expert.

Although China ink, or, as it is often called, India ink, is not commonly used for writing, it still deserves mention here, on account of its antiquity. It is undoubtedly one of the very best inks that have ever been compounded; and in this, as in many other manufactures, the Chinese have been our masters. As far as can be ascertained, the principal ingredients which enter into the composition of the little gilt sticks and squares, which come to us from over the broad Pacific, are a fine quality of lampblack, a sort of glue or gelatine obtained from buffalo horn and tortoise shell, and various sweet-scented substances, such as musk and Borneo camphor. These last-named ingredients being quite as costly in China as elsewhere, they are used only in the high-priced inks, which sell, even in Pekin, for about one dollar and a half a cake—and not a very large one at that. The gelatine is first dissolved in a small quantity of water, over a slow fire: then lampblack is added, until the whole becomes a soft, sticky, black paste, which is stirred and kneaded so as to thoroughly mix the two ingredients, to which a small propor-

tion of pease-oil is finally added. After being suffered to stand for a while, the paste is cut up into sticks and cakes of divers shapes and sizes, which are put into wooden moulds, to receive whatever ornamentation or lettering they are to bear. Then they are left for about a week to dry, after which they are polished with a stiff brush, over which pure beeswax has been rubbed. This gives the cakes a fine gloss and a smooth surface, which is often left plain, and without any gilding whatever, the fancy sticks being mostly prepared for the foreign markets. The ink manufacture employs a very large number of hands throughout the Flowery Kingdom, and is very minute and elaborate in all its departments, the highest degree of perfection and nicety being everywhere noticeable.

In fact, the Japanese themselves, although manufacturing apparently quite as good a quality of ink, still prefer the products of the Chinese laboratories. As for the various colored or fancy inks, they are mostly solutions of some coloring matter. Thus red ink is a solution of carmine, yellow ink a solution of gamboge.

A good red ink is also obtained by boiling one part of Brazil wood in sixteen parts of water, and adding a little alum and gum arabic. Purple ink is prepared in various ways, the most expensive being made with a purple precipitate obtained by dipping tin foil in a solution of gold. Blue ink is a gummy solution of powdered indigo or Prussian blue. Sympathetic or invisible inks are colorless liquids which fade away on drying, and become apparent only on using certain chemicals, or on heating the sheet of paper. For instance, oxide of cobalt, dissolved in nitric and muriatic acids, becomes an excellent sort of invisible ink, which, on being heated, turns to a bright blue. A sheet of paper written upon with a solution of nitrate of bismuth appears perfectly white and spotless, but on wetting it with an infusion of gall-nuts, the writing becomes visible.

THE PRIZES FOR MARCH. — The first prize for answers to the head work is awarded to Vigilax, the second to Eureka, and the third to Ajax—all of Philadelphia. The prize for the best puzzle last month was awarded to Alice E. S., and that for this month to Hyperion. For a special reason, we ask those who are entitled to prizes and have not received them, to send their addresses to the editor.



BREAKERS AHEAD.

[A PARLOR DRAMA, ARRANGED FROM GEORGE KAIME'S STORY, "BREAKERS AHEAD."

BY H. V. OSBORNE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. — OBED BARKER, a retired sea captain. JOHN BARKER, OBED BARKER'S son. BETSEY ANDERSON, OBED BARKER'S housekeeper. NURSE ANNA, JOHN BARKER'S wife.

REMARKS CONCERNING CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, &c. — OBED BARKER, a stout old sea captain, aged about fifty — a gruff fellow, possessing a kind heart, but a quick temper. Powder hair to represent gray. Face should be round and ruddy: use rouge for general coloring, if necessary. Well, but carelessly, dressed; tie fastened sailor knot. In *Scene Second*, after the accident, his face must be darkened in spots with blue, brown, and touches of yellow paint (water colors), to represent bruises. Paint must be artistically blended, or the old chap will look like an Indian, thus spoiling effect desired. Put black patches on different parts of his face, and tie up one eye. If court plaster be used for patches, it should be put on very wet, as it cannot be readily removed: it would be better to use black alpaca or silk, instead, and fasten at edges only with mucilage or wax. Bind up both feet in large white bandages, and on one limb wind the bandages as far as knee. He should have on a long calico dressing-gown (dressing-sacque will better express what is needed), fastened from collar down the entire length: it should come nearly to his feet.

JOHN BARKER, a young, slight fellow, dark hair, dark eyes, face very pale: use powder. Give him a janty black mustache, aided by burned cork. Tie a white bandage around his head, another around his jaw, under chin, and up over head: let the ends of the knots stand up, to give as odd a look as possible. Give him a black patch or two.

BETSEY ANDERSON, a tall, spare woman, about fifty-six; hair done up in old-fashioned twist; or, if desired, she might wear a very plain black lace cap. Dress plain, long-waisted, tight-sleeved, old-fashioned, and extending only to ankles; no crinoline; blue yarn stockings; large, i. e., long, slippers, stuffed out at toes; spectacles, of course.

NURSE ANNA, a trim, plump little body, with a merry, girlish face. She should be prettily dressed, though not expensively. Dainty little slippers, with rosettes to match the color of ribbon she wears in hair; pretty arms, and sleeves puffed up; a pretty, coquettish white apron, for the sake of her assumed character as nurse. In *Scene Second*, stage must be parted off by screen of some sort, to represent two rooms.

SCENE FIRST. — A cosy Sitting-room. OBED BARKER sits in an easy-chair near a table. He holds an open letter in his hand. He

shifts about in his chair, stamps his foot, and gives an occasional grunt of displeasure as he reads.

Obed. Blast his hide! (*Down goes his fist upon the table in the most emphatic manner.*) That boy is enough to wear the life out of a man! If I had him here, I'd give him a strapping, as sure as my name is Obed Barker! And I'd put him on double duty and half rations, to boot. — Betsey! Betsey! Betsey!

Enter BETSEY ANDERSON.

Betsey. Well, Mr. Barker.

Obed. It's that blasted boy of mine! What do you suppose he has done now?

Betsey. Nothing dreadful, I hope.

Obed. Well, 'tis, Betsey.

Betsey. O, Mr. Barker!

Obed. Well, 'tis. He's married.

Betsey. Married!

Obed. Yes, married. There's his letter. Only a half dozen lines in the whole of it. He's off skylarkin' around on his weddin' tour —

Betsey. (*Interrupting him.*) Wedding tour?

Obed. Yes, wedding tour. And he'll be here next week.

Betsey. Next week?

Obed. Yes, you mummy, next week. Can't you say anything but what I say?

Betsey. Yes, I can. Now, what are you going to do with John?

Obed. (*Kicking a footstool.*) Do? do? I'll disinherit him! I'll make a beggar of him! I'll kick him out of the house! I won't let him step his foot inside of it! (*Getting more and more excited.*) I'll strap him! I'll whack his head off! I'll — I'll — O, I wish I had him here now!

Betsey. Why, Obed Barker! he's your — own — boy!

Obed. No, he ain't. I won't own him! He's gone just contrary to my wishes. I've told him, time and time again, that I had a wife all picked out for him.

Betsey. Did you tell him who it was?

Obed. Blast it! don't everybody know I wanted him to marry that Maria Edgerly? O, I wish I had him here! (*He springs from his seat, and commences such a raid on all the movable furniture, and raves around the room so, that BETSEY beats a hasty retreat.*) — Here, here, Betsey! What are you sneaking off in that style for?

Betsey. (*Thrusting her head only into room.*) I was getting out o' the way of them chairs. When you get to slashing around like that, it is time for me to go; and I won't stir another step into that room until you get into that chair, and promise to stay there.

Obed. Well, well, Betsey; don't be scared, child. Come in. (*Takes the seat, and BETSEY returns.*) Yes, come in. Lord bless ye, I won't hurt ye. There, now, I'll tell ye. I'm going off! I'm going to shut up the house, and let John pick for himself. I want you to go too.

Betsey. I won't stir a step with you, Obed Barker.

Obed. Nobody wants you to. All I ask of you is, to get away from here, somewhere, and I'll go t'other way.

Betsey. Obed Barker, be you crazy?

Obed. Crazy or not, it's got to be just as I say; so there's the end on't. Get your duds together, ready for the morning train, and clear out; for I tell you this house is going to be deserted. (*Exit BETSEY, mopping her eyes. The old captain grunts a little, mutters to himself, then leaves the room.*)

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE SECOND. — After the railroad accident, stage divided by screen, making two rooms, plainly furnished. OBED BARKER on one side of partition, lying on lounge close to it; or, to give the audience a better view of him, move the head of lounge out into room a little. Plenty of pillows under his head. JOHN BARKER sitting in easy-chair, on other side of screen, with feet on another. He looks very disconsolate, and occasionally puts his hands to his face, and scowls, as if in great pain.

Obed. (*Opening his eyes, — or one of them, — and staring around.*) Blast it all! (*He turns his head on one side, and contemplates his swathed feet. He then feels of his face, and looks at his hands.*) What does this mean? (*Staring around again, and reaching down, feeling of his feet and knee, scowling considerably when he touches them. Raises his head, and listens.*) Avast, there!

Enter NURSE ANNA, coming quickly to his side. The captain stares at her, coughs, stutters, and finally exclaims, —

Where the dickens am I? and who are you, madam?

Anna. You are in the village of Medford, and I am nurse Anna.

Obed. (*Gallantly.*) Thank you for the information. You are very kind.

Anna. You have had a very narrow escape, sir. Your name?

Obed. Obed Barker, madam.

Anna. Very narrow, Mr. Barker. How do you feel now?

Obed. (*Relapsing into his blunt ways.*) Hanged if I know! What's the matter with me, any way? anything broke?

Anna. I hope not, sir. The doctor pronounced your bones all whole; but you have some very bad bruises.

Obed. (*Passing his hand over his face.*) Well, I should think so. You don't pretend to say there's a bruise under every one of these patches?

Anna. (*Trying not to laugh.*) O, yes: some of those patches cover half a dozen bruises.

Obed. (*Ruefully.*) Why, it couldn't have been worse if a patent harrow had run over my face. But what did it? How did it happen?

Anna. Why, sir, in the collision. Don't you remember that you were on the cars?

Obed. O — y — e — s! And such a tumbling and scratching! I knew we should find breakers ahead. How long have I been here?

Anna. About three hours, Mr. Barker. (*JOHN grows impatient.*)

John. Anna! Anna! Anna!

Obed. Hullo! What's that? Who's that? Ahoy, there!

Anna. (*Half laughing.*) Only another patient, sir. I must go to him, sir. (*Turning to leave room.*) I'll be back very soon.

Obed. Hold on! Wait! Lay to a minute.

John. Anna! Anna! ANNA!

Obed. Stop your noise! I say, Anna, that chap ain't dangerous, I know, for he's got a voice like a crocodile; so just wait a minute. How many invalids have you got on your hands?

Anna. Only you two, Mr. Barker.

Obed. That's good. How is that other chap? Is he hurt much? How is his face? Does it look any worse than mine?

Anna. (*Throws her head on one side, and looks at him, trying not to laugh.*) Very little

choice. If there is any advantage, I think you have it, Mr. Barker. But I must go now. *(She passes around behind OBED, and around screen at back of stage into next room. JOHN is holding his head, and swaying back and forth, as if in great pain.)* — *(Not very loud tone.)* Didn't mean to stay away so long, dearie. Does your head pain you? *(She takes off the head-bandage, wets it, and replaces it.)*

John. *(Sadly.)* I didn't know but I should die here alone, with no one to comfort me, or receive my parting words.

Anna. O, my dear! don't talk so. You are getting well so fast!

John. Well, I shall have a relapse if you leave me again. *(All this time OBED is soliloquising in the following manner, while they are talking. He should speak the loudest of the three, though addressing no one.)*

Obed. I've got the advantage—have I? I'm plaguy glad of it, for that woman is the trimmest-built craft I've spoken in many a cruise. Wonder if she's got a consort! I wouldn't mind sailing with her the rest of my voyage. Wouldn't it be a neat one on John! I could almost forgive him. I'll try it, too. Blast it! there's that other chap! Hear him talk to her—the pirate!

John. *(JOHN has just finished his remark, "Well, I shall have a relapse, if you," &c., and Anna has seated herself near him, with some pretty fancy work.)* Anna, who is that chap in the other room?

Obed. *(In an undertone.)* None of your business! *(Then he listens; but the reply she makes is too indistinct for even audience to hear.)*

John. *(Impatiently, in response to her.)* Well, whoever he is, I want him out of there just as soon as he is able to be moved.

Obed. *(In an undertone.)* Which won't be very soon. I've as good a right here as he has; and I'll stay here, too, until I get ready to go. *(JOHN talks to ANNA in a voice so low no one can hear.)* — Blast it all! I wonder what they are saying. It will never do! I must stop that! Let's see. What's her name? O, I've got it — Anna! Anna! *An-n-a!* Come, quick — do! *(He groans, and ANNA drops her work, and rushes in in alarm.)*

Anna. What's the matter? *(She grasps a camphor bottle, and rushes towards him.)*

Obed. *(Putting up both hands, to prevent her from pouring it all over him.)* Hold on, Anna, hold on! I only wanted to talk with you a little. You shouldn't give all your attention to one patient. *(Lowers his voice, and JOHN is listening to catch every word.)* It is

very lonesome in here without you. Take a seat, Anna. *(She seats herself by lounge.)* There's another thing, Anna, and I say it for your own good. You know nothing about that person in there. He may be the veriest villain on earth. If I were you, I wouldn't go near him. *(JOHN listens in vain; he cannot hear what they say. He tries to hitch his chair nearer the partition, but fails to move it.)*

Anna. But that wouldn't be right, Mr. Barker. He is suffering, he needs care, and there is no one to attend to him but me.

Obed. *(Gruffly.)* Let him take care of himself.

Anna. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," Mr. Barker. That is the Golden Rule, by which we should live.

Obed. Away with the Golden Rule! That is, for the present. It wouldn't work in this case at all. It would be lost on such a chap as that fellow is. He ain't what he ought to be *(JOHN is making frantic efforts to hear, but with no success)*, and I don't want you to go near him again. *(He lowers his voice almost to a whisper, and yet makes the audience hear him.)* You have been very kind to me, Anna, and I've taken a liking to you. *(Puts out his hand and takes hers.)* I can't bear the thoughts of your speaking to that other fellow, and you'll promise me you won't?

Anna. But I must see him just once more, Mr. Barker.

John. *(Can't endure it any longer.)* Anna! Anna! *An-n-a!*

Anna. *(Rushing away.)* There, he is calling me now. I won't stay long, and if you want anything, speak. *(ANNA returns to JOHN, who is swaying back and forth as before; and while she is taking off his bandages, and hurrying to wet them with cologne, OBED gets off the following speech, with his head as near the partition as he can reach.)*

Obed. Blast his eyes! I wish I was where I could see him. I wonder if he's younger than I am. But then, I ain't so very old—only forty-nine last July. If Anna knows when she is well off, she will never marry a man a day younger than I am.

John. *(OBED listens.)* Anna, why do you remain so long with that fellow? It is certainly very indiscreet. What is his name? Where is he from?

Obed. Don't you wish you knew?

Anna. Poor old man! he has enough to think of without telling me his affairs.

Obed. *(Muttering.)* I'll dye my hair, or get a wig! see if I don't. *(Listens.)*

John. Old or young, Anna, I tell you once for all to keep away from there. If the man is sick, let him hire a nurse and done with it. I want you, *myself*, and if I were able I would lock that door and keep you, too. But I hope my commands will be obeyed without my resorting to such strenuous measures.

Obed. Such insolence! (*ANNA draws a low seat to JOHN's side, and takes his hand in hers, and puts her face against it. — She leans her head over on his chair-arm.*) If I were she I'd cuff him! Wait till I get well. I'll teach him to abuse a poor, defenceless woman. That's all the thanks the dear child gets. (*OBED listens, but can hear nothing.* *ANNA, with her head reclining on JOHN's chair-arm is still; and JOHN is content.*) — The brute has got mad and gone to sleep. I wonder if I can't hail Anna without waking him. I'll try it, any way. Anna! (*Scarcely above a whisper.*) Anna! (*Very softly, but a little louder.*) Anna! (*A little louder and longer.*) Anna! (*Louder yet, but quite short.*) A-n-n-a! (*Very loud.*)

John. Hold your tongue, in there!

Obed. Blast your hide, I won't! (*ANNA sits up, smiling as if very much amused, and listening to both.*)

John. Will you attend to your affairs?

Obed. No, I won't! I'll not lie here and have a lady abused as you have abused that one. Anna! Anna! Come in here, dear child, and leave that villain to himself.

John. Anna, don't you stir one step.

Obed. O, if John were only here just long enough to thrash that impudent rascal! I would freely forgive him. Why am I tied here? Anna! Anna! Don't stay with that brute another minute! Come to me, darling.

John. (*Taking revolver from inside vest pocket.*) I can't, and I won't, stand this another minute! I'll stop that fellow's insolence if I have to fire through that partition, and swing for it the next minute.

Anna. (*Standing directly in front of the revolver.*) Don't, John, don't! Put up that revolver, and don't be so foolish and unreasonable. He's a poor old —

Obed. Fire away, you villain! (*He unfastens dressing-gown and takes from inner pocket of vest a large navy revolver, opens it, snaps it back in place, and cocks it, then points it towards partition.*) Your very first shot will be your death-knell, for I'm covering your head with a three ounce ball! O, if I could only walk!

John. And I, too! (*ANNA coaxes the pistol from him, and again bathes his head.*) Anna, give me a description of that man.

Obed. Don't you do it! If he wants to know how I look, let him come and see me, if he dares. I'll shoot him the minute he puts his head inside of my door! (*ANNA steals in softly.*)

Anna. Hush! Hush! Your injuries have made both of you half crazy, and I am going to leave you both until you get better natured. There now, go to sleep!

Obed. Sleep! With such a villain as that, in the next room! Why, I'm afraid he'd cut my throat.

John. So I would, if I could get at you!

[*Exit ANNA, opposite side.*]

Obed. Anna! Just hear the threats he is making! (*Looks around, finds himself alone.*) O, dear, I am all alone! (*Falls back wearily on pillow.*) If John were only here I'd forgive him; or Betsey. I knew there were breakers ahead, but I never dreamed of this. (*OBED falls asleep gradually, and snores.*) *JOHN leans back in his chair, and goes to sleep also; he snores too.* *ANNA comes in, finds OBED asleep, smiles to herself, steals over to JOHN, finds him asleep, leaves a kiss on his forehead, and quickly slips back through OBED's room, and goes off to the door opposite.* They continue to snore. *ANNA glides in softly at length, and drawing a little table near the head of lounge, she goes back, and returns with a tray, on which is OBED's supper. She sets it down on table, and makes a noise in doing so, which awakens OBED.* — Sh! Sh! Easy, my dear! That brute has gone to sleep, and I wouldn't wake him for the world. Hear him snore — a perfect pig. I never could endure a man that snores. (*ANNA smiles.*) There, that's a dear, move this table forward a little, and pull your chair up beside me. (*OBED sits up on the lounge — about in the middle of it — table in front of him.* *ANNA sits facing audience, but back of the table, close to the lounge.*) We'll have a nice long talk while the beast is asleep. Ugh! How he does snore! Did you cook this supper, Anna?

Anna. (*Modestly casting down her eyes.*) Yes, sir.

Obed. (*Pats her on the shoulder.*) Well. it is capital! And I'm as hungry as a bear. Just help me to a little of that toast, please. Thank you. (*OBED talks in a low but distinct tone; he is very gallant to ANNA.*) Now I'm — A little cream, please. Thank you. Now I'm — Well, I'm now going to tell you just how I am situated. I'm a retired sea captain, and I've got a snug little sum laid away. And — I'm alone in the world. Just a taste of those berries if you please. Thank you. Yes, I'm all alone. I had a boy John, but

I've disowned him. He married a woman — Well, I won't say anything against her, for I've never seen her; but he married her against my wishes, and now he's cruising around through the country on his wedding tour. Another cup of tea, please. It is delicious. Well, when I heard of John's marriage I told Betsey — she's my housekeeper, — that we would shut up the house and let John pick for himself. And I'm going to do it, too!

Anna. Poor John, it will be a great disappointment to him. Don't you think you ought to have waited until you saw his wife?

Obed. I don't know — do you?

Anna. Yes, Mr. Barker, I do.

Obed. Well, perhaps I had. (*Shoves the table (it should be on castors) away towards centre of room, and takes ANNA's hand in his. Hearing noise, JOHN begins to wake up.*) I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll forgive the boy and take him back, wife and all, if —

John. Anna! Anna! Where are you?

Obed. Hark! What's that? Blast me if that landlubber ain't awake. Sh!

John. Anna, are you going to starve me to death?

Obed. Hist! Anna, don't speak a word, and he won't know you are here.

John. Anna! Anna! I say, you in the next room, is that woman in there?

Obed. None of your business!

John. I'll let you know whether it is any of my business or not! (*JOHN shoves his chair with great difficulty, and reaches his boots. He scowls as if in pain when he draws them on, but he is so excited and enraged he can't stop for a little pain. In the mean time OBED is talking to ANNA as follows, and pays no heed to the noises in next room.*)

Obed. Well, Anna, I'll forgive John, if you'll marry me.

Anna. (*With a little start of surprise.*) O, Mr. Barker!

Obed. (*Throwing his arms around her neck, and kissing her.*) There! there, dear! I know you will!

Enter JOHN, limping, but enraged.

John. And I know she won't! (*ANNA disengages herself.*) Take that, and that, you black-hearted villain! (*Knocks the old captain sprawling on the pillows, roaring with pain.*) If you ever lay so much as a finger on my wife again, I'll blow daylight — (*Starts back.*) O, Jerusalem!

(*OBED, during the last sentence, raises himself to a sitting posture, and grasps from un-*

der his pillow his navy revolver, and with mouth and eyes wide open, recognizes his son, as the latter recognizes him. ANNA, convulsed with laughter, retreats to farther corner of room, and finally, unable to control herself, rushes from room, her peals of laughter filling the house.)

Obed. It's John, — or I'm a fool!

John. It's father, *by hoky!* Anna!

Obed. John, you villain!

John. Father, you gray-haired destroyer of my domestic peace!

Obed. (*Pulling JOHN down on lounge beside him.*) There, there! Don't say another word, John. Any port in a storm, you know! So, if Anna will forgive me, I will forgive you, and we'll go home and be as happy as a school of mackerel. Ahoy, there! Anna!

Anna. (*From hall-way, smothering a laugh.*) Well!

Obed. Will you forgive me, Anna?

John. And me?

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. Yes, both of you, if you'll promise to mind the helm hereafter. (*Takes a hand of each.*)

Obed. Hurrah! Thank Heaven, my children! We are through the breakers to a safe port at last. (*Turning to audience.*) And may you all ride as safely through the breakers on life's voyage, and at last reach a haven of perfect peace.

[*Curtain falls.*]

— IN the fifteenth century, when the Portuguese were making their discoveries along the western coast of Africa, they had many prejudices to contend with. Philosophers were afraid some of their favorite theories would be overturned by the acquisition of new knowledge; military men could not bear to see sailors winning great reputations; the nobility were uneasy lest a new source of wealth might render some men of the lower ranks as powerful as they were; and it was even hinted that mariners, after passing a certain latitude, would be changed into blacks, and would thus forever retain a disgraceful mark of their temerity.

— WHEN anything, that is worth doing, is done well, people rarely ask whether a long or a short time was taken in doing it. We make a bad excuse for poor work when we say simply that it was done in a hurry.



THE RECANTATION OF GALILEO.

BY FRANCIS E. RALEIGH.

FAR 'neath the glorious light of the noon-tide,
In a damp dungeon, a prisoner lay,
Aged and feeble, his failing years numbered,
Waiting the fate to be brought him that day.

Silence, oppressive with darkness, held duration;
Death in the living — or living in death;
Crouched on the granite, and burdened with fetters,
Inhaling slow poison with each labored breath.

O'er the damp floor of his dungeon there glistered,
Faintly, the rays of a swift-nearing light;
Then, the sweet jingle of keys, that soon opened
The door, and revealed a strange scene to his sight.

In the red glare of the flickering torches,
Held by the gray-gowned soldiers of God,
Gathered a group that the world will remember
Long ages after we sleep 'neath the sod.

Draped in their robes of bright scarlet and purple,
Bearing aloft the gold emblems of Rome,
Stood the chief priests of the papal dominion,
Under the shadow of Peter's proud dome.

By the infallible pontiff commanded,
From his own lips their directions received;
Sent to demand of the wise Galileo
Denial of all the great truths he believed.

Before the whole world to give up his convictions,
The great church said the world had

Then to swear before God that his science was idle,
And truth was unknown to the facts he had proved.

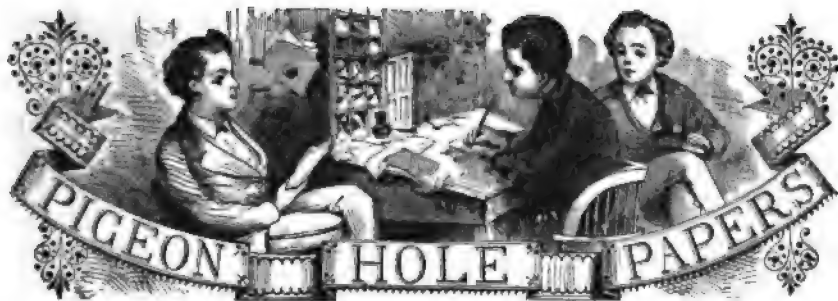
So, loosing his shackles, they bade the sage listen
To words from the mouth of the Vicar of God:
"Recant thy vile doctrines, and life we will give thee;
Adhere, and thy road to the grave is soon trod!"

His doctrines — the truth, as proud Rome has acknowledged —
On low, bended knee in that vault he renounced;
Yet, with joy in their eyes, the high-priests retiring,
"Confinement for life," as his sentence pronounced.

But, as they left him, their malice rekindled
Fires that their threats had subdued in his breast:
Clanking his chains, with fierce ardor he muttered,
"But it *does* move, and tyrants can ne'er make it rest."

— A MAN may be right sometimes, and still have a wrong reason for his opinion. It is reported that Plato, in his old age, repented that he had placed the earth at the centre of the universe, on the ground that this was not its fitting position. The centre, he claimed, was the most dignified place; and he thought the earth was not the first in dignity among the heavenly bodies. This idea he is said to have borrowed from the Pythagorean philosophers. At that time the general opinion of philosophers was, that the sun and all the planets revolved about the earth.

— THE ancients supposed that *Ætna* and the Lipari Islands were the chimneys of Vulcan's smithy.



NEW MUSIC. — We are under obligations to "Darkness," — not the Prince of Darkness, with whom we have no dealings, — for several pieces of Music, published by H. N. Elmpstead, Milwaukee, Wis., which our musical critics declare are very pretty. We give the titles: "The Laura Waltz," "The Harpist's Dream," "Falling Waters," which are instrumental; and "Birds in the Night," and "Will She Come?" which are vocal.

AN AUTHOR. — We do not think Etta's case is entirely hopeful. Though she may become an author in time, we cannot encourage her to expect any decided success until she has had some experience. In her letter to the publishers, she says, "I am now writing to you to ask of you a favor. I love to write stories, and would like to know if you would be willing to let me put one in your Magazine. If you wanted me to write for you all the year round, I could very easily do it. I can write a book or a short story, but I think I should rather write short stories for the present. You would do me a very great favor if you would allow it. I want to help my father and mother some, and I want to become a good writer of books." — The motive is certainly commendable, but we believe Etta could help her parents more and better in some other way than in writing books and stories.

THE POETS. — C. O. J.'s poems are very creditable to him, but they are rather crude, like most early efforts, and we do not think it best to print them. We will not even do him the injustice of quoting a stanza, as we intended, for in ten years, or less, he would not feel grateful to us for doing so. — The *Lost Sailor*, by S. M. V., is certainly very good, for a juvenile effort, though there are some slips and bad seamanship in it. We give a couple of verses from it: —

"'Twas a stormy night upon the sea,
The waves were running high;
The wind was blowing fierce and loud;
Dark clouds were in the sky."

Then we are told that the sailor was thinking of his "wife and children three," which was a very proper thing for him to do. In order to escape from "his joking mates," he foolishly "ascended to the shrouds," and by a sudden lurch of the vessel, "Down headlong was he flung." It appears that he went overboard, and this was the last of that poor sailor. The ship carried sad tidings to his wife and children.

"No more your gentle, loving arms
About his form will twine;
No more you'll hear his ocean tales
Beneath the arbores vine.

"No more you'll see his beaming face,
Which smiles upon you aghed,
Till on the resurrection day,
When seas give up their dead."

The last line would be improved by changing "when" to "the." But, as we have said before, it is not best for young poets to print much.

LITERARY. — Whist informs us what has become of himself and others: "The fact is, the society of which I am a member has taken up all my spare moments by its numerous enterprises and undertakings. I think, in fact I know, you have heard of this society, which was started some three years ago, and which bears the renowned name of "The Optic Literary Society." This association is still on its feet, and to-day stronger than ever before. As a matter of course, the club named after Optic must take his Magazine, and it is a monthly visitor to the society's library. The principal members bear the "nom de plumes" of Kenos, Butterfly, Capt. Jack, Roy, Limpy John."

A NEW DEPARTMENT. — We wish we had space to insert the whole of F. A. W.'s long and well-written letter. After speaking very handsomely of the management of the Magazine, he thinks it is sadly lacking in one important feature, — a Department for Juvenile Contributors, — the introduction of which would bring it "unprecedented success." — Our correspondent eloquently advocates this feature, which we have often considered, and shall probably introduce, either in July or in January next.

AMATEUR MATTERS. — The next session of "The United States Amateur Press Congress" will be held in July next, at Put-in-bay, Ohio. Several Western Amateur Associations have already elected delegates, and the affair promises to be a grand success. We should be happy to be present, if we do not take a six weeks' run in Europe. — Brother Greiner informs us that we have been elected an honorary member of "The Buckeye Amateur Press Association," for which honor we are very grateful. We have received the printed report of the convention, at Alliance, Ohio, in February, which seems to have been a satisfactory occasion to those present. — The "Hub Association" propose to expel any one who moves to disband while there are five active members, which is rather juvenile of the Hub amateurs, especially as they have to make a desperate effort to secure an attendance at the meetings. Better let the thing die, if it won't live a natural life. — The Jersey Blue A. P. Association met at Hoboken, March 6, and we were honored with an invitation, which, unhappily, we were unable to accept. We hope the members had a good time.

THE ROYAL YACHT. — Warwick obliges an inquirer. "In your January number, in the Pigeon Hole Papers, H. D. A. inquires for the dimensions of the royal yacht 'Victoria and Albert.' They are as follows: extreme length over all, three hundred and thirty-six feet; length between perpendiculars, three hundred feet; length of keel for tonnage, two hundred and seventy-five feet; extreme breadth, forty feet three inches; breadth for tonnage, forty feet; depth of hold, twenty-four feet; height between floor and beams of main deck, seven feet nine inches; horse power of engines, six hundred; burden, two thousand three hundred and forty-two tons. She is built chiefly of mahogany and East India teak; her decks are lined with Canada fir planks, and she has

water-tight bulkheads. She was launched January 16, 1855, from the Royal Dockyard at Pembroke.

THE PAST. — We assure our friends that we live in the present, and not in the past, and have no intention of giving ourself up to antiquarian researches. William L. Terhune, one of the first of the amateur journalists, sends us a seven page letter, relating to the past, for which we have not space to spare. He gives his personal experience in this field, when he was the editor of The Young Sportsman, one of the first and best of its kind. He is married, settled down, keeps a store in Portsmouth, N. H., and edits the New Hampshire Weekly Independent.

THE AMATEUR PRESS. — The Capitol is the official paper of the Detroit High School. It is handsomely printed on tinted paper, and ably edited by James E. Pilcher, 45 Adams Avenue, 25 cents for six months. — The Youth's Journal, 64½ Main Street, Lafayette, Ind., 75 cents a year. — The Monthly Star, Frank W. Stone, Lock Box D, Brooklyn, N. Y., 30 cents a year. — The Will-o'-the-Wisp, P. B. Loomis, Jr., Drawer S, Jackson, Mich., 25 cents a year. — The Buckeye Herald, Elwood P. Greiner, Alliance, Ohio, 10 cents for six months; is small, at a small price, but very nicely done. — Our Gem is now published by W. G. Cartwright, 91 West Fifth Street, Oswego, N. Y., 20 cents for six months. — The Novelty, Clarence B. Little, Pembroke, N. H., 35 cents a year. — The Zenith City Star, Will M. Spalding, Lock Box 38, Duluth, Min., 50 cents, is a Magazine. — The Seaside Monthly, N. W. Sanborn, Marblehead, Mass, 20 cents a year. — Now and Then is now a large quarto, at 50 cents a year, issued by the Now and Then Publishing Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. All the work is done by boys and girls. — Our Boys, absorbing Corn City's Compliments, is the legitimate successor of the Chicago Amateur of the same name, Geo. B. Smith & Co., Drawer 25, Toledo, Ohio, 25 cents a year. — The Mouse, 10 cents a year, Art. J. Huss, Tiffin, Ohio, is very small, and printed on a wooden press, devised by the editor. — The Halcyon, Noll Brown, Isadora, Mo., 15 cents for six months. — The Olio, Henry S. Livingston, Box 335, Galesburg, Ill., 25 cents a year. — The Voice, Walter S. Patterson, 1213 Vermont Avenue, Washington, D. C., 10 cents for six months.



ANSWERS FOR APRIL.

62. HERBARIAN
Y U L E
A G G R O U P
C L E A N S E
I L L A T I O N
N U T R I M E N T
T H O R O U G H
H E M A T I T E
63. 1. Statesman. 2. Paradise. 3. Stanchion.
4. Diaphanic. 5. Malarious. 6. Moderation.
64. Commence on 24, and you will find —
Amongst the sons of men how few are
known
Who dare be just to merit not their own!
65. (Ewe) (male) (ad) (A) (horse) (tooth)
(E) (pea on (500 =) D) (butt) (ewe) (can
tea) (1000 = M) (ache) (HI) (1000 = M) (D R
in K) —
You may lead a horse to the pond, but you
can't make him drink.
66. ANGOLA
NEUTER
GUTTER
OTTAWA
LEEWAY
ARRAYS
67. Decatur. 68. Sonnet. 69. Pay as you
go. 70. Weasel. Easel. Seal. Sea. Lease.
Lea. 71. (Well) (T) (hen on CE) (inn) (M)
(eye) (24 Hrs = day) (eye) (L) (bee) (A) (5th
Mo = May) (D) (cap) —
Well, then, once in my day
I'll be a madcap.
72. EAGLE
ARROW
GRAVE
LOVER
EWERS
73. (Sun) (car) (THY) (bower) (s in S) (hay)
(PE — RU in awl) (& TH) (i = E long)

(grass o'er tops) (T) (he) (1000 = M) (old)
(E) (ring) (wall) —

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering
wall.

74. GARNET
AGUED
RUNT
NET
ED
T

75. M O T T O
A C R O B A T
C A S H
B A N E
E E L
T I L L
H A L O

76. Matrimony [error in fourth line].

77. O
A N T
A N T I C
O N T A R I O
T I R E D
C I D
O

78. Sun day — Sunday. 79. Horse race —
horse-race.

80. Flag of the seas, on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee.

81. H
L I D
L U C R E
H I C K O R Y
D R O N E
E R E
Y

82. REBUS.



83. HOLLOW DIAMOND ACROSTIC (an entirely new and original puzzle)

Horizontals.

1. The flowing bowl I always surround.
2. An apple this you may have seen.
3. Harmonious this has always been,
4. And this is spiral, winding round;
5. And here a rootlet may come in.
6. An earthen vessel, white and clean,
7. Is not transparent, as you've found.

Perimeters of the Diamond.

1. To a bone of the body this term is related;
2. And to clean, or dress, flax this word is thus stated.

HYPERION.

ENIGMA.

84. I am composed of thirty letters.

My 22, 30, 6, 7, 17, 10, 20, 16, 19, is a logical form. My 27, 3, 25, 20, 21, 26, 2, 29, 12, and 11, is the Western Continent. My 14, 24, 28, 13, 9, 5, is a piece of furniture. My 8, 15, 4, 18, 29, 1, 23, is a form of the act of swelling. My whole is an interesting feature of the Magazine.

AJAX.

ENIGMA.

85. I am composed of eleven letters.

My 5, 4, 10, 11, 9, is a name applied to certain ladies. My 8, 7, 1, is a girl's nickname. My 3, 6, 2, is a synonyme of anger. My whole is a hero ye all do know.

KURIOSIBHOY.

DIAMOND.

86. 1. A vowel. 2. To open. 3. A play set to music. 4. An age of time. 5. A vowel.

WILL H.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

87. My first is in snow, but not in rain.
My second is in stick, but not in cane.
My third is in hungry, but not in eat.
My fourth is in hands, but not in feet.
My fifth is in nose, but not in eye.
My sixth is in corn, but not in rye.
My seventh is in fringe, but not in tassel.
My whole is the name of a noted castle.

ZAC TAYLOR.

WORD CHANGES.

88. Whole, I'm to caution. Change my head, and I'm to provoke. Again, and I'm food. Again, and I'm an animal. Again, and I'm uncommon. Again, and I'm a plant.

LITTLE MAC.

SQUARE WORD.

89. 1. Hailed by many with delight.
2. A work that makes the children bright.
3. A word that implies to clean.
4. Unscrupulous people often do.
5. A naval hero you will view.
6. The leaves of various plants are seen,

T. H. DOWNING.

LETTER REBUS.

90. STILLSTILLSTILL. ALGOL.

CHARADE.

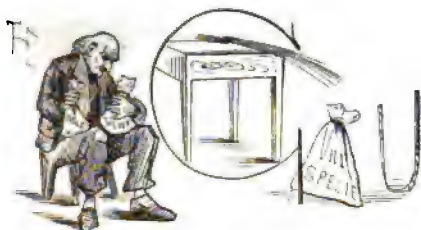
91. My first is a tree. Second, a large body of water. Third, near. Fourth, a pronoun. Whole was a Christian writer.

LAURIE LANCE.

CHARADE.

92. My first, you will see, is a masculine name;
And many a knight of my second gains fame.
My whole, a spring-blooming flower the same.
HOCUS POCUS.

93. REBUS.



SYNONYMES.

The initials, read downwards, will constitute a word synonymous with amity.

94. My first is a synonyme of might. My second is a synonyme of dirge. My third is a synonyme of gain. My fourth is a synonyme of master. My fifth is a synonyme of vice.

CHARLES L. BLAIR.

95. GEOGRAPHICAL.



DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

96. -e-r-b-t-d-a-d-i-.

97. LETTER REBUS.

H Y Y.

FRIEND.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

98. One diagonal found in the other.
1. A bush. 2. A large bird. 3. A child's disease. 4. A pen. 5. A rogue.

OCEAN BORN.

99. REBUS.



REVERSIBLE DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

100. Downward: Initials, a musician; finals, his instrument. Upward: Finals, an animal; initials, its color. Across, *left to right*: 1. A burdock. 2. Plural of the shortest verb. 3. An ancient English officer of justice. 4. An act. *Right to left*: 1. A difficulty. 2. A period. 3. Always. 4. An indenture.

VIGILAX.

101. GEOGRAPHICAL.



DIAMOND PUZZLE.

102. 1. A consonant. 2. An animal. 3. An estate. 4. The prevailing fashion. 5. A consonant.

F. C. NUNEMACHER.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

IT seems just a little odd to be inditing the Letter Bag by machinery; but that is what we are doing. We have said something about the type-writer in another place, and we expect all our boys and girls will be playing on the thing in the course of a year or two. But we have an enormous pile of letters on hand, which must be ground up by the machine. — L. H.'s rebus is good, but he should send the analysis. — Alher Rayger's cross word will do. — The answer should be on the same page, Sigma. — No address with Percy Vere's handsome rebus. — Juanito's arithmetical is saved. — We cannot indorse either of Eureka's rebuses. He says he never heard of the Magazine that contained the rebus similar to one in our Head Work. — Lancelot's goes to the artist. — The letter rebus by Feramor's friend will do better than his own. The poem has merit, and defects as well; so that, for his sake, it is better not to publish it. Cr., by one stamp; no address. — "Sithe," in Hiawatha's diamond, is not good English. — Thunder rattles in a cross word, which we take.

W., Jr., no address. — College's rebus is ingenious; but the address? — Kuriosibho — what a name! it nearly broke the machine to get it off — sends an enigma that will pass. — The artist shall see U. Gene's pictorial enigma. — A Beginner's square would do, but no address came with it. — Italian Boy, no address. — Wm. Low's rebus shall be seen by the artist. — Darkness writes a beautiful hand, and we prefer his second rebus. — Lychopinax's rebus is nicely done, but "house—lot—he" for "how slow the" is not according to either spelling or pronunciation. — Ed G.'s knight's tour shall go to a chess-player. We

will see about the article on letter-writing. — Hoodlum changes his name to Buffalo, and we keep his square. — Japetus writes like copperplate, and expresses an independent opinion in regard to stories: he believes in suiting all, if possible, and thinks the "Upward and Onward" are our best. — Hyperion, accepted. — Wedge's cross word is satisfactory: girls can and do contribute. — Badger's rebus may take its chance; it will "go;" it will do; but the artist cannot use all, or even half, the rebuses we accept; she "pays her money, and takes her choice." — We are very sorry to find that Mignonette omitted the 14 in her floral enigma. — Xerxes' double acrostic gets a favorable report. — We don't know L. Spruance's ancient poet. — Laurie Lance's charade is the more acceptable of his two puzzles. — Richard E. Lee agrees with those who advocate girls' stories. — We honor Rusticus, and wish some more would do it. — Feb. and others had better read the matter in small type at the head of this department. — We can't make out Carolus's rebus. — We have no constitution of a yacht club that we can spare, Gwynne; we have to keep these things for use. — Leo's square will pass muster. — We don't care to invest twenty-five cents in E. B.'s riddles. — Karl Doran's rebus is hardly practicable. — Algol's rebus is odd enough to be tried. — The Harpers' Coin Book is the best, but it is out of print. — Professor Muggins can make a better thing of that Shakespearian than the rebus he sends. — We have explained, years ago, in another connection, how the Yankee lady, who kept a boarding-house, lodged thirteen gentlemen in twelve single rooms: it was the second, not the thirteenth, gentleman who was put in the twelfth room. — Timonax's rebus is saved. — We don't object to the symbol, Rusticus, or to the acrostic itself. — Cyma's Logograph is mixed. — Vigilax's acrostic is good enough to use. — Frank's beautiful rebus goes to the artist. — E. G. O. does not use all

the letters in his enigma. — Sphinx's rebus shall be seen by the artist. — Blair's synonyms are very good, though some of the words are hardly synonymous. — Will H.'s diamond is pure water. — Acherin's jaw-breakers shall be spared.

C. T. Hat's square will do: we have no intention of writing any Indian stuff. — The Proverb is a good idea: will Tempest, Typo, Sivad, and others interested in puzzling, address "College," care J. R. Sever, 16 Dey St., New York? — Scotch Canadian wants school stories: one of the diamonds will pass. — Nunemacher would have been a better boy if he had put the puzzle and answer on the same paper, besides perforating it like a postage-stamp: a diamond is saved. — N. O. Vice's drop-letter is better than the rebus. — We don't fancy Prince Fuzz's rebus, while we thank him for other matter. — Medley's square is accepted, but we are fearfully crowded with puzzles this month, and some of them will come to grief before they have run the gantlet of the printer. — Little Mac believes in "The Lake Shore:" the changes will answer. — Ocean-Born's double diagonal is passable. — After a six month's nap, figuratively speaking, Typo sends a character rebus, which has character enough to go into the envelope for the artist. — How readest thou, Montrose, or readest thou not at all, the notice at the head of the Letter Bag? — "Frankfort on the Rhine" was certainly a bull, Neptune; but the square is the square thing. — Albion on a postal card is not available. — Amateur's cross word is good enough, and in our dealings with puzzlers, contributing must be its own reward. — T. H. Downing's square is correct, and does not contain a single obsolete word, or even an uncommon one, which we regard as shining virtues. — College has most certainly kept his promise, and our artist will be prudent enough to save some of the overplus of rebuses this month for a dry time, if there is any such time, which we do not remember in the past. — Niagara's double acrostic shall have as good a chance as other puzzles that go to the printer. — S. M. V.'s square has just the same chance; and as all our boys and girls believe in fair play, they would, of course, object to our favoring anybody. — Hocus Pocus's charade is worthy of a place. He says, "Probably E. H. J. is an exceedingly bashful youth, and is uneasy when in female society. In that case, reading girls' stories, and imagining that he is present, cause the virgin blushes to overspread his modest phiz; in which predicament he indignantly calls out, 'Down with

girls' stories.'" — Some of Prairie Hen's elements are not cross words, as "spot" and "rot." — Telegraph's square is just as good as the rest of those we have taken. It seems hardly possible that there was ever a time when we had to make all the puzzles ourself; but that was in the beginning, and we have never been short since.

The common numeral enigma is more scarce than most other puzzles, and that of Ajax adds to our variety. — Zac Taylor's cross word is up to the average, and we take it, partly, perhaps, because we breakfasted with Zac Taylor, one morning, in New Orleans, which is doubtless a good reason. — If H. G. T. will arrange his matter so we can get at it, we shall be very happy to consider it. It is best to put each puzzle on a separate piece of paper, with the answer on the same paper; then we can use it without any cutting or pasting. — Inasmuch as the word "ado" is a quantity of multitude, and not of magnitude, we think that Mono Thing's rebus reads, "Many Ados About Nothing," which is hardly Shakespearian. — We assure Snowbird that we have no intention of indulging in any Indian stories — not for Joseph. The square shall be tried, as far as the printer. — Some of our enthusiastic head workers send us three or four letters, filled with puzzles, in a month; and what can we do with them, except to dedicate them to Hannah, because her name, backwards and forwards, reads the same? — If Buckshot should multiply our pile of letters by four lines and a few words, how many pages would have to be devoted to the Letter Bag? The diamond is good enough to print.

OUR LETTER WRITERS.

[For the use of subscribers and regular purchasers only, who should state that they are such. Addresses on postal cards are not inserted, and only one name from each letter. No advertisements admitted here.]

W. H. Danforth, Plymouth, Mass. (printing and autographs). — Gus. H. Whiting, Auburn, N. Y. (stamps). — Louie A. Baker, Box 423, Cambridge, N. Y. (exchange of cards). — Thomas M. Andrews, Austin, Texas (stamps). — Walter G. Bruce, 158 Fifth St., Louisville, Ky. — S. Alex Orr, 25 Second St., Troy, N. Y. (autographs, &c.). — J. Henry Davenport, Fall River, Mass. (visiting cards). — Charles S. Haas, Box 403, Wabash, Ind. (fun). — Charles K. Groveland, Box 365, Stoneham, Mass. (amusement and instruction). — W. L. Trafford, 105 Essex St., Bangor, Me. — A. J. Huss, Lock Box 32, Tiffin, Ohio (amateurs).

EDITORIAL.

THE TYPE-WRITER.

THIS article was written with the machine called a Type-writer, after only a few hours' practice. It was not written with a pen first, and then copied, but was *composed* at the instrument, even to the underscoring of the word in this sentence. It has the general appearance of a sewing-machine, and we sit in a chair in front of it, playing upon it as though it were a piano; only we can't play on the piano, and we can play on this thing "like fun." In fact, it is nothing but fun to operate the machine.

A sheet of paper—of any width less than seven inches, and of any quality—is set in the machine; and after this is done, the paper requires no further attention—the instrument "feeding" itself, like an intelligent, full-grown human being. The only change made is at the end of the lines, the stroke of a little bell warning the writer in time to make a proper division of the syllables of the word. Then, by means of a treadle, the roller on which the sheet is placed is carried to the right, so that the type strikes at the beginning of a new line. This change is made as quickly and as mechanically as one would take a penful of ink, or shift the hand from the right to the left hand margin of the paper. Of course, it requires considerable practice to enable a person to write rapidly with this machine, but we are astonished to realize with what facility we can operate it after a few hours' practice, and without a particle of instruction. We are willing to believe that it is entitled to be regarded as "a miracle of the age."

We have not yet tested the possibilities of this remarkable instrument, for it took its place in our sanctum only last evening; but those who have used it a long time insist that it is capable of surpassing the most rapid writer; and after the slight test we have given it, we do not regard this as an unreasonable claim. Those who have acquired the facility of writing rapidly with the pen, have obtained it only after years of practice, and we are confident that, in a much shorter time, a person

could attain a far greater speed with this machine. If we could never write any faster than we can now, we should be entirely satisfied with the machine, for we could do a very good day's work upon it, and be in no danger, as before, of pen paralysis. The doctors had already warned us to stop writing; and now we can laugh at the doctors.

At first we thought it would be impossible to "compose" with the Type-writer, but we find no difficulty in doing so. We can see what we have written by lifting the roller on which the paper revolves, though only the last four lines written are concealed. We finish this article after using the machine about ten days. In that time, besides doing a great deal of other work, we have written just one hundred pages of our new serial, "Going West," with it. At this time, we can accomplish two thirds as much as with the pen, in the same time. This is more than we expected in six months; and we no longer dread being shelved as a pen paralytic; and we are very sure that the printer will be glad to have printed copy, instead of the crazy hieroglyphics to which he has been accustomed. We have written a great many letters with the type-writer, and we are certain that our correspondents find a wonderful improvement in the work of our hand.

We were in the office of Messrs. George & Martin, the agents of the Type-writer, 94 Washington Street, Boston, the other day, where we saw a young lady—an expert, though she had practised only a few weeks—grinding out the words at the rate of sixty a minute with the machine. This is twice as fast as a rapid writer can put words on the paper. As to ease of execution, it divides the work among so many different muscles that it does not wear upon any of them, as the pen does on those of the right hand and arm. It can be used at sea, when it would be difficult, if not impossible, to write with a pen. For lawyers, short-hand writers, reporters, ministers, and copyists, it will be the greatest blessing of the age. The blind can learn to use it, as they learn to play on the piano and the

organ. It would be the most instructive and useful plaything which parents of means could give their children, for while the machine is perfectly fascinating to old and young, it would teach spelling, punctuation, and the construction of sentences in the most delightful lessons.

From our stand-point, the Type-writer is one of the greatest inventions of the age. It has been thoroughly tested by practical men, who certify to its merits. Those who wish to know more about it should send to the agents, as above, for their descriptive pamphlet. The price of the Type-writer is one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

MUSIO OF THE SPHERES.

"What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'"

THE early Pythagoreans were the first, so far as we know, to entertain the notion that the sun, moon, and stars, like moving bodies near the earth, gave out a sound in their movements through space; and these men supposed that the sounds of the different spheres, in their respective circular orbits, were combined into an harmonious symphony. They also established an analogy between the intervals of the seven planets and the intervals of the tones in the musical scale.

From the Earth to the Moon they reckoned one tone; from the Moon to Mercury, a half tone; from Mercury to Venus, a half tone; from Venus to the Sun, a tone and a half; from the Sun to Mars, a tone; from Mars to Jupiter, a half tone; from Jupiter to Saturn, a half tone; from Saturn to the Zodiac, a half tone.

Thus they made the entire scale to consist of six tones. But Pliny offered an amendment to this scheme: he made the interval from Saturn to the Zodiac one and one half tones; so that the scale, according to his plan, contained seven tones.

In this music of the spheres, the moon being the lowest in the system, and the slowest in its movement, sounded the lowest note, while the sphere of the fixed stars being the highest above the earth, and the most rapid in its circular motion, gave out the highest note.

The Pythagoreans said the reason we could

not hear this music was, that constant habit had rendered it inaudible, just as we get accustomed to almost any continuous sound, so that we do not hear it. But Cicero's explanation is, that the sound is so loud that it is above the capacity of our sense of hearing—so loud that no man alive can hear it.

"A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'"

THE word *bound*, in such expressions as the above, "to the Highlands bound," does not come from the verb to *bind*, but is the past participle of an old word which is still found in the Icelandic language. The Icelandic *bua* means to prepare or get ready, and its participle is *búinn*, from which came our word *bound*, when it signifies prepared, or ready, for by a slight change of meaning, the same word also signifies destined, tending, going, or intending to go. Hence we speak of a ship as outward *bound*, or homeward *bound*.

In Webster's large Dictionary, all these significations are found under the participle of the verb *bind*. In Chaucer and other old writers this word is spelled *boun*.

— SOME of the ancient notions about the Galaxy, or Milky Way, are curious. A portion of the Pythagorean sect supposed that it was made up of stars which had been disturbed when Phaëthon undertook to drive the chariot of the sun through the heavens for one day.

"And Phaëthon, he,
As all agree,
Off the coach was suddenly hurled,
Into a puddle, and out of the world."

Or that they had been burned up by the sun in his passage through the heavens. A later notion was, that the Galaxy was the sun's original course; and that the sun, when he turned back from the horrid banquet which Atreus prepared for Thyestes,—an account of which may be found in Grecian mythology,—he changed his course to the zodiac, where he still makes his daily round.

The idea that the Milky Way was made up of the souls of illustrious men, translated into heaven, was, perhaps, more prevalent than any other.

— SOMEBODY has said that figures will not lie; and somebody else has said that there is nothing so deceptive as facts, except figures. The second one is doubtless right.

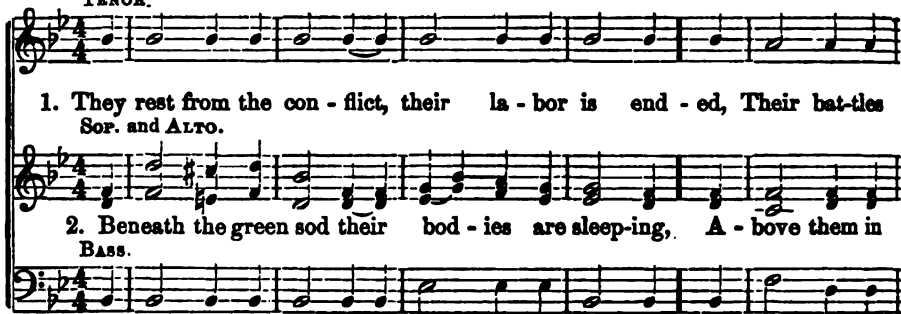
DECORATION HYMN.

Words by SAMUEL BURNHAM.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

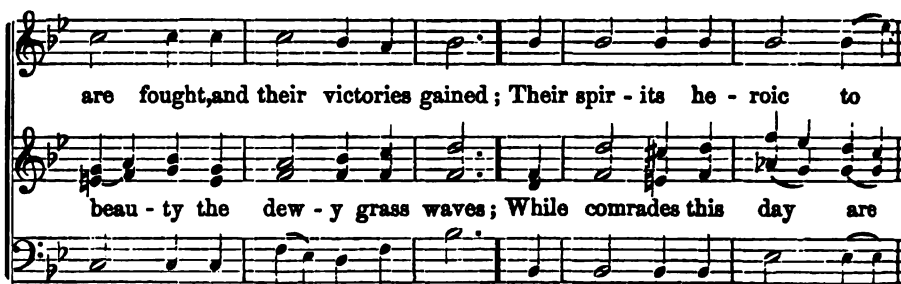
Moderate.

TENOR.

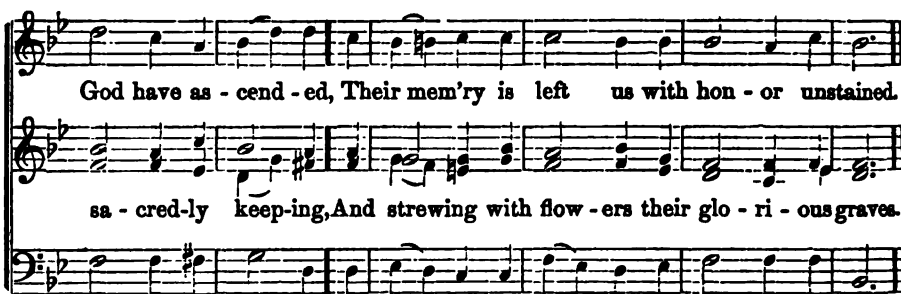


1. They rest from the con - flict, their la - bor is end - ed, Their bat-tles
Sop. and ALTO.

2. Beneath the green sod their bod - ies are sleep-ing, A - bove them in
BASS.

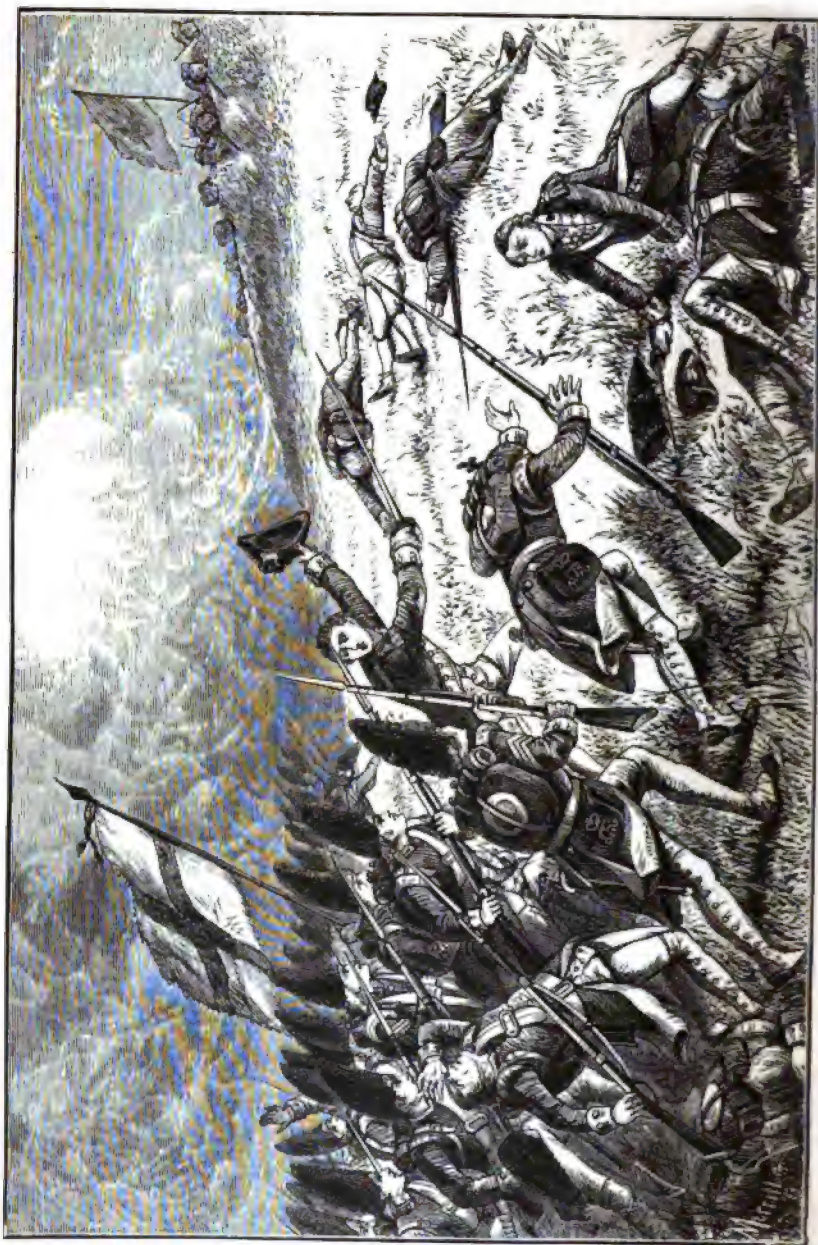


are fought, and their victories gained; Their spir - its he - roic to
beau - ty the dew - y grass waves; While comrades this day are



God have as - cend - ed, Their mem'ry is left us with hon - or unstained.
sa - cred-ly keep-ing, And strewing with flow - ers their glo - ri - ous graves.

3. We know that our flowers will wither and perish,—
Our flags, too, will droop in the still summer air;
But deep in our hearts their mem'ry we'll cherish,
With love that the passing years ne'er will impair.
4. O, God of our fathers, O, God of our nation,
Their faith was unwavering, their trust was in Thee;
Thou gav'st them the victory, to our land gave salvation,
And smiled once again on the home of the free.
5. Yes, honor and glory for them are eternal,
The nation they ransomed their mem'ry will keep;
Fame's flowers immortal will bloom ever vernal,
O'er the graves where our heroes in glory now sleep.



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

JUNE, 1875.

No. 263.



"GOOD GWACIOUS!" GROANED MR. MCGUSHER. Page 407.

OCEAN-BORN;

OR,

THE CRUISE OF THE CLUBS.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. MCGUSHER IN TROUBLE.

THE members of the clubs did not "turn out" very early on the morning after the revels at the hotel. Neil Brandon was one of the last to show himself on board of the Ocean-Born. He had sat in his solitary state-room

till long after midnight, thinking of the discovery he had made that day. Neil Brandon, the mate of the Coriolanus, had stolen the child from its parents on the Mississippi River. It did not help the matter at all that Arthur McGusher claimed to be this child. He could readily have believed there was some other Neil Brandon than his father in the world, if his mother had not been so anxious that he should avoid the Bilders. The New York swell might be the long-lost son of Captain Bilder, for all he knew or cared; but he was troubled about his dead father's connection with the business.

Before he went to sleep, Neil had almost

made up his mind to run back to Belfast, the next morning, in the steamer, and confront Captain Bilder, who doubtless would be able to satisfy his curiosity; but this would be violating his mother's express wishes. He hoped Madam Brandon would go to Bangor, as she threatened to do, for it did not seem to him that he could wait till his return to Philadelphia, at the end of the vacation, for an explanation of the mystery. He wanted to talk over the subject with Berry Owen or Ben Lunder; but if his dead father had done any mean or criminal act in his lifetime, his son ought to be the last to bring reproach upon his memory by an exposure. While he was thinking what he should do about it, he went to sleep without reaching a decision.

The party breakfasted at their own hours with the other guests of the hotel. At nine o'clock most of the young men had been to the table, and were now busy in making preparations to continue the excursion up the river. It was quite late when Mr. McGusher left his princely apartments. In the office he heard that the clubs were to start in a couple of hours, and he sent a servant to Captain Post of his steamer, to have his craft in order, and ready to follow the Ocean-Born. Then he went in to breakfast; and his heart leaped with emotion when he saw Kate Bilder and three other members of the Dorcas Club at the table, unattended by Captain Patterdale, Ben Lunder, or any other of the ogres of the party. The girls were chatting in the merriest way over the events of the preceding evening.

"Aw, good mawning, Miss Bildaw. I hope you are quite well this mawning," said the long-lost, with his usual flourish, as he seated himself at the head of the table, on each side of which were two of the young ladies.

"Quite well, I thank you, Mr. McGusher," replied Kate, cheerfully, when she saw that she could not escape without positive rudeness.

"It's a delicious mawning," added Mr. McGusher.

"Very pleasant, indeed; but all the yachtmen are grumbling because there is no wind," replied Kate.

"Like myself, you don't depend upon the wind."

"I think most young men need wind," said Minnie Darling.

"Aw, but my steamaw goes by steam, you see," replied Mr. McGusher, delighted to find himself actually in conversation with some of the young ladies.

"Does she, indeed!" exclaimed Minnie; and

the other girls laughed. "What a funny steamboat she must be!"

"Well, I suppose she is," chuckled the long-lost; "but she don't want no wind, you see. She goes wight along, whethaw thaw is any wind or not."

"She is a very remarkable steamboat," added Minnie.

"But the yachts cannot go up the river, if there is no wind," suggested Kate.

"Captain Brandon says he will tow them up," added Nellie Patterdale.

"And I will tow the Dawcas Club," said Mr. McGusher. "My steamaw is at yaw sawvice."

"We intend to row every inch of the way to Bangor," replied Kate.

"Wow all the way to Bangaw!" exclaimed the gallant New Yorker. "That would be hawwible! Those beauteous awms would be bwoken!"

"Mine will stand it, I know," said Kate. "We are going as far as Bucksport to-day; and all of us are invited to dine on board of the Ocean-Born."

"The Ocean-Bawn!" ejaculated Mr. McGusher, who evidently believed the dinner was only a subterfuge to keep him out in the cold, though the ladies were not to blame for it.

The long-lost was happy for half an hour, and during that time he uttered a great many inanities, which pleased the gay girls not a little. They were very willing to laugh at him, though they were vexed when he intruded his society upon them at the table. For their own amusement, though perhaps against their better judgment, they rather encouraged him. When they rose from the table, Mr. McGusher strutted and flourished more than ever. He gave himself up to bowing and scraping.

"I am delighted to have met you, ladies. My steamaw will go up the wiver—"

"And you'll keep us in a quiver," laughed Mollie Longimore.

"No, I hope not; but I trust we shall meet—"

"Where breezes come so soft and sweet."

"Just so; that's the place!" chuckled Mr. McGusher. "Where come so soft and sweet the breezes—"

"Sighing through the pine-wood treeses," added Mollie.

"Thanks, ladies! I'll be there. My steamaw shall float—"

"Like a canary bird's note—"

"Yes; like a canawy bawd's note. Weally, ladies, you aw poets," ogled the long-lost. "I used to wite poetwy once. I'm vewy fond of poetwy."

"Then you shall write us some, Mr. McGusher," said Mollie. "Young ladies are always fond of poetry."

"But I twust I shall see maw of you. My steamaw shall float at the side of the fleet." Mr. McGusher paused, for the last word would rhyme with 'sweet,' and he hoped Mollie would supply another line; but she did not.

My steamaw shall float at the side of the fleet,
As I gaze at the wowers so faiaw and sweet.

Eh? How is that for a couplet?"

"Splendid, Mr. McGusher. Do give us some more," replied Mollie.

"I will wite a long poem as we sail up the wiver. I will dedicate it to the ladies of the Dawcas Club, and have it pwinted in the Bangaw papaws when we awive," gushed the long-lost, who thought some of these young ladies must be desperately in love with him by this time.

"But we must get ready to start, girls," said Mollie Longimore, who was the leader of the Dorcas.

"You will pawmit me to see you again, I twust," added Mr. McGusher.

"We shall be delighted to see you again," replied Minnie. "By the way, Mr. McGusher, did you say your steamer went by steam?"

"Of cawse it goes by steam. It wouldn't be a steamaw if it didn't go by steam," replied the long-lost, with a fascinating smile. "Shall I see you on bawd of my steamaw — the Monogram? She has a cabin —"

"Has she a boiler?" asked Minnie.

"A boilaw? Of cawse she has a boilaw. Whaw would she get haw steam, if she didn't have no boilaw, you see?"

"Then I'm afraid I can't go on board of your steamer. I don't like to go where they have boilers: they are apt to explode," replied Minnie, gravely.

"Please to have the boiler taken out of her, Mr. McGusher," pleaded Mollie. "Only think, if it should burst!"

"It won't bawst; I won't allow it to bawst while you are on bawd. But I will see you again to-day."

"By-by," said Mollie.

Mr. McGusher went up stairs to his elegant apartments with his heart all in a flutter. He had known all along, if he could only get within speaking distance of these young ladies, he should be able to make an impression. The result proved that he was right. Four of them, at least, had smiled upon him. He had been asked to write some poetry. Here was his opportunity; and he would address it to that pretty Mollie Longimore.

"I will wite a poem," said he, stalking across his parlor. "I can wite poetwy. I wondaw if that Billing Boundaw Ben can wite poetwy. It isn't ewevy fellaw that can wite poetwy. Let me see: —

Softly o'er the swelling tide,
In our boats we sweetly wide.

That's sooted to the occasion. No fellaw can beat that, not even Longfellaw.

Gently woll the spawklng waves —

Waves — waves? What wymes with waves? Gwaves. No; gwaves won't do for such a jolly time. Slaves?

Gently woll the spawklng waves
'Neath the humblest of thy slaves,
In his barge that goes by steam,
While thine eyes so softly gleam:
Floating the Penobscot up;
Dash not fwom his lips the cup.
The cup of bliss he fain would quaff:
Do not at thy suppliant laugh.
Hear me, as we float, dear Mollie —

Mollie, Mollie! What whymes with Mollie? I see.

Heaw me as we float, deaw Mollie:
Banish all my melanchawdy.
Give me but one loving smile,
And, though wataws swell and bile,
Naught on awth will Awthur feaw,
With the smiling Mollie neaw.

Not so bad! I will finish it on bawd of my steamaw, when I have the inspiwation of haw bwight eyes to help me."

Doubtless it was better to postpone the poem, as the hour for sailing was at hand. Thus far the poem was a success, in his opinion; and he rewrote it with ink before he packed his valise. He went down to the office, paid his bill, and directed the porter to carry his baggage down to the wharf.

All the members of the clubs were at the landing. The Ocean-Born had come up to the pier for the managing agent and the surgeon. There was hardly a breath of wind, and it was plain that the yachts could make no headway going up the river against the tide, which would not turn for three hours.

"It is no use to start in this sort of a hurricane," said Sam Rodman, of the Maud. "We shall only drift into the shoal water and get aground, or go down the river when we want to go up."

"Of course we can't do anything without wind," added Frank Norwood, of the Alice.

"Why should you howl, jolly yachtman?" demanded Ben Lunder. "Yonder comes the mighty commander of the Ocean-Born. Hear what he will say."

"I will tow the yachts up the river," said Neil Brandon. "That's what I'm here for."

"You can't tow the six yachts against this ebb tide," replied Commodore Montague.

"We can do it with two reefs in the fore-royal smoke-stack," shouted Ben.

"I think we can take along all the yachts, commodore; though I don't know how strong the current is."

"It runs pretty swift through Bucksport Narrows."

"I know I can keep the yachts from drifting down stream, at least; and I hope to make three or four knots."

"I beg yaw pawdon," said Mr. McGusher, edging his way into the centre of the crowd.

"Ah, my jolly maintopman!" cried Ben. "Now cast off your foreto'-bowline, swing to on your bob-scuttles, lighten up your after-davits, and sail in!"

"I didn't address myself to you, saw," said Mr. McGusher, with a withering sneer on his intellectual face. "I wish to see the commo-daw."

"I'm not the commo-daw, I'm the Jack-daw."

"I beg yaw pawdon, commodaw," continued the charter party of the Monogram. "I beg leave to offaw the sawvices of my steamaw, to tow the yachts up the wivaw."

"I thank you, sir; but we have already secured the Ocean-Born for that purpose," replied Commodore Montague, rather coldly.

"But I hawd the captain of the Ocean-Bawn say the tide was too strong to tow all the yachts. The Monogwam shall tow pawt of them."

"Thank you; but I think we shall not require her."

"We can tow your six yachts," added Neil.

"Vast heavin'! Of course we can!" cried Ben. "If we can't, we'll splice the topsail-boom, and take two half-hitches in the main brace! If we can't, I'll take a line ashore, and drag them up to Bangor."

"Who's that coming?" said Ned Patterdale, as two gentlemen were seen in the grove, approaching the wharf.

"One of them is your father, Kate," added Minnie Darling. "Perhaps he has come to take you away. But you mustn't go."

"Who's that with him?" asked Kate.

"It's Mr. Beardsley," said Ned.

"Deputy Sheriff Beardsley!" added Sam Rodman. "I wonder if he has come after any of us!"

"I should be vewy happy to have you accept the sawvices of my steamaw," continued Mr. McGusher. "The captain of my steamaw says she can tow all the yachts, and not strain hawself. The young ladies wish me to join

the pawty; and I will do all I can to make the excawsiön agweeable. I will twy to be agweeable myself."

"Right! That's a good fellow," said Mr. Beardsley, tapping him on the shoulder. "You are my prisoner!"

"Yaw pwisonaw!" exclaimed Mr. McGusher.

Captain Bildar had paused on the outside of the crowd, where Kate had met him.

"That's what I said," added the deputy sheriff.

"Yaw pwisonaw! Do you mean to insult me?"

"If arresting you is insulting you, that's just what I mean to do."

"Awest me!"

"That's the idea."

"But, saw, this is irwegular."

"I think not—perfectly regular. I hope you don't object."

"I do object, most pawsitively. I am engaged with this pawty on an excawsiön up the wivaw."

"We'll excuse you," said some one in the crowd.

"The party will have to excuse you; and I'm glad to hear they are willing to do so," said the officer.

"Thaw's some mistake."

"I think not."

"Why should you awest me? I am not a cwiminal. I'm a gentleman—fwom New Yawk."

"Can't help it. I must arrest you."

"Do you know who I am, saw?" demanded Mr. McGusher, as he threw back his head, and gave the officer a crushing sneer.

"Well, my warrant says you are Arthur McGusher, now or formerly of New York city."

"No, saw; I am the only son of Captain Bildaw, of Belfast."

"Are you, indeed? He does not seem to be aware of the fact."

"Yes, he is."

"Nonsense, you young monkey! If you ever say that again, I'll pitch you into the river," interposed the ship-master, coming to the middle of the ring. "I can stand anything but to be accused of being the father of such an ape as you are."

"Good gwacious, Captain Bildaw! Didn't I bwing you the piece of cawd?"

"You did."

"And didn't I tell you a stwaight stow?"

"Very straight," laughed Captain Bildar.

"You wote to yaw fwiedn, Bawden Gween?"

"No, I didn't. But I got an answer to the

letter I did not write, which surprised me not a little."

"You did not wite to Bawden Gween!" gasped Mr. McGusher.

"I did not; at least, I did not write to him anything about you. I sent my letter to the firm in New York. Borden Green does not live in Goshen."

"You have played a contemptible twick upon me, Captain Bildaw. I did not expect this from my long-lost fawther."

"He won't own you," said Mr. Beardsley. "Are you ready to go with me?"

"No, saw, I'm not weady."

"Very well; then I shall have to put the twisters on you;" and the deputy sheriff produced a pair of handcuffs.

"I won't! Nevaw! They peawce my soul!" groaned the swell. "Tell me that this is a pwactical joke, got up by my fwiend Mr. Lun-daw."

"Shiver my booms and bobstays!" cried Ben; "don't call me your friend! Anything but that. Don't libel an old salt."

"On what chawge am I to be awested?" asked the New Yorker, more mildly.

"On the charge of opening a letter and stealing therefrom a thousand dollars, in two five-hundred dollar bills," replied Mr. Beardsley. "It will be my duty to hand you over to the United States officers."

"It is false! What lettaw?" asked McGusher, whose face was very pale.

"You know all about it better than I do. Have you any money about you?"

"Of cawse I have. Do you expect a gentleman to go off on a vacation without money?"

"Turn out your pockets. Let's see what you have," said the matter-of-fact officer.

"Do you mean to sawch me?"

"That's the idea."

"Am I to submit to such an indignity?"

"You are to submit; and I must attend to the matter at once, before you make any different arrangements."

Mr. McGusher was searched in spite of his protest. A five-hundred dollar bill, a hundred, several fifties, and some smaller bills were found in his wallet; and Mr. Beardsley was cruel enough to take possession of the whole amount.

"It's a vewy hawd case," said the culprit, as he wiped away the tears which his misfortunes had brought to his eyes — he called them misfortunes.

"I am ready to return to Belfast, Mr. McGusher," added the sheriff. "If you have any orders to give in regard to your steamer, now is your time."

"We will wetawn in haw, if you please."

"All right: I don't object."

Before they could go on board of her, a buggy, containing a lady and gentleman, descended the slope to the wharf.

"What have you done, Captain Bilder?" asked Mrs. Banford, for she was the lady in the buggy.

"I have caused Arthur McGusher to be arrested for opening that letter," replied the ship-master.

"You needn't have troubled yourself," replied the lady. "The letter was addressed to me, not to you."

"I am aware of that. But when you charge me with opening it, I think I shall be able to produce the one who did open it."

"Good gwacious!" groaned Mr. McGusher, as he recognized the voice of Mrs. Banford, "whaw did she come fwom?"

"If you have taken him up, I command you to let him go!" said Mrs. Banford, in a tone suited to the words she uttered.

"I think not. He opened the letter and took out the money," answered the deputy sheriff. "I shall be able to produce one of the bills, which I found upon him, and the other is at a bank in Bangor."

"No matter for that, sir. The letter was addressed to me, and the money was mine," added the lady, fiercely.

"Did you authorize him to open the letter?" asked the officer.

"I did," replied she; but probably she did not speak the truth.

"Then, if you testify that you did at his trial, I dare say he will be acquitted."

"You know this young man, it seems, Mrs. Banford," said Captain Bilder.

"I do."

"And you sent him here to assert his claim that he is my son?"

"No, sir; I did not."

"But you did. You wrote the letter which he brought to me," added Captain Bilder, somewhat excited.

"I haven't another word to say about it," answered Mrs. Banford, with assumed dignity.

"But don't let him awest me, mothaw," pleaded Mr. McGusher, whose spirit seemed to be entirely broken.

"Mother!" exclaimed the captain, rather startled by this involuntary confession.

"He is not my son," said Mrs. Banford: "I am his father's wife."

"That indeed. I think I begin to see through this business. I understand it better than I did. You managed this little scheme," continued Captain Bilder.

"He is not your son. That's enough for now. He may as well have one beggar for his father as another," added Mrs. Banford, bitterly.

"Mr. Beardsley, I must ask you to keep an eye on this lady. I shall enter a complaint against her for conspiracy," said the ship-master.

"Conspiracy against a beggar!" sneered Mrs. Banford, who was evidently a strong-minded woman.

She was permitted to go on board of the Monogram with Mr. McGusher, in charge of the officer; and she immediately departed for Belfast. The poem was never delivered to Mollie Longimore.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

THE arrest of Mr. McGusher produced a great sensation among the members of the clubs, for though he was an unmitigated swell, no one supposed he was a rascal, or knew enough to be a rogue. Some of the tender-hearted girls even pitied him, when he was arrested and exposed. No one was more interested in the proceedings than Neil Brandon, and, after the Monogram had departed with the prisoner and his discomfited step-mother, he was not quite willing to go on board of the Ocean-Born while Captain Bilder remained on shore. The ship-master had brought Mr. Beardsley over with his own team, and intended to drive back in the course of the day.

"Berry, will you pick up those yachts, and get ready to tow them up?" asked Neil of his mate. "I am not quite prepared to go on board yet."

"Certainly I will," replied Berry Owen.

"Take one on each side, and the other four astern, in pairs," added Neil.

"I wish you would go up the river, father," said Kate, while they were waiting on the wharf.

"I must return to the city, and attend to Mr. McGusher's case. Perhaps I will go up as far as Bucksport, and return in the steamer."

"I wish you would," added Neil. "We will make you comfortable on board the Ocean-Born."

Captain Bilder accepted the invitation. Kate took her place in the Lily, and in a few moments the five boats of the Dorcas Club were pulling steadily up the river. Neil and his new guest went on board of the Ocean-Born

in a shore boat before she had arranged her tow, for as there was not a breath of wind, the yachts were utterly helpless, and the steamer had to pick them up one at a time.

"Mr. McGusher seems to have come to grief," said Neil, when they had reached the deck of the Ocean-Born.

"He is a simpleton," replied Captain Bilder; "but I am satisfied that he is not a rascal of his own volition."

"I don't think he knows enough to be a great villain," added Neil.

"And the choice of him as an agent is not very creditable to his principals."

"I don't quite understand the matter. Who is the woman that talked so loud and was so positive?"

"Mrs. Banford; she was formerly my house-keeper, and as such she obtained a very full knowledge of all my business and family affairs."

"Won't you walk into my room, Captain Bilder?" continued Neil, who seemed to forget that he was not now avoiding the Bilders, as his mother desired.

In a few minutes, Neil and his guest were seated in front of the desk in the captain's room. The young man was nervous and ill at ease. Perhaps he felt that he was prying into a forbidden subject.

"You seem to be quite sure that Mr. McGusher is a fraud," said he, when they were seated.

"I have been satisfied of that from the beginning," replied Captain Bilder. "I know that my son had not his eyes or his nose."

"Then you had a son?"

"I had, but I am reasonably sure that he was drowned in the Mississippi River when a small child; and the ship-master briefly related the incident of the disappearance of the child."

"After all, it is possible that the child was stolen," said Neil.

"Barely possible; if any one stole the little one, it could only be in order to get a large sum of money out of me. As no one has put in any claim, except this young fellow, I am afraid there is nothing to hope for."

"McGusher showed me the letter he carried to you," continued the young captain.

"Did he, indeed?"

"That letter says the child was stolen by Neil Brandon."

"Yes; he was the mate of my ship; but I don't think he was vile enough to do such a deed."

"What became of him?" asked Neil, deeply interested.



"HE IS YOUR SON!" CRIED MADAM BRANDON. Page 416.

"I don't know; I never saw him after I discharged him at Hong Kong, though I heard he was in New York when my ship arrived. I never ascertained what became of him. I don't know that I felt interest enough in him to inquire. Do you think he was a relative of yours?"

"I have no idea, sir. It seems very strange that his name and mine should be the same."

"That was what startled me when I first went on board of your steamer. What do you know about your father, Captain Brandon?"

"Not much; he died when I was quite young. I only know that he was a rich man, who made his fortune by the rise of land in Philadelphia. He went to sea when he was a young man."

"There is something about this McGusher affair which perplexes me beyond measure," said Captain Bilder, thoughtfully. "I fully understand that Mrs. Banford fitted out her step-son for his mission in Belfast; but I do not understand where she obtained the pieces of card which were relied upon to carry her point."

"What were those?" asked Neil.

"Some ten years ago I received a letter,

with no signature, informing me that my son was not dead, and that some time he might come to me, claiming to be my son. The letter contained one of three pieces of a card, on which were six lines of writing. My son, if he came to me, was to bring the left hand piece, while the middle one was sent to me. This was before Mrs. Banford left my employ, and the writing was not hers. I talked with her about the matter. Now, ten years after, her step-son appears with the left hand piece of card. The third piece, I was informed in the letter, was deposited with Borden Green & Co., New York. The other day I wrote to this firm, who had formerly been my bankers. This morning's mail brought me the third piece of card, which exactly corresponds with the other two. I have them with me," said Captain Bilder, taking an envelope from his pocket.

On the desk he arranged the three pieces of card, the right hand piece of which had just reached him. The part fitted the middle piece perfectly, and it was evident that they had all been cut from one and the same card. The pieces had come from three different sources, and the card must have been divided more than ten years before, when Mrs. Banford was still the housekeeper of the ship-master.

Ship Eriolanus.
Neil Brandon
Richard Bilder, Master
Marguerite Brandon
née Lardier
Oscar Blake Bilder.

"I should call that very good evidence indeed," said Neil.

"So should I, if the young fellow had not been so different from my son," replied Captain Bilder. "The original card was written upon by the person who penned the first letter to me, whoever that may have been. It was a woman, but her identity is a mystery to me."

"Perhaps it was Mrs. Banford," suggested Neil.

"No; I am quite sure it is not she. The writing was not hers; and the spelling was not hers. You heard what McGusher was arrested for?"

"For breaking open a letter."

"And taking two five-hundred dollar bills from it. Well, I read that letter. It had been in my house nearly ten years. The handwriting and the spelling were the same as that of the first letter which had come to me. The address on it was not in the same hand."

"Then the person who wrote the card and the letter telling you your son might come to you, was a correspondent of Mrs. Banford," said Neil.

"That is proved to my satisfaction, and before I have done with the woman and her son, I shall know who her correspondent is," added Captain Bilder, very decidedly. "I have lost all my property, it is true; and perhaps this fact has modified the action of the woman."

"May I look at that card?" asked Neil, glancing at the pieces which still lay matched together on the desk.

"Certainly," replied Captain Bilder.

Neil bent over the desk, and read the card.

"'Marguerite Brandon, née Lardier'!" exclaimed he.

"Do you know any such person?" asked the ship-master.

Neil was not willing to answer the question. He was much agitated, and seemed to feel that he had betrayed the confidence reposed in him by his mother.

"Oscar Blake Bilder," he continued, reading the last line of the reunited pieces of card. "Who was he?"

"He was my son — the little boy that was lost. I am sure that Mrs. Banford could not have known all the facts stated on that card," added Captain Bilder. "For instance, Lardier was Marguerite's maiden

name. We never called her anything but Marguerite. This information did not come from her. There is another person concerned in the conspiracy; and this other person sent the money to Mrs. Banford. However, I shall get at the whole truth before I have done with the matter. You seemed to be a little startled when you read the name of Marguerite. Can you explain this business?"

"I cannot, sir. Who was Marguerite?" replied Neil.

"She was the nurse employed to take care of my children. She was with us in the China Sea, and made several voyages with me. If this card is to be relied upon, she became the wife of Neil Brandon."

"Then Neil Brandon was a bad man," added the young captain, musing.

"I don't say that, and I don't believe it."

"Then you don't believe he stole your child?"

"I do not. Neil Brandon was not a bad man while he was with me. He was the best mate I ever had, and always did well till Marguerite came on board with the children. He was very fond of her, and neglected his duty to talk and flirt with her. I was afraid I should lose my ship, or my children, by the neglect and carelessness of the mate and the nurse, and I discharged him. He was angry, and threatened to be revenged upon me for sending him off; but I took this as only a burst of passion, and thought nothing more about it."

"Have you the letter which contained the money McGusher stole?" asked Neil.

He was completely bewildered by the facts which had been forced upon his understanding. Though he could not explain the business, as he had told Captain Bilder, he recognized the writing on the card as that of

Madam Brandon, his mother. Her maiden name he knew was Lardier.

"I have not the letter; it is the property of Mrs. Banford, and I had no authority to retain it; but I have asked Mr. Beardsley to get it for me," replied the ship-master.

"Do you know the handwriting?" asked Neil, nervously.

"I do, very well indeed."

"Is that it?" inquired Neil, as he took from the desk the long letter from his mother, wherein he had been requested to avoid the Bilders.

Captain Bilder put on his glasses and examined the writing very attentively.

"It is the same hand precisely, though this letter is written more rapidly than the card or Mrs. Banford's letter," replied the ship-master, somewhat excited himself by this time. "The style of spelling is the same. 'Living' is spelled with an e, and 'where' is whare. I have no doubt this letter was written by the one who wrote the card, and the money letter which has been in my house ten years."

"I am entirely satisfied on that point," added Neil, now trembling with emotion.

"Who wrote this letter?" demanded Captain Bilder.

"Have you read it, sir?"

"Only a line here and there."

"Read it, if you please."

"But who wrote it?"

"My mother," replied Neil, in a sad and subdued tone.

"Your mother!" exclaimed the ship-master, springing out of his chair in his excitement.

"Yes, sir; my mother."

"Can it be that your mother is engaged in this—this conspiracy!"

"It would appear that she is; but I know nothing about it," added Neil; and it seemed to him that a crime was about to be fastened upon his mother.

"But didn't you say that your father was a wealthy man?"

"I did, sir; he was worth half a million, besides the house in which he lived."

"And what became of his property?" asked Captain Bilder.

"He left it all to my mother," replied Neil.

"None to you?"

"No, sir; but by my mother's will, which she says she has made, I am the sole heir."

"Certainly your mother, worth half a million of dollars, could not have engaged in any conspiracy," said the ship-master.

"I don't believe she did. I don't understand it," pleaded Neil.

"I must see your mother! I must know whether she was the nurse of my children on board the *Coriolanus*!" exclaimed Captain Bilder. "She wrote that card, and she must have given the left hand piece of it to Mrs. Banford. But I can't see why she should engage in such a piece of trickery."

"Nor I, sir. Will you read her letter? While you are doing so, I will go out and see how we are getting on."

Neil left the state-room, and Captain Bilder gave himself up to the reading of the long epistle. The *Ocean-Born* was on her way up the river. The *Sea Foam* was made fast on her port and the *Skylark* on her starboard side. Behind her she was dragging the *Maud*, *Phantom*, *Alice*, and *Nellie*. She was making a speed of about three knots, which was as fast as the *Dorcas Club*, only a few fathoms ahead of her, cared to row. Half her yachtmen were on the hurricane deck of the steamer, and all hands were exceedingly jolly. Neil was sadly troubled, and he did not join the festive company. He looked into the galley, where Peter Blossom was up to his eyes in poultry and roasting pieces, and Karl was washing potatoes, turnips, and other vegetables, all for the great dinner which was to be given that day to the members of the *Dorcas Club*. The cooks of the several yachts were performing similar service on the forecabin, and it was evident there would be no lack of dinners in the fleet.

Neil gave some directions to the cook and steward, and then walked aft. He wanted to believe that his mother had done nothing wrong; at least that she had taken no guilty part in the conspiracy against Captain Bilder. The ship-master did not believe his former mate had stolen the child, and, of course, the son had no reason to think his dead father had done so cruel a deed. He had never heard a word about Mrs. Banford before, and he could not fathom his mother's relations to her. It was all a muddle, and he could make nothing of it. He returned to his state-room before Captain Bilder had finished the reading of the letter.

"Your mother wishes you to avoid me and my daughter," said the ship-master, as he finished the letter.

"Yes, sir; that was what I particularly wished you to see," replied Neil.

"Well, that is perfectly consistent with what we already know. She seems to have assisted Mrs. Banford in her attempt to impose McGusher upon me."

"I can't see why she should do it."

"Nor I. Then she had paid her a thousand dollars in one sum, and as the letter containing the money was permitted to remain unclaimed for ten years in my house, it was hardly probable this was all your mother paid her."

"Perhaps not: I don't know," replied Neil, blankly. "I can't see why my mother should pay her any money."

"It is not likely that she would have done so, unless Mrs. Banford had some strong claim upon her. From the carelessness with which the business was done, I should judge that it was hush-money she paid."

"Perhaps it was. But, Captain Bilder, my mother is a good woman. She always goes to church three times a day, and she gives thousands of dollars to the poor every year. I never knew her to do anything wrong," pleaded Neil, his eyes full of tears.

"Some very good people, without any fault of their own, have paid money to avoid certain consequences. Mrs. Banford evidently has some hold upon your mother, and probably extorted that piece of card from her, as well as considerable sums of money. I must see your mother, Captain Brandon."

"You may have an opportunity if you go up to Bangor with us."

"Do you think she will go there?"

"I do; it would be just like her. You can judge from her letter how nervous she is about this business."

"Well, we will talk no more about it now. I must leave you at Bucksport to return to Belfast by the steamer, for I am obliged to attend to the case of Mrs. Banford, or rather Mrs. McGusher, for that appears to be her name now. But I think I shall go up to Bangor in the boat to-morrow morning."

"I hope I shall see you there, for I shall not be satisfied till this mystery is solved," replied Neil.

"After what I have learned from you, I may make some progress with Mrs. McGusher in getting at the truth."

The conference was ended for the present, and Neil joined his friends on the hurricane deck, struggling to banish from his thoughts the mystery of the hour. He tried to believe that his mother had done no wrong which she had paid large sums of money to conceal; and he was not willing to believe that his dead father had ever known anything about the lost child of his guest.

The Dorcas Club rowed abreast, in single line, in couples, and in all manner of figures that could be formed with the five boats. Men,

women, and children on the shores observed the club with interest, and the crews of the lumber vessels, anchored all the way up, waiting for a breeze, cheered the young ladies. Steamers whistled complimentary salutations, to all of which the fair rowists responded by tossing their oars, and the Ocean-Born whistled in reply. The girls rested half an hour in the Narrows, but they fell astern and made fast to the yachts, to prevent the swift current from carrying them down the river. Ben Lunder made salt speeches to them, and when they started again, he was a passenger in the Lily. He kept the girls laughing so that they could hardly preserve their position in the line. In fact, there was a young man in every one of the boats, and possibly one in the head of each of the young ladies. But everybody was happy, and every moment of the excursion was enjoyed.

At half past one, after a pull of three hours and a half, the procession of boats reached Bucksport. The Ocean-Born, with the yachts still in tow, anchored under the guns of Fort Knox, opposite the town. The row-boats ran alongside of her, and the gallant yachtmen assisted the ladies on board. The boats were secured where the tide could not harm them, and all the young men began to be exceedingly polite, chatty, and devoted.

"Der dinner ist rady!" shouted Karl. "You don't petter wait here dill every dings is colt."

"But we can't all dine in that little cabin," said Miss President Darling.

"All the ladies can," replied Neil; "and all the officers and crew of the Ocean-Born shall do duty behind their chairs."

It was rather a close fit, but all the members of the Dorcas Club were seated at the table in the forward cabin. Neil placed himself behind the chair of Minnie Darling, at the head; Ben was behind that of Kate Bilder, and others expressed their preferences in the same manner, though they did not confine their attention to the ladies behind whom they had rallied. The dinner was one of Mr. Blossom's best, and the members of the Dorcas Club were hungry enough to appreciate it. When it was over, the table was prepared for another service. The officers and crew seated themselves with their guests, and then, to their astonishment, the Dorcasites took places behind their chairs, at least two to each person. It was a jolly time, and the fun bubbled up like water from a spring.

In the afternoon they visited the town, and in the evening danced at the hotel, where

rooms had been engaged for the Dorcas Club.

The next morning at eight, the fleet resumed its course up the river, the Ocean-Born towing the yachts, and the row-boats leading the way. The party lunched off Hampden, and reached Bangor at two in the afternoon. The excursionists formed a procession as at Fort Point, and marched to the hotel, where the dinner, tendered by Dr. Darling, was in readiness for them.

As soon as he entered the Bangor House, Neil went to the office and examined the register. Among the arrivals was that of "Mrs. Brandon, Phila."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MADAM BRANDON'S STORY.

NEIL BRANDON knew his mother well enough to understand that she would not quietly await the issue of the adventure on the Penobscot; that she would not patiently remain in her home till another letter reached her. When there was a doubt, she insisted upon solving it at once. But Neil was glad his mother had come: he was always glad to see her for her own sake; and he was doubly so in this instance, because his mind was terribly disturbed by the events of the last few days. Though dinner was all ready, and he was the honored guest of the occasion, he felt that the soup would poison him if he tasted it before he saw his mother. A servant showed him to her rooms, and he was promptly admitted.

"I am very glad to see you, mother," said he, as he kissed her. "I knew you would come, after what you wrote."

"Sit down, my boy: I have a great deal to say to you," added Madam Brandon, with her arm around his neck, as she led him to a chair.

"I can't stay now, mother. I have just arrived with the clubs, and dinner is waiting for us. You must understand that I am a great man down here just now," laughed Neil.

"The Ocean-Born's officers and crew are in high feather —"

"The clubs?"

"I told you about the cruise of the clubs in my letter."

"I know you did. Are the Bilders in the clubs?"

"Kate Bilder is; but I have hardly spoken to her since we left Belfast. I think Captain Bilder will be up here to-morrow morning."

"Is this the way you do what I asked you, Neil?" demanded Madam Brandon, nervously.

"I couldn't help it, mother. The plans for the excursion were all made. I couldn't back out," pleaded Neil. "But come down to dinner with me, mother. The party will be very glad indeed to see you."

"I have dined, my son; and I do not wish to meet your party. I do not wish your friends to know I am here."

"But your name is on the hotel register, mother."

"I did not know that. Go down and dine with your party, and come to me as soon as you can," added Madam Brandon, with a very troubled expression, which her son could not understand.

"What's the matter, mother? I will go down and get excused," said Neil.

"No; I don't wish you to do that," continued Madam Brandon, smiling in order to reassure her son, rather than because there was any hope in the situation.

After considerable pressing on the part of his mother, Neil went down to the dining-room, where the party were already seated. The dinner was a remarkably good one, the toasts and speeches were remarkably funny, and Ben Lunder made a particularly remarkable nautical oration. Neil was rather sober and dignified, though he struggled to forget the burden which weighed upon his mind. He sat next to Minnie Darling, because she was president of the Dorcas Club, and he was the captain of the Ocean-Born. He tried to say pretty things to her, and perhaps he succeeded to some extent; but he failed to be half as brilliant as he wished to be; and perhaps this is the case with all modest young men. He made his usual brief and sensible speech, and was vigorously applauded. But the enigma of his own relations with the Bilders was continually intruding itself upon his thoughts.

After dinner the party were to visit the notables of Bangor, and Neil excused himself on the plea that his mother — whose arrival was known to all the excursionists — wished to see him.

"We will excuse you for one hour, Captain Brandon," said Minnie. "Then we shall call upon the mayor of the city. You must go with us, and your mother too."

"I will endeavor to go," replied Neil, as he hastened to his mother's apartments.

"I have had hard work to get away from the party, mother," said he. "I am wanted again in an hour, and you are particularly invited to go with us."

"Perhaps I will go," added Madam Brandon, doubtfully. "Did you say you expect-

ed Captain Bilder here to-morrow morning, Neil?"

"I do expect him. He wishes to see you, mother," replied the son.

"He wishes to see me!" exclaimed she, startled by the announcement. "What have you been doing, Neil?"

"What have I been doing? What have you been doing, mother?" asked Neil, trying to laugh.

"Has anything happened since you wrote me?" she inquired, much agitated.

"What's the matter, mother? Why are you so 'roubled?' demanded Neil.

"Let me know the worst, Neil," gasped she, sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her handkerchief.

"The worst? What can you mean, mother? I hope there is nothing wrong between you and the Bilders," added the young man; and some of his half-formed fears seemed to be realized in her present conduct and appearance.

"Why does Captain Bilder wish to see me, Neil?" continued Madam Brandon, recovering her self-possession with a tremendous effort. "Tell me everything."

"I will, mother."

He began with the history of Mr. McGusher's mission in Belfast, and told the story as we have related it.

"Now, mother, I have seen the letter and the pieces of card which this fellow brought with him to prove his claim," added Neil. "In that letter it says that Neil Brandon stole the child from his parents on the Mississippi River."

Madam Brandon was as pale as white marble, but she maintained a tolerable degree of composure.

"On the card, when the three pieces brought from three different sources were put together, was the name of 'Marguerite Brandon, *née* Lardier.' That was your name, mother," pursued Neil. "More than this, the card was in your handwriting."

"Go on, Neil," added his mother, when he paused to note the effect upon her of these revelations.

"I hoped you would explain this, mother."

"I will in due time, Neil. Go on; let me hear the whole story."

"The letter from which McGusher took the two five-hundred dollar bills was also in your handwriting, though it was not signed. Mrs. Banford —"

"Who?" asked Madam Brandon.

"Mrs. Banford. She was Captain Bilder's

housekeeper years ago; but she married the father of this McGusher, and of course she is Mrs. McGusher now."

"Go on, Neil."

"Mrs. Banford opened the letter; it was directed to her. Captain Bilder is satisfied that you were in communication with this woman."

"Then you have talked with Captain Bilder about the matter," said Madam Brandon, with something like a gasp of despair.

"I couldn't help it, mother. I never was so worked up about anything in all my life. I don't like this Mrs. Banford. I think she has been playing tricks upon you and Captain Bilder. She has been trying to make it out that this step-son of hers is Captain Bilder's son. But both of them have been arrested."

"Arrested?" groaned Madam Brandon.

"The young fellow has been arrested, and the officer has his eye on the woman. He is a fraud, and so is she. When she found that Captain Bilder had lost all his property, she seems to have changed her tune. She didn't care to make out a case then."

"What do you mean, Neil?"

"Captain Bilder is a poor man to-day, and of course she couldn't get any money out of him," Neil explained.

"A poor man?"

"He says he is not worth a dollar in the world; and as other people say so too, I suppose there is no doubt about it. He lost all he had in speculation."

Strange as it may seem, the countenance of Madam Brandon brightened up at this intelligence. She was evidently pleased with the information.

"Are you very sure about this, Neil," she asked.

"I think there can be no doubt of it, mother," replied the son. "He must leave his fine house, sell his horses and carriages, and they say he must go to sea again to earn his daily bread."

"He was a rich man," mused the lady.

"Then you knew him, mother?"

"I did — years ago."

"I have heard you say that you had been a servant before you were married."

"You will not despise me for that, my boy?"

"No, mother, far from it. I honor you because you have never pretended to be what you are not."

"I have tried for many years to be a good woman, Neil," added Madam Brandon, wiping a tear from her pale cheek.

"And you are a good woman, mother; there is none better in the whole world!" exclaimed Neil, with enthusiasm.

"I wish I were," sighed she.

"I wanted to see you, mother, that you might tell me there was nothing wrong between you and this Mrs. McGusher. I know now that you were the nurse in Captain Bilder's family, and that you were with him in the *Coriolanus*. And my father was the mate of that ship."

"No, he was not, Neil."

"Then there was another Neil Brandon?" added the young man, hopefully.

"Don't ask me now, Neil. I will tell you all very soon," said Madam Brandon, struggling with her emotions.

"I am amazed, mother. There is something terrible about this business, I fear."

"There is, Neil," replied his mother, impressively. "But, my boy, there is nothing terrible for you; it is only terrible for me. You will be bright and happy; you will rejoice at the change which is to come over you."

"Why, mother, what do you mean!" said Neil, rising and kneeling on the floor before her. "You know I have loved and honored you as a son should; and never was a son more proud of his mother. Everybody that knows you blesses you for your kindness, for your goodness, for your charities!"

"Nobody knows me but God, Neil," groaned Madam Brandon. "He knows me, and he knows what a weight I have borne upon my soul for all these years. He cannot forgive me, because I have not done my whole duty—because I have loved you, Neil, more than I have loved God and duty. No matter, my boy; don't you weep because I do. All shall be well with you, for you have done no wrong."

"Have you, mother?"

"I have, Neil; but I will undo the wrong, so far as I can. I am overcome now, Neil. I cannot say any more. To-morrow, when Captain Bilder comes, I will tell you all. You shall be happy, however it may be with me."

"I can never be happy, if you are not, mother," added he.

"I shall be happy in undoing the wrong I have done, and in seeing you happy, my boy. Say no more now. Where are your party going this afternoon?"

Madam Brandon suddenly cheered up; her French nature seemed to gain the ascendancy, and in another moment she smiled. She had a strong will, and she used it.

"I will go with you, Neil," she added.

"Drive away the clouds, and be as gay as your

friends. Do not dampen their pleasure by any gloominess."

"You are going to be cheerful for my sake, mother?"

"I am; and you must be cheerful for your own sake."

They went to the parlors, where Neil introduced his mother to all the party. Captain Patterdale and Dr. Darling were very polite and very attentive to her. The excursionists visited the "lions" of Bangor, and in the evening there was a hop at the hotel. Madam Brandon danced with the surgeon and the managing agent, and a great many very pretty things were said to her about her modest, noble, and gallant son. The next morning the party went up to Oldtown by train, where they passed through some of the lumber mills, and visited the Penobscot Indians. When they returned, Captain Bilder had arrived. Neil met him as he entered the parlor with his mother.

"Captain Bilder, my mother," said the young man.

"I am very glad indeed to meet you, Mrs. Brandon," said the ship-master, as he took the lady's offered hand.

"Thank you, sir. I am very glad to see one whom I knew in other days," replied Madam Brandon, with abundant suavity. "I suppose you do not recognize me."

"I see some of your former looks, though I should not have known you if I had met you alone."

"Now, Captain Bilder, Neil thinks there is a little business which needs to be settled, and if you please we will attend to it. I have a private parlor," continued Madam Brandon, with no trace of the emotion which had disturbed her the day before.

They went to the private parlor, and Madam Brandon opened the subject of the conference without any delay.

"I am told that Mrs. Banford, or Mrs. McGusher, has paid you a visit, Captain Bilder," said she.

"Yes; but as she evidently came for money, she came to the wrong man," replied the captain.

"I learn that you have been unfortunate."

"Lost everything!" added the ship-master, bluntly. "Neither Mrs. McGusher nor her step-son can make anything out of me."

"Doubtless you were satisfied that the young man was not your son."

"I was very clear on that point from the moment I first saw him. But I have good evidence that my former housekeeper has

done better with you, so far as money is concerned."

"I have paid her six thousand dollars, one thousand of which I paid twice because the letter in which I sent it was lost. You have found it, I learn."

"Yes, it has been in my house for ten years. Perhaps you will not object to inform me why you paid this woman so much money."

"On the contrary, I shall answer every question you ask, Captain Bilder," replied Madam Brandon, her emotions beginning to get the better of her, though she still struggled to be calm. "I paid the woman for keeping my secret."

"What secret?" demanded the ship-master.

"The secret of your lost son."

"Wasn't he lost?" demanded Captain Bilder, rising from his chair in the excitement of the moment.

"Be calm, Captain Bilder. I will tell you the whole story. Ten years ago, I wrote that card, and divided it into three parts, that I might be able to do justice to you when the time came. I did not know that it would ever come, for, though I desired to purge my soul of its sin, I had not the courage to do so."

"You married my mate—did you not?" asked Captain Bilder, impatiently.

"I did. Neil Brandon was my husband."

"And he was my father—was he not?" asked Neil.

"No, he was not," replied Madam Brandon, decidedly.

"He was your husband, and my name is Neil Brandon."

"He was not your father."

"Who was my father, then?" demanded the young man.

Madam Brandon rose, with her chest heaving violently, and raising her arm quickly, pointed at Captain Bilder, who still stood by his chair. She looked at Neil, as she continued to point at the ship-master in silence.

"Captain Bilder my father!" exclaimed Neil.

"He is."

"My son?" gasped Captain Bilder.

"He is your son!" cried Madam Brandon, dropping heavily into her chair, sobbing and weeping bitterly.

"I cannot believe it," added the ship-master.

"It is true," sobbed Madam Brandon.

"Then you are not my mother," said Neil, choking with emotion.

"I am not, Neil; but no son was ever dearer to a mother than you have been to me. I have lost you now!" and she wept more bitterly than before.

Captain Bilder walked up to Neil and began to scrutinize his features. The nose, the eyes, the hair, the general contour of the face, corresponded to those of the lost child. But the story was too strange to be credited.

"Then Neil Brandon robbed me of my child!" exclaimed the captain.

"He did; and I helped him do it. Curse me, if you will, for I deserve the worst you can say and do," groaned Madam Brandon.

"How could he have done it? I searched the region for a fortnight."

"The child was not taken from the steamer till after you left it. My husband had a room on board, on the same side we had ours. I carried the child myself into his room. I attended to it in the night and in the morning. We left the steamer at Baton Rouge; but my husband, with the child, went on it to Bayou Sara, where he landed. At this place he *bought* a black woman to take care of the little one."

"How could he get ashore with the child without being seen?" asked the captain.

"He told me he followed a couple of women ashore, and people thought the child belonged to one of them; at any rate, no one took any notice of him. I don't know how he managed it all, but he made his way to some place in Texas, where he staid several months. He wrote to me, and I met him in New Orleans, where we were married. We lived there a year, my husband being superintendent of a cotton-press. Then we went to Philadelphia, where Neil owned a large piece of land, left him by his father. This piece of land made him a rich man. It brought him over half a million of dollars."

"But why did he steal the child?" asked the father.

"For revenge; because you discharged him from his position of mate, and cut off his hope of being a captain. I begged him not to do it, but I could not turn him from his purpose. He said, before he was rich, that the child would bring him fifty thousand dollars; that you would pay this sum to have it restored."

"So I would, and more," added Captain Bilder.

"He said you had ruined his prospects, and you should pay for it. But he really loved the child, and I am sure I did. Up to the day he died, he was not willing to part with it, especially as he was rich. I think the influence of the child made a new man of him. After he was gone, I was as unwilling to part with it as he had been. I loved the little fellow as my own. We lived in a fine house in Philadelphia, with every luxury that money could



UNDER THE WEATHER.

buy. We had no children of our own, and we loved Neil—as we always called him—as though the child had been our own. But I was nervous and uneasy. I was afraid of something, I know not what. I suppose my conscience reproached me, as it has ever since. I went to Belfast to see if you were still living. I wanted to know whether you believed the child was dead. I was dressed so different, that I did not think Mrs. Banford would recognize me, and when I saw her in the garden of your house I spoke to her. She told me all about the child, that it had been lost on the river. When she had informed me in regard to all I wanted to know, she called me by name. She had recognized me. She went to the hotel with me. This was after I had sent you the letter with the piece of the card in it. The letter, the card, and my appearance in Belfast betrayed me. She fathomed the truth, because I had no faculty for deception.

"She charged me with having the child. I could not deny it. At last I confessed it. I offered her five thousand dollars to keep my secret, agreeing to pay her a thousand dollars a year. I paid her one thousand in Belfast, and sent the second payment in the letter which remained so long in your house. Then she came to me in Philadelphia. She was married, she said, to a man by the name of McGusher, from Baltimore; and she wanted the rest of the money I owed her at once, in order to buy a farm in Goshen, New York. I was not willing to pay it, but I was in her power, and she compelled me to do so. I was unwilling she should return to Belfast for the letter, fearful that it might have been opened, and my secret betrayed; so I gave her the thousand dollars she had lost. In order to prevent her from taking advantage of me, I told her about the plan I had for restoring the boy to his father. I allowed her to look at the piece of card I had retained. I could not find it after she had gone, and I have no doubt now that she stole it. I was afraid of her, and expected to be obliged to pay her at least a thousand dollars a year as long as she lived. I have told you the whole story, Captain Bilder."

"Hasn't Mrs. McGusher tried to get any more money out of you?" asked the ship-master.

"No, sir; but I suppose this step-son was to get a fortune out of you; and this kept her quiet."

"Perhaps it is lucky that I am a beggar," said the captain, with a languid smile, as he glanced at his son, "Oscar! my Ocean-Born!"

"I know my mother speaks only the truth," added Neil.

"I have spoken it to my own sacrifice," replied Madam Brandon, wiping the tears from her eyes. "I have lost the best of boys."

"Whatever I am, whoever I am, I shall never forget you!" exclaimed Neil, warmly, as he grasped both of her hands. "No mother could have done more for me than you have."

"He has been brought up in luxury, but I have given him a good education."

"In luxury!" added Captain Bilder. "Then it will be all the harder for him to step into a poor man's house, such as mine must be."

"No, sir! If I should die to-day, he would be worth half a million. My husband left all his wealth to me; people wondered at it, for they did not know why he did so. Captain Bilder, I wish to atone for my own and my husband's sin, so far as I can do so. We have grievously wronged you, and I know that money cannot compensate for the loss of the affections of such a son as my boy. Yesterday I decided what I should do. One half of my fortune shall be yours at once; the other half shall go to Neil when I need it no longer. Nay, you must accept my gift. I have been almost happy since I decided to do this. It must be done."

"One half of your fortune, Madam Brandon, is more than I ever had," said the ship-master.

"No matter, sir; it would grieve me if you refused to take it."

He did not refuse then.

"You are a noble fellow, Oscar; and I am proud of such a son," said the captain, grasping the hand of the "long-lost."

"You may well be proud of him," added Madam Brandon. "I cannot have him torn entirely from me."

She pressed him to her heart, and sobbed. Both of them wept, and Captain Bilder was deeply moved.

"He shall not be torn from you; you must live in Belfast now, and both of us shall see him every day. May I send for Kate? I wish to introduce her to her brother."

Kate was sent for; the whole story was told once again, and she was as proud of her brother as her father was of his son. The astounding news was told through the excursion party, and Oscar and Kate were congratulated by "all hands." The next day, the clubs sailed for home, Madam Brandon and Captain Bilder taking passage in the Ocean-Born. They spent a day at Fort Point on the return, and this time Madam Brandon was the host.

She was almost as gay as a young girl, and the only objection Captain Bilder had to her was, that she spelled "living" with an e in it.

On their arrival at Belfast, the captain was too happy to trouble Mrs. McGusher and her step-son any further. Declining to prosecute, they returned to Goshen, to the farm which had been bought with the "hush-money" paid by Madam Brandon. Probably Mr. McGusher still figures in the "mawcantile" business.

The clubs spent three weeks more in the bay, making several long excursions. Mrs. Brandon was the guest of Captain Bilder, who had fully forgiven the living and the dead for the terrible wrong done to him. By the middle of August, the Ocean-Born started on her return to Philadelphia. Madam Brandon, Captain Bilder, and Kate were passengers. One of the first things which the lady did when they arrived at her elegant residence, was to divide her stocks, bonds, and treasury notes into two equal parts, one of which she passed to Captain Bilder. After a great deal of reflection, he had concluded to accept the gift. Perhaps he felt that it was but a meagre compensation for what he had suffered at the hands of him who had died, leaving this fortune behind him.

Madam Brandon returned to Belfast with Captain Bilder and his children. She could not think of being separated from Oscar, as she now called him. She leased her house and furniture, and for the present was to reside with the ship-master, though she talked of purchasing a house in her new location. But it is a fact that she did not do so; and it is also a fact that she became Mrs. Bilder in about a year after the events we have narrated, so that Oscar was again permitted to call her mother. Kate did not object, and was almost as fond of her new mother as her brother was.

The only thing that seriously troubled Captain Oscar Blake Bilder, as his name was registered on the books of the Belfast Yacht Club, was the loss of the Ocean-Born, and she was the subject of a long correspondence between him and the joint owners of her with him. It resulted in the purchase of the three fourths owned by Berry Owen and the Roaches by Oscar. The business was completed about the middle of September, and in commemoration of the former happy cruise, the same officers and crew took her to Belfast, returning by rail and steamer.

Now, our story is told, when we have said that the Bilder family were "gushingly" happy; that Ben Lunder often goes to Belfast,

and Kate blushes so when he comes, that Oscar is in danger of having a brother-in-law in the "Old Salt" one of these days; that Oscar spends a great many evenings at the house of Dr. Darling, and that Minnie even allows him to interpolate that hitherto forbidden comma when he speaks her full name; and that often, in summer, our friends of the story take a long cruise in the OCEAN-BORN.

LIVE AND LEARN.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

WHEN the breakfast was all spread,
 With the milk-jug and the bread,
 Bridget left the cat in care;
 In the future, she'll beware!
 Hardly had she closed the door,
 When pussy bounded from the floor.
 "Here's a chance," said she, "I'm sure,
 Doesn't happen often! Purr-r-r!"
 First, she licked the butter-pat,
 Such a faithless little cat!
 In the cream-jug next she dipped;
 The cream was low, the jug it tipped;
 But pussy minded not a bit,
 Lapping away, right glad of it.
 Presently, she heard the click
 Of Bridget's door-latch. O, how quick
 Would she leave the milk-jug now,
 Only, who could tell her how?
 "Meow, meow, meow, meow!"
 Since her head was fast within,
 She began to see the sin.
 Folks would laugh, and say, "Your hat,
 Tabby dear, is large for a cat!"
 But Bridget cried, "As sure as day,
 The jug's got legs and is running away!"
 Her mistress thought it would serve her
 right,
 Should she have to wear the jug one night!
 But they broke it in pieces, and let her go.
 And now, when she helps herself, do you
 know?
 Into the pitcher she puts her *paw*,
 But never her head, I assure you; for
 Experience is something we all must earn,
 And even a cat may live and learn.

— So many new materials are now used in making paper, that in England, we are told, rags alone are used only for the paper of bank notes, ledgers, and a few special purposes of this kind.



A HEART-WELCOME FOR EDWARD BATTLES. Page 423.

AUNT BETSEY'S TREASURE.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY.

CHAPTER XIV.

AUNT BETSEY HER OWN EXECUTOR.

"WHAT does aunt Betsey say?" asked Mrs. Blessing of Belle, who had in her hand an open letter from Miss Elizabeth Blessing.

"It is an earnest, not to say imperative, invitation to visit her immediately," replied Belle, passing her mother the letter.

"I should say it was imperative, Belle, and should be obeyed. Perhaps the change will do you good; you have been at home six weeks, and I do not see that you have recu-

perated in the least, from your school keeping."

Two days later Belle alighted from the stage at aunt Betsey's door.

"Goodness sakes alive! what ails you, child? You've lost your color and dimples, and all pined away. You will work yourself to death, I do believe, some day, for somebody. Do get off your things, and lie down, and have a cup of tea right away."

Belle smiled, bringing back some of the dimples; but she was really much changed, and aunt Betsey's heart was ill at ease about her chosen darling. In vain she brought forth her choicest preserves, and cooked the daintiest titbits with exceeding care; Belle had no appetite which anything could tempt, and, when alone, her countenance settled to its now habitual look of brooding reflection.

"It is their changed fortunes," thought aunt Betsey; "she thinks I don't know that her uncle John has cheated her father out of nine hundred dollars just in the pinch of his need. I sent for her to make that up; but I must do more; yes, I will do the whole; that is the way to take the good out of it myself."

"Come into my bedroom." It was the day following the above reflections, and aunt Betsey spoke in tones of awful mystery, standing just within the door of the dim little room she designated. Belle went in wondering.

"You know, Belle, I made my will, giving you all when I die; but if I wait until then, I can never see you enjoy it; and I have made up my mind to give you the whole now, and see you begin to take the good of it."

"But, aunt Blessing, you have already given me too much, and I neither can, nor shall, accept any more."

"You don't know what you are talking about. I have been an imposition, and the result is locked up in this reticule. I give its contents to you."

Belle unlocked the reticule, and deliberately laid out upon the bed two red bandanna silk handkerchiefs, two pairs of knit yarn stockings, a pair of knit gaiters, a night-gown and cap, a flat bottle, a silver porringer, and a netted purse, showing through its meshes about ten dollars in silver money.

"Something more yet," remarked aunt Betsey, as Belle, after feeling inside, laid away the reticule. Belle shook it upside down over the bed, then peered into it without discovering anything more. Aunt Betsey, who seemed intensely excited, opened the blind with trembling hands, still insisting that Belle must find something more in the reticule.

"Shall I rip open the lining?" asked Belle, after looking into it in a strong light. With her aunt's delighted consent, Bell ripped open the lining, and thrusting in her hand, drew forth a large paper envelope.

"Open it! Tell me what is there!" exclaimed aunt Betsey.

"United States bonds!"

"How many?"

"Twenty—forty—sixty—one hundred and ten—one hundred and sixty—one hundred and eighty—two hundred—two hundred and twenty—*two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in United States bonds!*" counted and exclaimed our heroine in utter astonishment.

"Averaging fifteen per cent. above par," coolly added aunt Betsey; "if you can't tell me how much more that makes, you shall give

the whole back, and go to school until you learn."

"Fifteen on a hundred—one hundred and fifty on a thousand—two hundred and twenty times one hundred and fifty equal thirty-three thousand dollars, which, added to two hundred and twenty thousand dollars, make two hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars. Aunt Blessing, can all this be yours? I am astonished! I am glad!"

"It is no longer mine, but, as I before said, yours."

"Mine! O, aunt Blessing, surely you don't mean it!"

"I do; there is only one condition: you are to send me a good loaf of bread, of your own making, once a week, as long as I live."

"You must live with us, at home, and see me make the bread."

"No; but I will sell my cottage and build one within a quarter of a mile of wherever you live, so as to see you take the good of the money, and be handy for the bread."

"How came you by all this property?" asked Belle, gazing half bewildered upon the treasure in her lap.

"I came honestly by it. When I was a girl, a relative bequeathed to me a piece of waste land in Western New York, where Milltown now is. Everybody had forgotten that I owned such a worthless possession, and I myself regarded it as of very little value. When, in my forty-sixth year, I was visited by a speculator, who very quietly bought the whole of me as a mill privilege, for forty thousand dollars, and has since realized from it half a million. Ashamed of what I soon regarded as a bad bargain, too old to care to change my ways of living, and foolishly ambitious to see my fortune accumulate, I invested it as secretly as I sold it, and ever since it has been growing, interest upon interest. You will see that doubling once in ten years more than makes it; but there have been some losses. Nobody has known that I was rich, except my confidential agent, who managed the property for me until he moved to the west, just after the war; when, at my request, he invested my entire estate in United States bonds, and placed them in my own hands. If any one had known that they were here, I suppose I should have been murdered for them long ago. It will be a great relief to me not to have the care of them, and I expect to take real comfort in seeing you enjoy them."

"How shall I enjoy them?"

"You were once telling me what you would do with a hundred thousand dollars."

"Then," cried Belle, joyfully, "I may give father and Will bonds to buy the goods, and I may purchase the house and furniture for mother, and give baby Belle a present, and her mother ten thousand dollars, and help Charley all I can coax him to let me!"

"Yes, do just as you please; only I wish you to stop giving somewhere short of a hundred thousand, and keep the rest for yourself, just as it is in the bonds; it will give you a handsome income, and they are good property."

"Yes, ever since people got rich buying up the old depreciated continental currency, those have done best who have had the most confidence in our own country; or in 'Uncle Sam,' as Charley would say. But, aunt, I shall take only part of these. I do not know how to express my thanks for your generosity."

"Pshaw! 'tisn't worth mentioning. The ten thousand I saved out, before giving you these, is all I want; but if you like it any better, I will keep twenty thousand more. Now pack up your bonds and put them in this tin case, which was made to hold them; but I thought they were safer from thieves in the paper envelope, which would make no noise, and I shall hide mine where they were before: the will makes them yours at last. I believe there is good luck in this reticule, and I would not part with it on any account."

After this Belle and her aunt were very busy planning the repurchase of the old home, and a grand family supper party therein, at which all were to be present, and when the gifts were to be made to the several parties. Various obstacles to the working of the scheme were discussed and overcome. Belle made a journey to Boston, hunted up Mr. Wilson, the purchaser of the place, and bought it back furnished just as they had left it. After diligent search she found and secured the same faithful cook, who had served them in the past, and sent her to the house to get all things in readiness for the arrival of the family on Thanksgiving day, which had been chosen because Charley would then be at home, and the occasion would serve as a pretext for an invitation from aunt Blessing for all the family to dine with her at a friend's house near Boston. Then a carriage was to meet them at the station and take them to the old home.

While these matters kept Belle's mind busy for hours, she seemed to some extent herself once more; but her aunt looked in vain for the vital change to health and joy which she had anticipated. One bright autumn Saturday, aunt Betsey remarked to herself, —

"There she is, now, sitting out in the maple

orchard, making wreaths of bright leaves, thinking all the time of somebody or something that worries her to death. What if, after all I have done to make her happy, she has gone and fallen in love with some miserable fellow that —"

Aunt Betsey's reflections were cut short by a ring at the door. Answering the call, she met a total stranger, of erect and graceful carriage and pleasing address. His engaging countenance was fitly set in a frame of dark chestnut hair, cut short, shampooed and curled in close rings, with side whiskers a lighter shade of the same color, while the brows and lashes which shaded his deep blue eyes were black.

"This, I presume, is Miss Elizabeth Blessing," said the young man, cordially.

Miss Blessing assented.

"Can I see your niece, Miss Belle Blessing?"

"She must answer for herself, sir. Walk in. Who shall I say wishes to see her?"

In some embarrassment, the stranger took a visiting card from a card-case, hesitated, returned it to the case, and taking out a blank card, wrote a name upon it, and gave it to aunt Betsey, saying, —

"Please ask her if she will see the owner of that name."

Belle in the maple grove, seeing her aunt approaching, ran to meet her with a wreath of crimson and yellow leaves trailing from her shoulders, and another half finished in her hand.

"A gentleman at the house asks if you will see the owner of this name: but don't you, Belle, unless you want to."

As Belle's glance rested on the name, a tide of crimson rushed to her cheeks, a flash of joy to her eyes. She was herself again, as her aunt had longed to see her, as reading the name, "Edward Battles," she exclaimed, —

"O, yes, he is welcome. Send him out here."

"A room is too small for us," added Belle to herself, and she looked ready to fly away with a song, like some glad, uncaged bird. But when Edward approached, he found her seated with downcast eyes, and saw a tear fall upon the unfinished wreath in her lap before she rose to meet him, and extended her hand, saying, —

"Belle has kept a heart-welcome for Edward Battles many years."

"Had Edward dared dream such a blessed dream, he would not have consented to come, as a stranger, seeking the heart which had so long held his captive."

Belle was silent.

"If I had sent you this card, would you have seen me?"

The engraved card he took from the case and handed her read, "Ernest Herbon."

"I should not have seen Ernest Herbon."

"But my name is Ernest Herbon; the legislature, long ago, changed the old name you cherish to the new one you reject. It is that of the relative who adopted me. Will you tell Edward why you could not love Ernest Herbon?"

"The black hair was the only reason."

"Once, when Edward was a boy, a little girl told him what a pity it was that his yellowish hair was not black to match his eyebrows and lashes."

"Was that the reason Ernest Herbon dyed his hair?"

"What if it were?"

"I should deeply regret the act, as unworthy of its author."

"It was not the reason."

Belle was silent, and her suitor asked, —

"Is Edward to understand that the smell of hair-dye made Miss Blessing suddenly sick the day she left school?"

"Rather a glimpse of black growth from chestnut roots."

"Then she recognized Edward in Mr. Herbon for the first time?"

"Yes."

"And could not abide black walls of deceit, even of hair?"

Belle assented.

"I have permission to show you this letter."

He handed Belle a letter, addressed to himself, which she saw at a glance was in her father's hand, and of date only just previous to her first meeting with Mr. Herbon, and some weeks subsequent to her first conversation with her father respecting the picture.

"ERNEST HERBON, ESQ. My Dear Sir: Your recent letter was a pleasant surprise, although I retain but a slight recollection of the boy Edward Battles.

"I thank you for your manly, sincere, and generous spirit respecting the attachment you say you have always retained for my daughter Belle, and I will try to reply in the same spirit.

"So far as I know, her heart is free, and if you can win it, it shall be yours without hindrance from me. There is one condition, however, which I wish to make. It is, that you conceal from her your identity with the Edward of her childhood, and win her by your existing merits alone. If she has retained a

dreamy or romantic fancy for the boy Edward, I would throw that out of the scale in deciding a matter of such momentous consequence. If she accepts you, it should be for what you are, not for what you were, or what her fertile imagination has fashioned you. If you choose her, it should be for what she is, not what she was, or what you imagine her to be. The necessity is mutual, although you may not so regard it.

"Your change of name will aid you in meeting her as a stranger, and if you would not find it too great a trial to color those ambrosial locks of yours, I think you would be quite secure from recognition. That the happiness of my Belle is more precious to me than my own, must be my excuse for these troublesome exactions.

"Very truly yours,

"CHARLES BLESSING."

Belle gave back the letter with tears in her eyes.

"Forgive me, Mr. Herbon, that I have wronged you in my thoughts and acts ever since that day of recognition. I should have known you would not deceive me without good reason."

"There is nothing to forgive. That you were deeply moved, leads me to hope you will yet be reconciled to Ernest Herbon."

"I am more than reconciled."

CHAPTER XV.

TREASURES SECURED.

"BELLE, it does my eyes good to see you this morning," said aunt Betsey at the breakfast table. "You look like yourself, and are eating your breakfast as if you enjoyed it. If that handsome young Herbon gives you such an appetite, I hope he will come often."

Mr. Herbon had staid to tea the previous evening, and exerted his best powers to please Belle's poor old aunt.

"I will take another of your delicious cream biscuits, on the strength of that, aunt. I must do my best at breakfast, because I have something to tell you by and by that will make you angry with me, and then I can't eat any dinner."

Aunt Betsey looked anxious, but made no reply, except to press Belle to take a saucer of preserved damsons with her biscuit; but after the breakfast dishes were put away, and Belle sat sewing by the window, aunt Betsey seated herself beside her, and with a determined air said, —

"What is it you have to tell me, Belle?"

"Only, aunt, that with my parents' consent, I have promised to marry Ernest Herbon."

"Goodness gracious! So sudden! Why, how long have you known him, child?"

"About ten years."

"The land sakes! So long? And pray when did you fall in love?"

"I never fell, aunt. I grew to it; but I am certain the love exists."

"What is his business?"

"He is now principal of the Dudley High School where I taught. His life has been a struggle upward. Almost unaided he has obtained a collegiate education, studied law, and been admitted to the bar; after which, finding his purse empty, he chose to replenish it by teaching before commencing a practice which could scarcely be expected to be at first remunerative. He told me of an offer he has recently received, to take the office and practice of an honored and wealthy member of the bar, who was retiring from active life, and that he must decline it for lack of means to meet a high rent, and purchase the expensive library and office furniture."

"Money, then, will help him directly into practice."

"Yes, but we can afford to wait; his salary is a good one, and with economy will accumulate. If father had not lost all his property, Ernest says he might never have ventured to seek me. So I am rather glad than sorry that I am poor."

"Poor! I don't understand you."

"Those bonds, aunt—I want you to take them all back. Ernest thinks I am poor. He don't know a lip even of your will, or that you are not destitute. When you gave me so much, you were not thinking of my husband."

Belle laid the bonds in her aunt's lap.

"Belle Blessing, I don't take back presents," tossing them into her lap. "I am glad you are engaged, and I like your choice. I am not a bit afraid that man will ever cheat you out of your money, if he is a lawyer, and I am glad he is. I haven't seen anybody so handsome, and gifted, and so likely to turn out a United States senator since I saw Benjamin Blake; and it has been a mighty comfort to me only to think that I might have married him."

"O, aunt," cried Belle, "you can't think what joy you give me; and pray don't imagine it is all for the money. I couldn't bear to grieve you."

"What about?"

"You have told me so many times never to get married."

"All humbug! Not a word of truth in it. Do you suppose I want you to be a fool because I was? If I had only had half your sense at your age, I should have married—no matter whom. Hurry your plans, and be married Thanksgiving evening."

The glories and joys of that Thanksgiving re-union, at the old home, deserve a fuller record than they can here receive. All Belle's original plans for that day were carried to completion, only modified by many new and pleasant devices, and the addition of her own wedding, as suggested by her aunt, and that of Professor Hondus and Lucretia, as suggested by Belle, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the professor.

Belle said she had set her heart upon being married at the dear old home where she was born; that Mr. Wilson had obligingly given her possession of the house for her wedding day, and that aunt Blessing would preside and receive all as her guests. The wedding party was to be strictly a family one, with the necessary exception of their pastor.

The grand secrets were kept until after the wedding ceremonies, when the professor finding a five thousand dollar bond in his coat pocket, honestly presented it to the company, in hope of finding an owner. Belle insisted that all pockets should be turned inside out, since others, to her certain knowledge, had similar spoils more ingeniously secreted; and she volunteered her services as detective.

Amid a hush of profound astonishment, Mr. Blessing turned out a twenty thousand dollar bond; his wife, a title-deed of the place, and a receipted bill of its furnishings; William, a ten thousand dollar bond, and Mary the same; Charley and Clara, each a five thousand dollar bond; and, to close the scene mirthfully, baby Belle reluctantly relinquished from the grip of her fat fist a one thousand dollar bond, which she was appreciatingly devouring.

The astonishment, the pleasure, the mirth, the eager questionings, the delightful revelations, the mother's glad tears, the father's thankfulness too deep for words, his children's joy in his joy not less than his own, the bliss of opening their eyes upon the dear old home—more beautiful than ever before, as again their own,—all these, and much more, must be imagined.

Aunt Blessing, finding herself the heart of so much happiness, felt as if she had only just begun to live, and that her riches had never before been so secure.

When Belle and her husband could release

themselves from the joyful scene, she led him to the conservatory, a bower of beauty which he had not yet seen.

"How beautiful!" he exclaimed as they entered.

"Yes, Ernest, but I did not bring you to see the flowers; look! are not these better than roses?"

She placed in his hands the remainder of her treasure, — bonds to the amount of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

He regarded them a moment in silent astonishment, then returning them, replied, —

"My wife, I am grateful and glad; having known poverty, I know the worth of wealth, and this is twice my own, and thrice precious, because it is yours; but my Belle, my priceless treasure, was before secured."

PAT AND MISS SKITTY.

BY BESSIE BENTLY.

A RRAH! you're a troublesome creathur,
Miss Skitty, and that is quite true:
To think I should come from old Ireland,
To be bit by a varmint like you!

Och, now! then be off with your whispers;
Sure you have no manners at all.
Miss Skitty, indade! I won't *miss* ye,
But lave ye jist flat on the wall.

Bedad! she has slipped through my fingers;
As clean as a whistle she's gone,
And jist as I got right forninst her,
And wanted to pinch her back-bone!

Be aisy, now, Patrick; keep civil;
She's a fairy, may be, in disguise;
For, light as the seed of a thistle,
Out of sight she entirely flies.

Miss Skitty, Miss Skitty, my darlint!
Come, whisper a word in my ear.
Be aisy, now, Patrick, be aisy!
The bloodthirsty villain is near!

Take that, now! Indade, I have caught her,
And laid her out flat for her wake.
Bedad! my own cheek I've been thumping!
Bad luck! She has made her escape!

Faith, then, my own Skitty, my honey,
'Tis you that are nimble of wing;
'Tis you has the sweetest of voices;
Come, teach me the tunes that ye sing.

Whist! All unbeknownst I'll steal on her;
She's settled hersel on the pane.
Confess all your sins, now, Miss Skitty:
You'll ne'er say a prayer again.

Och, now! what has happened the winder?
By my soul, the fairy's slipped through!
An' what shall I say to the missus?
For she's left a hole in it, too!

Bedad! I have cut my own knuckles!
But sorra a bit would I care,
If only I hurted the torment
As much as the loss of a hair.

Faith, she's an ill-mannered creathur,
A stain on the land of the free,
That the likes of her should be spilling
The best blood on this side the sea!

I wisht I was back in old Ireland,
Or else that Saint Pat lived below,
To banish the vile Miss Skitties,
As he banished the snakes long ago.

— WHEN the old Norsemen settled in Iceland, in the ninth century, they had their own peculiar ceremonies for making the land their own, or taking possession of it. When a settler had found a spot that suited him, he commenced to "hallow the land," as he called it. This was done by surrounding the coveted spot by a ring of fires, each of which was in sight of those nearest to it on either side; or sometimes merely by lighting a bonfire at the mouth of each river, as such a fire hallowed not only the stream, but all those that flowed into it.

This ceremony was called encircling the land with fire; and the portion thus hallowed became the settler's own. ✓

— THE northmen of the middle ages believed that certain men could not be touched, or their skin wounded, by any weapon. They also had a notion that some men's eyes would turn the edge of the best sword, and that others had the power to withstand poison. The idea of men who bore a charmed life has been common enough in many parts of the world; but a glance of the eye that would turn the edge of the best blade has been much rarer. ✓

— THIRTY varieties of cotton have been found growing spontaneously in Africa. *

CALIFORNIA BOB.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

VI.

BOB IS CONVINCED.

WHEN Bob made his appearance before the Police Court the next morning, he had made no preparation whatever for his defence. The charge was so monstrously untrue that it seemed to him that he *must* be acquitted. He had been visited by a number of lawyers, who were very importunate to have their services accepted, until they discovered that Bob had neither money nor friends, when they brought their visits to abrupt conclusions. Several reporters had also asked for his version of the affair, which was given with a straightforward honesty, which seemed to convince one or two of the truth of his statement.

When the case was called the next morning, the police officer gave his testimony, and Mr. Banks gave his. Bob saw that everybody believed in his guilt. He asked the judge if he might testify in his own behalf; and, on permission being given, he stated the facts just as they occurred. When he was through, the judge asked the policeman where the man was who had pointed Bob out as the thief.

"Before I was able to take his name or address, your honor, he had disappeared," was the reply.

The judge then turned to Bob, and after saying that, on account of his youth, and some doubt in his own mind as to his guilt, he should inflict a light sentence, he was just about to sentence him, when a stout man, evidently a German, was seen forcing his way through the crowd, crying out,—

"Sthop, Shudge, sthop!"

"Have you testimony to give in behalf of the prisoner?" inquired the judge, evidently not liking to have the business of the court interrupted in that unceremonious fashion.

"Yaw!" was the reply, as the German panted and puffed up to the witness stand. Before speaking a word, he pulled out an immense red handkerchief, and began mopping his face with great gusto, the whole court waiting with much patience for him to recover his breath and proceed with his testimony; Bob looking at him with eager astonishment, for he could not imagine what he could have to say in his favor, as he did not remember ever having seen him before.

"My name," said the stranger, with an in-

imitable German accent and pronunciation, — "my name is Sinkmitz."

Bob jumped.

"I haf shust got back from der city of New York. Ven I stood in der crowd, yesterday, I see von poy, like dis, and von man, mit a large visker round his face. Dis man — Mr. Panks — I did not see. Vile I was looking, I see der man mit der visker round his face put somedings into de poy's pocket. I tot it vas von shoke, or I vould haf said somedings. Apout five minutes after, I saw der man speak to der policeman, and den I didn't see no more. Ven I read in der paper apout dis case, I tot, I knows somedings of it, and I vill go down and tell der shudge. I dink der poy is no defe."

Mr. Sinkmitz appeared to be well known, and his testimony was evidently believed. The case against Bob was dismissed, and he was discharged. Mr. Banks entered a vigorous protest, but it was unheeded.

Bob hesitated for a moment whether to wait for Mr. Sinkmitz outside the door of the courtroom, or whether to wait for some more auspicious occasion for presenting his letter.

While he was still waiting, the German came up, put one hand on Bob's shoulder, while he mopped his face with the other, and said, —

"I always vish to see shustice done. Do you know who der man vas mit der vare large visker round his face, who serve you dis little trick?"

"I cannot imagine, sir," said Bob. "I am a total stranger here."

"I vill keep an eye out for him," said Mr. Sinkmitz, nodding.

"I have a letter for a Mr. Sinkmitz," said Bob, pulling it out of his pocket in a rather soiled and tumbled condition. "It was given me by a gentleman named Tarbell."

"Tarbell!" exclaimed Mr. Sinkmitz. "Vy! mine old vriend! Come mit me, my poy, to mine store, vare I vill read it at my leisure."

As they marched along, Mr. Sinkmitz asked Bob a number of questions, and seemed to take great interest in him. Bob also asked a few questions, desiring a description of the "dear" young man, which Mr. Sinkmitz gave to the best of his ability. Bob could give but one conjecture as to whom it might be, and that seemed too preposterous to be entertained for a moment.

The first person they met at the store was the self-sufficient clerk, who again stared at Bob — this time with more astonishment than contempt.

Mr. Sinkmitz read the letter, and then looked attentively at Bob. Our hero was con-

scious that he looked ragged and dirty, and he did not much enjoy the inspection.

"You needs von blace," said Mr. Sinkmitz, at length.

"Yes, sir," answered Bob.

"Mine old vriend, Mr. Tarbell, says he dinks you will prove honest and industrious."

"I think so, too," said Bob, bashfully.

He never knew what to answer to compliments.

"Vell, den," said Mr. Sinkmitz, "I engages you as a poy for der store."

"I thank you, sir," said Bob, hardly able to keep his joy within bounds.

"You haf no money," said his new employer.

Bob shook his head.

"And you vill need oder clothes."

Bob nodded. He knew he ought to answer, but somehow the words stuck in his throat.

"I vill advance you your first week's wages, den," said the kind man. "You vill be here to-morrow at seven o'clock."

"Very well, sir," added Bob; and, with a grateful face, he bowed himself out.

He had been in Mr. Sinkmitz's employment about a month, when, on looking over the paper one morning, the following item caught his eye:—

"A notorious character, known as Buzzard Bill, who has committed a multitude of crimes, recently escaped from the jail at Gold Run, where he was held in durance vile, awaiting trial on a charge of sluice-robbing. The police have been looking for him for a couple of weeks past; and yesterday officer Evans captured the scoundrel in a den on the Barbary Coast. He is now at the county jail, awaiting the arrival of the sheriff."

Bob stared. Could it be that the "dear young man," the man "mit der large visker," was Buzzard Bill? He had thought of him at the time when Mr. Sinkmitz had described him; but it had seemed impossible. He took the paper to his employer at once. A lively conversation ensued, the result of which was that Bob and his employer took their hats, and wended their way to the county jail.

The next day another item concerning Buzzard Bill appeared in the paper, as follows:—

"A boy, named Robert Brown, yesterday lodged a complaint against the notorious Buzzard Bill, charging him with stealing a pocket-book, containing a considerable sum of money, from an old gentleman named Banks, and transferring the same to the pocket of the complainant. The boy was arrested, and the book found in his pocket. He was tried and

convicted, and was only saved from sentence by the opportune arrival of Mr. Sinkmitz, of the firm of Sinkmitz & Co., importers of silks. This gentleman testified to having seen the performance, and now identifies Buzzard Bill as the performer. The officer who arrested the boy Brown also identifies Bill as the man who pointed out the boy as the thief. His trial will take place to-morrow."

Some time after Buzzard Bill had been tried, convicted, and sentenced, and sent back to Gold Run, to await his trial there, on the charges of sluice-robbing and jail-breaking, Bob called again at Mr. Wedgwood's house. The servant girl informed him that Mr. Wedgwood and Miss Nannie had left the Springs, but had gone to visit some friends up the coast, and would not probably return before six weeks.

Bob turned away from the door, deeply disappointed. He had been so sure that he should see his friends that evening, and felt so vexed at his failure, that he did not go directly home (he still lived in the little house with the little old woman), but wandered about aimlessly, looking in the shop-windows, and watching the passers-by. At length he found himself on Long Bridge. It was a bright, starlight night, and the water looked peaceful and beautiful. He walked out to the end of one of the short wharves, and sat down on a pile of lumber. He had received a letter from his eldest sister the day before, telling him that his mother had been quite sick, although she was then much better.

Bob loved his mother, and he felt worried and down-hearted. What should he do if she never lived to see him a rich man? Suppose she should die, and leave him, and he away from home! It was now nearly a year since he had left Virginia City, and he had had so many and such varied experiences, that it seemed to him much longer. He had learned a great deal, and grown a great deal *older*, in every respect, since that night when he climbed out of his window, and crept through the back yard, so determined to be a pirate. He called himself a fool, and fairly blushed for shame, all alone there in the darkness, when he thought of it.

There were a number of vessels lying at anchor out in the stream, and Bob watched them, rolling gently as the tide came in. He heard some men coming down the wharf; he thought they probably were sailors, returning to the ship after a day ashore. He did not turn around, for he knew that they must pass him; and he was idly curious to see which

vessel would put off a boat for them. They were talking, but in a low voice, unlike sailors, who generally get exceedingly drunk and noisy ashore; but Bob was quite unsuspicious of anything wrong.

One of the men came on ahead of the rest, and spoke to Bob, asking him a number of questions about San Francisco, saying that they were strangers in the place. While Bob was answering, another man crept up unperceived behind him, and dealt him a blow on the head which knocked him senseless. They then lifted him up, no one speaking a word, and carried him to the extreme end of the wharf, while a couple of men descended the rope ladder, and brought a boat out from under the wharf, where it was tied: the others kept watch. After a few moments one of the men in the boat gave a peculiar whistle, and said,—

"All right!"

Without a word, the other two men descended, carrying with them Bob's helpless body. They then rowed rapidly out to a large ship, which was just weighing anchor. Bob was hoisted on board, and carried down into the forecabin, where he was rudely flung into one of the berths. Meanwhile the captain entered in his books the name of Frederick Smith, able-bodied seaman, and paid the men a sum of money.

"What's the matter with him?" inquired the captain, as the men were returning to their boat.

"Drunk—that's all," was the reply; and the "shanghai-eres" rowed off, well pleased with their evening's work.

They had succeeded in shanghaiing four men for the "Queen of the Seas" previously, and were merely intending to go to the ship to get the balance of the pay for their nefarious work, when they spied Bob sitting alone upon the lumber, and considered the sum received for him as so much pure gain.

The Queen of the Seas weighed anchor at twelve o'clock, and sailed as proudly through the Golden Gate as though her decks had never been trodden by the feet, perhaps stained by the blood, of "shanghai'd" sailors.

The ship was bound first for Puget Sound, then for Valparaiso, then for Liverpool. It would—so the old salts on board assured Bob—be at least two years before they would see the port of San Francisco again.

Of the four others who had been shanghai'd, three were sailors, and all had been very drunk when brought on board. They were sulky and ill-natured, and got many a blow

from the captain and mates; but Bob, although his head was cut badly, and he was dizzy and weak, did his best to obey orders and please his superiors. The result was, that he was taken from the forecabin and put into the cabin, his cut was examined and sewed up by the surgeon, and he was assured by the captain that he never would have taken him if he had supposed that everything was not "all right;" which Bob knew was false.

His good treatment, however, did not last long. The captain was a heavy drinker, and in one of his sprees got extremely angry at Bob, and kicked him out of the cabin for some real or fancied carelessness. He never afterwards forgave him, but seized every opportunity for wreaking his vengeance on the helpless boy.

Bob often said, afterwards, that he always felt that he had much to be thankful for in escaping from that voyage with his life. Every day and hour he was sworn at, cuffed, beaten, and found fault with. He had only one hope—that of deserting as soon as they arrived at Puget Sound.

The opportunity came much sooner than he had dared hope. They had some freight to deliver at Portland, Oregon, and the ship stopped there a couple of days. Bob did not ask to go ashore: he was determined to go without asking, as soon as he had an opportunity; and he thought that if he requested leave to go, he might excite the suspicions of his tormentors. He pretended to be sick, and crawled around, with his head bound up in a handkerchief.

The first day there was absolutely no chance: the boats were always in use by the captain or mates, and he did not know how to swim. He waited, and tried to be patient. The Queen of the Seas lay out in the stream some distance, or he would have taken the chance of drowning or reaching the shore, and jumped overboard at night.

The second day—they were to sail that night—the captain had some company to dinner: the boats were sent from the ship to bring the guests on board. There were two gentlemen and two ladies. One of the latter was young and pretty, and the sailors said that she was going to marry the "old man," as they in the forecabin called the captain.

Bob looked at her, and wished that some good angel would preserve her from so dreadful a fate. To him Bluebeard was humane and gentle compared with this cruel master of his.

He had very little time, however, to waste

in sentimental thoughts on young ladies and their lovers, for he was excited and anxious to the last degree about his own chances of escape from the clutches of the captain.

He was beginning almost to despair, when the boatswain said to him, —

"Want to go ashore, Bob?"

"Yes," replied Bob, in as careless a tone as he could assume.

"Well, come along, and take an oar. I've got to go over and wait at the wharf for a couple of the captain's friends, as hasn't put in an appearance yet. — Dick, you come and take an oar."

Dick seized his hat, and jumped into the boat. Bob had often envied his good-natured independence. No kicks or blows for him from anybody, for he was the best seaman on board the *Queen of the Seas*. Bob followed in silence. The sailors on board gave them some laughing directions about tipping the craft over, and giving the guests a ducking, to which Dick laughingly replied.

"Say, Bob," said the boatswain, "you've got permission?"

Bob was absolutely unable to tell a lie. If they had put him back on board of the hated ship, he must have told the truth. Fortunately, just then one of the sailors spoke to the boatswain, and in answering he forgot the question he had asked Bob, who pushed off from the ship's side with the lightest heart he had known for weeks.

As soon as the boat touched the wharf, Bob seized the ladder, clambered up like a cat, and was off out of sight before either of the men could realize what he was about.

Dick followed him, and pretended to hunt for him; but, as he did not blame him in the least for leaving, he did not try in the least to find him.

Bob slept that night on the soft side of a pine board, and remained hidden all the next day. He crept out of his hiding-place during the day, and managed to find something to eat. But he was so nervous for fear that the *Queen of the Seas* had delayed her departure in order to catch him, that he dared stay out in the street but a few minutes. Who owned the shed in which he was hiding he did not know, and, I am afraid, did not care.

The next day he ventured out, and went down to the wharves, to find, if possible, a ship bound for San Francisco, on which he might work his passage back. He was fortunate enough to find a little craft, commanded by a fine-looking, portly old German, whose weather-beaten face looked like tanned leather. He was short of hands, and took Bob on board

readily enough, and without asking any questions.

They sailed the next day, to Bob's relief, for he was always fearful of being recognized by some one belonging to the *Queen of the Seas*.

The second day of their voyage they stopped at a little place on the coast, to take in freight, and passengers if there were any. There were two: one was an old gentleman, with snowy hair and beard; and the other was a pretty young girl. Bob's heart gave a great bound as he recognized Mr. Wedgwood and Nannie.

They were equally glad to see him; and many long and pleasant talks they had as the little vessel rode bravely over the waters. Bob told his friends everything that had happened to him, saying over and over again that he was convinced now of the truth of the line in the old song, "There is no place like home."

"As soon as I get money enough," he said, "you'd better believe I'll see my mother again! — money enough to go home on, I mean."

"Then," said Mr. Wedgwood, "I will have a chance to do you a small service, in return for the great one you did me. When we reach San Francisco, you shall have a through ticket to Virginia City, and money enough to pay your expenses there."

Bob tried to refuse, but he *couldn't*. He was homesick; there was no denying it. He tried to thank Mr. Wedgwood; but he could not do that, either: there were tears in his throat and in his eyes; no denying that, either.

When they arrived in San Francisco, Bob visited Mr. Sinkmitz, to give an account of himself. That worthy gentleman was very indignant at the rascals who had shanghaied our hero; but there was no way to find out who they were, as Bob did not see their faces. He was also very sorry to lose Bob, for he liked the boy. But when he was told of the sickness of his mother, he shook hands with him cordially, and told him that he was doing just right to go back. Bob also visited the little old woman, who had been mourning for him all these weeks, believing that he was killed. Then he bade good by, gratefully, to Mr. Wedgwood and pretty Nannie, and in three days was safe at home again. Father, sisters, and baby were all glad to see him, and all agreed that he had grown tall and handsome; but who shall tell of his pale mother's joy, and all that *she* thought of her dear, foolish, loving, generous boy?

Bob himself proposed to his father that he should resume his old place at the store; and he privately told Bill Hill that dime novels were all lies, and he was convinced that *he* was never born to be a pirate. All of which Bill Hill took to his heart, and pondered upon.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

[WITH A FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATION.]

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

[AN EXTRACT FROM THE YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.]

SAMUEL ADAMS, when he heard the guns at Lexington, exclaimed, "O, what a glorious morning is this!" for he knew that the contest would end in the freedom of the colonies. President Jefferson said afterwards, —

"Before the 19th of April, 1775, I never had heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from Great Britain."

The Massachusetts committee of safety at once sent out addresses to the different towns, and to the other New England colonies, asking them to send troops to the neighborhood of Boston. Before long there were some fifteen thousand men collected, under a variety of independent commanders. General Ward commanded those from Massachusetts; General Stark, those from New Hampshire; General Greene, those from Rhode Island; and Generals Spencer and Putnam, those from Connecticut. The army was not at all disciplined; it had few cannon, and little ammunition; the men came and went very much as they wished. But they were strong enough to keep the British army of five thousand shut up in Boston; and General Gage sent most of the families of the patriotic party out of town, so that there was very little intercourse between those within and those without.

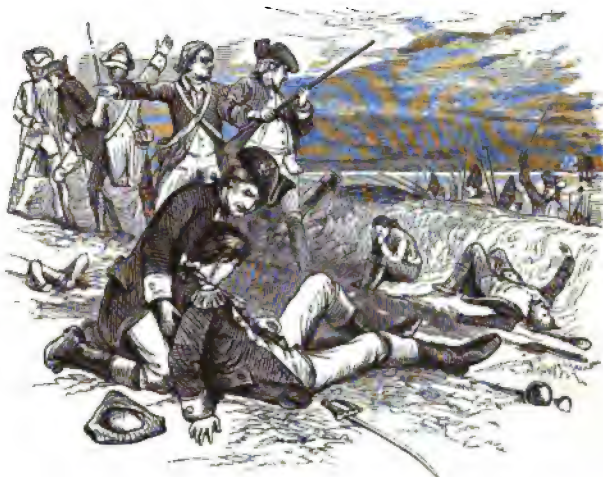
It was found that there were two ranges of hills that commanded Boston on two sides — Dorchester Heights on the south, and Bunker Hill and Breed's Hill on the north-west. It was of importance to both sides to get the control of these hills; and the Americans had reason to know that General Gage was planning to extend his lines, and include Bunker Hill. So a force of a thousand men was sent, one night, under command of Colonel Prescott, to erect some earthworks for its protection. His men were mostly farmers: they had no uniforms, and carried fowling-pieces without bayonets. They formed on Cambridge Common, and, after a prayer by the president of Harvard College, marched, at nine P. M., June

16, 1775. They marched so silently that they were not heard; and the bells of Boston had struck twelve before they turned a sod. It was finally decided to fortify Breed's Hill, as being nearer to Boston, instead of Bunker Hill. The work was soon begun. As they worked, they could hear the sentinels from the British men-of-war cry, "All's well!" As day dawned, the newly-made earthworks were seen from the ships, which began to fire on them, as did a battery in Boston. But the Americans went on completing their fortifications. General Gage with his telescope watched Colonel Prescott as he moved about the works.

"Will he fight?" asked he.

"To the last drop of his blood," said an American loyalist who stood near.

Soon the British general made up his mind



to lose no time, but to attack the works that day.

It was now the 17th of June. The day was intensely hot. Three thousand British soldiers were embarked in boats, and sent across to Charlestown. Prescott placed his men, as he best could, behind the half-finished mounds; and a detachment was stationed at a rail fence, on the edge of Bunker Hill, to keep the British troops from flanking the redoubt. This rail-fence was afterwards filled in with new-mown hay, to screen better those behind it. Without food, without water, and with very little ammunition, the Americans awaited their opponents. There were from two to three thousand behind the breastworks, and four thousand British to attack them; and the Americans were almost without drill or discipline, while the British troops were veteran regiments. On the other hand, the British were obliged

to advance in open field, while the Americans were behind their earthworks—a far safer position. There they waited as quietly as they could, while Putnam, Prescott, and others moved about among them, saying, "Aim low." "Wait till you can see the whites of their eyes."

The British soldiers marched forward slowly, for they were oppressed with the heat, and were burdened with their knapsacks of provisions. But they marched with great regularity, and entire confidence. They fired as they went; but only a few scattering shots were fired in return. On, on they came, till they were within some ten rods of the redoubt. Then the word "Fire!" was given; and when the smoke cleared away, the ground was strewn with the British soldiers, and the survivors had already begun to retreat. A great cheer went up from the forts, and the shout was echoed from the rail fence. The Americans behind the fence were next attacked by the right wing of the British. The Americans withheld their fire till the last moment; and three fourths of the advancing soldiers fell, and the rest faltered. Twice the British advanced, and twice they were driven backwards, while very few of the Americans were hurt. Then a third attack was made upon the main fort. The British officers were seen threatening the soldiers, and even striking and pricking them, to make them advance; but they were very unwilling. Putnam passed round the ranks, telling his men that, if the British were once more driven back, they could not rally again; and his men shouted, "We are ready for the red-coats again."

But Putnam knew that their powder was almost gone, and told them to reserve their fire till the British were within twenty yards. Once more they awaited the assailants, who now advanced with fixed bayonets, without firing, and under the protection of batteries of artillery. Most of the Americans had but one round of ammunition left, and few had more than three. Scarcely any had bayonets. Their last shots were soon fired; and there was nothing for them but to retreat as they best could. They fell back slowly, one by one, losing far more men in the retreat than in the battle. Among their losses was the brave General Warren, eminent as a physician and as a patriot. He was president of the Provincial Congress, and was there only as a volunteer, not in command. The British general, Howe, on hearing of his death, said that it was equal to the loss of five hundred men to the Americans.

The battle of Bunker Hill was of the great-

est importance to the colonies. First, it settled the question that there was to be a war, which many people had not before believed. Secondly, it showed that inexperienced American soldiers could resist regular troops. It is said that when Washington heard of it, he only asked, "Did the militia stand fire?" And when he was told that they did, and that they reserved their own till their opponents were within eight rods, he said, "The liberties of the country are safe."

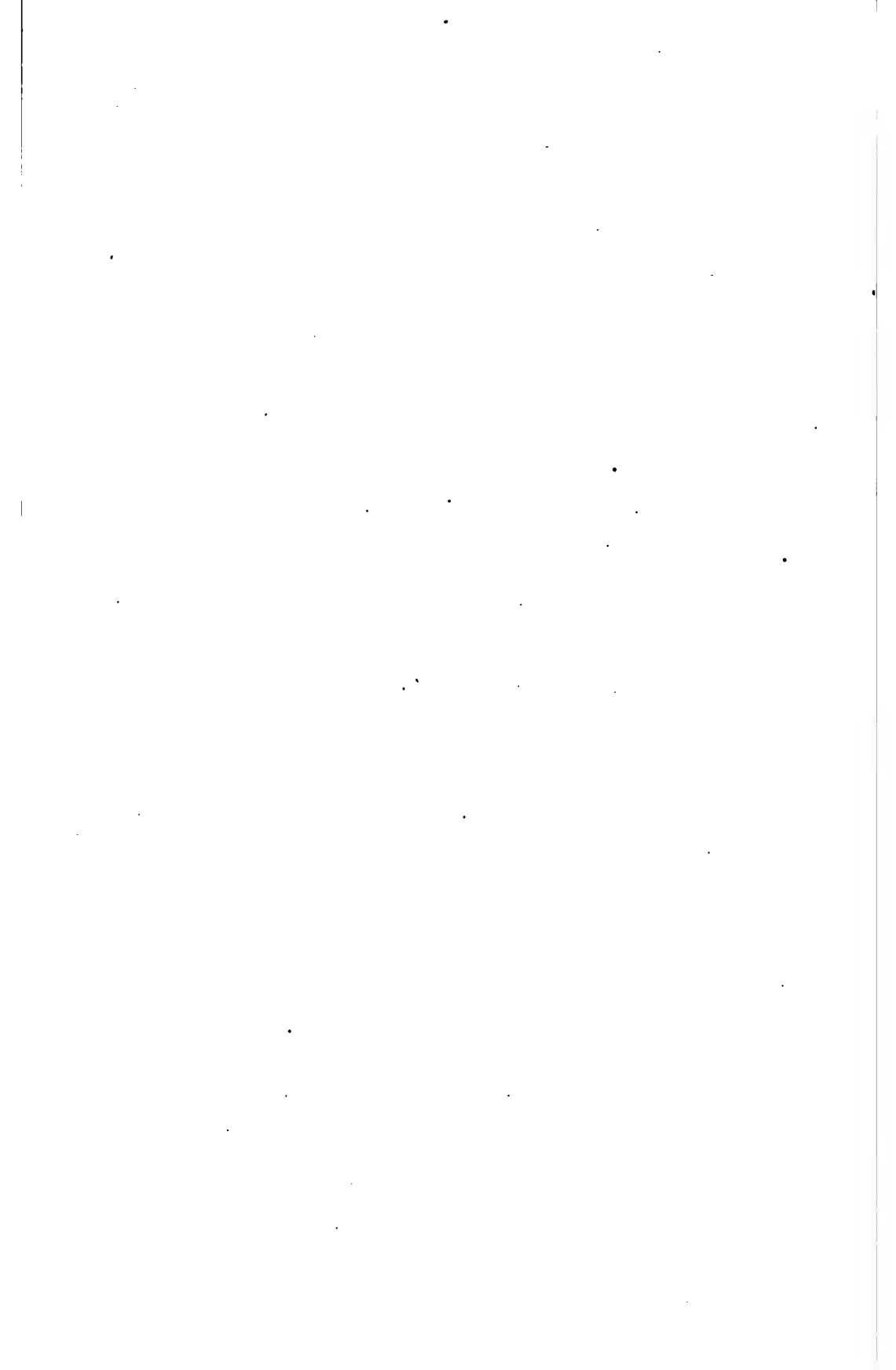
The battle was not claimed as a victory by the Americans; and yet it roused their enthusiasm very much. The ranks of the Continental army were filled up, and the troops were in high spirits. On the other hand, the greatest surprise was felt in England at the courage shown by the Americans in this contest, and the great number of killed and wounded among the British troops. By the official accounts, the British loss in killed and wounded was more than a thousand (1054), including an unusually large proportion of officers, being one in four of the whole force engaged. The American loss was less than half as many—not more than four hundred and fifty. People in England complained that none of their regiments had ever returned so diminished in numbers from any battle. One came back, for instance, with only twenty-five men. And it was said that "no history could produce a parallel" to the courage shown by the British in advancing beneath such a murderous fire. "So large a proportion of a detachment," it was said, "was never killed or wounded in Germany," where the British armies had lately been engaged.

— LADY MARY WORTLEY MON AGES.—
Nearly all the writings of this gifted lady are lost to the literary world through the pride of rank and ancient birth, of which her family were too susceptible. Her mother, a good and Gothic lady, destroyed nearly all her wonderful epistolary correspondence. Lady Mary states, in one of her unpublished letters, that "she had been in the habit of reading seven hours a day for many years." (Our youthful readers, perhaps, would call Lady Mary's reading, studying.) This lady is now only known to the reading world, as an author, from the chance publication of her famous "Turkish Letters," which, at one time, her family tried to suppress.

— THE crow is not so bad a bird, after all, as it never shows the white feather, and never complains without "caws."



THE FIRST BREATH OF SPRING.



WOLF RUN;

OR,

THE BOYS OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

UNFORTUNATELY for his own peace of mind, Friend Ephraim Cuthbert had permitted his son Nat to associate freely with the children of his neighbors, and had given him a rifle, to be used for killing game. All the intercourse he held, or could hold, with those of his own peculiar faith, was when, at long intervals, he rode with his family seventy miles to attend a Quaker meeting, and at such times spent a week among his brethren.

The natural result of such a course was, as we have seen, to place Nat in a most unhappy position. He instinctively sympathized with and reflected the sentiments of the boys, his associates, and to whom he was very much attached. He also cherished the greatest respect and affection for his parents; but the peculiar tenets in which he had been trained at the fireside were entirely undermined, and, as it were, honeycombed, by these outside and more genial influences. To adopt the language of Holdness, "All the Quakerism there was in Nat Cuthbert didn't amount to shucks."

Thus he was drawn upon by two forces acting in opposite directions at the same time, and had already, when in the society of his mates, become ashamed of and discarded the Quaker phraseology.

Ephraim and his good wife had long observed this change with sorrow and fear but of late it had become so strongly marked, that, although reluctant to leave their forest home, the worthy couple were brought at length to feel that the only possible way to hinder their children from becoming "world's people"—as the Quakers term all outside of their own pale—was to remove, and join some Quaker community. Matters were brought to a crisis in this way.

Nat had taken no part in building the garrison, but when Honeywood volunteered to take the boys and complete the road to and from it, Nat, without leave asked or granted, took his axe and joined them.

This act of his was a grief of heart to Cuthbert and his wife, and from that time they watched the motions of their son nar-

rowly, and endeavored to keep him from mixing with the other boys as much as possible, although the kind-hearted Quaker could not refuse to permit him to attend the bee at the house of Holdness.

Nat, however, knew all that was going on, being advised by Harry and Cal, through Tony Stewart, who, spry as a weasel, and utterly fearless, was ready to do any errand for anybody.

Having become ashamed of his broad-brim, Nat had made himself a coon-skin cap, like those worn by Harry and Cal, and resolved to wear it, if again permitted to associate with the boys.

The settlers in Wolf Run were often compelled to borrow, not merely mechanical and farming tools, but a great many articles of household use, insomuch that when any one of them found himself in a condition to purchase any of these things, he would buy something that no other neighbor had, in order to increase the common stock. They would go miles to borrow a darning-needle. Mrs. M'Clure's skillet and Mrs. Crawford's flat-irons went from one end of the Run to the other. When any of the residents invited company, each guest brought his own spoon, knife, and plate.

In an evil hour (for it was the very afternoon on which Harry and Cal were completing their drum and putting on the snares) his mother resolved to send Nat of an errand. The next day was her daughter Harriet's birthday, and the mother had promised she would make some extra nice sweet-cake and some berry pies. Her sieve was bottomed with moose-hide scraped thin, and bored full of holes with a hot iron. Now, although it was like running a knife into her heart to send Nat among those godless boys, she did so want friend Holdness's hair sieve! and she *must* have friend M'Clure's *double harness* to weave with.

Nat was called from the field, and, by no means loath to go, put on his coon-skin cap, and prepared to start. This brought on a crisis at once.

"Nathaniel, put off that worldly thing from thy head, and wear thy own hat."

"I do not want to, mother; let me wear this; the boys will laugh at me."

"My son, I trust thou art not ashamed of the principles thy parents profess, and which the inward light and the aid of the divine Spirit have taught thee. I trust thou art not 'a reed shaken with the wind,' to falter in thy duty on account of the world's laugh."

"Friend Honeywood is a good man, surely; father likes him; and *he* dresses like other folks, and thinks it is right for a man to defend his own life and property, and the lives of his family."

"Friend Honeywood is a kindly neighbor, and upright man, but he is in darkness; I trust he will yet be brought to see the true light; but as yet he is blinded."

"Let me wear it, mother. What harm is it?"

"Nay, my son, I will send thy sister Harriet."

Nat flung down the coon-skin cap violently on the floor, caught the broad-brim, jammed it upon his head, and was rushing from the house, when his mother, laying her hand on his shoulder, said, in her mild way, —

"Nathaniel, do not break thy mother's heart by giving way to the risings of carnal passion; for thy own sake, if not for mine, cross not the threshold in such a frame of spirit."

Nat bit his lips till the blood sprang; but mastering for the moment the passion that nearly choked him, he took the coon-skin cap from the floor, hung it up, laid the broad-brim on the table, put it once more deliberately upon his head, though his hand quivered, and walked slowly from the house.

Thus far parental affection and the habits of obedience and self-command in which he had been nurtured prevailed; but after leaving the door, his pace quickened almost to a run, and upon gaining the cover of the forest, the passions with difficulty suppressed exploded. Flinging the broad-brim violently to the ground, he trampled on it, and went along bareheaded; but after walking a few rods, returning, picked it up and put it on.

He now heard the roar of the drum Crawford was beating, that by no means tended to soothe his perturbed feelings. To his great delight, upon arriving at the houses of M'Clure and Holdness, he found neither men nor boys at home; they had all gone to Sumerford's. Indeed, he would not have undertaken the commission wearing the broad-brim, but that in his perturbed state of mind he wanted to get away from home.

On his return, still hearing the drum, he made his way through the woods, towards Sumerford's, and climbing a tree, saw the men and boys marching and enjoying themselves. The stirring notes of the drum, the wild cheers of boys, — his playmates, — and the tones of command, as Holdness shouted forth his orders, sent the blood leaping through the veins of Nat Cuthbert, and gave the death-

blow to Quakerism. He then and there, even before descending from the tree, formed a determination, afterwards put in execution. Just as the company at Sumerford's separated, they were joined by Honeywood, Maccoy, and Israel Blanchard, who had also been on the scout, and reported that they saw no Indian signs, but heard the drum far away in the forest.

Honeywood then volunteered to make a fife, and the next day went to the fort, and obtained from the fifer there a scale of the holes — the only difficulty in the manufacture.

When, on his return from the field, Friend Cuthbert's wife told him of the spirit Nat had manifested, he was very much disturbed; a long consultation followed between the parents, in consequence of which they resolved to leave the Run without any unnecessary loss of time, Ephraim preferring to leave all his property behind, and fling himself and family upon the charity of his Quaker brethren in Bucks County, rather than expose them to any further contamination by contact with the world's people.

He was not, however, compelled to so great a sacrifice, but exchanged some young cattle with Maccoy for two pack-mules, being already the owner of two horses; his household matters, in part, and two cows, he removed; the land and house were abandoned. Part of his crops were harvested, the rest in the ground.

They were disposed of in this way: most of the neighbors held more or less furs they had been gradually accumulating, and which they were prevented, by the Indian outbreak, from taking to Baltimore as usual. These they exchanged with Cuthbert for his cattle, sheep, and hogs, the furs being (as he was going to a market) as good as cash to him.

They then made a contribution among themselves and bought his corn and grain, — the former in the field, — intending to put both into the garrison, to furnish a resource in the event of siege, or in case their own crops were destroyed by the savages; and the grain, being already thrashed, was placed there at once.

Honeywood, M'Clure, Crawford, and Armstrong offered to accompany the little band to Carlisle. Ephraim thanked them, but refused to make use, even indirectly, of the carnal weapon, and would not even permit Nat to take his rifle.

The boy had pursued hunting till it had become a passion; and the tears were in his eyes, when, on the night preceding their departure, he took the rifle to Harry, and told

him he could not bear to sell it, and requested him to keep it; for the land and house were there, and some time they might come back.

"Well," said Holdness to Honeywood, the day after Cuthbert's departure, "I'm glad they're gone; for if they wouldn't go into garrison, and were bound to be killed by Indians outside, I'd rather they would be murdered somewhere else, than right amongst us."

"The Indians won't harm 'em."

"Don't you believe that; if Cuthbert's scalp, and the scalps of all the rest, ain't hangin' to Indians' belts afore they get twenty miles, it'll be 'cause they don't happen to see 'em. I hope to God they won't; for they're poor harmless critters, that can't take kere of themselves more'n so many rabbits."

Two days had Cuthbert and his family been on the road — if road it might be called, that was little better than a path made by going.

The woods had been very open for the last five or six miles, but now they began to assume an entirely different aspect, being not only more dense with underbrush, but very much obstructed with fallen timber, the effect of some recent tempest, as the leaves were still but partially dried upon the prostrate trunks.

Admonished by the declining sun that it was time to camp, the father eagerly scanned the woods, to find some opening that would afford grass for his beasts, and water for them and his family.

He led by the bridle a pack-horse, laden with household stuff, and carried on his back a small pack of furs. The good wife rode on another horse similarly laden, and holding an infant in her lap. Then came the two daughters on one mule, that bore in addition articles of clothing, and a few cooking utensils.

The hinder mule was laden with provender for the beasts, provisions for the family, and two milk-pails. Nat, driving two cows, and carrying a pack of furs, among which were stowed plates, knives, spoons, and a small looking-glass, came last.

Even the cows bore each a small pack of furs, among which were stowed some combs, needles, the spindle of a wheel, the flyers, and some of the lighter portions of a flax wheel.

"Ephraim, is it not most time to camp? The child wants to nurse, and I do not feel able to go much farther."

"Verily it is, Rachel; but we cannot camp among these windfalls, and I have been long looking for some opening, where there are water and grass. Try and keep up a little longer."

A war party of Delawares, returning from a

raid upon the settlers in the eastern portion of the Cumberland Valley, and feeling themselves safe from pursuit, had built their camp-fire, and were flaying a buck they had killed, just as our travellers began to enter among the fallen timber.

The acute and practised senses of the savages not only enabled them to detect at a distance the approach of Ephraim and his party, but likewise to distinguish the tread of horses. Instantly flinging earth over their fire, they concealed themselves among the tree trunks beside the path, designing to pour in a deadly fire, and then engage in a hand-to-hand conflict, if the approaching party was not too strong.

The steady tramp of the pack-horses now waxed louder amid the solemn stillness of the forest. Each vengeful savage loosened his tomahawk in the belt, and his finger was on the trigger. But when, instead of the coonskin cap, long rifle, and hunting-shirt of the frontiersman, appeared the broad brim and placid features of Ephraim Cuthbert, the glaring eyeballs of the savage noted the Quaker garb of the travellers, — among whom no weapon of any kind was to be seen, — the scowl of revenge faded from the red man's brow; the rifles, a moment before eagerly thrust forward, were withdrawn, and the tired band passed on, unconscious of the peril they had escaped, and the Indians rose up from their ambush.

The relations of the Quakers to the Indians were not merely peaceful, but peculiar. The Quaker had no objection to them as neighbors; whereas, however willing the other whites might be to buy their furs, make use of them as guides, hunters, or allies, in time of war, they wished, in all other respects, to have as little to do with them as possible. The Indians were by no means slow to perceive this, and, acting upon the red man's principle, to do as he was done by, were not slack in returning to both parties payment in kind.

Wearily the Quaker pressed on, listening for the sound of running water, and searching the woods for some welcome opening. Suddenly the girls uttered a piercing shriek; the horse Ephraim was leading flung himself upon his haunches, and the whole party were brought to a sudden halt.

In their front, the entire path was occupied by a band of savages, naked, save the breechcloth, grim with the terrors of the war paint, and who seemed to have risen out of the earth, so stealthily had their approach been managed.

The countenance of Ephraim Cuthbert betrayed no perturbation; he encouraged the horse, that soon recovered from the momentary alarm, and perceiving the Indians remained stationary, went forward to meet them.

As the party approached, the leader of the Delawares, stepping forward, extended his hand to Ephraim, and they exchanged greetings in the Delaware language, with which the Quaker was familiar. Like wolves encircling a flock of sheep, the rest of the band gathered around, the reeking scalps at their belts attesting the bloody work in which they had so recently been engaged.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE QUAKERS AND THE INDIANS.

THE Indian chief, — a man evidently of more than middle age, — after a brief pause, said, —

“Brother, I see your people are afraid. We will not harm them. They have no reason to tremble.

“Listen to what our old men have told us the pale-faces did to other tribes, our relations, whose hunting-grounds were near by. They have told us that when the pale-face came over the great sea, he was so weak he could but just get up the bank, and took a staff to help him. After he got up, he leaned upon his staff, and stood trembling. The Indian was then very strong, like the tall pine on the Alleghany! The little pale-face looked up in the sky to see him, and begged for a little ground just to raise a few greens — so much as a deer-skin would cover.

“The Indian said, ‘It is well.’ The pale-face cut the skin into a very fine rope, took it carefully in his hands, lest he might break it, and stretched it over a large piece of land. Then he began to cut down the trees, plant corn, build a fort, and, when he got strong, to kill the Indians who had given him the land.

“But when the good Onas came to the hunting-ground of our fathers, he met them, as they have told us, under a great tree; they took each other by the hand, looked into each other's hearts, and covenanted to live together in love, they and their children; and for many moons all things went well. But Onas allowed other pale-faces to come who did not love the Indians; did not treat them justly; wanted their land without paying for it; wanted to build forts and kill the Indians, and cheat in the measure, like the others I have told you of, till so many came that when

the Indians complained, the Quakers had but little to say at the council-fire, where before they had all to say.

“Brother, hear. Though we do not write in books like white men, we know all these things; we know that the Quakers, our brothers, love us, but are not able to do us justice, because they are few at the council-fire; and we have dug up the hatchet, and have struck the pale-faces very hard, as you see by the scalps we have taken. But we know our friends from our enemies. Therefore we ask you what we can do for our brother, whom we love. Therefore we ask you whence you came, and what we can do for our brother, whom we love, though his face is pale, because he belongs to Onas.”

“I have come from the Juniata. The people among whom I tarried were not Quakers. My heart was sore because I was alone, and I go to sojourn with my brethren, near by the Neshominy Creek.”

“We know these people beyond the hills; they have taken the scalps of many of our young men, of our grandchildren, the Shawnees, and cousins belonging to other tribes. We shall strike them; and if in striking them we had hurt you, it would have made us sorry; therefore you have done well to leave these bad men. But why did my brother go among them?”

“Several families of Quakers started to go with us, but became discouraged after getting over the South Mountains, and went back; but as I had chosen and partly cleared my land before, loved the spot, and thought other Quakers would come in a few years, I kept on. We are hungry and weary. Does my friend know of water and grass near at hand, where I can camp for the night?”

“My brother will spread his blanket by the camp-fire of the Delawares.”

The Indians led the way, and Ephraim and his family followed for a short distance, till they came to a place where a deer path crossed the road at right angles, into which they turned.

The path conducted to a broad swale, through which ran a brook, that, having been dammed by beavers, had created a natural meadow, producing an abundance of grass, some of which had been cropped close by deer, while in other parts of the opening it was knee high.

On the eastern border of the swale were the remains of a fire, covered with leaves and earth, and beside it the carcass of a deer partly skinned, and the blankets of the Indians,

two bows, and a bunch of arrows with iron points.

Preparations to pass the night were speedily made; the Indians re-kindled their fire, and completed dressing the deer, in which operation they had been interrupted by the arrival of the Quakers, and in the true spirit of Indian hospitality offered a bountiful portion of the best parts of the meat to their guests.

Camping, on the part of the whites, involved much more of labor. The beasts were unladen, and tethered with hide ropes to stakes driven into the ground, in order that they might feed; the cows fastened to trees, and fed with browse and long grass, cut in the swale with sickles—the work of a few moments.

Within a short distance of the Indians' fire lay upon its edge the uprooted stump of a great pine, to the spreading roots of which the earth and turf still clung, and some twelve feet in height. Before this natural wall Ephraim planted in the ground two forked stakes, and placed poles in the forks, the ends of which rested on the top of the stump, brush, flung on them and set up against the sides, kept off the dew, while some of the smaller twigs, covered with blankets, sufficed for beds, and the pack-saddles for pillows, and the fire was built in front. The light of the fires, as the twilight deepened and the dark shadows of the forest closed around, presented a scene that, aside from its picturesque and romantic character, might well afford food for thought.

The Indians, observing that their white friends shrank with horror from the bloody tokens at the belts of the former whenever they approached each other, with a delicacy of feeling not to be expected, had laid them aside.

They were now grouped around their fire; before each was a stick, one end of which was stuck into the ground, and on the other, that inclined towards the fire, a piece of meat was cooking. The thigh-bones of the deer were also roasting upon the coals, in order that they might be crushed between stones, and the marrow, that is highly relished by the Indians, sucked out. Mrs. Cuthbert, seated on a pack-saddle, was nursing the babe, and giving directions to her daughters, one of whom was frying steaks, and the other arranging the dishes on the grass. Nat was milking, and Ephraim bringing wood to maintain a fire during the night.

When Nat brought up the milk, before they sat down to eat, Cuthbert selected a bountiful portion of milk, butter, and corn bread, and

giving it into the hands of his son, told him to carry it to the Indians, who received it with many thanks.

Their repast finished, the savages, who had travelled during the whole day and the greater part of the previous night, wrapping themselves in their blankets, were, with the exception of the sentinel, buried in slumber.

Rachel Cuthbert and children sought repose in the camp. Ephraim remained without till the horses and mules had filled themselves, replenished the fire, and fastening them near it as a precaution against wolves, joined his family.

It is midnight: the Indian sentry holds his lonely vigil. Look at him as, by the fitful flashes of the firelight, his grim features are revealed. The flame plays over the polished blade of the hatchet in his belt, that two days ago was bathed in gore; a being consecrated to war,—his motto, Blood for blood,—who drew in the sentiment of revenge with his mother's milk, and was taught it at his father's knees. He and his companions are laden with the scalps of the pale-faces—the old man of eighty winters, the babe of a few months.

Within the swing of his tomahawk lie sleeping a whole family of that hated race; but this incarnation of the principle of retaliation, and whose glory is to kill, has just shared with them his food, and is now watching over their slumbers, and would not hesitate to shed his blood in their defence. Why is this? It is because they are Quakers. It is because, though pale-faces, they profess the principles and tread in the footsteps of William Penn, the good and just man, whom his fathers loved, and with whom and his children they promised to live in love as long as the sun and the moon shall endure.

Those are his children, because they hold fast by his principles, have kept that covenant, and, though it was made by his remote ancestors, the savage sitting by that watch-fire could neither be tempted nor compelled, by any power on earth, to break it.

It is a foreshadowing of that blissful period spoken of in Scripture, when "the wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock."

Upon those slumbering groups the stars shed down a purer light; the journeying wind lingered, as reluctant to depart; and the brook's low murmur rose up, like an invocation, to Heaven.

Leaving Friend Cuthbert and his family to pursue their way to more peaceful regions, let us note the progress of events at Wolf Run,

whose inhabitants, as the Delaware chieftain had informed Ephraim Cuthbert, had been already selected as the objects of savage retaliation.

There was a great diversity in regard to the harvesting of their crops, owing to the different periods of planting and sowing. Those who had sown winter grain the previous fall had long since completed their harvest; while others, who had sown on ground burned over late in the spring, were but just through with that labor. It was the same in respect to the crops of corn and flax: some was in the milk or the blossom, some fit to pull or gather.

Thus all were busy, some thrashing, some ploughing for the next year's crop, or sowing, and others preparing to burn the timber cut in June.

Holdness continued to train his boys from time to time, taking one and another with him on the scout, although the majority of the settlers were not inclined to rely upon them. The little community, hardened, instead of being rendered more vigilant, by their hair-breadth escapes, began, in spite of the warnings of Holdness and Crawford, to cherish feelings of security; and boys ventured into the woods to hunt, and to the streams to fish, as they had not done since the Indian outbreak.

Harry Sumerford had noticed, on the low ground, the tracks of a large animal that were new to him, for some weeks, and endeavored, without success, to find it; and while he was thus engaged, a cow belonging to Israel Blanchard died. The Sumerfords had by that time made up their minds that there were at least two of these animals in the woods, and procured a portion of the dead cow to bait their wolf-trap. It consisted of a deep pit, larger at the bottom than the top, and dug at the foot of a tree, from a limb of which the bait was hung.

A slender covering was then placed over the pit, that would give way beneath any animal venturing to reach the bait suspended over the middle of it. The next morning they found two strange animals in the pit.

"I should like ter know what kind of critters them are," said Harry. "They're wolves, and they ain't wolves, nuther: their tails are different, their heads are different, and their feet ain't the same. They ain't colored just the same, nuther. Elick, go over ter Mr. Grant's, and tell him what they look like."

When Alex came back, he reported that Grant said they were wolverenes, and to look out for them, for they were ten times as savage

as a wolf, "wouldn't knuckle while the breath of life was in 'em, and stronger'n a bear."

Settlers in new countries abhor the wolf, because he destroys their sheep; when he falls into their hands, they are wont to manifest about as much compassion for him as sailors for a shark, or an Indian for the captive at the stake; and the wolverene, though rare, was more feared and equally detested.

Powder being too valuable to waste on vermin, they were resolved to stone them to death, as promising more amusement than any other means at their command.

"Sammy," said Harry, after breakfast, "go and let the sheep out of the pen, and the hogs; bring your mother in some wood, 'cause she wants ter bake—that's a good boy; and then go over ter Mr. Blanchard's, tell the boys we've got two wolverenes in the pit, and want 'em ter come, and Cal Holdness, and help stone 'em. Ax them ter tell Cal and Andrew M'Clure."

"I don't want ter go way over there: I want ter play with my bear. Let Elick or Knuck go. I'm allers a good boy when you want me ter do somethin'."

"O, go, Sammy. You shall go horseback," said Enoch. "I'll ketch the hoss, and you kin call and take Tony Stewart on behind, and you and he kin help us kill the wolverenes."

"May I and Tony fire stones at 'em?"

"Yes; and I'll make you a house to put your bear in."

"Then I'll go."

When the expected re-enforcement arrived, the boys began to remove the covering of the pit, that had not fallen in with the animals, but remained at the sides; and in thus doing, the wolverenes quickly gave them a specimen of their quality.

The foam flew from their mouths; they uttered the most horrible growls; their eyes turned green; they showed their white, wicked-looking teeth, ground up the sticks that Sam and Tony pushed towards them, and sometimes succeeded in touching with their fore paws the edge of the pit, although it was eight feet in depth. This only excited the admiration of the boys, and added to their amusement.

"How different they are from a wolf!" said Andrew; "they are twice as strong and twice as savage."

"I reckon they be," replied Harry; "they're another critter altogether. These chaps are grit ter the back-bone: you may cut 'em all ter pieces, and there's no give back ter 'em; but the wolf's a coward; git him in a pit, and he'll stick his tail 'twixt his legs, and cow right

down. We couldn't begin ter have the fun with a wolf we kin with these ere critters. They're as much smarter'n a catamount as a catamount's smarter'n a wolf."

The boys, nine in number,—counting in Sam and Tony, who would feel very much hurt if they were left out,—brought on a hand-barrow a large quantity of stones, of a suitable size to throw, and piled in heaps near the pit, and at the word of command, given by Harry, began to hurl them, with all the force and fury they were masters of, at the terrified and angry animals in the pit.

Lithe in limb and tenacious of life, they required a deal of killing, and avoided with wonderful celerity the merciless shower, while the yells of the excited assailants and the growls of the infuriated brutes formed the most singular discord imaginable.



THE WOLVERENES IN THE PIT. Page 441.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CRUELTY NOT COURAGE.

ONE of the wolverenes was at length observed to show signs of exhaustion, and having lost one eye, was less able to avoid the missiles. Seeing this, the boys directed the whole weight of their fire at him, and he soon lay dead in the bottom of the pit, while the other seemed but comparatively little injured.

Their missiles being exhausted, a fresh supply was procured; and, after resting a while, they resumed their attack, relaxing, however, somewhat the fury of the onset, and taking better aim.

The results of this change of tactics were soon apparent. But few stones had been cast,

and the boys had scarcely become warmed to their work, when an oblong stone, thrown by Jim Blanchard, entering the open mouth of the beast, became firmly fastened there, completely gagging him, and wedging his mouth open.

"Hold on!," shouted Harry. "Jist look at that critter! Ain't he in a fix!"

The wolverene was dashing his head against the sides of the pit, putting his nose between his fore legs, and vainly trying to relieve himself of the uncomfortable mouthful, while his assailants relaxed their efforts to watch his motions.

"O, fellers," cried Andrew M'Clure, "don't you see he's muzzled? What say for tying and carrying him over to Mr. Holdness, fastening him to the target, and firing at him with bow and arrow?"

This proposal was received with one universal shout of approval.

"And git all the boys together what kin shoot, and draw lots for turns ter shoot fust, and second, and so on," said Alex.

"I'd like to know," said Jim Blanchard, "who's going into the pit to tie him, or git him out. I'd like to know that. S'pose the stone should come out his mouth, wouldn't he munch a feller up fine!"

"S'pose'n it shouldn't come out. I'll go in," said Harry.

"You shan't," said Cal Holdness. "Father wouldn't do it; the Black Rifle himself wouldn't. A wolverene's awful!"

In spite of all his companions could say, Harry was resolved to venture. A number of thongs of buck-skin were procured, that, among the frontier people, supplied the place of ropes.

Harry was about as large as he would probably ever be, and possessed of great strength and activity; but no sooner did he jump into the pit, than, with the speed of an arrow, the wolverene sprang upon him, crushed him to the ground, and, with the sharp claws of his fore feet, tore off a buck-skin hunting-shirt, and the blood began to spurt from his breast and side. Cal and Andrew M'Clure instantly leaped into the pit, Cal armed with a hatchet, and Andrew with a stone.

"Hit him with the head; don't hit him with the edge, Cal!" cried Harry.

Cal brought the head of the weapon down upon the head of the monster with a force that effectually stunned it; and in this condition his legs were bound with the tough thongs, turn upon turn, and so tightly drawn that he was rendered, by the time he recovered from the effect of the blow, entirely helpless. Then, to make all sure, they knocked the stone out of his mouth with the hatchet, when they found that the savage beast was, to a great extent, either cowed or exhausted; and though they put a chunk of hickory into his mouth, fastening it with a thong, he manifested very little spite, merely snapping occasionally.

When the beast trampled Harry under his feet, Sam and Tony ran, crying, to Mrs. Sumerford, to tell her the "wolverene was killing Harry, and going to eat him all up."

When these operations were finished, the wolverene was hoisted from the pit, and Harry started for the house. On the way he met his terrified mother, the tears running down her cheeks, bareheaded, her hair streaming out behind with the rapidity of her motion, her hands and apron covered with flour, — for she

had been mixing dough, — and the boys tagging far behind.

Seeing the blood that had stained the clothes of her son, reaching from his right shoulder to his leggins, and the great rent in the hunting-shirt, she clasped her hands over her head, crying, —

"O, Harry, Harry! has he torn you all to pieces?"

"Not a bit of it, mother: 'tis worse in looks. I'm only scratched. 'Tain't like the bear what clawed me last year — not half so bad. He was most used up."

"Thank God! I do hope you're preserved for something."

"Preserved to take care o' you and the rest, mother."

When the clothing was removed, and the blood washed off, it was found that from the shoulder to the short ribs the flesh was bruised and torn, in several places, to the rib-bones, causing wounds that, although not dangerous, gave promise of becoming excessively painful.

The matrons of that day were not accustomed to faint at the sight of blood, and possessed no mean degree of surgical skill. Mrs. Sumerford removed the shreds of clothing, sucked out the gravel with her lips, and applied a poultice composed of the inner bark of the white pine, alder bark, and the whites of eggs, pounded together in a mortar, when Harry pronounced himself all right, and the company sat down to a very late dinner.

The question now was, what disposition to make of their prisoner, seeing it was too late in the day for the shooting to take place. The boys wanted to wait till Harry could take part in the affair.

"It ain't any use ter wait fur that," said the latter; "'twill be a fortnight afore I kin draw a bow; and we can't keep him all that time. Better have the scrape day arter to-morrow."

"If we keep him gagged and tied till that time," said Cal, "he'll be all beat out, and half dead: but we want him to be real peart and savage when we git the boys together — just like he was at first."

"I tell you we must keep him just as he is," said Dave. "If we give him any 'vantage, he'll kill the whole of us, or git clear."

"Kill him! do kill him, I beg of you! If you don't want to waste powder and lead, take an axe and cut his head off. I shan't have any peace of my life till he's dead," said Mrs. Sumerford.

"We kin take the stick out of his mouth," said Harry, "let him eat and drink, keep his legs tied, and then put the stick in and untie

his legs, so he kin stand up and keep the use of 'em."

"If we do that," said Dave, "after we take the stick out he'll gnaw off the strings, git loose altogether, and then we'll be in a nice fix."

"Cut one of his fore legs off," said Cal; "then we can handle him."

This proposal was rejected outright. There are not many things a company of boys set their hearts upon that they will not find some means of bringing about. After various consultations, they carried the animal into the hovel that was not floored, laid him on the ground, and drove stakes around him, so that he could neither get upon his knees, nor turn his head to gnaw the cords with which his legs were fastened, removed the stick from his jaws, and placed bear meat and water within his reach.

But the brute improved the liberty accorded him to snarl, gnash his teeth, and upset the water, and refused to eat or drink. They replaced the water, left him for the night, and in the morning found that the meat was devoured and the water drank up.

More meat and water were then offered; and though he would not eat when any one was looking at him, yet after being left alone he ate the meat and drank the water.

By this time the Blanchards, with Andrew and Cal, had arrived; and it was resolved to let his legs loose. The stick was again placed in his mouth, a strong cord fastened around his neck and tied to one of the logs of the wall, the cords that bound his legs cut, and all went out.

Finding himself more at liberty, the brute attempted to rise, but fell again; and it was not till after several efforts that he was able to rise and shake himself, his limbs having become numb from long confinement.

Andrew now entered the hovel, armed with a beech withe, half an inch in diameter, twisted and doubled. The wolverene instantly sprang at him till brought up by the thong, but was met by a shower of blows, continued without mercy, till, fairly vanquished, he turned tail to, and lay down.

After this he offered no resistance when Andrew came into the hovel, but would attempt to leap upon any of the rest; and as his strength increased, in virtue of food, rest, and partial liberty, broke the cord with which he was fastened.

Here was a dilemma. None dare enter the hovel but Andrew, — and the wolverene must be tied again by the feet, — to feed him, while

Mrs. Sumerford renewed her entreaties that the brute be shot..

But the boys were resolved to carry out their plan. Andrew, with his withe, compelled him to lie down and submit to be again bound by the legs, and he was then staked down and fed.

"I know what to do," said Andrew. "We've got an iron chain on our wolf-trap, and a beetle-ring that's broke. We kin git Mr. Honeywood to make a collar out of the beetle-ring, to put round his neck. He can't break that, and it will be just the best thing to git him to the target with."

Honeywood made the collar; and now their difficulties were at an end. When the day appointed came, they blindfolded the animal (by the advice of Crawford), and found little difficulty in leading him to the place, and chaining him to the target cut into the rude resemblance of a savage in his war-paint.

Great was the delight of his captors when the wolverene, after the blind was removed from his eyes, and the gag from his mouth, strained at the chain, snapped his powerful jaws together, and exhibited all the ferocity of his nature.

There were seven archers — Cal, Andrew, Ned Armstrong, Conrad Stiefel, Alex McDonald, Hugh Crawford, and Alex Sumerford. Some of them had Indian arrows, with flint heads; others steel ones, made by Honeywood long before, when he had access to a blacksmith's shop. The former were to shoot at forty yards, the latter at fifty. They were to draw lots for turns till all had fired, and after that, if the animal was not killed, all were to shoot together.

Stiefel, who drew the first shot, hit him in the neck with a flint-headed arrow, causing the blood to spout; but the irritated beast shook it out in a moment.

Andrew McClure was about to fire in his turn, when Honeywood, with his rifle resting in the hollow of his arm, was seen approaching. The boys instantly crowded around him, and insisted upon his being umpire, to decide who made the best shot.

"I will," said Honeywood, "on condition that you all agree not to find fault with my decision, and to abide by it."

"We will! we will!" cried the boys.

"Then I decide that the boy who does not shoot at all makes the best shot."

"That's about the way I thought it would come out," said Holdness.

Observing the boys stood wondering, not knowing what to make of this declaration, Honeywood said, —

"The reason I said the boy who does not shoot at all makes the best shot is, that I consider it a mean, cowardly, and cruel thing to take a poor beast, — that half of you would run away, with all your might, from, if he was loose and his jaws free, — chain him up, and then kill him by inches, just for amusement. I am ashamed of you — mortified to find boys that I set by, and have done all in my power to teach better principles, acting out the savage torturing his prisoners. I'd turn Indian and done with it, since, if you do this, all you'll lack will be the war-paint and the blanket, having already the disposition."

The boys looked at Holdness, hoping he would reply in their behalf; but Holdness never opened his lips. At length Harry mustered courage to say, —

"But, Mr. Honeywood, we want practice in shooting; and you wouldn't let a wolverene go, what robs the traps, kills all the beaver he kin git at, and all the cattle, and is ten times worse than a wolf."

"In doing that, he only follows his nature. That is the way he was made to get his living. I would kill him at once, not by inches. I know you want practice with the bow; that a live mark is better than a dead one; but I'd rather you'd run the risk of the Indians, go into the woods, practise on the pigeons and crows, that you will kill at once. Come, if you will all cheerfully consent that I may shoot him, I'll give you two pounds of powder and lead, to be divided among the company."

"We won't be hired ter do what's right, nor we won't be hired not to do what's mean. What say, Cal, Elick, Jim, all o' you? Shall Mr. Honeywood shoot, or not shoot?" said Harry.

"Shoot! shoot!" was the cry.

Not giving them time to recant, Honeywood fired, and the sufferings of the brute, with his capacity for mischief, were ended.

"Kalkerlate you'll make saints of these boys, if you keep on, Ned," said Holdness. "Hope you won't turn 'em into Quakers, quite. When I'm tryin' to harden 'em up, and put a leetle pith and back-bone into 'em, take it out as fast as I git it in! Spect you'll be settin' 'em to prayin' next."

"I would if I could, father Holdness. Cruelty is not courage. The bravest man I ever heard of prayed seven times a day, could break a steel bow, and was a saint into the bargain. If Braddock's regulars had been such saints as he, we should not be in danger of attack every day. *Bloodthirsty* as a wolf is, he hasn't half the *courage* of a bear."

"I s'pose, Mr. Honeywood," said Harry, "you don't kere if we stake him up and fire at him, now he's dead."

"No."

They set the wolverene on all fours, by fastening the body to stakes, and tried their skill in the presence of Holdness and Honeywood.

"You've done well, boys," said Holdness: "you've all on you hit the mark. When you've had more practice, you'll draw a stronger bow. Put an Indian as near as you stood ter that critter, and he would a sent one of them flint-heads through him every time. I've seen one on 'em driven inter a man's rib-bone so that it had ter be broke off ter git it out. But the man was dead enough, for it went 'twixt one pair of ribs, and stuck in one on the other side."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNEXPECTED ANTAGONIST.

ALTHOUGH the fire-arm is far superior to the bow and arrow, as a weapon of war, and the latter has been discarded, by all civilized nations, for that purpose, and even by the Indians themselves, except some of the western tribes, it is, in the hands of the savage who can send the arrow through a bear or buffalo, by no means a contemptible weapon.

In some respects, and in some circumstances, it is even superior to the musket. That, without powder and lead, is useless. Many a battle has been lost by the failure of ammunition. But the materials for the construction of the bow and arrow can be procured even in the wilderness. The rifle instantly betrays, by its report, the whereabouts of him who uses it; while the bow is, to a great extent, a noiseless weapon.

These advantages led to its retention by the Indians long after they were able to procure fire-arms. With them they could kill game in time of war, and thus save powder and lead for conflict, and without betraying their presence when lurking round a garrison or settlement.

To economize ammunition, either in time of peace or war, was always important to an Indian, who was obliged to make long journeys to obtain it, and pay a high price in barter. For these reasons they long continued to use the primitive weapon. But the great amount of practice required to shoot even tolerably well with the bow, prevented its use (except by boys, and here and there an individual) among the frontier settlers, who were, nevertheless, very poorly provided with powder and lead. With the Indian, however,

whose time was comparatively worthless, it was a different matter.

They first improved the weapon by obtaining from the French and English smiths steel points for their arrows, and lost the art of making flint ones.

They gradually became less skilful bowmen, and, becoming more and more habituated to the use of the rifle, relinquished that of the bow, even for hunting. But at the date of our story they seldom set out on the war-path without it.

The Indian bow was short, and the arrow corresponded, for the convenience of carriage and using in the woods. It was, however, very stiff, and possessed great elasticity. The Indian, accustomed from boyhood to archery, was able to draw the arrow to the head, and for a near shot the bullet was not more fatal.

Reference has frequently been made to the swine of the settlers, in the pages of our story. They were highly prized by them, and every nerve was strained to keep as large a number as possible. Hogs, for a large portion of the year, could obtain their living in the pastures and woods. During the summer they would do well on grass, snakes, wood-worms, brake-roots, with a very little milk or corn, and in the autumn would become fat on acorns, hickory and beech-nuts; and it was only during winter that they required much corn.

There was no sale for corn. It would not pay for taking to market on pack-horses; but hams would; corn put into hogs would. Besides, the remainder of the animal supplied the table of the owner.

The greatest difficulty to be encountered in keeping swine arose from the bears. Bruin was every whit as fond of pork as the settlers, and whenever the opportunity offered would catch up a hog, large or small, and, rearing on his hind legs, walk off with it till he came to a tree, against which he would beat the head of the swine till it was dead, and then devour it at his leisure.

The bear, however, was often foiled. When a herd of swine were surprised by a bear, they would instantly form themselves into a circle, tails to the centre and heads out; and the bear, after walking around this formidable phalanx of open mouths, would generally retire, and wait for an opportunity when they were scattered, feeding, through the woods.

If there chanced to be one or more old boars in the herd, the bear did not always escape unharmed, and was frequently ripped up by the long tusks of the infuriated beast.

An enraged boar is devoid of fear, and utter-

ly regardless of odds. Aware of this, the settlers were wont to winter several boars, to defend the herd from the bears. These animals, living so much in the woods, often became wild, and so savage that they would attack men, who, to save their lives, were forced to climb trees.

A goose is generally regarded as the emblem of stupidity, and so is the hog. But according to ancient story, geese once saved the Roman Capitol. And a boar belonging to Hugh Crawford not only saved his owner's life, but the lives of many other inhabitants of the Run.

This creature, six years old, of great size and exceeding fierce, had been highly valued by Crawford as the protector of his swine, but had at length become so ferocious that he had resolved not to winter, but shoot him in the fall.

The wild pigeons beginning to come into the stubbles, Crawford made a bed to shoot them on, in his field that bordered on the woods, by digging up a piece of ground, strewing wheat over it, and setting up long poles on crotches seven or eight feet from the ground, one end being elevated higher than the other, and building a booth as a cover to shoot from.

Pigeons want to light and reconnoitre before flying down. They will light on a pole fixed in this manner, crowding together, looking down at the grain, talking, thinking about it, and getting their courage up to fly down; and then is the moment to take them raking.

As we have said, impunity had rendered the settlers careless. They had a great deal of work to do, and had lost much time in building the garrison and by previous alarms, and now, though they carried their rifles with them in the field, for some days had neglected to send out any scouts to scour the woods.

Just before daybreak, Crawford repaired to his booth, as the pigeons come from their roost with the dawn, and the best period for shooting was between daybreak and sunrise.

A band of Indians had entered the hills, and having been pursued by rangers, were resting after the exhaustion of a forced march, preparatory to an attack upon the inhabitants of the Run.

One young savage, burning with a desire to distinguish himself and take a scalp, with an elevation of soul that rendered him insensible to fatigue, even on the afternoon of their arrival, — that occurred just before night, — proceeded to reconnoitre, and saw the preparations made by Crawford.

Well aware of the time at which the frontiersman would come to shoot, and anxious

not to alarm the settlers, with bow and tomahawk he wrapped himself in his blanket, and, concealed in the bushes, spent the night within bowshot of the spot, intending to wait till Crawford had fired, and, while his gun was empty, attack and kill him.

It so happened that the old boar, with four sows, — two of whom had litters of pigs following them, — had camped for the night near the place selected by the Indian for his ambush.

The boar was not in the best of humors. A bear, wishing to break his fast upon one of the pigs, had been prowling round the herd in the night, rendering the ferocious animal nervous and irritable.

While it was yet dark, the keen ear of the savage detected the slight noise made by Crawford as he entered the cover half way between day and sunrise. Crawford fired, and instantly ran to pick up the pigeons, hoping to obtain another shot before the sun came up. This was the Indian's opportunity, while his enemy's gun was empty.

The boar, in the mean time, relieved from anxiety respecting his young family by the dawn, had composed himself for a morning nap, when, roused by the report of the gun, he saw the Indian on his knees behind a tree, in the act of drawing the arrow to the head. His pent-up wrath exploded in an instant. With one tremendous snort, like a bullet from a gun the demon charged.

Totally unconscious of his peril, the savage was hurled end over end, and eviscerated in a moment. The long tusks of the boar were dyed in blood, and, frantic with rage, he continued to rend and trample the carcass long after life had fled.

Crawford instantly retreated behind a tree, to reload, though armed only with a shot-gun. Finding he was not pursued, and that there was but a single Indian, his long experience in frontier warfare enabled him to comprehend the situation in a moment, and perceive that there were other Indians in the vicinity, who were biding their time.

He went directly to consult with M'Clure and Holdness. No alarm had been given by the report of his gun, as it was known at the garrison and among the neighbors that he intended to go out that morning to shoot pigeons. It was concluded by Holdness and M'Clure that there were other Indians concealed, who would spend the day — perhaps one or two days — in watching for an opportunity to make an attack during the night, or at daybreak some morning, and that the act of this Indian was premature.

"It's my judgment on the matter," said Holdness, "that this ere Indian what the boar killed is some hot-headed boy that wanted ter show himself, steal a march on the rest, and take a scalp; and that the rest are hid, waiting for a chance. And I think 'tain't best ter give any alarm at the garrison, but jist send the boys round quietly to put people on their guard, let 'em keep ter work as usual, and some of us go and lay in ambush close by this dead Indian. It won't be long afore they'll miss him, and come ter look for him; and then we'll give 'em some."

"That's my mind on it," said M'Clure. "They won't be likely to make an attack in the daytime, when they see we are on our guard; and if we don't find 'em, why, to-night will be time enough to go into garrison. Ruther think this time the hog's outwitted the Indian; and I say that ere boar ought to have a pension. You ought to feed that hog well, Hugh, and have his pictur painted, for he's sartin saved your life, and perhaps the lives of a good many more."

A strong party, consisting of Holdness, Crawford, M'Clure, Grant, Armstrong, Honeywood, Israel Blanchard, Woodbridge, Rogers, with whom were joined Harry, Alex McDonald, Cal Holdness, Ned Armstrong, and Hugh Crawford, junior, lay in ambush, part of them between the dead body of the Indian and the pigeon-bed, the rest farther on in the forest.

This latter party was composed of Honeywood, Holdness, Crawford, and Harry Sumerford, Harry being selected to go on account of the confidence reposed in his steadiness and knowledge of woodcraft, and also as a testimony of the value placed upon his late services.

It was necessary, in the first place, to find the trail of the Indian as he came to lie in wait for Crawford, as those who came in quest of him would follow that, to ambush near what they supposed to be his trail.

The design was to permit the Indians to pass the first ambush, for the others to fire upon them while looking at the body, and thus Holdness and his companions would cut off their retreat.

The settlers had been an hour patiently waiting to see what might turn up, when the Indians, five in number, were seen approaching, not in Indian file, according to their general custom, but scattered, evidently suspicious, and but one following the trail, and frequently getting down to look at it.

At length one of them passed so near to Honeywood, that, sure of being seen, he drew up his rifle, and killed him. The remaining savages instantly took trees. Crawford was

shot as he rose up from the ambush, M'Clure wounded in the left arm as he came on at the sound of rifles from the first ambush, Woodbridge in the breast, and mortally.

The Indians, who had resolved to sell their lives dearly, were not permitted to reload, and, being outflanked by the superior number of their opponents, were quickly despatched.

The settlers felt little disposition to exult over their victory. Crawford was one of their best men, and one on whom they relied, as upon Honeywood, Holdness, and M'Clure, in every emergency. Woodbridge, though with less experience of the woods, was brave, reliable, and much esteemed. He at first had been desirous of leaving the Run, but went heart and hand into preparations for defence when once it was resolved upon.

Crawford was a man of kindly nature. He had been a companion of Holdness and M'Clure for many years: in the militia, hunting, trapping, and Indian fights they had been comrades; and when, kneeling beside his father's corpse, Hugh kissed the pale cheek of the dead, and vented his grief in sobs, they mingled their tears with his.

Cal was sent forward to announce the result, while the remainder of the party followed with the wounded and the dead. Woodbridge never spoke after he fell, and breathed his last as they left the cover of the woods.

THE VIOLET.

BY F. M.

DEEP in a shady, mossy dell
A little violet grew,
And shyly drooped its modest head,
Still sparkling with the dew.

The soft south wind swept by,
And gently stirred the flower;
It raised its head, and smiled
From out its leafy bower.

But later in the day,
The sun grew hot o'erhead,
And drank the blossom's sweetness up,
And left it scorched and dead.

How is it with us all?
Our day of life goes by —
Like leaves and flowers, we fade —
Like them, we, too, must die.

OUR DOG NED.

BY MRS. E. G. DANIELS.

NONE of your fine city-bred, aristocratic dogs was Ned; could boast of no high-sounding pedigree, but of purely democratic origin; reared amid the mountains of New Hampshire, dressed in a plain brown, silky coat, close-fitting, with no special attraction, except two large liquid eyes, into which he could throw warm affection, deep pathos, earnest entreaty, and, when necessary, just indignation: he also had long, soft, and pliable ears, which he knew well when and how to lay back, and a *tail* possessing all shades of the *wag*, from meditative vibratory to vehement rotary motion. Surely no tail of its size ever before performed such effective work.

Dogs, as well as men, dread any innovation; and as Ned has constituted himself into a committee of one, to aid the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," the other dogs in his neighborhood — whose time-honored custom has been to kill chickens, whip smaller curs, bark at strangers, and worry cats — are *down* on him. But their slanders and malignant insinuations fail to disturb the serenity of an approving conscience; and thus he soliloquizes: —

"Poor things! your better natures have not been developed. Some day you will recognize and respect the rights of others. Till then we must have patience."

One morning, as Ned was taking his accustomed walk, to hear the news and call at the butcher's, he espied a large yellow dog snatch a young chicken, and dodge under the fence. Quick as a flash he darted after, seized the would-be assassin, and executed summary justice on the spot, then picked up the poor chick, half dead with fright, trotted home, and deposited it in a corner of the kitchen, when he exclaimed, —

"Why, Ned, what have you done?"

Circumstantial evidence was strong against him. We very much feared that he, the trusted and honored, had succumbed to temptation. As we stood watching both dog and chick, the latter chirped, and hopped about as bright as ever, while the indefatigable tail expressed a lively interest and evident satisfaction. A voice at the door said, —

"Well, Master Edward! you performed that feat well, and shall have honorable mention at our next meeting, when Mr. Bergh himself will preside." Which so embarrassed the poor fellow that he soon excused himself.

Then neighbor C. related the above particulars, which he had witnessed, and claimed chickadee as his property, which was gladly restored.

Another time he came to my room, and begged me, in the strongest of canine language, to go with him. Feeling sure he had some good reason for the request, I followed his lead, through halls, over stairs, out into a back chamber used for storing barrels, boxes, old bits of broken furniture, black hats, white hats of every shape; in fact, a perfect *museum of lost arts*. Ned jumped to the top of an old barrel partly filled with hay, in which crockery had been packed, and showed me an addition to our family of three little gray kittens, he having been the first discoverer of their existence.

As he sat there, noting with a merry twinkle of the eye the effect of such wondrous news upon me, from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail was one quiver of delight. After that, each day at the same time, Ned might be seen at his post, watching the cunning ways of his pets.

When they were about three weeks old, we were surprised by seeing Neddy and Pussy, each with a kitten by the neck, walk demurely into the sitting-room, and lay them upon a rug: still more astonished when the old cat remained contentedly by them, while Ned went to fetch the third, thus assuming and sharing parental care with the mother, who recognized him as the head of that household, and never, to my knowledge, "got her back up," or had occasion to fight for her rights.

Ned carried them on his back, tossed them into the air, and then ran to pick them up, played hide-and-go-seek, and invented the most novel amusements, without compromise of dignity, in what might well be termed "The Happy Family."

Ned, as you may imagine, enjoyed many privileges, one of which was to take his daily siesta in a large easy-chair in the library, where a bright fire in an open fireplace sent out its cheerful glow on cool, chilly days. There he indulged in dreams and fancies, possibly of the best method for reforming his kind.

He chanced one day to find his place occupied. Now, Ned had too much politeness to demand the chair, but relied wholly upon moral suasion. He accordingly placed his fore paws upon friend A.'s knee, looking up into his face, as if to say, —

"Will you be so kind as to take some other seat? I am dependent upon my afternoon nap, and cannot rest so well in any other spot."

One would suppose that sufficient for any reasonable being. But no sign of removal was given by A. Then he tried other tactics, all in vain. At last he suddenly started, as if struck by a new idea, rushed for the door, pretending to be in a desperate hurry to get out, by scratching, barking, and whining.

"Good dog, good dog!" said A., patting him on the head. "I'll open the door for you."

But no sooner was he fairly out of his chair, than Ned whisked about, jumped into the coveted seat, placed his head under his paws, and was sound asleep before A. could comprehend what he was doing.

"Well done!" he said. "Such strategy as that should be rewarded by the best seat the house affords."

Many other things might be cited of the wonderful sagacity of "our dog Ned;" but enough has been said to show that he, with other animals, though deprived of the power of articulation, still possesses the same faculties for arriving at conclusions that boys and girls have; the same appreciation of right and wrong, subject to like passions and virtues, and should receive kindness, care, and affection, as a means for developing the higher parts of their nature.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

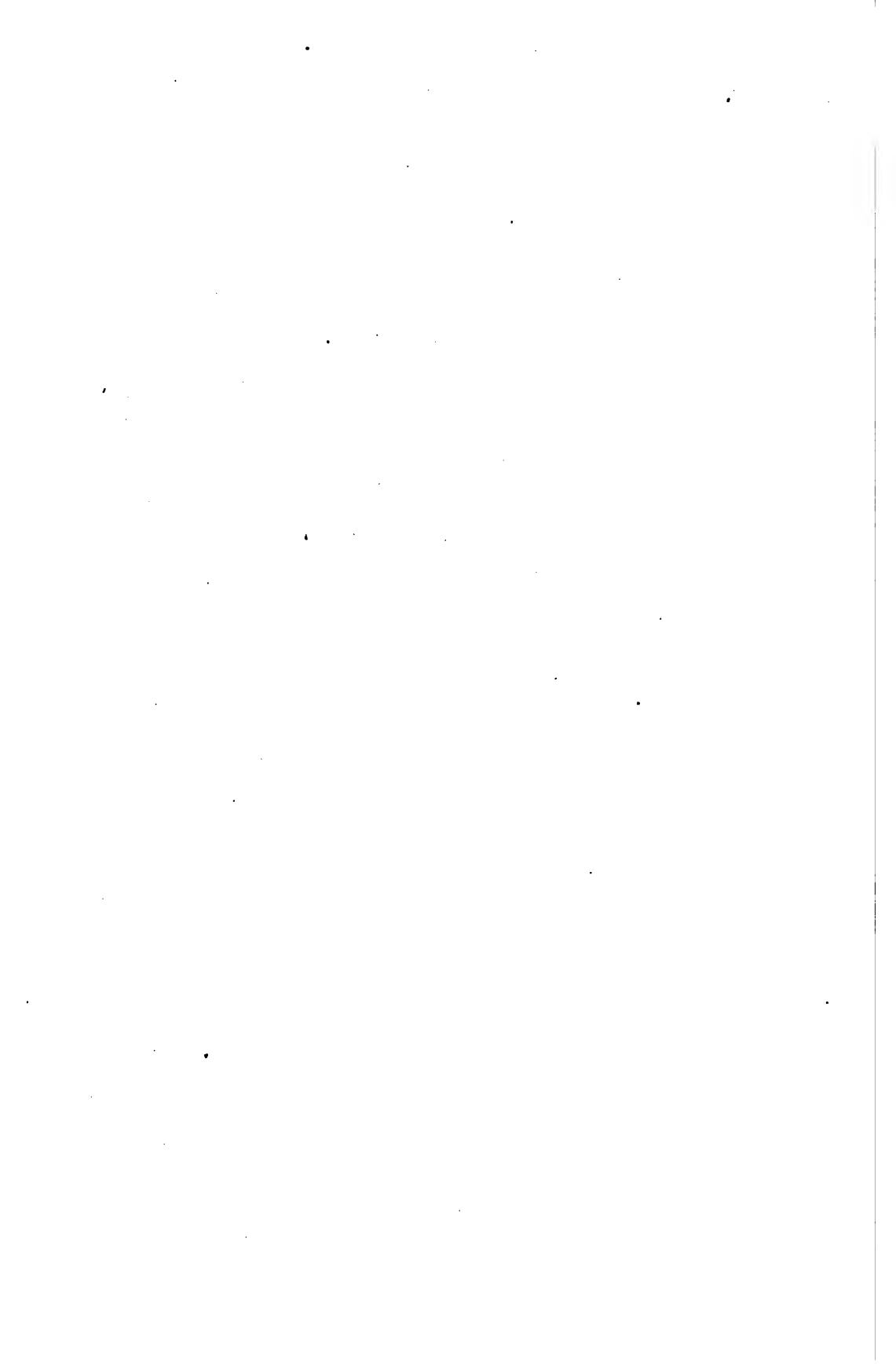
I LOVE the sunny Land of Dreams,
Shut in with sleep so sweet and dear;
I love its hills, and vales, and streams,
That there in golden light appear.
It seems so strange, just as you lie,
And lose yourself you know not where,
You see its glorious fields and sky,
A wonder-realm beyond compare!

I shut my eyes and go to rest,
And think and dream of things so sweet,
And waken up so glad and blest,
And like the angels there I meet.
O, don't you think, when I am dead,
I'll dream sweet dreams and wake no more?
I'll live and dream, by angels led,
And stay and all their Land explore?

For I do think the Land is theirs,
And they at night ask children there;
They lead us up the golden stairs,
To view and love these things so fair.
O, we shall go and stay, I know,
And spend our time all gay and grand;
For birds sing there, and flowers grow,
And all is sweet in death's Dream-land!



EARLY FRUITS.





HISTORY OF THE A. C.

BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.

THE first Field Day of the A. C. was but the forerunner of many, every pleasant Wednesday and Saturday afternoon being spent out of doors; so that by the end of June the sketch-books of our friends were an epitome of the most picturesque objects in the country round about.

"It is better than a journal," said Nell. "I am continually beginning a journal which drags on a miserable existence for a month or so, and then dies — as such a stupid thing deserves to. But my sketch-book answers the same purpose, and is a pleasure to keep, besides. It not only recalls to mind the scenes themselves, but the circumstances under which I made the sketches; and by dating them I shall be able long hence, I am sure, to remember this summer distinctly."

As the heat strengthened and the close of school suggested plans for the summer vacation, some one said, how delightful it would be to camp out at the beach for a couple of weeks; and this happy thought soon promised to become a reality; for aunt Rachel, being sounded in the matter, was so agreeable to the project, that, with her on their side, the enthusiastic young folks soon carried the rest of the household by storm, in spite of numerous objections. Grandma had dismal forebodings of rheumatism and chills, and couldn't understand, for her part, why people who had a nice house to live in should want to gallivant off to the shore and huddle in a tent.

Aunt Hannah went about the house cook-

ing up doughnuts and cookies for the proposed jaunt, with an air which plainly said, "I'll do my part, but I warn you I shall not be held responsible for the result of this 'har-em-scarem proceeding;' and mother, as she hunted up extra flannels and bathing-suits, looked rather anxious, and loaded all with cautions not to get drowned, and not to fall off the rocks, and not to catch cold. But, one by one, difficulties vanished before the resolute members of the A. C., for of course Lucy and Percy were to be of the number.

Two tents were procured; a large square one for the girls, and a smaller round one for the boys. Rubber blankets to spread under the beds were thought advisable, and some strips of old carpeting to add to the comfort of the tent.

The girls appointed themselves commissaries in general, and were made happy by a present from father of a camp kettle, containing in a small compass all the absolutely necessary things for a camp table.

A generous supply of cooked food had been provided by aunt Hannah; for our friends had no idea of going into the wilderness to fast; and it is well for all to remember who go to the shore camping, that most desirable places are some distance from a base of supplies, and to rely upon fish for a living, especially if one has to catch it one's self, *may* prove a precarious dependence.

As they were going on this excursion for a general good time, it was unanimously decided to dress accordingly. So the garret was ransacked, and the pretty suits, which had lain there since a brief but delightful gymnastic fever had had its day, were brought to the

light, and decided to be just the thing for climbing over rocks, and living an out-of-door life. A simple cambric dress apiece, in which to dress up Sundays, constituted the wardrobe of the girls, and the boys in flannel suits were as simply and becomingly dressed. An exhaustive list of all things necessary to a camp life was made out, beginning with matches and ending with a hatchet; the last touch being a flag painted by aunt Rachel, bearing A. C. in glowing vermilion on a white ground.

The last day of June had been fixed upon for the start, and Old Prob was considerate enough to predict a pleasant day. In addition to this cheering intelligence, the "Old Farmer's Almanac," in its usual conclusive manner, had said, "Expect — pleasant — weather — about — this — time," covering the fortnight of their excursion, which certainly was something to be thankful for.

Rob and Percy were to start at five in the morning with the baggage, and a man to bring back the teams, while the rest would follow in a carriage more leisurely. The point selected for their tenting was a ten miles' ride away — a bold headland of Cape Ann.

Given youth, a June morning, and a two weeks' excursion — who could not be happy? Not these friends, certainly, who were as jolly as jolly could be. And, when after a delightful morning ride, they came in sight of the encampment, with the tents already up, and the flag flying, and the boys waving their hats, and heard the thunder of the waves as they dashed themselves into angry whiteness against the resisting rocks that towered in grim strength above them, their delight was beyond control; and I fear I must record that they indulged in some demonstrations more boisterous than are generally considered lady-like. A picturesque cedar grove crowned the cliff, and in its shadow the boys had cleared a space for their tents, and were now busy building a furnace of stones. There were no idlers in Camp A. C. that morning of the 30th of June. Traps were to be stowed into the smallest possible compass, tables and chairs improvised, wood gathered for the fire, water brought from a convenient spring, and hay secured at a neighboring farmer's with which to fill the beds.

Never was meal enjoyed more than was the first dinner eaten under the shade of the cedars, with the panorama of sea and sky spread before them, and the rhythm of the beating surf in their ears.

A quiet, restful afternoon followed, and

towards sunset they started on an exploring expedition. To the left of the headland swept in graceful curves a sandy beach, where the waves broke in long lines of surf. Here, high and dry, except at the highest of the tide, was, as Nell said, "a lovely wreck" of a vessel, which years before had been driven in by a furious gale.

"Been there 'risin' o' tew year," Pete Jones says," explained Percy. "Dragged her anchor half a mile, — crew most frozen."

"And all for my special benefit," said Lucy. "For I have always sighed to see a wreck, and now I shall sketch it on the spot;" and she seated herself on a log and put her threat into execution, while the rest continued their walk to the three or four fishermen's houses, which apparently had been left, like the sea-weed, at high-water mark, by some retreating tide. They were delighted to find boats drawn up upon the sand and anchored off the shore, which Pete assured them they might have by



the day or hour, or he would take them "a sailin'" at any time.

Returning to the rocks, which seemed as if thrown up in some Titan age, a barrier to the encroaching sea, they found new wonders. Caverns worn by the restless tide, in which were deposited the wonders of the deep seas, delicate mosses, and tiny shells, lodged in miniature aquariums — chasms fifty feet in depth, across which a boy might jump, and into which the rising tide poured its waters with a noise of thunder. As the exquisite colors of sea and sky faded into the deeper twilight, the heights grew even more impressive, and the noise of the breaking waves filled them all with awe. A sullen cloud had settled to the horizon, through a rift in which the rising moon sent a red and angry glance at them, but smiled more benignly when above it she tipped each wave with light, and turned the foam as it passed into the cavern at their feet into a mass of molten silver.

But prudence (alias Mollie) suggested that they should surely prove grandma a true prophet if they staid out longer; so reluctantly they retired to the tents, and by the

moonlight—which was better than candle light, inasmuch as it did not attract mosquitos—were soon stowed in their fragrant hay beds.

Mollie declared it was so delightfully queer, she knew she should never go to sleep, and was off almost before the sentence was finished. The next morning breakfast was prepared, not without some difficulty. The fire needed considerable coaxing; the smoke refused to go where it should, but contrived to flavor the coffee, and the milk was unhappily tipped over, and put out the few remaining coals. But all these mishaps only added to the general enjoyment. After the breakfast was despatched, aunt Rachel said, —

“One always feels lazy at the sea-side, especially the first week; there is something soporific in the air, I think; and unless we conscientiously set apart a portion of each day for sketching, we shall very likely be disappointed and mortified, at the end of the time, to find our books no fuller than when we came. And I propose that we devote at least one hour in the morning and two in the afternoon to sketching, choosing our time when



the sun is low and shadows well defined. If you agree, we will this morning draw boats, which are always an interesting and profitable study.”

The boys suggested that it was most necessary for them in the masculine rôle of providers to catch some fish for dinner, and were excused for this once. If they had less to show for their morning's work than the girls, and there was no fish to speak of for dinner, I must assure you it was not the fault of the fishing-rods, which were of the most approved pattern. After the morning's experience it was unanimously decided to fish only for pleasure from the rocks, and to fish for dinner at Peter Jones's.

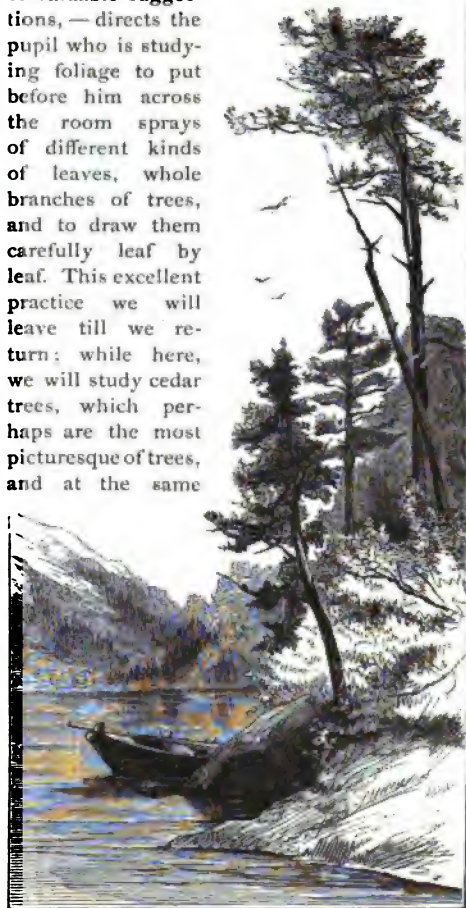
Boats in any conceivable position, with sails set, and sails furled, proved an always available study; and aunt Rachel insisted that each member of the class should make at least *one* carefully finished drawing of some part of the rocky ledge, working upon it each day when the light was the same, and indicating carefully every crevice and fissure, and light and shade. “Whoever can draw well,” said

she, “a rock, telling its story truly, showing its roundness where the sea has worn it, and its sharpness where the frost has cracked it, making it hard, and angular, and ponderous, has not much more to learn.”

A careful drawing made by Lucy of a group of cedars, excited the admiration of the A. C.

“I don't see,” said Mollie, “how you made them look so pretty. I can't.”

“They look *pretty*, as you say,” replied aunt Rachel, “because they are right, every branch, and twig, and cluster of foliage being in its right place and of its right shape. You will never do well while you have the least anxiety that your drawing shall look *nice* when done. Think only of having it right, and do not let your pencil stray thoughtlessly one single instant. Concentrate your minds entirely upon the one thing you are doing. Art must have an undivided attention. Ruskin, in his *Elements of Drawing*, — a book I have with me, and which we will read aloud, for it is full of valuable suggestions, — directs the pupil who is studying foliage to put before him across the room sprays of different kinds of leaves, whole branches of trees, and to draw them carefully leaf by leaf. This excellent practice we will leave till we return; while here, we will study cedar trees, which perhaps are the most picturesque of trees, and at the same

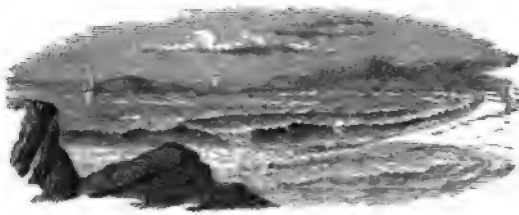


time are more easily represented than many others, in so much as they are sombre and uniform in color, and generally unruffled by the breeze."

I should quite transcend the limits of this article if I gave the record of each happy day. Suffice it to say that with rowing, sailing, fishing, swimming, and loafing, the days were one uninterrupted pleasure, and the nights equally uninterrupted, barring the night of the north-east storm, when the boys were nearly drowned out of their tent, which, unhappily, they had neglected to trench.

"Soil so sandy, rain will sink right in," said Rob, confidently; but he changed his mind when he found his shoes floating. A bright morning sun soon dried them off, and no harm done. Towards the last of the time aunt Rachel encouraged attempts to represent the water, and one morning took them down to the head of the beach, where the surf could be seen curling in in long lines, to try their skill at drawing waves.

"Select a tinted page of your books for this



drawing. Let the gray of the paper stand for the tint of the sky. The distant water, which is a little darker than the sky, requires a delicate shade laid in horizontal lines. As you come near the foreground the waves look like darker lines, while the wave that is just forming to break, is full of strong shadows, the darkest being just under the crest. This crest is of pure white, which we will lay on with a firm brush from, this cake of Chinese white. Notice how, here and there, the crest topples over, and hurries on in advance to curl in wavy lines, also of white, upon the beach."

Another morning Nell and Lucy were down among the rocks, and anxious to represent a bit of the rock with a breaking wave, but utterly dismayed by the rush and turmoil of the restless water.

"Do not try to draw for a long time," said aunt Rachel, "but *look* instead. Decide, out of the various forms in which the wave breaks, which you will try to represent, and then observe that it is only one wave out of three or four that takes just that form. Note some

one truth in regard to it, then wait until it breaks in a similar way to see another truth. By watching in this systematic way, you will learn something of the motion of waves, even if you have not power to represent it; enough to make you more appreciative of the work of others who have studied water long and carefully.

"Your studies are not successes," she continued, after they had worked patiently some time as she directed. "I did not expect them to be. It would be a poor wave that you could imitate with a few strokes of your pencil the first time trying; but they are promising, for you have seen a truth, and tried to express it. Keep on trying, and each time will add a little of knowledge and experience to your work."

And so the pleasant days sped away, and brought the last evening of the last day. It was a little chilly; so much so that the boys proposed a bonfire on the rocks to celebrate their departure and to keep them warm. Soon its ruddy light gleamed out, making the rocks glow and the water sparkle within the radius of its light; and the group, gathered round it, relieved against the sombre blackness of the sky by its pencil of flame, made a picture worthy of Rembrandt.

A little apart, aunt Rachel, by the light of a tallow dip, made a hasty sketch, to aid her memory in retaining the strangely beautiful picture.

And so we leave them, telling stories, singing songs, and repeating poetry, to the sound of the beating waves, and the crackling cedar boughs; and we hear Nell remark, as we take our parting glance, "This experience alone will make the memory of the A. C. a joy forever."

— CICERO AS A COLLECTOR. When this famous ancient orator was about forty-three years of age, he commenced forming a library and a collection of antiquities, with the remote intention of one day stealing away from the noisy haunts of the republic. This projected library and collection of antiquities Cicero intended to have placed in his favorite villa at Tusculum, near Rome. This project became the day-dream of this man of genius; and his passion broke out with all the enthusiasm and eagerness of many of our modern collectors. He depended much on the fine taste of Atticus. He said to Atticus, "In the name of friendship, let nothing escape you of whatever you find curious and rare."

ACROSS THE INDIAN OCEAN.

BY AN OLD SALT.

ST. PAUL. A LITTLE UNPLEASANTNESS, AND
A FEARFUL GALE.

I WAS glad enough to leave the Crozets; especially as I could have no chance of escape from the ship till we should have gone on much farther. Shortly after, it was reported that we were to touch at St. Paul—a lone bit of rock and earth in the very heart of the Indian Ocean. I hoped I should be able to get ashore, even there. With hardly a thought of how I should ever get away, I was determined that if I could set foot on land I would remain there.

Nothing happened worth mentioning till we reached St. Paul, unless it was a gam with a Frenchman; and I am not sure that that is worth mentioning. I remember it distinctly, because of the little French doctor that came on board of our ship, with a little red cap on his head. He couldn't speak a word of English, but he talked all the time, and I got well acquainted with him; which I should not have done if I had lived forward.

Ever since I had lived in the steerage, I had had free access to the cabin; the captain really treating me very kindly, giving me, besides duties to perform, books to read, charts to study, and once in a while a cake to eat. The cakes were some that his wife had made, he said; and they were very nice. He seemed to love to tell me about his wife and daughter,—she was about my age, he said,—and about his new house, that he had built for them—how nice it was, and how much it cost, and how he expected to live there with them himself some time. Just think of such a man going away, to be gone four years, where there were no railroads, steamboats, mail-routes, or anything of the kind! He couldn't expect to hear from his wife and daughter very often. Just think of his telling me all about them, while I sat munching his cakes, determined in my heart to leave him secretly at the first opportunity! I must have been very ungrateful or very homesick. I would rather admit it was the last.

But the little French doctor,—he talked at me, and seemed determined to open communication in some way. At last he caught hold of me, and set me down upon a settee in the house, and almost before I knew what he was about, he had my mouth open, and was inspecting my teeth. He went to work on them, talking all the time, and all I could do was

just to say, "Ugh," in reply. I don't think he helped them much. I had not been conscious of any serious defect in them before, but shortly after I began to have trouble; and it lasted till Mr. Plump took my head between his knees one day, on the booby-hatch, and with a hideous, old-fashioned thing, drew out one of the biggest teeth I had. Of course I shall always remember that little French doctor.

A "gam" is a mutual sort of visit between two ships' crews. One or two boats' crews from each ship go on board the other, and spend an hour or two, or a whole afternoon. These visits are peculiar to whalers, who often indulge in them while cruising and not otherwise engaged. This Frenchman was a whaler, like ourselves; one of the few of that nationality that we met in the course of our voyage.

We made St. Paul on a cloudy, gloomy day. It was a desolate, dreary-looking place—what little there was of it. It was night before we got very near to it, and we ran off and on till morning. In the morning the clouds looked lighter, but the sky was still overcast, and the lone little isle looked dreary enough. And yet I would have gone ashore and remained there if I could; for I saw a house on the island, which assured me that somebody lived there.

But the captain had no idea of going ashore himself, even. It soon appeared that his only object in touching there was to catch some fish. St. Paul was noted among whalers for the fine fish that abounded around its rocky shores, and our captain had probably fished there before. As soon as breakfast was over, two boats were lowered,—neither of them mine,—and, being manned by their crews, and the captain besides, were pulled in towards the dark cliffs till they were lost to sight beneath them.

We kept the ship off and on, running in at times directly opposite to the one solitary house that stood at the foot of the cliffs, but saw no living soul upon the island, nor any other sign of one. The house was a great barn-looking structure, and I much doubt whether any one was in it at that time. Although it was such a solitary, forbidding place, I could not but feel disappointed, I was so longing to set foot again on firm land.

Soon after noon the clouds began to draw closer around us, covering the sea with their misty skirts, and shutting us in with the desolate isle, as if it were their will that we should stay. The waters grew dark, though the curling crests of the waves flashed more

brightly, and everything was gloomy and depressing.

We ran in towards the boats and met them, loaded well down with the fish that had been caught. They were fine-looking fish; but for all that, I felt gloomy and disappointed. I had waited long and come thousands of miles for that chance, and now I must go thousands of miles for another; and so much farther from home. The boats were hoisted to their places; the ship kept on her course, steering away into the gloom south-eastward, and we spent the rest of the day in cleaning fish! Thus sometimes end men's hopes — in the mist and darkness here below; but we all know there is a clear sky above.

In a few weeks after leaving St. Paul, I was as far from home as I can ever be in this world. We crossed almost our exact antipodes, our course carrying us to southward of Tasmania, — Van Diemen's Land, as it was then called, — so as to strike the most southern point of the New Zealand coast.

While making those long runs from point to point of our weary voyage, the time passed very monotonously. The most trivial incident became interesting, and any occurrence out of our usual dull routine was a thing to be remembered. A little trouble had been brewing with the steward, which culminated about the time we reached our antipodes, and which I will not pass over.

I have already explained that the steward was possessed of a great deal of unattractiveness externally, and, unfortunately for him, he took no pains to counteract any false impressions his outside appearance might produce. He was not suave. His smile was always a gloomy one, and evidently, judging from the cast of his eyes, not intended for you. When he spoke to you, he looked at the mainmast with one eye, and off the starboard beam with the other. Such a man could never have much success in making love, especially with other men, and he was never in high favor with the "people" forward.

But worse than this, he was saving; and he saved for the ship's interest, — or rather for the owners. Or it may have been for neither, but because it was so natural for him to save. He had charge of the cabin stores, and of all except the fundamental articles of diet that were to be allotted to the people. The tea, coffee, molasses, dried apples, all came through him, and were savored with his stinginess. The people murmured, and looked upon the steward with evil eyes. The coffee, especially, was so weak, that their complaints

could not fail to reach the steward's ears, though he seemed to heed them not. Thus it was forward; and when I went to live in the steerage, it was still more so there. The cooper threatened vengeance on "that nigger" every morning, when the coffee came down.

The doctor, — that is, the cook, — who was as generous hearted as the steward was stingy, had attempted to show the cabin functionary the injustice of his course, venturing to speak in behalf of the people. The steward would listen in impressive silence, till the doctor was all through, and then reply with dignity, —

"Doctor, dese people don'no when dey's well off. Dey gets good libin' — all dat b'longs to um, and den dey wants more. I tells ye, doctor, it's no use talkin'; dese folks can't pre-shate it."

And then, with his eyes turned heavenward, as nearly as he could get them, he would shamle aft again, his hands filled with good things for the cabin table.

This continued till Bunges, for one, thought endurance no longer a virtue. One day the doctor reported a remark of the steward's to this effect: —

"You knows, doctor, dat what we's got to do, is to do our duties; an' you knows, too, doctor, dat our duties is to take care ob de perwishuns, — what's in de ship. De tea and coffee b'longs to de owners, an' I sall use um 'cordin' to de bess ob my judgment!"

Then Bunges, forgetting to whom vengeance belongeth, took a solemn oath that he would have it himself; and the steward was made to feel the weight of his wrath the next morning, the coffee being at that time unusually weak. He filled his pot from the bucket, after I had set it down upon the deck in the centre of our little apartment, and tasted it. His visage lowered, and he set the pot down upon his chest. Without uttering a word, he rose and took up the bucket and went to the foot of the steerage stairs, where he silently waited. Soon he heard the well-known shuffling feet of the steward, as he passed the hatchway going forward to the galley. Then, with the bucket in his determined grasp, he darted lightly up the steps, and sprang after his victim. I was just in time to see the bucket come down with crushing force, apparently, upon the steward's head.

But he did not fall. Instead, he took two or three quick steps forward, and then turned, with an astonished look, and asked solemnly, —

"Who hit me wid dat bucket? Bress me,

cooper, was dat you? Wha' for you go spoil de bucket in dat way?"

The bucket had rolled into the lee scuppers, evidently in a damaged condition.

"Never mind the bucket, darky. I ought to have known better than to smash it on your confounded pate, of course; but mind ye, I'll use the adze next time!"

"What's I done, cooper? What's you got 'ginst me? I allers does my duties — don't I?"

"I say, old squint, we won't have any trouble; but if you don't give us better tea and coffee, and a full allowance of all that belongs to us, I'll let daylight into you in some way; mind that!"

It was a plain way of putting things, but it had the desired effect. We had better coffee, — at least it was thicker and blacker; and it was evident in other ways that the steward's liberality had been much enlarged by the cooper's treatment.

It may seem that the proper way in this case would have been to go to the captain, and request him to remedy the matter. Though I do not know that any direct complaint was made to him, he heard of the trouble through the officers, and it was understood from them that he preferred that the men should settle it with the steward themselves.

After this affair we had little to enliven us for a time. The next thing I remember of interest, was a gale we experienced off Van Diemen's Land. A gale at sea is nothing unusual, and of course we had experienced more or less of what might be called gales before reaching Van Diemen's Land; but the one we there encountered was really frightful.

It was a cold, gloomy morning when it began to blow. The sun shone dimly when it rose, but was soon wholly obscured by thick, fleecy, driving clouds. We began to take in sail, stowing and reefing as the gale increased, till there was nothing exposed but a close-reefed fore-topmast, main-topmast, staysail, and main spencer. It seemed then as if old Æolus was doing his best to drive us from the very face of the deep. Yet the gale increased, continually, till by midday its force was terrific. We were awed by it, but had our dinners nevertheless, the captain saying it would be better to go down with full stomachs.

The captain did not give much time to dinner, however, and after it was over, he stood constantly at an open window in the house, watching the main-topmast. We had already attempted to get in the spencer. The ropes had been manned, that it might be brailed up quickly, and the outhaul was slackened care-

fully; but the instant it began to yield, like a flash, and with a tremendous crack, the sail was driven against the shrouds, pressing between them so firmly that all our strength could not remove it. Every moment we expected to see the topsail torn from the yard, or the yard carried away; but everything held, and the afternoon passed without accident.

The seas were not high, for the pressure of the wind kept them down; but the ship was tossed by the very force of the gale, quivering and plunging in a way that most of us had never seen before. The ocean was ploughed into furrows of foam, and the air was filled with driven spray.

The gale raged with the same fury through the day, and when night came, it seemed more terrific, if possible, than before. The thick driving clouds shut out all light but the fitful flashings of the foaming sea. The winds shrieked above, and the strong timbers creaked and groaned below. At times the deep surging of the ship would cause the bell upon the fore-castle to strike a dismal note of warning, as it were, of our impending doom. It was a fearful, and besides, a very uncomfortable night; for we were wet, stiff, and chill with the driven spray.

Through another day, and till the middle of another night the gale raged, though not with the same fury as at first. During the second day the sun's rays reached us occasionally, though they seemed always to have been almost spent in struggling through the clouds, and in a little while would fade out and be gone. The seas rose higher as the wind abated, so that our danger was increased rather than diminished. Before night of the second day, the great rolling waves were frightfully grand. It seemed as if the ship would certainly be covered and go down beneath them. Their shocks made her strong frame tremble; and she would stagger, and go down, as if it were her last struggle, but always rise, to breast them again. At times the yard-arms would dip, and the ship go almost upon her beam-ends; but the huge wave would lift her high upon it, and rolling on, she would sink again to meet another.

On the second night of the gale it came my turn to stand at the wheel for two hours, — from ten to twelve it belonged to me to steer. Of course there was little steering to do, yet I was not allowed to be at the wheel alone on such a night. Phil Southwick, an old seaman, went to stand my trick with me, to keep the spokes from being wrenched out of my hands, and be responsible for what might hap-

pen. It was not a bad place to be, for it was the driest part of the ship, and the light from the lamp in the binnacle looked cheery.

"Ease her when she pitches," said Mr. Bowlegs, as we took our places; and with a confident 'Ay, ay, sir,' Phil gave him to understand that he could trust us.

But we could not save her with all our easing. At last, just before the watch was out, a tremendous sea fell upon her bows, throwing her head off suddenly and covering the deck with water, and the next moment another struck upon her starboard quarter, lifting the stern so high and so suddenly that the binnacle was capsized and went crashing to leeward, and there was what sounded like a grand smash of crockery in the direction of the steward's pantry. Besides, the starboard quarter-boat was crushed up under the davits and broken completely in two.

It was very dark for a time; but Mr. Bowlegs found his way to us, and wanted to know "what in thunder we were about," just as if we had done it on purpose. We heard the captain's voice, too, inquiring who was at the wheel.

"It's me and Eph, sir," said Phil; and the captain knew as much about it as before. Mr. Bowlegs got another light, after a while, and then we could see each other, and what had happened. By the time the extent of the damage had been ascertained, and the binnacle righted and again secured in its place, our watch was out, and we were relieved from all further responsibility.

Nothing more serious happened, and by daylight next morning the danger had passed. The sun rose in a clear sky, there was only a gentle breeze blowing, and the seas were rapidly subsiding. The only damage we had sustained was the stoven boat, and the parting of one or two futtock-shrouds under the main-top, — though, perhaps, I ought to include the steward's crockery, which, although the pieces were greatly multiplied, suffered no small loss.

But a ship with which we had kept company all the way from the Crozets was less fortunate. We had seen her several times during the first day of the gale, like some dim phantom craft driven by the storm, but had wholly lost sight of her before the first night, and did not see her again till past noon of the day after it had cleared. We were then running on our course with nearly all sail set, when the "Luminary" was raised, off our beam to southward; the course she was steering evidently converging with our own, and bringing us nearer together. The captain brought out his glass, and having looked at

her for a moment, said they were in trouble. The ship's colors were set, but were only half-mast, and they said as plainly as could be, that something was wrong. We kept off; and the other ship's course being also changed, we drew nearer together.

Upon coming within hail, we learned that five men had been washed overboard from the Luminary's decks, by a sea that had swept them. The same resistless wave had swept the whole five away, and in the darkness of night they had been swallowed up. It was a fearful fate, and our spirits sank at the intelligence. The ship itself had sustained no serious injury; and, after a short visit from our captain to his brother skipper, we went on together as before.

At night, when we sat together in our dimly-lighted apartment and spoke of what had happened, the carpenter thought it was a great wonder we had not all gone down in that dreadful storm.

"If I had known they ever had such times at sea," said he, "I would never have come."

"Never mind, Chips," said Bung; "we'll get you home all right yet; only keep a stiff upper lip, and lay low when it blows."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Smut; "as a general thing, folks live too long. Now, if Chips could only be taken off in this way, it would be better for him, probably, and the rest of us would get along just as well."

Chips looked at Smut gloomily, and made no reply. But Bung remarked, reflectively, —

"After all, it can't make a great deal of difference how, or when, provided we do our duty here."

"That's it," says Smut; "*if we do our duty here.*" And he looked hard at Chips.

"I've done the best I could," Chips replied.

"Ay, Chips, I reckon you have; but you made an awful mistake when you undertook to do carpenter's duty in the Old North. However, we're all liable to mistakes; and as long as *they are* mistakes, I reckon they won't be set down against us. I can't say I wish you any harm, Chips. Just keep a stiff upper lip, as Bung says, *and do the best you can*, and you'll come out all right at last."

— SOME people believe that

"We are certain to pay for whatever we get,"

and that full compensation comes round once in a hundred years. These will be glad to have us remind them that the winter of 1775 was the mildest that had ever been known in New England — only last winter came just a year too late.



"OVER PAST THE THOUSAND-DOLLAR TREE." Page 460.

MY ANCIENT MARINER.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

DOUBTLESS some of my young readers have read Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner;" and I hope they will all read it some day, for it is a beautiful poem. But, meanwhile, let me tell them about *my* Ancient Mariner.

His name was Tom Smith, and at the time I have in mind he must have been about nineteen years old, which then seemed to me a very mature age. A year or two before, fancying that his father had ill treated him, he ran away and went to sea. Returning from a voyage to some distant part of the world, he came home again to his father's house.

This much of his history I knew; and on this foundation my boyish imagination used to build up wonderful romances. I used to wish that I were Tom Smith; or, what would be better, that I could have gone with him on that voyage, to see all the wonders of those far-off lands and strange peoples.

Yet I had never seen Tom. He did not attend our school in my day, as his father kept him at work with him, and they did not live

in our neighborhood. But his younger brothers were my schoolmates; and the fragments of sailor yarns which they reeled off to me second-hand, and their descriptions of the wonderful things he had brought home, greatly increased my interest in him and my desire to see him.

One bright May morning I rose early, saw the sun rise, heard the robins sing, went and looked at the half-finished kite which my brother was making for me, swung on the horse-gate, and finally sat down on the horse-block and tried to whittle a peg-top out of a piece of pine. Dick Barnard, a boy about three years older than I, came along eating a piece of pie, and driving a red-and-white cow, that had no horns, known in the neighborhood as "Barnard's mooly (Mulla?) cow."

Dick said he was driving her to pasture, and asked me to go with him. I told him I would like to, but I hadn't been to breakfast.

"O, we'll be back by breakfast time," said he.

With this assurance, I joined him. Dick was one of the most fascinating boys I ever knew. He was always cheerful and pleasant, was very witty, and could tell a story so that those who heard it never failed to laugh at the right time. He loved Nature; and he seemed to me to be intimately acquainted with all the

flowers of the field, the trees of the forest, and the birds of the air. He loved art, too, and was quite a sculptor in a small way. I remember a cane which he covered with very curious and intricate carvings, from a dog's head at the top to a lizard's tail at the bottom. I always thought he would make a celebrated artist of some sort. He was an active, self-reliant boy, full of expedients, a fine swimmer, a good marksman with a bow, a pistol, or a stone, and professed to know something of fencing.

It was half a mile to the pasture, by a dusty road bordered with green. On the way we came across a branch freshly broken from a tree. Dick examined it, and declared it to be "whistle-wood." He cut off a piece, and made me a whistle, which, when I had wet it in the brook, gave a clear, ringing sound — a delightful music in my ear.

The pasture-gate was chained and locked; but Dick reached around to the inside of the gate-post, and drew the key from an auger-hole made to hide it in, opened the gate, let in the cow, and locked it again.

As we turned away, a young man, wearing a narrow-brimmed hat, trimmed with a broad blue ribbon, with long, notched ends, approached us. He was pushing an empty wheelbarrow before him, and singing, —

"We be three poor mariners,
Newly come from seas."

"Hello, Tom!"

"Hello, Dick!"

"Where are you going?"

"Over past the Thousand-Dollar Tree. Don't you want to go with me?" and Tom stopped, and sat down on his wheelbarrow.

So this was Tom Smith, the sailor, the adventurer, the boy who had actually been on a ship, and sailed across the ocean, — all the oceans, perhaps, — and been chased by pirates, maybe, and fired the Long Tom at them, and seen sharks, and whales, and icebergs, and fought with cannibals, and been all around the world generally! I looked upon him with awe, and wonder, and admiration. There was an anchor, wrought in white silk, on the front of his blue shirt, and his pantaloons were very wide at the bottom.

"What are you going after?" said Dick.

"Bolts. Come — won't you?" answered my Ancient Mariner, as he lifted the handles of his wheelbarrow.

"Let's go," said Dick to me.

I hesitated and considered, while the ancient mariner scanned me from head to foot in a kindly sort of way. The reason of my hesitation was this: our teacher had offered a

prize of a handsome book for punctuality, and I was anxious to get it. Thus far I had been in my seat when the bell struck every day during the term, which was now near its close.

"Can we get back by school time?" I asked.

"O, certainly," said the mariner: "I intend to get home by three bells."

With this pleasant assurance, both of his desire for my company and of an early return, I was only too happy to go.

We went along the cross-road for some distance, and then turned upon an immense open common, the Ancient Mariner steering his craft directly across it. Only a few trees were standing on this common. At some remote period a heavy gale had prostrated the forest that covered it, and the roots of the trees, as they were turned up, had lifted masses of earth, which now formed hummocks, green with grass and sorrel, and soft with moss. All traces of the fallen trees had disappeared.

I ventured to ask if the waves of the sea were as high as these hummocks. The ancient mariner looked astonished and grieved.

"As high as these things!" he said scornfully. "Why, some of 'em are so high, that if you was in the trough o' the sea you couldn't throw a stone over 'em."

I thought perhaps he didn't really know how high I could throw; still I was convinced that my ideas of the sea must be very inadequate. After that, I left the conversation mainly to Dick and Tom, contenting myself with being a good listener.

"Which *is* the Thousand-Dollar Tree?" said Dick, looking at a group of five or six large ones on the farther edge of the common.

"That tallest one, with the fore-and-aft rigging," answered Tom, thus designating an immense tree, whose branches were all on one side. On the other side, perhaps sixty feet from the ground, was a huge knob, nearly or quite as large as a barrel, which looked as if it had been put on to balance the tree.

We were making as straight for this tree as the nature of the ground permitted, the Ancient Mariner wheeling along in the trough of the sea, and Dick and I springing from wave to wave sometimes, and sometimes following in his wake.

"How did it come to be called the Thousand-Dollar Tree?" said Dick.

"Do you see that big bunch, on the windward side, about where the cross-trees ought to be?" said the Ancient Mariner.

"Yes."

"Well, it's because a man climbed up and

hid a thousand dollars there once — it's hollow, that bunch is."

"Where did he get the money!"

"He robbed a man — Craven was the man's name that was robbed. He sold a lot of cattle for a thousand dollars, and was carrying home the money. When he got to his gate, the robber jumped out from behind a bush, and said, 'Your money or your life!' and pointed a pistol at Craven. Just as Craven handed him the money, Mrs. Craven came to the door with a light, to see if her husband was coming. The robber ran away with the money; but he knew they'd seen his face, and he was afraid he'd be arrested; so he dasen't carry it home. The money was in a canvas bag, and he climbed that tree, and hid it in the hole in that big knob."

"Did they catch him?"

"Yes, and put him in jail."

"Did he tell where the money was?"

"No; he swore it wasn't him. He said he was abed and asleep. He said he went to bed early that night because he wanted to get up early and go fishing."

"How, then, did they find it?"

"My uncle Harlow found it. He went out hunting one day, and saw a white hawk, and tried to get a shot at it. He thought it lit in that tree, and he went over there and looked all around in the branches, but he couldn't see anything of the hawk. After a while he saw something white in that hole. 'Now,' says he, 'I guess I've got your latitude, old fellow;' and he fetched up his gun and blazed away. It was the white bag that he saw; and the shot tore a hole in it, and two of the dollars rolled out and fell down on the ground. Uncle Harlow picked 'em up, and looked at 'em, and says he, 'If that ain't Craven's money, I'm mistaken.' So he climbed the tree, and got the whole bagful. He didn't care much about white hawks, or any other kind of hawks, any more *that* day."

"Did he keep the money?"

"No; but they gave him a hundred dollars for finding it. 'Twas all in silver dollars — some was Mexican dollars, and some was Spanish dollars. My father's got one of 'em now."

"Where did he get it?"

"He was on the jury that tried the robber, and they gave 'em all one."

By this time we had arrived at the tree, and stopped to look at it. I was filled with wonder at its romantic story; but I didn't quite see how a tree with so large a trunk, and no limbs nearer the ground than sixty feet, could be climbed in the ordinary way.

"It looks," said the Ancient Mariner, who had now grown quite talkative, "just like some of the trees I used to climb for cocoanuts in the Cannibal Islands."

"Weren't you afraid of the cannibals?" said Dick.

"Well, you had to look out for 'em," answered the Ancient Mariner, with a sort of knowing intonation. "I thought I was gone once, when they got after me. I was in the tree, and my messmates under it, picking up the cocoanuts I threw down. None of us saw the savages till one of 'em shot an arrow that went through the crown of Bill Burns's hat, and scared him out of his wits; he thought his scalp was off. Then they gave a yell, and made a rush. The boys ran to the boat, and pulled for the ship. There I was in the tree, and a dozen savages at the foot of it. As soon as they saw me, one of 'em drew off with his bow and shot at me. I had a cocoanut in my hand, and held it out to meet the arrow. Of course the point broke off when it struck, and the arrow fell down."

"I suppose I was considered the game of the fellow that shot at me; for none of the others fired, and that was the last arrow he had. He went and got two stones, and sat down under the tree and tried to sharpen the point. I reached out softly and got hold of a tremendous big cocoanut, as big as the biggest punkin you ever saw (they never bring any such here; the people in this country don't know anything about big cocoanuts); and I just balanced it nicely over his head, and dropped it. It went down like a plummet, and you'd better believe it cracked *his* cocoanut. Whew! it drove his head right down between his shoulders, till you couldn't see anything of it, and his arms flew up like a jumpin'-jack. The others picked him up and carried him away. But I didn't dare go down. I knew the captain would send some of the men after me, with arms and ammunition. So I sat in the tree-top and watched the cannibals. They went a good ways off, till they came to a big rock that had one side flat. Right against that they made a fire. And then they took the meat I furnished 'em with, and put it on a pole, and put one end of the pole into a hole in the rock, above the fire, and held up the other end of the pole, and kept turning it over and over. When it was cooked enough, they took it off and cut it up, and they were eatin' away at it when ten of the crew, with muskets on their shoulders, came after me."

We had now arrived at a pile of short, thick pieces of elm and whitewood, which Dick told

me were heading-bolts—to be split up into wide, thin pieces, to make heads for barrels. The Ancient Mariner took a cargo of these, and we set out on the return voyage.

"This," said he, "reminds me of takin' in logwood at the Spice Islands. We had a plank out to the shore, and wheelbarrows about like this, and we all went in line. The sail-maker was just ahead of me, and I saw he couldn't keep the plank very well. It wasn't steady, and he wasn't used to anything of the sort. The mate used to say he'd never be anything but a land-lubber, any way. I saw him stagger, and let down my barrow. He just careened and went over. Before he could get ashore, a shark was after him. I saw he wouldn't make it in time, though he was a pretty fair swimmer. So I took a log from my load, and just as the shark was going to snap off Mr. Sail-maker's leg, I reached it down in front of his jaws. How! how quick that log went in two! And how the splinters flew! The sail-maker got ashore; but he was as white as the foam of the breakers, and his teeth chattered like a saw-mill."

"Were you ever chased by pirates?" asked Dick.

"No," said the Ancient Mariner, half sadly, as if he considered his sea life tame and incomplete without a piratical element. "No; but we saw a Spanish vessel that was sunk by 'em—sunk with all on board, off the coast of Chili. She tried to get away; and they fired a broadside into her, and then sailed in close, and threw on the grappling-irons, and were just going over, cutlass and pistol in hand, for hot work at close quarters, when they saw she was sinkin'. They jumped back, and threw off the irons, and down she went in fifteen fathoms of water. We came up next day, and saw her topmasts just stickin' out of the water. We knew she had treasure on board,—a million and a half in silver, and three millions in gold,—enough to make us all rich; and the captain thought he'd try to get it. So we rigged up a diving-bell, and the second mate, and me, and the boatswain went down.

"It was an awful sight on board that craft. There was the captain's body, cut in two with a chain-shot; and there was the mate, with a cutlass in one hand, and the other on the gun'-ale, steadyin' himself, and the cutlass wavin' back and forth, as if he was tryin' to keep us off. And some of the fellows were hangin' on to lines and spars with a death-grip. We went down the gangway, and soon found the treasure; but it was all in iron-bound chests, too heavy to take up in the bell.

"That night we rigged a tackle; and we'd have had the chests all on board our own craft next day, but a storm came up before morning, and drove us out, to sea. When it was over, we tried to find the Spanish vessel again; but every trace of her had disappeared."

As my Ancient Mariner wound up this yarn with a deep sigh, the vision of the diving-bell was suddenly dissipated by the sound of the school-bell. I left Dick to do the rest of the listening, and started on a run for the school-house. But I was five minutes late; and when the prize was awarded, I found that I had missed of it by just one mark. Had I not been late that morning, I, as well as Charlie Burch, would have got through the entire term without a tardy-mark; and my reward would doubtless have been the same as his—a beautiful copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*. But the pilgrimage I made to the Thousand-Dollar Tree, that dewy May morning, was an event in my boy life of no mean proportions.

When I went home to dinner, of course my parents wanted to know where I had been at breakfast time. I told them the whole story, and repeated the adventures of Tom Smith with fullness and accuracy.

"My son," said father, "the tales of an old salt, when told to a fresh young landsman, must be re-salted—taken with a great many grains of salt. I hope Tom intended to tell the truth; but he seems to have got his records a little mixed. That tree is so called because it marked the boundary of a piece of land that was sold for a thousand dollars. Logwood does not come from the Spice Islands; and that was a *very* large cocoanut."

It was a cruel criticism. My romance of the sea, which would have given color to a thousand day-dreams, vanished like the morning dew from those mossy hummocks; and my Ancient Mariner, with his delicious flavor of travel and adventure, was transformed into a vulgar gossip, a perverter of the noble truth, a heartless trifler with the credulity of innocent boys.

— CATS AND RATS. — It is estimated that there are four million cats in Great Britain, and each cat kills an average of twenty rats or mice every year. It is also estimated that every rat or mouse, if it lives, would injure property to the extent of one pound sterling. If all this is true, the cats save to that country, yearly, four hundred millions of dollars; and they might pay off the national debt if they chose.

THE OLD COCKED HAT.

A STORY OF CONCORD FIGHT.

I DON'T believe there was ever a boy more fond of following the soldiers than I. Indeed, though now somewhat familiar with martial sounds, the rumble of the drum in the streets will quicken my pulse not a little. And it is a stirring sight — is it not? — to see a well-trained battalion on the march, their colors flaunting in the breeze, their bayonets glancing in the sunlight, every foot falling at the same instant, while the band — ay, the band — fills the air with harmony, crash upon crash, wave on wave — drums, trumpets, cymbals, and all!

A Boston boy, I was born in an old house near Copp's Hill Burying-Ground, which, I can promise you, I gave a wide berth after dark. I lived with my grand-parents, my own father having been killed in the battle between the Chesapeake and Shannon, and buried, they told me, at sea. The old folks used to give me the run of the house; and many is the romp I have had, playing hide-and-seek around the huge chimney-stack in the garret, knocking my head against the heavy timbers, and strewing the rickety floor with bunches of sweet herbs or strings of red peppers, which were drying there.

Old cast-off clothes, of antiquated cut, were hanging from the rafters; and I delighted in nothing so much as to arrange these garments so as to give my old grandam a start when she came up to inquire if I was going to bring the house about their ears. A barrel hoop made the limp dresses of a century ago expand into roundness, or extend their arms in some grotesque attitude. An old bonnet becomingly adjusted completed the costume.

"Lawful sakes alive!" the dear old lady would exclaim; "I never did see such a boy in all my born days!"

Being a boy, what most charmed me in my museum of antiquities was an old sword, with the blade peeping from the end of the scabbard. It was beyond my small strength to draw the weapon, so firmly was it fixed within its sheath; but with it belted around me, and an old cocked hat — which, to my surprise, fitted me exactly — stuck on my head, I felt as proud as a veteran just returned from victorious fields. But we know it is not the sword alone makes the soldier, any more than it is dress that makes the man.

One day, equipped as I have described, I descended the stairs to where my grandfather

was seated by the fireside, smoking his pipe, and meditatively watching the smoke as it curled upwards and sought an outlet along the ceiling. At the clatter on the stairs, and the queer figure I cut, the old man took his pipe from his mouth; and when I made him a mock salute, he said with a quiet chuckle, —

"Well, lad, ready for action, I see. Do you mean to attack our old four-post bedstead, or will you have a bout with the pump in the back yard?"

"But, grandpa," said I, "where did you get this old rusty sword and this funny old hat?"

"Come here, boy," said the old man; and taking from my head the object which appeared so ridiculous to me, and pointing to a hole I had not noticed, he said, very gravely, "Two inches lower, and the bullet would have passed through my head."

"Where? when?" I ejaculated, overcome with the thought of my grandfather's narrow escape, and the impressive way in which he spoke.

"At Concord Fight, in the year '75. You've read of that, my boy, in your history book, I'll be bound."

"To be sure I have; and about General Gage and Pitcairn, and the minute-men. It is called the battle of Lexington. O, do, grandpa, tell me about it! You know I love to hear you talk about war."

"Well, 'tis an old story. But sit down, my boy, and listen. You shall hear my first experience of strife and bloodshed."

Grandfather gave the backlog a stir, replenished his pipe, and settling himself back into the old rush-bottom chair, began.

"I was just fourteen in April, '75, and lived in this same house, built by my grandfather a hundred years before. On my way to and from school in Love Lane, I passed every day the barracks of the king's soldiers. Some of them were always loitering about, and I became quite accustomed to hear myself called a young rebel by them. One day an officer reproved them for accosting me, and ordered them into their quarters. He was a short, fat, but active little man, with a broad band of gold lace around his hat, and fine ruffles in his shirt bosom and at the cuffs of his bright scarlet coat. I had often before seen him, but now looked at him with greater interest than ever. I must not forget to mention that I had got acquainted with a young chap of my own age, Tony Apthorp, drummer-boy of the Welsh Fusileers, who sometimes invited me into the barracks, and had taught me to beat the drum a little.

"One morning I started as usual for school. When I reached the barracks, the redcoats were assembling in the street, as if for parade; but even I, boy that I was, knew by their faces that something unusual was going to happen. The sergeants were serving out ammunition, while the goat of the corps, a prime favorite with us boys, was loudly bleating in the barrack yard. Tony, beating his drum for dear life, gave me such a look! not a bit like his usual mocking expression. Even the surly old drum-major let me pass without a word. I was lost in wonder.

"While I stood looking at the men, — some of them buttoning their gaiters, others trying the locks of their muskets, — an aid came down the street at full gallop.

"'Halloo, there, Royals!' said he; 'where is your officer?'

"A sergeant stepped out of the ranks, and made a salute. The officer then ordered the detachment to march; but the men did not stir.

"'Does he take us for raw recruits, like himself?' growled some of those grizzled veterans.

"'It is his excellency's command,' said the *aide-de-camp*, starting off as fast as his horse could carry him.

"'You should have said so at first, young greenhorn,' muttered the old sergeant, fixing his bayonet. 'Come along, lads, come along: the general must not be kept waiting.'

"The soldiers shouldered their firelocks, and took their way towards the Common. I soon lost sight of their burnished arms in a turn of the street.

"When I reached the school-house door, I found it shut fast. A group of wondering urchins were there, each asking the other the meaning of these strange proceedings. But we were true school-boys, and, provided our holiday did not disappoint us, cared not a button where it came from. Just there an upper window was opened, and the schoolmaster's voice exclaimed, —

"'Boys, war has begun; school is dismissed!'

"Some one proposed that we should follow the 'rig'lars;' a proposal no sooner made than agreed to. Away we scampered, in the route the troops had just taken. Every one we met seemed strangely excited; and I scarcely remembered that I would not have ventured above the mill-bridge the day before, for fear of a sound drubbing from the South End boys.

"When we came near the Common, a long

line of soldiers extended to the head of the mall in Long-Acre, and in their midst were two brass cannon I had so often gazed at with admiration and awe. At command of Lord Percy, the rig'lars shouldered their muskets, and moved off towards the Neck. I well remember that the fifes struck up Yankee Doodle. The boys followed on through the mall, by Dr. Byles's house, where we saw the tory minister in his big wig, peeping from behind his curtains at the display.

"By this time the whole town knew the rig'lars had gone out the night before to destroy the stores at Concord, and that Lord Percy had been sent to re-enforce them. It was just as we came to the George Tavern that I noticed a boy seated astride a fence, laughing so immoderately I felt sure he must be an idiot, for I assure you I saw nothing to laugh at. The boy's merriment attracted the notice of Earl Percy, who rode at the head of the column on a big white horse.

"'What are you laughing at?' inquired his lordship.

"'To think how you'll dance by and by to the tune of Chevy Chase, instead of Yankee Doodle,' replied the young scapegrace.

"My lord gave his horse the spur, and galloped to the front, appearing moody and pre-occupied, as if the fate of his great ancestor was brooding over him.

"We had got through Little Cambridge, now Brighton, when an express from General Gage overtook the troops. The courier rode straight up to the earl, and, lifting his hat, delivered his errand in hurried accents. His lordship turned in his saddle, and exclaimed, —

"'On! press on! God's life, gentlemen! we shall be too late!'

"The soldiers marched silently, and with quickened pace, urged on by their officers. The road was deserted. Not a living thing appeared in view as we passed the houses. Never had I experienced such an oppressive stillness. We soon reached the bridge leading to the colleges, and I heard the word passed to halt, prime, and load. The cannoneers lighted their matches. These orders being executed, the troops impatiently awaited the word to march; but it did not come. The officers slashed the bushes by the road-side with their swords, and demanded of each other what was amiss.

"'The bridge is up,' said one.

"'The rebels mean to make a stand here,' said another.

"'Tis what I most wish for, next to my dinner,' ejaculated a third.

"By this time fatigue had caused our company of boys to dwindle to fewer than a dozen. The bridge was soon made passable, and the troops crossed. Before we followed, I picked up a handful of musket-balls where they had stood. At the colleges, an officer sternly forbade our following the column farther; and, as we were thoroughly tired, after quenching our thirst at a neighboring well, we threw ourselves upon the grass to rest.

"The rig'lars were hardly out of sight, when the roads in every direction seemed swarming with men, some in squads of twos and threes, some with the semblance of military order, but all armed with muskets or fowling-pieces, and looking eager and determined. They halted; by common consent, on the college green. An angry murmur of many voices, every instant more and more threatening, came out of the throng.

"Our brethren have been slaughtered at Lexington by the king's cutthroats. Let us avenge them!" said an elegant-looking young man, armed with a handsome fusée and a hanger.

"How brave he looked as he said this, his eye sparkling, his form drawn up to its full height! I thought I had never beheld such an heroic countenance.

"Ay, avenge them! Down with the bloody-backs!" shouted the multitude.

"Lead us on, doctor!" cried several voices; and I then knew it was Warren who had first spoken.

"Excited by the scene, without a moment's reflection I joined our people, who now put themselves in motion in the route the British had just taken. Half an hour brought us to the Black Horse in Menotomy. We plainly heard firing at no great distance. By advice of our leader, we made a circuit across the fields, concealing ourselves in some woods near the Foot of the Rocks. Cannon firing was now distinctly audible, and at every peal my heart gave a great thump; but I tell you, boy, I had little idea of what was coming.

"There they are!"

"I looked. Sure enough, there they were, and in haste, too. The front platoons fired at every one they saw, and then fell out on each side to reload. Every house was saluted with a volley of shot; and what maddened us to desperation was the sight of feeble women, with babes in their arms, flying shrieking across the fields, with these miscreants shooting at them, and hooting like demons, while flames issued from the dwellings the poor creatures had but just quitted."

The old man had kept his pipe alight, giving, every now and then, a whiff between the sentences; but, animated by his recollections, he now clinched his teeth so hard as to break the stem of the pipe in two.

"Don't stop, grandpa! How did it end?" I exclaimed.

"Waal, boy, we just let the rig'lars pass our hiding-place, and then, with a yell of rage, our men fell on their rear. I forgot I had no weapon but a stout hickory stick, and shouted, and rushed into the thickest of the *mêlée*. The first thing I knew, the soldiers faced about, and gave us a volley slap in our faces. I thought the day of judgment had come, sartin'. How like fiends they looked, panting with rage and heat, and with faces begrimed with powder and dirt! An officer on horseback — my acquaintance of the North End — waved them on, his hat in one hand, his sword in the other.

"Upon them, my gallant Fusileers! Give them the steel! Once more, for Old England and victory!"

"Down with the murderers!" "Kill the assassins!" yelled the excited provincials.

"Fire, in God's name, and charge home!" cried a ringing voice I recognized for Warren's.

"The soldiers were actually pushed along by our onset, some falling every instant under the deadly fire. A shot knocked the officer from his horse, at which a cheer went up from our side. We made another rush, and forced the enemy to a run. A poor devil of a drummer-boy was just in front of me. I sprang upon him, and brought him to the ground. Behold! it was Tony, my chum of the Royals. It was the work of an instant to take away his drum, and then to follow the throng, beating the charge like a drummer gone mad. My prisoner kept close at my heels. Our people saw my capture, and heard my drum. As for me, I hurraed myself hoarse, and got this hole in my hat."

Here the old man paused, breathless.

"Plague on't!" he at length exclaimed; "here's my pipe out, and the fire too. What'll granny say?"

— AMONG the old Northern Vikings of the ninth and tenth centuries, to kill a man, and say that you had killed him, was manslaughter. To kill him, and not take it on your hands, was murder. To kill men at dead of night was also murder.



"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."

A SHADOW PANTOMIME.*

BY PRINCE FUZZ.

CHARACTERS. — JACK. The GIANT of "The Upper Regions." A PEDDLER. The FAIRY OF GOODFORTUNE. JACK'S MOTHER. The GIANT'S WIFE. A MAID.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. A room in JACK's house.
SCENE 2. A road.
SCENE 3. A room in JACK's house.

ACT II.

SCENE 1. The garden of JACK's house.
SCENE 2. A road in "The Upper Regions."
SCENE 3. The door of the GIANT's castle.

ACT III.

SCENE 1. The dining-room of the GIANT's castle.
SCENE 2. Yard of JACK's house.
SCENE 3. The door of castle.
SCENE 4. The dining-room of castle.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. Yard of JACK's house.
SCENE 2. Door of castle.
SCENE 3. Dining-room of castle.
SCENE 4. Yard of JACK's house.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter JACK's MOTHER (L.) with broom; looking about, sighs. Commences sweeping. Enter JACK (L.), with hands in his pockets; sits down on a chair. His MOTHER, whose back is turned when he enters, turns, and, seeing him, lifts her broom as if to strike him; he dodges, and exit (R.) She goes to the door and calls after him, "Go, you lazy boy, and sell the cow." Then resumes sweeping and sighing. She sweeps before her all the way across the stage, and then exit (L.).

SCENE II.

Enter JACK, with cow. (L.) JACK takes out his knife and begins to whittle a stick. The

cow goes to the side of stage to eat grass. Enter PEDDLER. (R.) Seeing cow, points first to JACK, then to the cow, as if to ask if the cow belonged to him. JACK nods his head. PEDDLER then takes a handful of beans from his pocket, points first to beans, then to JACK, afterwards to cow, and last to himself, as if to say, "If you will give me your cow, I will give you these beans." JACK looks at beans, then holds up his hand in astonishment. The PEDDLER drops them, slowly, from one hand to the other. JACK jumps up and down in delight, and holds his hat for the beans; as soon as the beans are put in his hat, he runs home. [Exit L.]

The PEDDLER laughs, and turns to cow, who kicks up her heels and runs off. (R.) The PEDDLER lifts his hands in surprise, and then follows her. [Exit R.]

SCENE III.

Enter JACK's MOTHER (L.) with a small piece of bread in her hand, which she holds up and looks at, and then lays it on the table, sits down, and weeps. Enter JACK (R.); joyfully shows his MOTHER the beans. His MOTHER looks up; seeing the beans in the hat, snatches them away, runs to the window, and throws them out. Looks around for a stick to switch JACK with; picks up her broom and chases him out of the room. (Exit JACK, L.) She calls after him, "Go to bed, you bad, bad boy, without your supper; you have sold our cow for nothing, and now we shall starve." Sits down and weeps.

[Curtain falls.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The beanstalk begins to grow in the centre of stage, slowly at first, then rapidly, until it reaches the ceiling. When the beanstalk has finished growing, JACK's head appears at the window. (R.) He opens his mouth, and lifts his hands in wonderment; then jumps out the window, and climbs the beanstalk. When half way up, his MOTHER comes out the door (R.), and beckons him to come down; at last throws her shoe after him, then goes crying in at the door. (R.)

* Explanation, Page 468.

SCENE II.

Enter JACK. (R.) Looks around in bewilderment. Takes out his crust of bread from his pocket. Enter FAIRY (L.) dressed as an old woman. Comes up to JACK, points down her throat and then to JACK's bread, and looks very sorrowful, as if to say, "Please give me some bread; I am very hungry." JACK gives her the crust. Instantly the woman's waterproof drops off, and the FAIRY stands before him. JACK almost falls over backward in amazement. She then says to JACK, "The giant in yonder castle has murdered your father, and taken all his money. Go get it; be brave, and fear not." After waving her wand, she flies up in the air and disappears.

[Exit JACK, joyfully, L.]

SCENE III.

Enter JACK. (R.) Goes to other side of stage and taps at the door. Enter GIANT'S WIFE, out of door. (L.) JACK begs to be let in. She at first refuses. JACK points to his mouth, and then rubs his stomach. At last she allows him to enter. [Exit, at door. L.]

Curtain falls.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The GIANT'S WIFE putting JACK in a cupboard. (R.) Enter GIANT. (L.) Sniffs around, and looks about, &c. His wife stands before the cupboard. She makes him sit down in his chair, and brings him his supper. While he is eating, JACK pokes his head out the door of his hiding-place. After the GIANT finishes his meal, he calls to his WIFE, "Bring me my hen, that lays the golden eggs!"

[Exit WIFE, L.]

JACK holds up his hands and nods approvingly. Enter WIFE, with hen. (L.) She holds it up, and takes it to the table. GIANT picks up an egg and shows it. JACK jumps around. The WIFE takes the supper off. While she is out, the GIANT falls asleep. JACK slips out of cupboard, reaches for hen and eggs, and exits. (R.)

SCENE II.

Enter JACK, down the beanstalk, with hen. Enter MOTHER. (L.) JACK gives his mother the hen and golden eggs. She takes them, and goes joyfully into the house. JACK runs after her. (L.) Enter JACK, dressed a little different; goes at once and climbs the beanstalk. His MOTHER appears and looks after him; when he disappears, she exits into house. (L.)

SCENE III.

Enter JACK. (R.) Goes to castle door, raps. Enter WIFE. (L.) JACK begs to be let in, as

before. WIFE refuses; gets on his knees; still she will not let him in. At last he begins to weep, and she takes compassion on him and lets him enter. [Exit in door, R.]

SCENE IV.

Enter WIFE with JACK. (R.) Hides JACK in cupboard, as before. (L.) Enter GIANT. Eats his supper. When finished, says, "Bring me my money, so I may count it." His WIFE places it beside him. While counting it, his WIFE exits (L.), and he falls asleep and snores. JACK comes out, as before, snatches the bags, and exits. (R.)

Curtain falls.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter JACK, from house (L.), dressed very nicely, with flowing cape and feather in his hat. Looks up the beanstalk, and then at the house. Enter his MOTHER, from garden (R.), with flowers. She falls on JACK's neck, and begs him not to go up again; he gently lifts her from his neck, nods his head, and kisses his hand to her. Enter MAID. (L.) The MOTHER faints in MAID's arms, and is carried into the house. JACK exits up the beanstalk.

SCENE II.

Enter JACK. (L.) Goes, as before, to castle door, and raps. GIANT'S WIFE puts her head out, then draws it in again. JACK raps again. Enter WIFE, and JACK begs to be taken in. She refuses. He points to sky, then to his dress, and to his throat, as if to inform her it is getting dark, he is out with thin clothes, and is very hungry. She refuses, and is about to leave, when he takes out a purse and offers it to her; she bows and accepts it, and leads him through the door. (R.)

SCENE III.

Enter WIFE and JACK. (L.) She puts him behind a chair. Enter GIANT (R.) to supper. As before, he eats whole roasts of beef, plates of bread, turkeys, fowls, &c. Then calls for his "fairy harp," which is brought. JACK peeps out from behind the chair, and shakes his fist at the GIANT. Harp plays. (Music is heard.) While the music continues to play, the GIANT falls asleep. Exit WIFE with dishes. (R.) JACK takes up harp and starts to run. The harp cries out, "Master! Master!" GIANT awakes. Seeing JACK with harp, starts to follow him. Exit JACK (L.) first, then GIANT staggering after him.

SCENE IV.

Enter JACK's MOTHER, with MAID. (L.) Enter JACK, down the beanstalk, with harp

calling "Master! Master!" JACK puts harp down, shouts, "Bring me an axe." Exit MAID (L.) and MOTHER (R.). GIANT's feet appear at top of stalk. Enter MOTHER, with axe. JACK cuts down the beanstalk. After a few blows it falls; with it the GIANT, who falls dead. Enter FAIRY (R.). Waves her wand; the stalk and GIANT disappear. The FAIRY congratulates JACK on his success. JACK and his MOTHER kneel for FAIRY's blessing.

Curtain falls.

EXPLANATIONS.

First you want a sheet hung between the folding doors, or across the middle of a long room. The folding doors will do for a curtain at the end of the acts; but if the sheet is across the room, you will need a curtain as well as the sheet. Next, you will want *one* candle in the middle of the room which is to be the stage; all else *must be dark*. Between the scenes, a hand or book may be held before the candle, so as the light may not fall on the sheet, while the scenes are being changed.

In ACT I., SCENE I., the room may be very simple; a table and a chair are all that are needed. The things must be placed *near* the sheet, "as things *near the sheet* reflect a shadow *small*, things *near the candle*, *large*." Jack and his Mother, then, stand near the sheet.

ACT I., SCENE II., is also simple; a road may have no scenery at all. *The cow* may be a boy on his hands and knees, with a shawl or sheet over him, a rope for a tail, and paper horns. It should be nearer the light than Jack, as a cow is larger than a boy! The person in acting should always, if possible, face the sides, as the profile in shadow is more expressive than the full face.

ACT II. SCENE I. Though very simple, this scene has a fine effect, if done right. Let a person hold a branch of a small tree, or bush, just *before* the light, "*as things behind the candle do not reflect on the sheet*." First the bush is lying flat, then one leaf appears, and gradually the beanstalk becomes full grown, by straightening it up before the light; it should be held just before the light to appear large. That Jack's shadow may appear as at a window, let him stand on a chair, and put his head out, so the shadow may fall on the sheet. When he is to appear, he must jump off the chair on to the stage, near the curtain.

When he is to climb the beanstalk he must go nearer the light, and *quickly jump over them* (the light and beanstalk), as that makes him appear as if he goes up in the ceiling. No

scenery may be used for the house, as that is on the side.

ACT II. SCENE II. Same as the road in ACT I. SCENE II. When the Fairy wishes to drop her waterproof, she may drop it flat, not in a lump, and then it will not show. When she wishes to disappear, she is to *jump over the light*. In this scene, Jack may stand nearer the light, and the Fairy nearer the sheet, so as to appear smaller than Jack.

ACT II. SCENE III. This scene also requires no scenery; but it would be better, if convenient, to have a door. This could be made of pasteboard, and held near the light. The Wife is to be the size of Jack's Mother, not a "gi-antess."

ACT III. SCENE I. The cupboard must be near the sheet; in fact, there need not be any; but Jack can be put where his shadow will not fall on the sheet. The Giant's table and chair must be very near the candle. The Giant must stand near the light, so he can appear large; and may sit near the end of the stage. so when he eats, he can open his mouth very wide, and slip the things back of his head (for the shadow will fall on the sheet as though he were eating), and a person behind the scene may take the dish from him. In this way he may make a very large meal, much to the amusement and astonishment of the audience. The hen may be of pasteboard. Jack must be careful not to go near the light in reaching for the hen, but stretch his arm for it.

ACT III. SCENE II. Jack may jump over the candle to appear to come down the beanstalk, and work his legs as if in climbing, and then run up near the sheet. When he is to make his second appearance on the stage, out of his window, let him change his dress a little, for any change in his dress will show in his shadow. His exit is as before, over the candle.

ACT III., SCENE III., and ACT III., SCENE IV., we have already described. The bags in ACT III., SCENE IV., may be pillows, which give a fine effect, and are light and easily carried.

ACT IV. SCENE I. We have described this scene also; only Jack needs the little change in dress, as is mentioned. Also ACT IV. SCENE III. The harp may be of pasteboard. The music may be made either by singing, or by the piano. The Giant must remember, in running off, not to go near to sheet.

ACT IV. SCENE IV. When the Fairy appears and wishes the beanstalk and Giant to vanish, the candle must be lifted *over* them, on the side of the curtain, leaving them in the dark. After they have moved, the candle may be put in its proper place again.



THE MINUTE-MEN OF '75.

FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS,
ON THE 19TH OF APRIL, 1875, THE ONE HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY OF "CONCORD FIGHT."

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WE are fortunate that we behold this day. The heavens bend benignly over us, the earth blossoms with renewed life, and our hearts beat joyfully together with one emotion of filial gratitude and patriotic exultation. Citizens of a great, free, and prosperous country, we come hither to honor the men, our fathers, who on this spot and upon this day, a hundred years ago, struck the first blow in the contest which made that country independent. Here, beneath the hills they trod, by the peaceful river on whose shores they dwelt, amidst the fields that they sowed and reaped, proudly recalling their virtue and their valor, we come to tell their story, to try ourselves by their lofty standard to know if we are their worthy children; and, standing reverently where they stood, and fought, and died, to swear before God and each other, in the words of him upon whom, in our day, the spirit of the Revolutionary Fathers visibly descended, that government of the People, by the People, for the People, shall not perish from the earth.

This ancient town, with its neighbors who share its glory, has never failed fitly to commemorate this great day of its history. Fifty years ago, while some soldiers of the Concord fight were yet living, — twenty-five years ago, while still a few venerable survivors lingered, — with prayer, and eloquence, and song you renewed the pious vow. But the last living link with the Revolution has long been broken. Great events and a mightier struggle have absorbed our own generation. Yet we who stand here to-day have a sympathy with the men at the old North Bridge which those who preceded us here at earlier celebrations could not know. With them war was a name and a tradition. So swift and vast had been the change and the development of the country that the Revolutionary clash of arms was already vague and unreal, and Concord and Lexington seemed to them almost as remote and historic as Arbela and Sempach. When they assembled to celebrate this day, they saw a little group of tottering forms, eyes from

which the light was fading, arms nerveless and withered, thin white hairs that fluttered in the wind — they saw a few venerable relics of a vanished age, whose pride was that before living memory they had been minute-men of American Independence. But with us how changed! War is no longer a tradition half romantic and obscure. It has ravaged how many of our homes! it has wrung how many of the hearts before me! North and south, we know the pang. Our common liberty is consecrated by a common sorrow. We do not count around us a few feeble veterans of the contest, but we are girt with a cloud of witnesses. We are surrounded everywhere by multitudes in the vigor of their prime — behold them here to-day sharing in these pious and peaceful rites, the honored citizens, legislators, magistrates — yes, the Chief Magistrate of the Republic — whose glory it is that they were minute-men of American liberty and union. These men of to-day interpret to us with resistless eloquence the men and the times we commemorate. Now, if never before, we understand the Revolution. Now we know the secret of those old hearts and homes. . . .

No royal governor, indeed, sits in yon stately capital, no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coasts, nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum-beat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom, or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education, or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, there, minute-men of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge; and, as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearth-stone and chamber; hang upon his flank and rear from morn to sunset, and so through a land blazing with holy indignation hurl the hordes of ignorance, and corruption, and injustice back, back, in utter defeat and ruin.



LETTER-WRITING. — We do not intend to write an essay on this subject at the present time, though when half a dozen paragraphs we desire to indite, in this connection, are put together, they may make such a paper. We should like to show our readers one of our monthly batches of correspondence, in order to enable them to appreciate the difference between a neat and a slovenly letter. Acheron writes like copperplate, on a sheet of commercial note. Every letter, word, and line is in its proper place, and it is a very great pleasure to read such an epistle. Another letter is sprawled all over a foolscap sheet; and this is just the point we wish to make — the choice of suitable paper. Never use foolscap, for it is an abomination in the eyes of all people of taste and refinement. A person using it is tempted to sprawl his writing all over the page, and to indulge in vicious flourishes, which are always a nuisance, whatever the writing-masters may say to the contrary. We should as soon think of writing a letter on a barn door with a piece of chalk, and sending it by freight train to its destination, as of using foolscap. If we could not do any better, we should fold half a sheet of it into a decent shape.

FRAUDS. — Japetus wishes to see the pictures of the head workers of the Magazine, and suggests that they be engraved and used in place of the usual frontispiece. While we are willing to consider the suggestion, it would be well to inquire what proportion of our readers are interested in the head work. We doubt whether a tenth part of them bestow any especial attention upon it. It is only one department of the Magazine, and we know of many constant readers who never attempted to guess a puzzle in their lives. While we are always ready to forget and forgive, we regard it as mean and unworthy in a young gentleman to deceive the editor by sending head work under different names. It is a fraud on

the other puzzlers, as well as on the editor. We call it mean, because it is cheating others out of their fair share of the space we give to this subject. In one number, this year, are two rebuses, sent by the same person under different names. It has been done by so many, that we cease to expose it — the letters of such burn as well as any others.

GOING ON A MISSION. — Thus saith Feramor: "Lillie Grant writes, 'We should like to send Feramor on a mission to the Pacific coast, for the purpose of showing the girls there how to make puzzles; but we doubt whether he will be willing to go.' And that's just where you make a mistake, my respected friend. Just you try me! Make the proposition, and see how quickly I'll jump at it. All I should require would be a box of tooth-powder, a file of 'The Christian Union,' and a blank check. Whoo-oo-oop!!" We shall be happy to furnish the tooth-powder, but a steel rasp would do him more good than the file he suggests; and as for the blank checks, we will cheerfully supply him with a bushel of them, though we don't believe they would do him any more good than the file.

ANOTHER AUTHOR. — We desire to encourage native talent, even in the young. Roland is the author this time; and we are willing to give this Roland for our Oliver. Here is as much of the story as we can afford space for:—

The two Castaways.

The storm was raging fearfully. The waves rose as high as Mountains and dashed over the gallant ship, making her masts creak, and groan under their weight. The ship was bound for Atlantic Ocean for whales. Her commander was Capt. Starbuck who had started from New York in the 18— in the ship Bounder, and it is in this ship that his Adventures occurred. The vessel rolled and pitched so that it was thought she would go over but

she righted herself and plunged madly onward with the speed of lightning. All of a sudden the cry of Breakers Ahead was heard, and the next minute the ship struck a rock and all on board were pitched into the raging water. As soon as Capt. Starbuck struck the water, he made for the shore and after several attempts reached it so exusted, that he fainted. When he returned to conscience, he was lying upon a sandy shore, with the hot sun burning his head. I can not lay here he exclaimed, and suiting his word started for some shady trees about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from the shore.

To be continued.

But then we are appalled to find after the "To be continued," this suggestive business note:—

"Mr. publisher, if you will give me about \$5. dollars I will write the rest of this story. If you accept this story write me a letter soon, and if not send me the part of the story back. but I hope you will take the story,—Adress

I am 12 years old.

put that in your Magazine.

P. S.

if you accept my story do not put my right name in put Roland for my name."

Cheap enough! But Roland might die of old age before he completed it, and then where should we be? We do not accept stories until we receive the whole of them. It is not safe to do so, taking the uncertainty of life into consideration.

THE PRIZES.—The prize for the best puzzle, awarded by the Editor, is given to Acheron, of New York city. The committee on answers award the first prize to Alice, Boston; the second to Sphinx, Boston; and the third to Mono Thing, of South Berwick, Maine. For reasons some will understand, we feel called upon to say that the young lady who has taken the first prize, the last two months, is Miss Alice E. Stevens, Boston; that the Editor never saw her, and has not the pleasure of her acquaintance. She answered every puzzle correctly both times.

AMATEURS.—The Amateur Aspirant, Milwaukee, Wis., 50 cents a year, is a handsome and readable paper.—The Amateur Globe, Boston, is smart and funny.—The Wolverine Messenger, Otto Starck, Jr., 229 Lafayette St., Detroit, Mich., 50 cents a year, is large, neatly printed, and is the organ of the Detroit Cadets.—The Youth's Magazine, Guy C. Ledyard, Jr., 25 cents a year, 29 Twenty-Fifth St.,

Chicago, has a cover.—The Amateur Times, 25 cents a year, D. M. Baker, Jonesville, Mich.—The Cat, 10 cents a year, C. C. Mooer, Covington, Ky., is evidently after "The Mouse," published over in Ohio.—The Amateur Mercury, Jo. F. Baker, 166 Seventeenth St., Brooklyn, 35 cents a year.—The Folio, Will. A. Ely, Box 359, Elyria, Ohio, 20 cents a year, is small and pretty.—The Cap Sheaf, Charles Townsend, Weedsport, N. Y., 15 cents for six months.—The Pastime, John Boyle, 212 Four-and-a-half St., Washington, D. C., 25 cents a year.—Our Museum, Fred. L. Rowe, Box 90, Laconia, N. H., 10 cents a year.

SUPPLEMENTARY LETTER BAG.

Dexter's rebus contains two id-eas, and we send it to the artist.—C. T. Hat's half square meets our views.—L. Dorado is a California printer, "pickled down in printer's ink for the last six days." He writes a neat letter, and makes a good job of his puzzles, one of which we take.—No money to be made out of puzzles, C. B., and we don't like to have the noble art degraded by mercenary motives.—We can take but one, Acheron, and that must be the rebus, which is the best thing we have seen this month. Some of the letters in the pencil puzzle are erased, so that they cannot be read. It was the printer who used the cipher instead of a breve, his case containing no such character, we suppose. It was not used as a musical symbol, but as the *name* of one, and was not technically expressed. We should object to Greek letters, in character, but not to the words alpha, beta, gamma, &c. We like Feramorz, and believe in him. Acheron writes a magnificent letter, but he is just a little too sharp.—The cross word by Spencer Lewis will pass.—A mistake in your enigma, Bowser, and we cannot take a pi puzzle unless the letters are printed with the pen, or otherwise made so plain as not to vex the spirit of the compositor.—We can do nothing with your second lot of head work, Waverley; but *do* spell your name correctly.—We are desired to say that it is not the general rule, among amateur editors, to forward specimens, unless the request is accompanied by the necessary stamps; and we may add, in this connection, that we shall not put "specimens" in "Our Letter Writers," for the reason that it is useless to do so.—We have repeatedly called the attention of head workers to the standing notices in this department; and this month we throw a great many puzzles and addresses into the wastebasket, because the writers failed to comply with our regulations, which we consider reasonable, and we intend to enforce them strictly.



ANSWERS FOR MAY.

82. (Ell over S) (break) (NO) (tower)
(sun) (- = less) (IT) (beet) (O) (comb) (E)
(fort) (hare) (time) —

Lovers break not hours, unless it be to come
before their time.

83. REVELRY
POMEROY
MUSICAL
HELICAL
RADICEL
PITCHER
OPACOUS

84. Neil Brandon. 85. The full-page rebus of
Miss Humphrey.

86. O
OPE
OPERA
ERA
A

87. Windsor. 88. Care. Dare. Fare. Hare.
Rare. Tare.

89. SPRING
PRIMER
RIPPLE
IMPOSE
NELSON
GREENS

90. Still ending and beginning still. 91. Euse-
bius. 92. Jonquill. 93. (THE) (miser)
(knot, withe, stand, in G) (HIS) (sack) (U)
(mule) (8ED) (riches) (IS) (knot) (C on
tent) —

The miser, notwithstanding his accumulated
riches, is not content. 94. 1. Power. 2. El-
egy. 3. Advantage. 4. Chief. 5. Error. 95.
(Sea) (hill) (I) (cot) (he) — Chilicothe. 96.
Theirs but to do and die. 97. Handy Andy.
98.

SHRUB
STORK
CROUP
POUND
KNAVE

99. (Grate) (four tunes in the hands of fools)
(R) (grater) (miss) (fort) (UNES) — Great
fortunes in the hands of fools are greater mis-
fortunes. 100. B U R

A R E
R E V E
D E E D

101. (Abyss in ear) — Abyssinia.

102. M
R A T
M A N O R
T O N
R

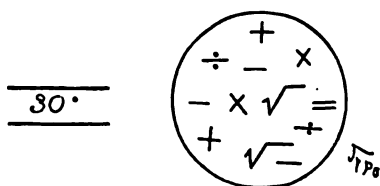
103. KNIGHT'S SPRING.

1 knee	2 her	3 be-	4 arm	5 ed	6 danc-	7 for	8 will
9 me	10 her	11 that	12 ed	13 hind	14 not	15 shield-	16 that
17 on	18 my	19 nurse's	20 all	21 that	22 I	23 her	24 fear
25 life	26 and	27 her	28 watched	29 harm	30 be-	31 give	32 is
33 on	34 her	35 from	36 side	37 must	38 moon	39 at	40 thee
41 thee	42 with	43 now	44 she	45 or	46 the	47 near	48 a-
49 set	50 fears	51 to	52 part	53 the	54 I	55 with	56 last
57 her	58 but	59 out	60 not	61 bride	62 must	63 way	64 and

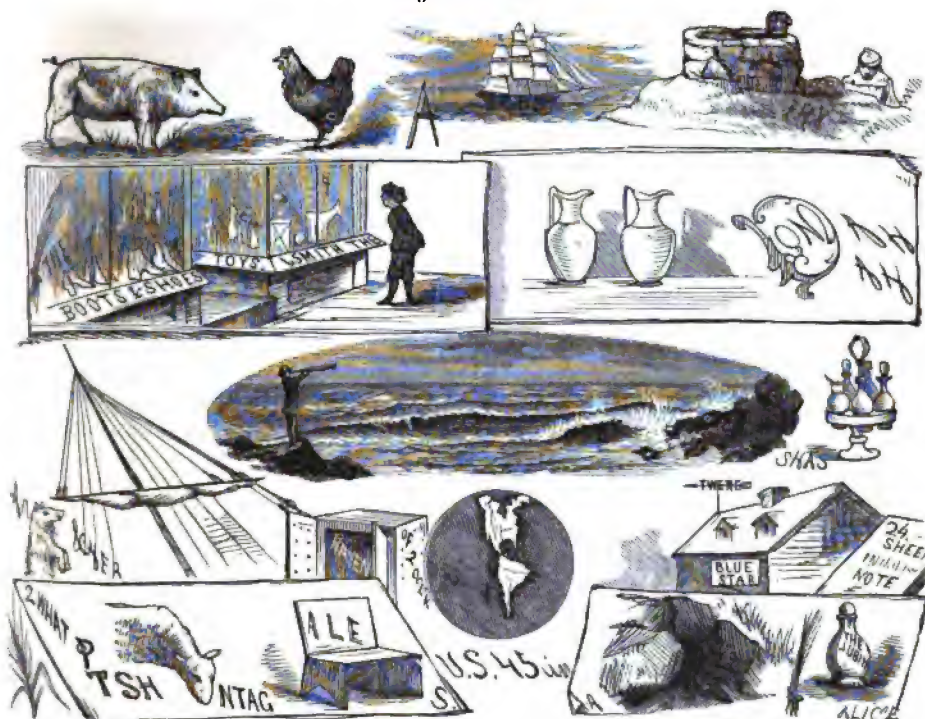
104.

REBUS.

PUCK.



105. REBUS.



DIAMOND PUZZLE.

106. 1. A consonant. 2. A favorite. 3. An idolater. 4. A noted Roman character. 5. A claw. 6. A religious female. 7. A consonant.
TECUMSEH.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

107. Across : 1. A consonant. 2. A covering for the head. 3. The residence of Turkish ladies. 4. A crown. 5. A small-sized horse. 6. To locate. 7. A consonant. Down : 1. 100. 2. A swine. 3. Animals. 4. An English title. 5. A creed. 6. A web of rope-yarn. 7. 50. U. GENÉ.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

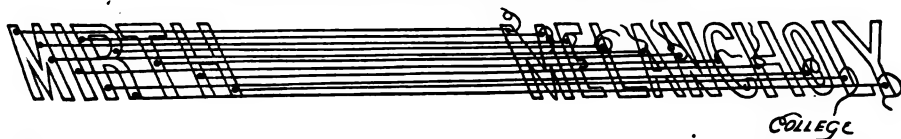
ro8. My first is in dusk, but not in dawn.
My second is in deer, but not in fawn.
My third is in love, but not in hate.
My fourth is in destiny, but not in fate.
My fifth is in billow, but not in wave.
My sixth is in fearless, but not in brave.
My seventh is in valley, but not in plain.
My whole is the name of a city in Spain.

G. RANGER.

LETTER PUZZLE.

109. One S, one Z, three Y's and a G,
If rightly joined, will be
A word you do not often see. S. HARP.

110. ILLUSTRATED QUOTATION FROM HOOD.



DECAPITATED AND CURTAILED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Behead and curtail the following definitions, and the primals will give an introduction, and the finals an Italian poet.

III. 1. Docility. 2. A snare. 3. A kind

of tea. 4. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 5. To talk with a slight knowledge of a subject.

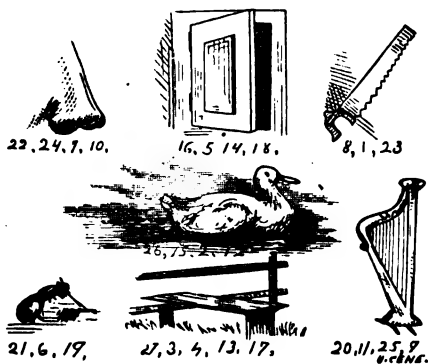
NUNEDAD.

HOLLOW SQUARE.

112. Top, an animal; bottom, a foreigner;
left, an animal; right, a country.

ITALIAN BOY.

113. ENIGMA.



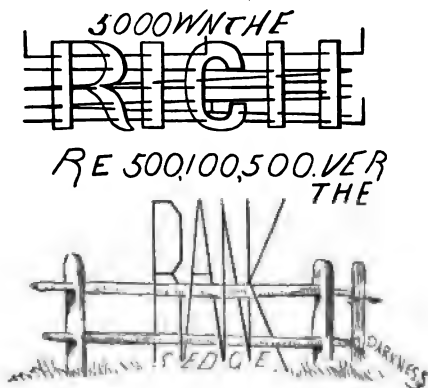
METAGRAM.

114. Complete, I am a light. Change my head, and I become, in succession, corn ground coarsely; not dry; a lodging-place. Change my head and tail, and I am an animal. Change my tail, and I become maimed. Transpose me, and I become a man. CLARA.

ANAGRAMS.

115. 1. Coral main top. 2. I notice a nun. 3. Rain too. 4. No ovine rat. 5. I tame corn. 6. Main notion. 7. Oats induce. NEPTUNE.

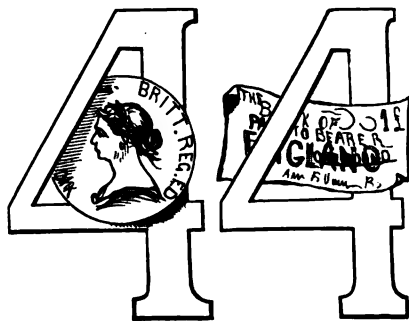
116. REBUS.



CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

117. My first is in hat, but not in cap. My second is in sleep, but not in nap. My third is in leg, but not in foot. My fourth is in take, but not in put. My fifth is in good, but not in bad. My sixth is in angry, but not in mad. My seventh is in whale, but not in fish. My eighth is in pan, but not in dish. My ninth is in havoc, but not in raid. My whole is the greatest invention made. C. Y. Rus.

118. PROVERB REBUS.



DIAMOND PUZZLES.

119. 1. A consonant. 2. A rug. 3. A boy's name. 4. A beverage. 5. A consonant. L. DORADO.

120. 1. A consonant. 2. An animal. 3. A beast of burden. 4. A drink. 5. A vowel. MAZEPPA.

CHARADE.

121. My first is a chariot. My second is anything that binds. My third is a malt liquor. My whole is a city in Pennsylvania. MYSTIC.

122. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



WORD SQUARE.

123. 1. The motion of anything. 2. A fabric of cotton thread. 3. Part of a square mile. 4. An equal. A. B.

WORD SQUARE.

124. 1. A seasoning for food. 2. A tree of Africa. 3. Shares. 4. Means of trial. C. F. M.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

Cities of the United States.

125. V-n-e-s-n-i-l-. e-c-l-n-u-. -a-c-i-o-h-s. TILDEN.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

JUNE is a very pleasant month; but the seasons seem to be out of joint this year, and as we write, in the middle of April, for the first month of the summer, the ground is covered with snow—"the beautiful snow." However, we shall undoubtedly come out all right in the end. Our attentive correspondents are as mindful of us as ever, as the huge pile of letters before us fully demonstrates. They are loaded with puzzles, and we take them up in the order in which they came.—Xeryion sends a square word, which will do, with a little tinkering.—B. C. Boxqe's rebus will not do: "half a league" is a good deal more than half, and the "600" are riding, for there is nothing to indicate the past tense.—"Shawl," in Wm. Low's rebus, for "shall," is not allowable when rebuses are plenty; nor is "sun," "deer," for "sunder."—Trochee's letter rebus is good enough to use, but is hardly a prize puzzle.—Waverley's enigma is saved, but we had to correct one mistake.—U. Gene's double diamond is all right.

Carolus takes "Hohenlinden" for a drop-letter. Every school-boy knows it by heart, so that there would be no guess at all in it.—We are very much obliged to Wm. M. Spaulding, editor of the Zenith City Star, Duluth, for a copy of Knott's speech on Duluth; but we have lost the address of the person who asked for it.—Pequot is a big Indian, but his puzzles come without his address, which is now a fatal omission.—Nunedad's queer acrostic is conditionally accepted, as are all we take.—Dawb's geographical is an original idea, and we take it: we have a high opinion of just this sort of thing.—Capt. Hussey does not write plainly enough for a pi puzzle; and we

will not bother the printer to look at the answer to ascertain what the letters are.—Clara's metagram will do, though we do not often take anything written with a pencil, unless for some good reason.—Aldingar's rebus is not quite the thing, for, though the bill is receipted, this does not prove that the debt is paid.

We don't think E. Dix's request is a reasonable one to make to our subscribers. Why should they invest in postage stamps to give him the addresses of the eminent men of our country? Boys should learn business habits, and any request for the writer's benefit should be accompanied with a stamp.—Hiawatha's acrostic will do: authors must pay letter postage on manuscripts sent to newspapers and magazines, but not on *book* matter.—Joe Ker's head work will not do: we know of no book which tells all about row and sail boats; the Magazine, bound, costs \$3.50; the numbers, the same as the subscription price.—Milton says, "I see you are impartial, and this only increases my admiration of O. O." We try to be fair and square with all.—We know of no such city as R. H. Ymer takes as the subject of a cross word; it is not in Lippincott.—J. H. B.'s head work is not quite up to the mark; we don't believe in such literature as he mentions.—G. Ranger's cross word is satisfactory.

The artist shall see the rebus sent by Jape-tus; the name of the author is a real one, and we don't know which of the Marstons wrote the lines quoted.—Why did Romeo take "cold pizen" if he was the husband of Juliet, Xerxes? The double could be improved.—One of Marcus's puzzles has been used, and we cannot quite indorse the other.—Zide's ears shall visit the artist, as he desires.—The artist has Hyperion's rebus. Three who answered the February head work *did* come out ahead of him. We do not remember the obsolete word, for we do not carry all the rejected puzzles in our head, as he seems to think we do.—Musi-

cal symbols are not allowable in any other than musical rebuses, Jon Quil. — One of Ah Sin's rebuses will pass. — Original's work is not quite a success this time. — Leopold's five-word square is good enough to print. — We cotton to Feramorz's rebus; but we must say that some of the lines in the charade are rather slipshod. — Lychopinax shall take his chance with the artist.

We take a couple of charades from Mystic's batch. — Hudson's letter is very well done, except that the pronoun I should always be a capital: the rebus will not quite do. — Phantom's exclamations do not fit where he puts them. — Puck's knight's spring comes from Paris, and we save it. — Rusticus sends a first-class illustrated double acrostic, to which our artist will certainly give favorable consideration. — A. T. Raveller's cross word is all right. — Hoodlum don't wish to be a hoodlum any longer, and therefore takes the name of Buffalo, and we take the rebus. — Mazeppa's little diamond shines brightly enough to be used. — We are sorry to say that Carrie's acrostic is not consistent in all the parts. — What king's tour does Alice ask about? — Vigilax's goes to the artist. — C. Y. Rus's garden vegetable "beats" all; but his cross word escapes the waste-basket. — We do not ask Romeo, of Brooklyn, to give up his name, as we once asked a lady to do.

Top Knot asks what city in Iowa, of six letters, contains three K's. Keokuk: better so than D. K. — C. F. M.'s square may be printed. — We save C. C. M.'s rebus, though we have had it in another form. We cannot find the quotation in any book we have. — Spineback has been sick with a spinal disease for more than a year, for which we are very sorry; but we don't buy puzzles. — Pip answers No. 80. — From the letter of the trio in Findlay, we select A. Gent's half square; from which they will justly infer that three persons fare no better than one, when they combine. — Tecumseh — come, sir, what you are waiting for has gone; and we take the diamond. — John A. Bosch's idea is good; but how in the world is any one to know that the patient, with a hand at the head, has the neuralgia? The symbol will answer just as well for the toothache, the headache, or the earache. The picture of a young horse must be just the same as that of an old one. — Bodine's winding up in the cross word is not passable, and Latin is not allowable in English puzzles.

Sphinx's illustrated diamond is new, and shall be used. — Darkness's pictorial has gone to the artist. We notice everything that comes

to us, except "frauds." — Italian Boy's hollow square will do for a change. — In Lafayette's rebus, "no feller could find out" whether it was the hat or the man that was tight. — Pine Knot's enigma is all right. — The sea stories are not discontinued, Harry. — The pictorial, by Nauticus, is spared. — Tilden's drop-letter is good. — Robbie sends no answer. — Annie's square is on its way to the printer — A. B., we mean. — Neptune's anagrams are very good. — S. Harp's letter puzzle, mended, will do. — Shaugraun's enigma is not within the rule. — Masic don't cause mirth, German Boy; at least, we were never troubled in that way; and there is no such county as "Republic" in Kansas, that we can find. — Karl Doran has to label "an empty bag," in order to know what's in it; and the artist would have the same difficulty with it.

OUR LETTER WRITERS.

[For the use of subscribers and regular purchasers only, who should state that they are such. Addresses on postal cards are not inserted, and only one name from each letter. No advertisements admitted here.]

George W. Smith, Box 345, Phelps, N. Y. (athletic sports and fun). — Charlie B. Perkins, 13 Lynde St., Salem, Mass. (hens and fishing). — Frank Goodenough, Merrick, Long Island (fun and science). — Edward W. Drew, Buffalo, N. Y. (Graham's Phonography). — Henry S. Bryan, surgeon-general's office, Washington, D. C. (advanced students, Munson's Phonography). — The Official Stamp Company, Room 20, May Building, Washington, D. C. (official stamps). — F. O. McCleary, 715 Eighth St., N. E., Washington, D. C. — Fred Livingston, Lock Box 62, Bath, N. Y. (fun and improvement). — Herbert E. Reber, 141 Penn St., Reading, Pa. (pigeons, eggs, and minerals). — F. E. Johnson, Downer's Grove, Dupage Co., Ill. (amateurs). — Ernest A. Ashton, Elizabeth, N. J. (fun and private theatricals). — Charles F. Mitchell, Waterbury, New Haven Co., Conn. (stamps, monograms, visiting cards). — Fred Lake, 1023 Hyde St., San Francisco, Cal. (foreign postage stamps). — C. B. Little, Pembroke, N. H. (amateurs and printing). — D. M. Baker, Jonesville, Mich. (anything). — Robert E. Church, Box 577, Sterling, Ill. (fun and improvement). — James Howerton, care R. S. Buck, Bridgeton, N. J. — Sphinx, Box 1578, Boston, Mass. — P. J. Martin, Warsaw, N. Y. (scroll and visiting cards). — R. W. Brown, Box 542, Westerly, R. I. (birds' eggs). — Dexter E. Chamberlain, Box 150, Athol, Mass. (autographs and stamps).

EDITORIAL.

JUVENILE READING.

AT the dedication of the Dorchester Branch Library, MR. WILLIAM T. ADAMS was introduced by the Mayor, under the name by which he is so generally known — Oliver Optic. Mr. Adams said, —

MR. MAYOR: I am very glad to have you make your first official visit to our ward on an occasion like this, — the dedication of a Branch of the Public Library in our midst, — and as citizens of Dorchester, we give you a hearty welcome to this historic section of the city over whose municipal government you preside. And I am glad, Mr. Mayor, that you called our locality "Dorchester," without encumbering your speech with that awkward word "District;" for the name is dear to us, and, as we cherish it, we hope to retain it, as a memorial of its historic past.

Though not to the manner born, I have resided in Dorchester during the greater portion of my life, and this church has been my "religious home" for more than twenty-five years. I confess that it seems very strange to me to be introduced to an audience gathered within these walls by the Mayor of Boston; but the world moves on, and we should always be prepared for any change the future has in store for us. In presenting me to this large audience, you have called me by a name, by which, perhaps, I am better known than by my own name. I am willing to acknowledge that I have written a great many stories for young people. And here I wish to say, — what may perhaps surprise some of this audience, — that I fully approve and indorse all that Mr. Greenough, the President of the Board of Trustees, has said in his very able and instructive address, in regard to a proper supervision of the reading of the girls and boys. It was only the other day that one of the ablest and most successful of the masters of the public schools in this part of the city told me that he did not regard the establishment of public libraries in our towns and cities as wholly a benefit and a blessing to the communities, for the reason that some of them supply the young with books of doubtful tendency. I am glad, there-

fore, to know that the management of our public libraries, and the selection of the books, are in the hands of those who are fully awake to the responsibilities of their important position.

Mr. Mayor, the mention by you of the name under which I have been in the habit of writing, suggests that I may now say what I had on my mind, but did not intend to utter on this occasion. In one of the wall pews, which were on my left before this church was remodelled, as a teacher of the Sunday school connected with this parish, I had a class of boys. It is more than twenty-five years ago, and some of those boys have passed away from earth; but the others are now, as men of middle age, engaged in the active duties of life. I well remember how I looked into their faces, Sunday after Sunday, and how I endeavored to give them the good word that would help them safely along in their career of existence. I gave them the best I had to give, for I was interested in them. My interest made me desire to do more for them; and I thought I might write a story that would influence and benefit them. I had it in my mind to print it in a small pamphlet of sixty pages, and dedicate it to the boys of my Sunday school class, putting all their names upon the page. The plot and plan of the story were clear in my mind, and the moral of it, which was not to be paraded in set terms, was even more clearly defined than the plot and plan.

Circumstances prevented the carrying out of this purpose, and the story was not written at that time. Several years afterwards, my publishers, after the issue of a tolerably successful book of mine for grown-up people, — for I had written a great many stories, though none for young people, — asked me to write a juvenile. I assured them I could not do it; I had never attempted anything for the young. The publishers insisted, and finally I promised to see what I could do. I had but little faith in my ability in this direction, but the plot and plan of the story I had arranged for my Sunday school class came back to me, and I went to work upon it. The result of my effort

was "The Boat Club," published about twenty years ago.

When I began to write stories for the young I had a distinct purpose in my mind. How well I remember the books I read, unknown to my parents, when I was a boy! They were "The Three Spaniards," "Alonzo and Melissa," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "Rinaldo Rinaldini," "Freemantle, the Privateersman," and similar works, not often found at the present time on the shelves of the booksellers, though, I am sorry to say, their places have been filled with books hardly less pernicious. The hero of these stories was a pirate, a highwayman, a smuggler, or a bandit. He was painted in glowing colors; and in admiring his boldness, my sympathies were with this outlaw and outcast of society. These books were bad, very bad, because they brought the reader into sympathy with evil and wicked men. It seemed to me that stories just as interesting, just as exciting, if you please, could be written, without any of the evil tendencies of these harmful books. I have tried to do this in the stories I have written for young people. I have never written a story which could excite the love, admiration, and sympathy of the reader for an evil person, a bad character. This has been my standard, and however others may regard it, I still deem it a safe one. I am willing to admit that I have sometimes been more "sensational" than I now wish I had been, but I have never made a hero whose moral character, or whose lack of high aims and purposes, could mislead the young reader.

But, Mr. Mayor, I hope you will pardon the egotism of these remarks, for I did not prepare myself to say what I have said, and I was rather surprised into it by your mention of my book name.

MISTAKES. — C. T. Hat has succeeded in finding a misprint in the April, and another in the March, head work. He writes, "Of course I do not blame you for these faults, since I have received information that you 'are not the pope;' but seriously, don't you think these blunders are getting a little too common?" We don't see that. If there are only two or three mistakes in the head work of each number, we think we do very well, considering the vexatious character of puzzle typography. Our printers and proof-reader are very careful, but errors must and will occur. We take all the blame on ourself for these mistakes, for we *prove* every puzzle, and we read the proof; but it must needs be that errors come. — Rebus No. 59 was published in

this Magazine in 1870, but it does not follow that the one who took the prize for it this year stole it. We have had the same thing sent in a score of times by different persons, as we have often explained before.

THE HARP. — Music propounds two conundrums, and we must "give it up" on both of them: 1. "Is the harp a difficult instrument to learn?" 2. "Do you know of a good teacher in Philadelphia, and terms?" We suspect this letter was intended for the great publishing house of the Harpers, in New York. They ought to know, if anybody outside of Philadelphia does, whether or not the harp is a difficult instrument to play on, for they have been playing on it for the last fifty years. As to the teacher and the terms, we are humiliated, but we feel obliged to confess our ignorance. It is always best to be honest about these things, however unpleasant it may be to own up that one don't know. — P. S. If we knew the teacher and terms, we should keep still with all our might, and refer the querist to our advertising agent.

— **THE** origin of the typical expression "*bears*," as applied to dealers in stock, is said to be derived from the time of the great South Sea bubble, when those who bargained for shares in that misty substance that were not actually forth coming, were called "*bears*," in allusion to the practice in those days of the hunters of bears in Canada, who were accustomed to bargain for the skin of the bear before it was caught.

— **DRYDEN.** Whenever Dryden had any grand design on hand, before attempting to write, it is reported, "he took physic and let blood." He gives as a reason that the body must be in a healthful condition in order to have "pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy." The wits of his day did not spare him, on this account, from personal ridicule and much cruel sarcasm. We consider this habit of Dryden an excellent recipe for writing.

— **DANTE'S INFERNO.** Many writers have tried to find, in ancient legends and writings, the origin of this wonderful poem. It is a foolish waste of time, for even if he took the framework of this poem from others, it does not lessen the genius of his work. Dante himself stated in a letter, "I found the *original of my hell* in the world which we inhabit."

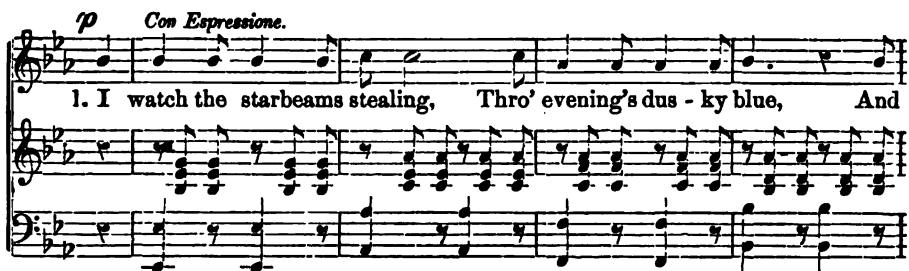
"THE DAY WHEN FIRST WE MET."

A SONG.

Words by MISS NELLIE M. GARABANT.

Music by SOPHIE E. HOLBROOK.

DEDICATED TO PROF. J. C. HARKNESS, OF WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.



we shall e'er re-mem - ber The day when first we met, . . . So

cres. we shall e'er re-mem-ber *p* The day when first we met.

p The days are falling, falling, Like drops of golden rain, And you and I friend Johnny, May never meet again; But the flowers of faith and friendship, With dew of memory wet, Will wreathe with lasting beauty, The day when first we met, Will wreathe with lasting beauty, The day when first we met.

2.

True friendship's like the night-star,
 That gems the twilight crest,
 And perfect, pure and constant
 Shines on at God's behest.
 True friends are friends forever,
 True friends cannot forget ;
 And we shall aye remember
 The day when first we met,
 And we shall aye remember
 The day when first we met.

3.

The days are falling, falling,
 Like drops of golden rain,
 And you and I friend Johnny,
 May never meet again ;
 But the flowers of faith and friendship,
 With dew of memory wet,
 Will wreathe with lasting beauty,
 The day when first we met,
 Will wreathe with lasting beauty,
 The day when first we met.



THE THIEF AND THE DOG.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII.

JULY, 1875.

No. 264.



SANDY DEMANDING THE QUARTER OF NICK. Page 487.

GOING WEST;

OR,

THE PERILS OF A POOR BOY.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. BOOMSBY AND I.

"**YOU** stole that quarter of a dollar, Sandy!" said Mrs. Nancy Boomsby, wife of Captain Parker Boomsby, master and quarter owner of the coasting schooner Great West.

She said it to me, and I am the Poor Boy alluded to in the title of this story. Heaven knows that I was poor enough, not only in regard to the perishable riches of this world, but also in friends, hopes, happiness; in all the blessings which make life pleasant and worth having. An hour before she charged me with the theft, she had left the quarter of a dollar on the kitchen table, intending to use it in purchasing a loaf of white bread and some crackers of the baker, for whom the signal had been made by hanging a towel out of one of the front windows. I wish to remove any possible imputation from my character in the beginning, by saying that I did not steal

the money; and perhaps the reader will believe me, if Mrs. Boomsby did not.

This is how it was: I had not been in the house for three hours. It was ten o'clock in the forenoon, and I had been at work in the garden since breakfast time; my breakfast time, for it was half an hour later than that of the other members of the family — if I may be so presumptuous as to consider myself one of them; and my meals consisted of what was left when they had done, though often there was very little left, and hunger was by no means a strange sensation to me. The bill of fare that morning was salt fish and potatoes, minced, brown bread, and coffee; but the coffee was all gone before I went to the table, and I had none. I did not take kindly to cold water in the morning; but at ten, when I had worked in a warm April sun for three hours, I was very thirsty. If I ventured to complain that my diet was very poor and insufficient any time, Mrs. Boomsby boxed my ears, and the captain, when at home, flogged me with a rope's end.

On this particular occasion I had suffered from thirst for two hours before I ventured to leave my work long enough to go into the house for a drink, for I knew that doing so would be punished with hard words, certainly, and, if Mrs. Boomsby felt like it, with blows. The water was drawn from the well with a bucket attached to a rope, which passed over a wheel, in the back room. I could not get to it without going through the kitchen, for the door of the wood-shed was fastened. As I crossed the door-yard, I saw a quarter of a dollar lying on the ground. The sight of it gave me a thrill, as I thought what gingerbread and crackers it would buy at the store, to supplement my scanty diet. I picked it up and put it into my pocket. I wondered who had dropped it. I had seen no one in the yard that day but Nick Boomsby, the captain's oldest child, a boy of about my own age. He could not have lost the money, for quarters were hardly less scarce in his pocket than in mine.

I was very thirsty then, and wanted water even more than gingerbread or crackers. I don't remember that I ever had any money but once before, and that was when I had sold a mess of cunners I had caught for ten cents. I had expended this princely sum in the purchase of six cents' worth of gingerbread, three cents' worth of crackers, and one cent's worth of candy, all of which was consumed in the secrecy of the haymow in the barn. One of the lawyers gave me five cents one day for

holding his horse; but Nick, who was with me, told his mother of it, and she took the money away from me before I had a chance to spend it. The quarter of a dollar in my pocket was, therefore, a bigger thing to me than the discovery of America was to Mr. Columbus; but, then, earthly possessions pass away, and hope does not always end in fruition.

The instant I entered the kitchen, Mrs. Boomsby rushed towards me; I am not quite sure that she was not rushing after me before I went in. In her harshest treble, she demanded if I had seen the quarter of a dollar she had placed on the table. Though I had no means of knowing, or even any reason for supposing, that the quarter I had found was the one she had lost, I had forethought enough to consider the consequences of a denial. I was the scapegoat for the sins of all the members of the family, and especially of Nick, who had inherited neither a sense of honor nor of justice from his father or mother. I knew that my tyrant would search me. I had been so often subdued, beaten, and cowed, that I had no thought either of resistance or flight. She would certainly "fish my pockets," and as certainly find the quarter. I made a merit of what seemed to me to be a necessity, and taking the quarter from my pocket, I put it into Mrs. Boomsby's red right hand. Then she made the savage remark with which I have commenced my eventful history.

"No, marm, I didn't steal it," I replied, meekly enough to have arrested her vengeance, if she had been like other women.

"Don't tell me, Sandy!" she blazed away, before I had time to say any more. "*You are a thief*, and I always knowed you was!"

The only foundation in her knowledge for this remark was the fact that she had once caught me with a large slice of brown bread and butter, which I had taken from the buttery one forenoon, after my breakfast had been unusually short.

"No, marm, I'm not a thief. I didn't steal the quarter; I found it in the door-yard," I ventured to add.

"Don't tell me!"

I knew very well that it was no use to tell her; but after having my hopes dashed down by the loss of the quarter, and after doing the fair and honest thing without attempting any concealment, I could not help defending myself in a very mild way.

"I can tell you just where I found the quarter, marm," I pleaded.

"So can I tell just where you found it: you found it on that kitchen table, and you stole

it! That's the whole on't!" stormed Mrs. Boomsby.

"No, marm, I didn't find it there; I found it in the door-yard."

"Don't contradict me again: if you do, I'll take a stick to you this minute!" said she, looking around the room as if for the implement of torture.

Though I was twelve years old, and rather a stout boy at that, I knew she was able to do it, and would do it; so I did not contradict her: it was not safe to do so.

"I have not been in the house before since I ate my breakfast," I protested, but very gently.

"Don't tell me no more lies, Sandy! Didn't I leave that quarter on that table? Can you tell me how it come out in the door-yard?" she demanded triumphantly, as though no possible answer could be made to this convincing argument.

"I can't tell, marm; but I haven't left my work this forenoon before."

"Yes, you did! You come into the house while I was up stairs making the beds, and took that money. It's just like you; and you're go'n to suffer for't, I can tell you! I thought I heard somebody in the kitchen."

"I wasn't in the kitchen before, marm."

"Yes, you was! you must have come in. How did that money get out of the house, if you didn't? Can you tell me that?"

"I saw Nicholas come out of the house a little while ago," I replied.

I suppose I said this because I could not think of anything else to say; but the remark was a very stupid blunder on my part.

"Do you mean to say that Nicholas took it?" demanded Mrs. Boomsby, her eyes snapping with anger.

"No, marm! O, no!"

"Yes, you do, too! You mean to lay it to him, to cover up your own iniquity. I know you! You saw Nicholas coming out of the house — did you? He stole it and dropped it in the yard — did he?"

"No, marm; I don't mean that."

"Yes, you did, you villain! What on airth could you mean but that? Let me tell you, Nicholas wouldn't do such a thing! He's my son, and he wouldn't steal! You did it yourself, and you want to lay it to him."

"No, marm," I protested.

"What did you leave your work at all for? What business had you in the house?"

"I came in after a drink of water, marm."

"That's only an excuse to leave your work and git into the house. You are a lazy, good-

for-nothing fellow. But Captain Boomsby's coming home to-day, and he'll fix this case himself."

This meant the rope's end; and I rather preferred that the wife should settle it herself, though I think she was quite as savage and remorseless as he was.

"Don't, marm, don't!" I begged.

"Yes, I shall; and Captain Boomsby shall give you such a basting as you never had before. Now go to your work; and if I catch you in the house again, I'll give you a basting myself," said Mrs. Boomsby, as she placed the quarter of a dollar on the kitchen table again. "There!" she added, turning to me; "I'm going to let that money be just where I put it before. If you want to steal it again, you do so; that's all! Now, go 'long to your work."

There was no quarter for me in any sense of the word, and I left the house, as thirsty as I entered it, but with the assurance of a severe flogging when the captain returned. The Great West had been reported at anchor outside the Gap, or entrance of the harbor, waiting for the tide to turn, so that she could get in. The white bread was for her commander, for none was ever bought or made when he was absent. I went to my work, but I was so thirsty I could not do anything. There was a brook which ran into Long Pond a little way from the house; and when I could stand it no longer, I jumped over the fence, intent upon obtaining a drink. Reaching the stream, I lay down upon the ground, and putting my face into the water, I drank long and deep.

When I had allayed my thirst, I hastened back to the garden, for I was afraid my tyrant in the house would miss me, as I suspected that she was watching me from the chamber windows. After the ill success of my attempt to be honest, in giving up the quarter, I wondered why I had not been smart enough to hide the quarter in the barn till the tempest had blown over. Then it would not have been found upon me; and though I might not have escaped the flogging, I should have saved the quarter, which would have consoled me for the castigation. This was worldly policy; but I had been taught nothing better. I have since learned not only that "honesty is the best policy," but that it is our duty to be honest, whether it is the best policy or not.

When I reached the fence and was about to jump over it, I saw Nick come into the yard. He was looking on the ground very intently, casting his eyes all about the path which led from the road to the back door. Walking very slowly, he carefully examined the space till he

came to the house, and then went in. It was plain enough to me that Nick, though he was Mrs. Boomsby's son, had taken that quarter, and dropped it on his way out of the yard. He would find it on the table when he went into the kitchen, where it had been before. I concluded that he would be very much astonished to find it there, but I did not think he would have the courage to steal it again.

I resumed my work, spading up the ground for the early peas. It was very heavy work for a boy of twelve; but I hardly dared to stop and rest me at any time, lest the fiery tongue of Mrs. Boomsby should dart its stings at me. I had hardly lifted the spade before Nick came out of the house and walked down to the road.

CHAPTER II.

IN A BAD SCRAPE.

I SAW Nick walking hastily down the east road towards Glossenbury Port, where he was to meet his father when the Great West came up the bay. I was afraid he had stolen the quarter again, for I had not so much confidence in his honesty as his mother had. If he had taken the money, the consequences would belong to me, all the same as though I had stolen it myself. I was irresolute and undecided. It seemed to me I ought to do something, even while all the Perils of a Poor Boy environed me, whatever I did. Finally I determined to look into the kitchen and see whether the quarter was still on the table or not. It was a peril to do so, but it seemed to be a greater peril not to do it. If I found that Nick had stolen the money, I could chase him, and recover it. I was even desperate enough to knock him down and take the quarter from him, for I was not afraid of Nick as I was of his father and mother.

I ran into the house as quick as my legs would carry me. The quarter was not on the table. Nick had taken it without a doubt. I had heard the bells on the baker's horse as I crossed the yard. Mrs. Boomsby had also heard him, and before I could retreat she bounced into the room. When she saw me, she glanced at the table, and discovered that the quarter was missing again. I had decided upon a course of action, and was leaving the room to put it into execution; but the tigress intercepted my retreat.

"So, you villain! you have taken that money again!" exclaimed she, seizing me by my shirt collar.

"No, marm; I did not; Nicholas took it," I replied.

"How dare you lay it to him? You are a wicked wretch!" she added, shaking me savagely, and then hurling me from her as though I had been an infant.

In accomplishing this act of discipline, she left me between herself and the door. This would have been bad strategy on her part, if I had ever been guilty of resistance or disobedience to her authority; but I never had been, and she had no reason to consider me capable of such a movement. I had a plan, and though I astonished myself as much as I did her, I proceeded to carry it out. In a word, I darted out at the door.

"Stop!" shouted she.

I did not stop, and she followed me.

"Stop, Sandy! Come back this minute! Don't you mean to mind?"

"Nick's got that quarter, and I'm going after it," I answered, increasing my speed.

"Come back, you rascal! You shall smart for this!"

I heard her yelling after me, but I did not make out what she said. I passed the baker just as he was stopping at the gate. It was half a mile to the Port, and, as the road was straight, I could see Nick some distance ahead. He was not running; only walking fast. I got into the road just behind the stage from Glynnport, and I ran fast enough to overtake it in a moment. It was down hill, and the stage was going at a rapid rate. I got hold of the baggage-rack behind, and leaped upon it. In five minutes I had passed Nick, and jumped off.

"Where you going, Sandy?" demanded he, as I confronted him in the road, some distance from any house.

"Nowhere; I'm after you," I replied, still breathing hard from the effects of the quick run I had made.

"What do you want of me?"

"I want that quarter," I answered, very decidedly.

"What quarter?" he asked; but he looked quite sheepish.

"The quarter you took off the kitchen table."

"I didn't take any quarter off the kitchen table, and didn't know there was any there."

"Yes, you did!"

"Who knows best, you or I?"

"I do; and if you don't give it up, I'll knock you over, and take it away from you."

"Knock me over!" repeated he, shaking his head, while a sickly smile played upon his face.

"That's what I said. Hand over;" and I extended my hand to receive the money.

"What are you talking about, Sandy? I haven't seen any quarter," persisted Nick.

"Yes, you have! You took it, and your mother lays it to me. Now, if you don't hand it over to me, I'll knock you over, and get it the best way I can, if I break your head in doing it."

"Two can play at that game," replied Nick, putting his hands into his pockets, as though he had some doubt about the safety of the money.

"I know it; but I'm going to do most of the playing myself. You stole that quarter twice this morning. Haven't you got a hole in your pocket?"

"Who told you I had?"

"You lost the quarter the first time you took it, and I found it. I saw you looking for it in the yard when you came back. It's no use of talking, Nick: I'm going to have that quarter, if I have to fight for it."

"I tell you I haven't got any quarter," protested Nick. "How many more times must I tell you?"

"I know you have; and I could prove it too."

"Let's see you prove it."

"I saw you looking for it in the yard; and it was gone after you came out of the house the second time. That's enough; and I won't have any more jaw about it."

"I won't either; and I'm going down to the Port," replied Nick, attempting to pass me in the road.

I let him do so; but I instantly caught him by the back of his coat collar, and tripped him over on the grass by the roadway.

"Let me alone!" yelled he.

I meant business, and I didn't let him alone. I put my knee on his chest in spite of his struggles, and covered one arm. I held the other arm with my left hand, while I went through his pockets with the right. He roared, screamed, kicked, and bit me; but I held him as tight as though he had been in a vise. I thrust my hand down into the depths of the right pocket of his trousers. I turned it out. There was a hole in the bottom of it. Then I tried the left pocket, and brought up his knife, a pencil, a piece of chalk, a button—and the quarter. The last was what I wanted, and when I got hold of it I released my prisoner. He sprang to his feet, the maddest boy of twelve I ever saw in my life. Without an instant's pause he pitched into me.

I put the plunder I had taken from him into my pocket, and defended myself. He hit with his fists and kicked with his feet. I got some

hard cracks in my shins before I could overpower him. Finally I had to knock him over; and I held him on the grass till some of his wrath had evaporated; but the whole thing was over in a minute.

"You'll catch it for this, Sandy," howled Nick, crying with anger.

"I suppose I shall," I replied; "but there's the quarter."

"I held it up before him."

"You stole it; I didn't," whined he.

"But I found it in your pocket; and that isn't just where I should have put it if I had stolen it."

"You didn't find it in my pocket! It's a trick to lay it off on me."

I confess that I was appalled at this reply. Whatever I did, I was sure to "put my foot in it." Mrs. Boomsby would believe her son. By resorting to violence, I had certainly made my case worse. Nick was Mrs. Boomsby's son. Her son would not steal. I had tipped him over, and fished his pockets, and I realized that I must suffer for what I had done. Without saying anything more to Nick, I turned on my heel, and walked up the road towards the house. The baker's wagon was still at the gate when I arrived. Mrs. Boomsby was telling him all about the quarter, and what a bad boy Sandy was.

"So, you've come back!" said she, bitterly; "you thief, you!"

"There's the quarter, marm," I replied, handing her the money. "I didn't steal it, either."

"Didn't you, indeed? Where did you get it, then?" sneered Mrs. Boomsby.

"Nicholas took it off the table, and I got it from him."

"You got it from him! Did he give it to you?"

"No, marm; I took it from him."

"I don't believe a word on't."

I didn't suppose she would; but it was the truth.

"I found the quarter in one of his trousers pockets; and the other one had a hole in it, where he lost it out the first time he took it," I added.

"He didn't take it the first time, nor the second, nuther. Don't tell me!" replied Mrs. Boomsby, waxing wrathful. "Did you ever hear the like on't, Mr. Stone? He says my boy took that quarter. 'Tain't like Nicholas. He never did no such thing."

Mr. Stone was the baker. Mrs. Boomsby bought bread and crackers of him once in a while: I never did. He was non-committal,

but he thought the case needed looking into. He was afraid I was a bad boy. He did not seem to fear that Nick might be a bad boy: his mother bought crackers.

"Isn't that your husband in that wagon, coming up the road?" said the baker, who had been trying for some time to get away from his talkative customer.

"True as the world, 'tis!" replied Mrs. Boomsby. "And Nicholas is coming with him. Now we shall know the truth on't."

I had my doubts about this. I knew Captain Boomsby well enough to understand that I had nothing to hope for in his treatment of the case. Nick was his only son, though he had three daughters, and both the father and mother appeared to regard him as incapable of wrong. He was indulged far more than the girls, though the latter were younger, and I suppose they had high hopes of him. I tried to think what to do in this extreme peril; but it did not seem to make much difference what I did; I was pretty certain to do the wrong thing. I was morally sure of the severest flogging I had ever had in my life, whatever course I might take. I stood leaning against the gate-post when the wagon in which the captain and Nick were passengers stopped in the road opposite the house.

"Well, Nancy, how are you?" demanded Captain Boomsby, very much as he would have hailed another craft at sea.

"Nicely; how are you, Parker?" she replied.

"First rate; never better."

"I heard you were off shore this morning; but I didn't expect you so soon," added Mrs. Boomsby.

"Well, I got a smart breeze of wind from the eastward, and I ran in against the tide," replied the master of the Great West, fixing a withering look upon me. "Now, what's this business with Sandy?"

The captain and Nick had got out of the wagon while these greetings were exchanged, and the neighbor who had given them seats in his vehicle drove on. When the hopeful son of my tyrants got out, he limped, and partially doubled himself up, keeping both hands on his chest, as though he was suffering pain, and found it very difficult to move. I understood all this: Nick pretended that I had severely injured him, in order to deepen the indignation of the parents against me. Mrs. Boomsby proceeded to tell her husband what "this business with Sandy" was. She told her own story, and of course she charged me with stealing the quarter both times.

"Now, the rascal says he took the quarter

from Nicholas," said she, when she came to the end of the story.

"He didn't take it from me, because I didn't have it," Nick interposed. "He knocked me down in the road, stamped on me, and then pretended to take the quarter out of my pocket. I never had the quarter; so he couldn't have taken it out of my pocket."

"I knowed he didn't git it from Nicholas," added his mother, triumphantly.

"Did you knock Nicholas down, Sandy?" demanded the captain, savagely.

"I did, sir," I answered; "and I took the quarter from the left pocket of his trousers."

"You knocked him down, and stamped on him — did you?"

"No, sir; I didn't stamp on him. I only held him down while I felt in his pockets. Here's the rest of the things I took from his pocket."

I gave them to Mrs. Boomsby.

"That's enough! I don't want to hear no more. You knocked my son down, and stamped on him!"

"I'll tell you how it was, Captain Boomsby," I added, meekly.

"I don't want to hear no more — not another word! Bring me that rope's end!" thundered the captain.

I went to the barn for the rope.

CHAPTER III.

A STRIKE FOR FAIR PLAY.

I HAD been flogged a dozen times with that rope's end; and I assure the reader, who never had such an experience, that the operation is not a pleasant one. The rope was a piece of whale-line, about two feet long. It was not so called because it was used in *whaling* me, but because it is the kind of line attached to a harpoon when the monster of the deep is struck. I found the instrument of torture in the barn floor, where it had last been applied to my quivering back and legs. I picked it up and looked at it. It was about half an inch in diameter, hard and tough.

I was in no hurry to go to the house again, where I had seen my tyrants enter. I was not impatient for the operation to begin. In fact, I was in a very unusual frame of mind. I actually had some doubts about taking my flogging. The world was open to me, and I could run away. I could take to the woods not far from the barn, and elude all pursuers for a time. It is said that certain wild animals, after they have tasted blood, become furious, and



"HOLD ON, CAPTAIN BOOMSBY!" Page 490.

thirst for more. It is not unlikely that the success which had attended my assault upon Nick encouraged me to think of such a thing as resistance. Nick had always bullied me; if he wanted to hit or kick me, he did so, and I had not pluck enough to resent it. I had never lifted a finger against him till that day. I had meekly submitted to his insults and blows, as well as to those of his father and mother, even while I was conscious that I could have torn him all to pieces, if I had been so disposed.

For the first time in my life I felt that there was a lion in me, and that I could bite as well as be bitten. I had endured hunger, cold, and other ill treatment of every shade and nature. There was nothing bright in the future, but all was as black as the past. I had done nothing wrong, but I was called upon to suffer again the penalty of an offence of which I was not guilty. As usual, I was to be the scapegoat of Nick. I was not allowed to explain about the quarter. I say I had done nothing wrong. The violence I had used on Nick did not then seem to me to be wrong, for I had only captured a thief, and taken his booty from him. I repeat, I was goaded and stung into an unusual frame of mind. A new nature seemed to have been suddenly born within me.

I determined to resist this time, if I had to do it with the pitchfork, which stood against the haymow. Before I had time to get out of the barn and escape to the woods, or even to consider the line of defence I should adopt, I saw Captain Boomsby stalking towards the barn, with wrath and indignation apparent in every step he took. He was followed by Mrs. Boomsby and Nick, and farther back by two of the girls. I supposed they came to see the spectacle of flogging me, and I was resolved to disappoint them if possible. The great doors of the barn were open, and I fell back to a point near the pitchfork as the captain entered.

"Didn't I tell you to bring that rope's end to me?" demanded Captain Boomsby, in his usual savage tones when he spoke to me.

"You did," I replied, calmly; but I felt the volcano that was grumbling within me.

"Why didn't you do it, then?"

"I thought I wouldn't."

I was apparently so calm that my manner seemed to attract the attention of the captain. He saw the rope's end on the floor, and picked it up. By this time the wife and son had come into the barn, and the girls, either more timid or less malignant, halted outside.

"You can take your licking here just as well

as anywhere," said the tyrant, moving towards me.

"I don't mean to take any licking if I can help it," I replied.

"You don't!" exclaimed the captain, evidently astonished at this reply.

"No, I don't!" I added, with more spirit. "I didn't steal that quarter, and Nicholas did. If you hit me with that rope, I'll give Nick the biggest licking he ever had in his life, the first time I catch him out of the house, if I have to die for it. For every lick you give me, I'll give him two."

"You will, you villain!" gasped Captain Boomsby.

"Yes, I will."

"Goodness gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Boomsby; "what's that boy comin' to!"

"We'll see!" cried the enraged father, as he rushed sharply towards me.

I seized the long-handled pitchfork, and in the attitude of "charge bayonets," retreated before him for a few paces, in order to give him time to recover himself.

"Hold on, Captain Boomsby!" I shouted. "If you come any farther, this pitchfork's into you!"

He paused when he saw that he was rushing upon the tines of the fork. I did not wish to punch him with the implement; but I believe I should have done it if he had not stopped where he did. No one could have accused the master of the Great West of being a brave man. He was a brutal tyrant; and such men are generally cowards.

"Drop that fork, you villain!" he gasped, out of breath with wrath and fear.

"Not yet," I answered, satisfied with what I had thus far accomplished, and encouraged to persevere.

"Are you going to stick that fork into me, you rascal?"

"That depends on what you do. If you let me alone, no. I'm not going to be pounded with that rope's end any more. I don't deserve it, and I won't stand it."

"Yes, you do deserve it, and you shall have it too," replied he, considerably reduced.

"If you hit me, as I said before, I'll give Nick two licks to your one, if I have to stay up nights to do it."

"Don't, father," whined Nick, who was crying like a great calf, and trembling with fear. "He'll kill me; I know he will!"

"What on airth are we comin' to?" groaned Mrs. Boomsby; and I had entirely convinced myself by this time that they were all cowards.

I had always supposed I was a coward myself

till that moment; at any rate, I was amazed at what I had done.

"Are you going to drop that fork, or shall I take it away from you?" demanded the captain, after he had looked at me a moment, apparently unable to determine what he should do next.

"Take it from me," I replied, making a lunge at him with it, which caused him to retreat a few steps.

"Be keeful, father," interposed his wife. "Don't let him stick you with that pitchfork."

"It'll be a bitter day for him if he does," replied the captain.

"And it will be a bitter day for Nick if you hit me with that rope," I added.

"Don't touch him, father!" cried Nick, in shaky tones. "He'll kill me if you do."

"Do be keeful, father!" added Mrs. Boomsby.

By this time I was satisfied that he intended to be careful. In fact, I felt that for the present I had won the victory. But I knew very well that the first moment he caught me off my guard, he would "give it to me." I felt that I had a further duty to perform.

"We'll settle this case another time," said the male tyrant, greatly to the satisfaction of the female, I saw, as he threw from him the rope's end.

I was not fool enough to abandon the pitchfork which had rendered me such an important service; but I placed it in a perpendicular position, with the tines upon the floor. Thus standing like a Roman soldier, with his javelin ready for use, I proceeded to express myself a little further.

"Captain Boomsby, just as soon as you catch me without a pitchfork in my hand, you will want to give me the licking you would like to give me now. Just as sure as you do, I'll give it to Nick the first time I catch him alone."

"Don't touch him, father," pleaded Nick; and I think he had had enough of me to last him for a year.

"We'll settle this another time," repeated the captain.

"Whenever you settle it, I'll settle with Nick afterwards," I added, stoutly. "I've had rope's end enough. When I deserve it I'm willing to take it."

"I'll get the constable to take you up for stealing," said Captain Boomsby.

"I wish you would," I replied, eagerly; and I meant what I said. "I should like the chance to tell my story before the judge. I'll bet he'd hear me, if you won't."

"The judge would send you to the house of correction," muttered the captain.

"I don't believe he would. It was Nick that stole the quarter; and he stole it twice, too. The first time, he lost it through the hole in his right hand pocket. I found it, and gave it to Mrs. Boomsby, and she put it on the kitchen table. Then Nick came back to look for it, and when he saw it on the kitchen table he took it again, and I found it in his pocket," I rattled on, finding such a tongue as I did not know that I possessed before. "Is that the truth or not, Nick? Speak up like a man for once in your life."

Involuntarily, and with no "malice aforethought," I lowered the pitchfork and pointed it towards Nick, as though I meant to punch him with it. I heard his teeth shiver with terror, and the inarticulate rattle of his voice, as he attempted to speak.

"Speak out, Nick!" I cried.

"That's the truth, father. I took the quarter twice, and Sandy didn't steal it," stammered he, turning out the right-hand pocket of his trousers. "I lost it through that hole the first time; and then I took it again afterwards. Don't touch Sandy, father; if you do, he'll kill me—I know he will."

"The poor boy is skeered out of his wits," said Mrs. Boomsby. "He didn't steal the quarter no more'n I did, Parker."

"Yes, I did, mother," protested Nick, as anxious now to plead guilty as he had before been to convict me.

"Don't be alarmed, Nicholas," said Captain Boomsby. "Go into the house, now, and I'll see to this villain."

"I don't believe Nicholas took the money," persisted Mrs. Boomsby.

"Yes, I did, mother; I hope to die if I didn't!" added Nick. "I took it twice. Don't hurt Sandy, for he didn't do it. I did it. I didn't mean to do it, and I'm sorry for it."

"Poor boy!" groaned Mrs. Boomsby; "he's skeered out of his wits; and that's what makes him say it, when he didn't do it."

"Yes, I did do it!" roared Nick, desperately, pulling out his right trousers pocket again. "There's the hole it went through the first time."

"I don't believe a word on't. Don't tell me! My boy won't steal," added the mother, obstinately. "Now go into the house, Nicholas, and we'll see about this business."

Nick was evidently glad to escape, and he followed his mother out of the barn. Captain Boomsby still kept his eye fixed upon me, and I patiently waited his next move.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," said he, trying to maintain his old bullying spirit.

"I think they have, when I have to take the lickings for Nick and myself both. He stole the money, and I'm not going to be licked for it, if I can help it," I replied, doggedly.

"You knocked my son down, you villain!"

"I did knock him down, but it was only to get the quarter from him. I told him I'd do it if he didn't give it up; so it was his own fault."

"You are a bad boy."

"Perhaps I am; I'm bad enough; but I'm not going to take Nick's lickings."

"I shall have to send you back to the poor-house," he added, when threats seemed to be scarce or useless with him.

"I shan't be any worse off there than I am here; I shall get enough to eat there, at least," I answered.

"We'll see what's to be done," said he, biting his lip, and turning to leave.

"I'm willing to do my work, and take my lickings when I deserve them. I don't know but I'd rather go back to the poor-house than stay here."

"You won't stay here long. I'll take you aboard the vessel," replied the captain, as he walked out of the barn.

I did not suppose I had seen the end of it; but I went back to my work in the garden.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE POOR BOY.

As Captain Parker Boomsby has very clearly intimated that the poor-house had been my former home, perhaps the reader desires to know something more than this about my antecedents. I feel quite sure that this same reader is on my side of the question of the stolen quarter, not because it is my affair, but because it is the side of truth and justice. I am very sorry indeed that I am unable to give much information in regard to myself before I was taken into the family of Captain Boomsby. I do not even know how I happened to be in the poor-house. I had been told that my mother was dead, and that I was taken to the institution when an infant. Doubtless there was some record concerning me on the town books, but I had no knowledge of it then.

I was known by the name of Alexander Duddleton. I did not like the surname any better than the reader does, but it was the best I had, and I was obliged to be contented with it. I didn't like it because other boys called me "Duddy," and "Dud," for short. It was the name of an old Scotch doctor, who had

formerly attended the patients at the poor-house when they were sick. He was a miserable, drunken old brute, who died of delirium tremens before he was taken from the institution, leaving nothing behind to perpetuate his name and fame but myself. I never felt interest enough in the subject to inquire into my origin until it was too late for me to do so, for it was only after I had left Glessenbury. If I could only get enough to eat, and clothes enough to keep me warm in the winter, I was not disposed to concern myself much about anything else. As I was not bountifully provided with these necessities, they continued to be the staple of my thoughts.

While at the poor-house, I was sent to school summer and winter from the time I was five till I was eight, simply because I was good for nothing else. I learned to read and write, mastered the multiplication table, and could do easy sums on the slate. I was considered a very bright scholar, and when the school committee came in, I always did honor to my teachers, who declared that I was "fond of my books." When I was eight years old I was deemed fit to "do something," and I was kept busy all the time that I was not in school. I drove the cows to and from the pasture, fed the pigs, brought in wood and water, took care of the small children when there were any, waited on the cook, ran of errands, and did such other chores as could be required of a small boy. I was well treated, as a rule, and I don't know that any fault was found with me. I had enough to eat of the coarse fare of the poor-house, and as I knew no better, I was satisfied with it.

When I was nine years old, I was considered a useful boy; and when Captain Boomsby came to the institution to look for such a one, I was so well spoken of by the overseers of the poor, that he took me. This was my evil day. I have already shown what Captain Boomsby and his wife were; and I have not made them any worse than they were. It is a fact that I often left the table hungry because there was nothing more to eat left upon it. I do not mean to say that this was always the case, but it happened as many as six or eight times a week. About three times a week I was tolerably sure of dinner enough. These were when the family had corned beef, salt fish, or baked beans. Sometimes, but not often, the "boiled dinner" failed me; for if what was left consisted of a nice piece, which would serve for another dinner, it was taken off before I sat down. When the burden of the bill of fare was beefsteak, mutton, lamb, ham, or

poultry, the children usually ate as long as there was any left, and I fared hardly.

I had to work like a dog in the house, in the barn, and on the farm. I was permitted to go to school in the winter, or a part of it; but I think Mrs. Boomsby hated me because I always got above her son Nicholas. In the matter of clothing, I had only the cast-off garments of Captain Boomsby and his son, the former of which were much too large, and the latter much too small for me. I do not remember that anything was ever bought for me, except two or three pairs of shoes for winter use, and I went barefoot in summer. It became a necessity with me to learn to sew, in order to keep my ragged habiliments upon my back and legs. I had no Sunday suit, and I did not go to church and Sunday school. The captain said if he could get along without going to "meeting," I could. Whether I could or not, I did.

I had three tyrants when Captain Boomsby was at home, for Nick ordered me about, and bullied me quite as much as his parents. When he got mad with me, he kicked and hit me at his own discretion, for it would cost me a whipping to resist him. I only got out of his way when I could. Sometimes I had to take it for not obeying the contrary orders of Nick and his mother, and my excuses were of no avail. I was so cowed I dared do nothing. In the affair of the quarter, my resistance was unpremeditated, and I cannot explain to this day how I happened to assert myself.

The Boomsbys had considerable property, though they were regarded as very prudent and careful, if not mean, in their dealings with others. The captain owned the place on which he lived, and a quarter of the schooner he commanded. Before I went to live with him, he had a fit of the "western fever," and made up his mind to emigrate with his family to Michigan; but he could not sell his farm for what it was worth; and this alone prevented him from carrying his plan into effect. He did not abandon the scheme; only postponed its execution. The owners of the vessel he sailed at that time did not like to part with him, for he managed the interests of his vessel very well. They induced him to remain; they offered to build a new schooner, in which he should have a quarter interest. When she was ready to launch, the other owners objected to the name "Great West," which the captain proposed, for they thought it would tend to keep alive in his mind the scheme he had postponed; but they finally yielded the point, and the Great West slid into her proper element.

Perhaps the very hardness and parsimony of Captain Boomsby fitted him for his occupation as the master of a vessel. It is certain that none of the "likely young men" of Glossebury would sail with him, because he was so brutal; and his crew were always far below the average of those who man our coasters. He worked them hard, fed them poorly, and treated them like dogs. He could obtain freights when there were any to be had, for he could afford to carry them at lower rates than better men. During the months of March and November and the greater part of April and October, there was not much for me to do on the little farm, for we did not plant much besides the garden. Doubtless the captain thought that even a little idleness would be injurious to me, and during these slack times, he took me on board of the vessel.

At the time the story opens, I had made six voyages in the Great West. Occasionally she got a freight of lumber or fish from Glossebury to New York, or of lumber from an eastern port. If she could not obtain a cargo in New York, she went to Philadelphia, and carried coal to Boston or Portland. At first I liked my life on board of the schooner, for it enabled me to see something of several of the large cities of the nation; and then, of the poor fare served out to the sailors, I had all I could eat. On the first trip, I was cabin boy, or steward; but on the second, I was sent forward among the sailors, where I soon found that a man's work was expected of me. The Great West was a topsail schooner, and my work was to shake out and furl the top-gallant sail. During my last two trips, I took my trick at the wheel; and though I could not lift, or pull and haul, as much as some, I was able to do everything which any other hand could do. I was worth about as much to the captain as any sailor on board; and I have no doubt he charged the owners full wages for me.

I could not well make six voyages, doing active duty, without knowing all about a vessel. At the first, if I did not obey an order because I did not know a brace from a buntline, I was kicked and abused for my ignorance, and I found that it was my best policy to learn the names of all the ropes at once. Though the crew were hard men, the pride of knowing more than I did, made them willing teachers. I was a swift scholar for the sake of my bones. Through hard discipline I learned my duty well.

The crew of the Great West did not live in the cabin, with the captain, as in some coasters, but in a "house on deck," the after part

of which formed the galley. It was a small, dismal, dirty coop, containing six bunks, one of which was not occupied, for the schooner had but four hands and a cook. I was in the mate's watch, so that the captain could have two full hands in his own; and for this reason I was glad I was not a "full hand," though the temper of the mate was not much better than that of the master. I ate with the crew, and bunked with them. They were ignorant, coarse, profane men. Though the reader may smile at me, I wish to say I felt above them, or, at least, above their vices. In the poor-house, I had had some religious instruction, and I had read a few good books. I can truly say that I never used a word of profane language in my life. Neither the example of Nick, his father, the sailors, nor any one else, influenced me in this direction. Though I cannot understand it myself, I felt above vice and crime. Even in my filth and rage, I was above most of the wickedness around me. I know not whether this pride was born in me, or whether I got it from the teachings of those good ladies who came to the poor-house on Sundays to break the bread of life to the inmates, the children as well as the old paupers. I never saw the day when I was not ashamed to lie, swear, or steal, though I have sometimes told a falsehood.

When Captain Boomsby threatened to send me back to the poor-house, that institution had no terrors to me, for I had been fed, clothed, and instructed there. When he spoke of taking me on board the vessel, I was not alarmed, for I understood my duty there, and fared better than in the house of my tyrants. As I said, I went to work in the garden again, after the scene in the barn. I felt very strangely, for it seemed to be almost incredible to me that I had fought a battle and won the victory; or, at least, I held the field. I had never before even raised my voice against the oppression which bore me down, and now I had actually raised both hand and voice.

I had no ambitious thoughts. Though I regarded myself as a conqueror, I was not disposed to take advantage of the victory I had won. I was willing to work as before; in fact, I was at work. I did not intend even to stipulate for more and better food and clothing. I had not rebelled against my condition; only against the rank injustice of being flogged for Nick's sin. Still I felt that I had something now which I had not before. It was Pluck. Possibly, if I had wanted a drink of water at that moment, I should have gone for it without any of the fear that possessed me half an

hour earlier in the day. As I spaded up the ground, I cast an occasional glance at the back door of the house, in order to obtain the earliest intelligence of the approach of the enemy. I was in momentary expectation of an earthquake, an avalanche, a thunder-bolt, or some other fearful outbreak.

Nothing happened; nobody came out of the house. I knew that the family were talking over the great event in the house. I had frightened Nick half out of his wits, and in him I was sure of a voice to protest against any violent measures at present. After the experience of the forenoon, he knew how easily I could handle him; and perhaps he wondered that I had not shaken him up before. Possibly the fear of harm on his part might save me. I worked away as hard as usual till half past twelve, when Mrs. Boomsby shook a cow-bell very snappishly at the back door; it was the signal that my dinner was ready; and I may add that I was as hungry as a bear after his winter sleep.

CHAPTER V.

A REMARKABLY GOOD DINNER.

I WAS fully aware that going into the kitchen to dinner on that occasion was one of the Perils of a Poor Boy; for, if I did not actually confront my tormentors, I was in danger of having them pounce upon me at any moment. Like a prudent general, I determined to keep a lookout in every direction, and not allow myself to be surprised. Very cautiously I approached the back door, so as not to fall into any trap. I am willing to confess that I was always hungry; but I was particularly so at this time, for my breakfast had not been of a satisfactory character. Though it was hashed salt fish, it would have been satisfactory if there had been enough of it. Perhaps, if I had not been hungry, I should have gone into the house when I had the opportunity, for I was rather curious to know what was to be done with me.

To my astonishment, I found no one in the kitchen but Mrs. Boomsby; but I was not to be thrown off my guard by this circumstance, for the enemy might have laid an ambush for me. I could neither see nor hear any other member of the family. My female tyrant looked uglier than usual, if that were possible. She was washing dishes at the sink, and she continued her occupation after I entered. She did not speak to me, or look at me. Seeing that I was in no imminent peril, my stomach began to assert itself, and I glanced at the ta-

ble. Like the political economists, I was interested in the "food question." I was curious to learn whether I was to be punished for my rebellion through my digestive organs, by saving them any present labor.

Possibly I started back with surprise when I saw what was on the table; if I did not, my immobility belied me. I was astonished almost to the degree of being confounded, for on the platter was a very large slice of beef-steak. It was thick, just a little rare, and the steam rising from it indicated that it was actually hot. Besides this, three large potatoes, also smoking hot, were in a bowl by the side of the platter; and, positively, the white bread had not been removed from the table. Slices from the very loaf Mrs. Boomsby had bought of the baker with that miserable quarter of a dollar which had made such a row were left on the plate. Wonder of wonders, as I continued my survey, I discovered the quarter of an apple pie.

I could hardly believe my senses; in fact, I would not believe them at all; at least, I could not believe that these viands were intended for me. Mrs. Boomsby had evidently been guilty of a blunder, and such a blunder as I had never known her to make before, in failing to remove these things before I came in. I had never been permitted to partake of such a dinner as that which now adorned the board. It was clearly an omission, a piece of neglect on her part. I was embarrassed, and I feared that if I ate those delicacies I should be deemed guilty of an unpardonable offence. The lady took no notice of me, bestowing not even a glance upon me; and I was not quite willing to take the responsibility of eating that dinner.

While I was at work in the garden, before I found the quarter on the ground, the butcher had driven into the yard. I heard Mrs. Boomsby say that the captain was coming home, and she wanted a very nice steak for his dinner. The meatman answered that he would cut a slice out of the finest rump he had. I saw it, hooked on his steelyards, when he held it up to weigh it. How it made my mouth water! But I did not dare to hope that I should get even a taste of it. The salt fish left from dinner the day before, or the hashed fish which would not have been left if it had been set before me at breakfast, would be served at the second table for me. Therefore I had no vital interest in that large slice of rump steak which looked so tempting.

I could not get over this feeling as I surveyed the table. It must be an oversight that this beef-steak was there, or else the "old woman."

Nick feelingly called her, had entirely changed her plans and purposes. I could not understand it. I dared not eat that dinner. I coughed, to excite Mrs. Boomsby's attention; but the attempt was a failure. She would not look at me, or, what would have been more to the purpose, at the table. What could I do? She had tinkled the cow-bell at the door for me to come to my dinner; but I had never before come to such a dinner as that. Ordinarily I could not have stood there ten seconds without being "blowed sky high;" but I did not get a word from her. At last, rather than do a deed which could not be expiated or atoned for, I concluded to speak to her. She could not any more than bite my head off for doing so.

"Is my dinner ready, Mrs. Boomsby?" I asked, timidly.

"Yes, 'tis!" she snapped, as short as pie-crust — not as *her* pie-crust, let me say.

"Is this beefsteak and this apple pie for me?" I added.

"Sit down and eat your dinner, you rascal!" was the amiable remark she jerked at me.

This sounded more natural, though the dinner still had a sort of supernatural look to me. I never was so willing in my life to obey her. I sat down and ate my dinner. I worked lively, because I was interested in the operation. The beefsteak was absolutely magnificent! It was hot, juicy, and reasonably tender. I must do Mrs. Boomsby the justice to say that it was well cooked. It was broiled over the live coals of hard wood, in the great fireplace in the back room, which served as a summer kitchen. I did my best, but I could not eat the whole of that steak, though I hardly reserved the necessary space for the apple pie, which was a very unusual luxury to me.

As long as I could eat, I did not cease to wonder at the quality and the quantity of my dinner. I had read Sinbad the Sailor, and if my tyrants had been cannibals, I could have suspected, as that great and reliable voyager did, that I was to be fattened for home consumption. I had read, in an old newspaper which fell into my hands, about a villain who was to be hung, and that he had been supplied with a princely feast before he was swung off. Possibly this first-class dinner was the fore-runner of something terrible; perhaps it preceded an immense flogging. However, these thoughts did not disturb me much, so long as I was not to be eaten myself. I had had my dinner, and I was entirely satisfied with myself.

I sat at the table, regretting that I had not the ability to consume the rest of the steak on

the platter. I was really waiting for the next act in the drama, for I felt sure there was another. But Mrs. Boomsby still rattled her dishes, and nothing happened. I was about to rise from the table, when the back door opened, and the commander of the Great West entered the kitchen. I made haste to place the table between him and me, so that he could not cut off my retreat, before I saw that he was followed by Cyril Pentatook, one of the constables of the town, who lived near the Five Corners.

"Don't you do it, father!" whined Nick, from the outside of the house. "He'll kill me if you do!"

"You hear that, Pentatook — don't you?" said Captain Boomsby, in a tone of triumph.

"Yes, I hear it," replied the constable, glancing at me.

"Don't you be alarmed, Nick," I added, addressing my third tyrant, as he crept timidly into the room. "I won't lick you, unless your father licks me."

"You see, Pentatook, he has scared my boy half out of his wits," continued the captain. "He has actually made Nicholas own that he stole the quarter, when he didn't do it."

"Yes I did do it, father!" protested Nick, earnestly; and he was evidently more afraid of me than he was of his paternal parent, who had never shaken him up as I had that day.

"Well, that's sort of cur'ous," added Pentatook, with a broad grin on his face,

"It was Sandy that stole the quarter, whatever Nicholas may say," interposed Mrs. Boomsby, beginning to be excited.

"'Twan't Sandy!" yelled Nick. "'Twas me!"

"Don't you mind what he says, Pentatook," said the captain. "Sandy's a bad boy, and Nicholas is afraid of him. Don't you heed what either of 'em say."

"I'm not a go'n to try the case, Captain Boomsby; and it don't make no difference what either on 'em says to me," added the constable, with a broad grin again, as though he intended to make it pleasant for his prisoner. "I've got a warrant to take up Alexander Duddleton, for feloniously beatin', poundin', and maltreatin' Nicholas Boomsby, and for assaultin' Parker Boomsby with an arm-ed weapon called a pitchfork."

Cyril Pentatook evidently quoted the "slang" of his warrant from his memory, and did not hit it in every instance, besides mixing therewith some of the terms used in a formidable indictment. I understood enough of what he said to comprehend the situation.

My punishment was not to be sent back to the poor-house, or to be taken on board of the Great West, though either of these penalties might follow the present scene in the play. I was not alarmed. I tried to smile, and my impression now is, that I succeeded.

"Sandy's a bad boy," continued the captain. "He's dissatisfied with his living. Why, only to-day, he hinted that he didn't have enough to eat."

Of course, Cyril Pentatook, in the face of this charge, could not help glancing at the table, if he had not done so before. Probably he had seen me rising from the table as he came in, and he could not help noting the piece of juicy steak, the third potato, and the slices of white bread which remained on the board. As the matter now stood, I could not fail to realize the purpose for which I had been so lavishly and richly feasted on this occasion—the constable was to see what and how much I had for dinner.

"He seems to have had dinner enough to-day, anyhow," grinned Pentatook.

"I have had a first-rate dinner to-day," I replied, with energy and with enthusiasm.

"The dinner's nothing to do with this case," said the constable. "I'm here arter Alexander Duddleton."

"Here I am, Mr. Pentatook; and I'm ready to go with you," I added, promptly, for I was really glad of an opportunity to tell my story before one of the justices.

"But I want you to look into the case a little, Pentatook."

"I don't try the case, I tell you. Squire Bucklemore will do that for you," answered the constable. "The squire wants Nicholas to go down too."

"Nicholas ain't a goin'!" said Mrs. Boomsby.

"Yes, he is; I've got a supeny for him," replied the officer.

Nicholas began to cry, and his parents protested. It was no use; Mr. Pentatook was firm, and we all marched down to Squire Bucklemore's office.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

— THERE are many foolish old sayings believed because we do not think and reason, compare facts, and see if they are right. "Take no say-so for truth till it is known to be a truth," is a good maxim. We should improve upon past customs, and seek to forget erroneous ideas, remembering only such as we know are true. *

TWO TEA PARTIES.

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

IN seventeen hundred and seventy-three, Three hundred boxes, and more, of tea, From a sense of *duty*, went into the sea, And the Boston people were conscience-free, As it boiled and foamed in the harbor.

The pot was large, and the strength gave out, And the tea was wasted, without a doubt; But the people knew what the fuss was about, And greeted its loss with triumphant shout, As it floated or sunk in the water.

In seventeen hundred and seventy-four, From the self-same duty, nor less nor more, The people of Lyme swift witness bore That a hundred pounds of tea in store Should be burned, and the ashes buried.

So they kindled a fire in the silence of night, And when the flames crackled, and sparks rose bright, They tossed in the tea, to increase the light, And shouted for freedom with all their might, Till the dutiful tea was out of sight, And its martyr ashes buried.

So the once true subjects of George the Third, When rumors of tyranny first were heard, Showed, by fire and by water, by deed and by word, How the depths of their patriot hearts were stirred, To bury and burn oppression.

— FLOWERS teach us many lessons: they droop in foul air, even as we do. They teach us trustfulness in the divine Father; they teach us to love sunshine, and to be cheery. Who ever heard a person scold while inhaling the delicious fragrance of a bouquet? *

— BONANZA in Spanish means "fair weather at sea." *Ir en bonanza* signifies "to sail with a fair wind;" and hence the more modern and recent use of the word to denote prosperity, or good luck. *

— FIFTEEN of the United States have each a population of over one million; four have over two millions; two over three millions; and one over four millions.



THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER.



MOTHER CLASPED ME IN HER ARMS. Page 502.

NATURE'S SCHOLAR.

CHAPTER I.

A TERRIBLE FATHER.

I REMEMBER, years ago, one sultry summer day, when mother and I sat sewing in our comfortless room, at the top of a dingy old house in New York.

"Mother," I suddenly exclaimed, "don't you believe the 'Black Hole of Calcutta' would be an improvement on this?"

Mother started, and looked anxiously at me, as she replied, —

"How very pale you are, Emma! Do you not feel well?"

"O, I should be well enough if I could get

a breath of air now and then;" and I laughed a little, meaning to make light of our miseries.

"This is a very oppressive day; but our work is nearly done, and when we go to the shop with it, we will sit a while in the Park;" and then mother worked faster than ever.

We had been sewing all day, so as to be done by sunset, for it was Monday, when we were to be paid. We made epaulets of gold and silver for an army tailor; and it was pretty work, such as any lady would like; but I hated it: I was unwilling to spend my time at that, for I wanted to be doing something else, as I will tell you presently.

On that day my sewing had tried me more than usual, for not only the heat was stifling all over the city, but we lived just under the roof, — a roof tinned over, — and the low ceil-

ing of our small room seemed like red-hot iron pressing down nearer and nearer to my head.

I now know what that meant, and what danger of brain fever I was in; but then I did not know.

Besides the burning heat above my head, the washerwoman on our floor had her fire blazing furiously, and was boiling half-washed, reeking clothes on the stove, at the same time that she heated irons and ironed fast and scorchingly.

And from our narrow, filthy street, far below, ascended the pestilential odor of decaying refuse. Almost maddened at last from my torture of senses and ferment of mind, I uttered a sigh that was almost a groan.

Mother at once arose and placed her hand on my head; then she kissed me, and gazed anxiously into my eyes, at the same time taking the epaulet from my hand.

"You must rest a little, Emma. Yes, I insist upon it! Your head is very hot, and you are not able to work now."

Then she unbound my long and heavy hair, and putting a few drops of ammonia in a glass of water, bathed my head and face.

"Now you must sit by the window," said she, "and put your head outside. A little air blows up the street, though it does not come into our room."

"All good things go by us!" I muttered, sullenly.

My gentle mother looked at me with all the sternness of which her sweet face was capable, replying, —

"You have, then, no mother who loves you better than her life? You have no Father in heaven who will yet bring good out of evil, and make our crooked path straight?"

I threw myself into her arms, sobbing out, —

"Dear mother, forgive me! I am not good, like you. I wish I had your faith."

The dear angel forgave at once, and kissed and caressed me. Ah! that was her only fault — too ready at forgiveness; that touch of divinity made her unfit for earth and its evils.

She put me in the window, with my head leaning out against the shutter, and a handkerchief dipped in ammonia and water placed over my nostrils, to intercept the offensive exhalation from the street; and then she sat beside me to finish the remaining two epaulets.

Weeping, and these kindly ministrations, had somewhat relieved my overcharged feelings; and as I looked upon the narrow strip of blue sky overhead, I thought of my mother, a rich man's daughter, well born and luxuriously

bred, and forgot my own sufferings in pity for hers, so much greater.

No one in the world deserved less to suffer; but we all know that in this world the innocent and the good are constantly victimized by the unprincipled and treacherous.

Mother was then only thirty-five, but at first sight of her sorrow-worn, pallid face, silver-threaded hair, and bent, attenuated form, most strangers pronounced her to be fifty. She was beautiful still, especially when she looked at one with her soft brown eyes; and all our poor neighbors called her "the lady," though her dress was cheap and plain, and her manner simple and unpretending.

To me she seemed an angel of love and goodness. With all the fervor of my fervent nature I revered and loved her; as well indeed I might, for what there is of wisdom and strength in my character to-day — whatever excellent work I have accomplished — I owe to the teachings and influence of my beloved mother.

Looking at her, and thinking of the different life she had been used to, even within my recollection, my heart ached to see her sitting there, broken and aged long before her time, toiling, O, so hard! and in such a wretched place; and my eyes began to fill with tears.

To console myself, I again looked up at the blue sky above, enjoying its soft and lovely color as only an artist can, and fell into a reverie of how some day I would be an artist, and paint that heavenly expanse of azure, with gauzy clouds softly veiling it. And beneath the sky I would put green trees, and blooming flowers, and feathery ferns, and meadows stretching far away, with tiny white sheep dotted over them, and shadowy woodlands in the distance, with soft blue mountains beyond; and in the foreground a rippling brook, with a small brown cottage near, all overgrown with vines of roses and honeysuckles. And one day we would own a real cottage like that. It should be our home, and I would work for mother, and she never should toil any more. Ah, yes! some day God would take pity on us, as she believed, and let us have just such a humble, quiet little home, if I worked very hard and was very patient.

Just then my day-dream was broken by the shout of a rude boy in the street, a familiar sound enough to make me look below; and there, to my horror, I saw my father coming!

I sprang from my chair, and seized mother's arm, exclaiming, —

"O, come, quick! run! hide! He is com-

ing! father is coming, and in one of his strange spells! He will kill you!"

Mother started up, pale and trembling, and looked from the window with me. Yes, he was coming down the street, stooping, slouching, shambling along, with untrimmed hair and beard, clothing all soiled, and with straws sticking about him, hat battered, and boots filthy with the grime of gutters! His eyes were bloodshot as he raised them to shoot furious looks at the street boys who danced about with impish cries and gestures, tormenting him; and the fearful imprecations which he shouted at them froze us with terror.

And this was my father! This was the husband of my mother! I pulled her arm, and implored, —

"Come, mother; we must hide till he gets over it. Ah, he will kill you, and then what can I do?"

"Yes, we must hide," she said; and, turning to the table, I swept all our epaulets and the unused material into my apron, caught up the rocking-chair, and carried it to the roof above, while mother followed me. When we had shut down the trap-door, and seated ourselves upon it, we felt almost safe; and, as a tall chimney threw its shadow beyond where we sat, and there was a little breeze stirring, we were more comfortable than in our room.

But at the time we did not think of that: trembling, we cowered there, listening for a sound from below. And soon we heard a confused murmur of voices, but were not able to understand what was said; then calls, and oaths, and ragings, like a furious beast, our names mingled with shocking curses and savage laughing; then a door slammed, and all was still a while.

We dared not move. I heard a faint sigh from mother, but did not even glance at her — I was all absorbed in listening. After a while the door of our room slammed again, and I heard father's heavy tread coming through the passage and past the short ladder that led to the roof where we were. Peering through the crevice between the hinges of the trap-door, I saw him going down stairs with a huge bundle tied in a sheet in his arms.

"Mother, mother," I whispered, breathlessly, "he is carrying everything to the pawnbroker!"

Poor mother checked a rising sigh, and kissed me, as she whispered, —

"There was not much to take. But be comforted, Emma: you know what Jacobsen has promised."

It was true the old pawnbroker had assured me, — when, trembling and weeping, I represented our sad condition to him, just after father had pawned my mother's only shawl, about a week before, — that he would not take anything more in pledge from my father. I remembered this, and tried hard to believe that the Jew would keep his word; but I doubted. Alas! the rapidly-succeeding miseries of my young life were beginning to make me doubt everything and every one. But no! I must except my mother. My faith in her remained unshaken through everything. I am glad now to remember that.

I listened to the descending footsteps growing fainter until I could no longer hear them, and then crept to the edge of the roof and looked down into the street. Father came soon from the house door, and staggered along with his bundle; and the tormenting elfin boys began again to dance about him with derisive hoots and cries. He did not seem to notice them at first; but one luckless urchin, growing bolder, ventured to pull at the bundle, when, on the instant, father turned, snatched him up by one arm, and dashed him down upon the pavement. The other boys fled, screaming, down the street, and I was faint with horror.

But the little fellow slowly rose, — he must have borne a charmed life, — and walked away, not seeming to be hurt. I never told mother of that deed.

Father went into the pawnbroker's shop, and staid some time, while I waited and watched anxiously; and mother, sitting in her rocking-chair over the trap-door, with bent head and clasped hands, appeared to be praying.

Presently father came out again, still with the bundle. My heart throbbed joyously at sight of that, but the next instant almost stopped beating again. For, with my keen young eyes, though he was still so far away, I saw the frightful rage he was in. As he came on, moving his lips and contorting his features dreadfully, he looked from side to side, apparently for the boys; and I breathed a prayer of thanks because not one of them was anywhere to be seen.

Just then the fearful thought flashed into my brain that he might yet find his way to us; and leaving the edge of the roof, I looked about me.

A heavy wooden box was near, used by the washerwomen to step on and reach the clothes-line overhead; and I dragged this on the trap-door beside mother's chair. Then going to a chimney, where some bricks were loosened, I

pulled them off and piled them in the box. Then I sat upon it, adding my weight to mothers, who was still praying silently.

CHAPTER II.

A RUINED HOME.

I LISTENED, and peered through the crevice; and by and by father came stumbling up stairs. I trembled with fear; but he passed by the ladder and went into our room.

Soon a great banging and crashing arose, mingled with yells and horrible laughter. An orgie of demons seemed to be going on — but he was only breaking the furniture!

Mother sprang up, exclaiming, —

"O, I ought to go to him!"

"Mother," I implored, clinging to her in nervous affright, "do not; he will kill you! I saw him coming up the street, and O, *how he looked!* What eyes! Dear mother, O, remember last winter!"

She shuddered, and so did I. We had cause to remember last winter, for then he hurt her so cruelly that she nearly died. Mother clasped me in her arms; her features contracted with agony; she groaned, —

"O, Emma! if you and I had never been born!"

I could only reply with caresses. Mother released me soon, and kneeling on the roof, bowed her head upon her thin, clasped hands, and prayed silently, while her body shook with strong emotion.

And I listened to the noise below, wondering why none of the neighbors went in to stop father from destroying our property. Then I remembered that as the sun had now set, the women and children on the floor below us were probably in the street trying to get a little fresh air; while Mrs. O'Brien, our neighbor, the washerwoman, had learned from experience not to meddle with him.

But soon the tumult ceased suddenly; and looking through the crevice between the hinges, I saw father at Mrs. O'Brien's door, which she held just ajar. He was again inquiring for us, and she replied, very truly, that she did not know where we were; thought we must be out. She then offered him a bottle containing a small amount of liquor, and begged him to be quiet.

"Sure, sir," said she, "ye can make yersilf contint wid that until yer lady comes in, an' thin I know she will give ye ivery cint she has. Sure it's Monday, whin they makes up their work, an' goes to the shop to git paid; an' I think the lady don't like Miss Emma to be

goin' through the sthreet alone. An' ye're welkim to the whiskey, so ye are, if ye'll only let the poor lady's bits of things be."

He muttered something indistinctly, but went with the bottle into our room, where he did not stay long. I heard him come out, and saw him go down stairs. Then, crouching again at the edge of the roof, I watched to see where he would go. He had this time a small bundle under his arm, and he went in the direction opposite to Jacobsen's. I called mother to come and look too, and we waited until he was quite out of sight.

Then mother said, "We will stay a while; it is now too late to go to the shop, and he may return at almost any minute; we will not go down unless you are hungry."

"I am not. I have not thought of eating," I replied, "and I am afraid to go down, mother. Besides that, it is more comfortable up here, with this gentle breeze rising."

Yes, it was very pleasant on the roof just then. The sky was all aflame and roseate with splendor; flame tints flashing upward from the horizon, and rosy tints overhead, while long, irregular clouds, with shining golden edges, floated between.

Looking away from our own poverty-stricken, begrimed district, to the northward and westward, I saw the slender white spires of our mighty city shining in the evening light, and here and there caught a glimpse of green foliage where the parks were located.

Ah, how the successful and the unfortunate, the happy and the miserable, crowd each other in New York! How close together they live, and yet how far apart they are! There, not too far off for us to walk to it easily, rose the delicate, needle-like minarets of the fashionable church where my mother had been used to attend service from her earliest childhood, through her courted and flattered maidenly days — yes, even after she became a wife and mother; for I could remember when I had last gone there with my parents, all of us handsomely dressed, and how we sat in my grandpapa's pew, where my dear old grandmamma gave me raisins to keep me quiet during the sermon. After that we had sailed across the ocean — what a wonderful voyage that was! — to Italy; and when we returned to New York both the dear old grandparents were dead, and we were poor, and had grown poorer every day since.

Every Sabbath, through all these years, the church bell had called its people together, and my mother's old friends had gathered there — but she was exiled from her place. She, who

deserved so much more than any of them, was shut out in humiliation and disgrace!

With a great sob which I vainly strove to repress, I threw my arms round mother, and hid my face against her shoulder.

"Dear child," she softly said, kissing my forehead and stroking my hair, "it is cruel that you too must suffer from this! I should have given you a better father; but O, I did not know, I did not know! He was so noble when I married him—and now *you* must suffer! If only you need not mind!"

"How can I help but mind—" I began, but checked myself at the look of bitter pain that deepened on her face, and made haste to explain truly, "Dear mother, it is for you I feel this disgrace and sorrow; it does not hurt me nearly as much as you."

"Yes, yes! That is the cruelty of it! You suffer for me, and I for you; but the blame is mine. You cannot help being born to such a father, but I—I might have married a better man!"

Her voice was inexpressibly mournful and touching, but she did not weep; she only trembled. I had not seen her weep for a long time.

"Let us go down now," I said; "you need some tea."

But when we reached the trap-door, we could not raise it. Some one had locked it from below. We rapped, and pounded, and called, but could gain no response; the entire household were in the street. I went to the edge of the roof, from where I saw most of our neighbors walking and standing about gossiping with each other, and I called repeatedly, but my voice was lost in the roar of wagons and carts returning homeward.

"It is useless," said mother, and drew me away. "Most likely Mrs. O'Brien has the key of the padlock, and we cannot be released till she comes."

"Why didn't she look, to see if any one was up here, before she fastened the door!" I exclaimed angrily.

"I suppose she was in haste to carry home the clothes she had been ironing. Let us walk about for exercise; Mrs. O'Brien must come up here before night to take in the clothes she has still on the lines."

We walked up and down the long, narrow roof with our arms entwined, and mother, to divert my thoughts, and perhaps her own, repeated fragments of poetry; and, with the rest, nearly all of Samuel Johnson's satire—"The Vanity of Human Wishes." But the penetrating worldly wisdom of the philoso-

pher chilled and repelled me. At fifteen, one does not believe that most people are selfish and bad, or that life is disappointing; one fancies that the present evil is hardest to bear of any that can be inflicted, and expects to enjoy a future of happiness when the dark hours of to-day are over.

"Mother," I exclaimed, "what is life worth, if we may not put confidence in our fellow-men?"

"Can you look at this glorious sky overhead, and reflect upon its Maker until your soul is filled with sublimity and joy, and not know what life is worth?"

I was about to reply, when, as we neared the trap-door in our promenade, there came a sudden succession of sounds from below that caused us to start and look at each other with pallid faces, in speechless affright, and then simultaneously attempt, with all our strength, to force up the trap. But it resisted our united efforts. We sat there on the roof, shuddering, and I whispered,—

"What could that have been?"

Mother only shook her head; but after a minute, clasping her hands, she again began one of her silent prayers. I bent my head in reverence, but my thoughts were actively trying to interpret the noises we had heard.

There had been first a peculiar and broken sound, as of a blow against a substance both hard and soft, then a thud, and jar, as of a heavy body fallen; then a low moaning for an instant only, and then a subdued, hoarse chuckle. Then all was still.

Was it murder?

I strove till my strength was gone, but could not tear open the trap-door. Mother did not help me; she prayed for help from above.

No more noise was heard, and we spent the night on the roof. We were hungry, but not otherwise uncomfortable, though we often wearied of sitting, and then we walked about until weary of that.

The stars came out one by one, glittering in splendor, but cold and unsympathetic; and, very late, the dull, red moon gleamed sullenly a while above the horizon, seeming to my excited fancy like a baleful evil eye. Nature does not appear loving to those who do not know her, and nature was strange to me then.

Once in the night I slept a little with my head in mother's lap, and presently awaking, heard her softly weeping. Ah, what streams of tears flowed down those pale, thin cheeks, so that her handkerchief and then her apron became saturated! What heavy sighs forced

themselves forth, which yet she strove to smother!

I listened till I could no longer bear it, and cried out in distress, —

"O, mother, do not! do not!"

"Forgive me, Emma; I did not mean to distress you, my child. There, there, sit still; I will walk about a while."

She soon returned, apparently quite calm, and began talking to me; talking from the rich stores of a cultivated intellect, enlivened by her own brilliant imagination, until I forgot for a time even the successive terrors of that evening, and listened to her with wonder and pleasure. In this way she had beguiled me from trouble, and poverty, and even the hardships of wearisome toil, many times before; and she beguiled me now.

Dawn came at last; a beautiful, blushing dawn; and though we were faint with hunger and chill with unspoken apprehension, my mother conquered herself to soothe me with her poetical, ideal talk. And with the flaming rising sun appeared the tawny locks of Mrs. O'Brien, as she opened the trap door and emerged from it. She gave a great start as we hastened towards her, and crossed herself, exclaiming, —

"The saints betune us and harm! And whativver does this mane, at all?"

"O, why did you lock the trap, Mrs. O'Brien? Why didn't you look out before you fastened it last night? Here we have been forced to stay all night, and mother without her tea!" I replied, as we passed her to go down.

"An' so ye hid yerselves up there! Well, well! 'Tis a mercy ye were not below! Come down, thin, till I show yees."

A handkerchief was bound round her head, and taking it off, she showed us where my father, who had watched for her coming home, had struck her with his fist in the back of the head, knocking her senseless. Then he robbed her of the little money she had, as she discovered when, in the middle of the night, she revived.

"But I've paid him off for't! the dirty villain o' the world! Come in to yer room, ma'am, an' see what he's been doin' till yees."

Such a scene I never beheld before nor since. Father had broken our few frail chairs and tables into so many pieces that they never could be put together again. He had torn up the carpet and cut it into strips; had destroyed our few articles of clothing in the same way; had emptied the straw from our beds, and cut

the ticking in pieces; broken all our dishes, and battered the pots and pans that he could not break.

All this *débris* he had piled in the centre of the room, and crowned the whole with his wretched old hat. It seemed as if a mocking demon had been at work there.

Mother leaned against the wall, white and trembling.

"Where is he? Where is Harry?" she asked.

"Sure he's safe enough," responded Mrs. O'Brien, triumphantly. "Sure, whin I kem to me sines in the middle av the night, didn't I shlip quietly down, not to disthurb my gintleman, who was sthupid drunk on me own money, an' rin to the stashin, an' fetch two policemen; and now my lord is in prison."

"In prison! my Harry!" screamed mother, and fell prone upon the floor. So white and still she lay that I thought her dead; and with the horror my head turned giddy, the room grew dark. My last sensation was of joy and terror mingled. I thought I was dying — going to heaven with my mother!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

O, SHY young buds, why not show us
Just a fringe of your perfect hue?
O, fair green grasses, why not grow us
Of your ribbons just a handful or two?

Is not the sunshine warm and inviting?
Have not the showers passed your way?
Has not the blessed blue-bird, reciting,
Broken your dream with his roundelay?

There's not a brook but is up and seeking,
Not a worm but turns in its clod;
Then why delay, when you might be speaking,
In blade and blossom, the praise of God?

— THE old geometers used the ground for a *blackboard*; and Roman children learned to reckon by using pebbles — in Latin, *calculi*. From the Latin *calculus* come our words *calculate*, *calculation*, and others of the same family.

THE CRUISE.

BY A. P. C.

TO all the young midshipmen at Annapolis, the summer Cruise is an episode of great interest. Those who enter the Naval Academy in June make it their first experience of the service. To them, fresh from the freedom of home, it may possibly be somewhat of a disappointment—the discipline may seem harsh, and “a life on the ocean wave” not so free and dashing as they had anticipated; but to those who enter in September, and have passed through a long winter of close application to hard study, it seems like a joyous holiday. And its pleasures are not of the ocean only—those of the land mingle frequently—and maybe many a middy would say that days passed in port were among those which shine farthest through the memory.

Before the cruise begins, many rumors concerning it are spread. One midshipman tells another that he has heard some one else say, that somebody in authority gave him to understand, that that particular summer they were going to Europe. Then the boys work themselves into a grand excitement over it, and in imagination go coasting along the shores of England, France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, seeing sights and receiving ovations at every port they enter, till some other midshipman announces, on still better authority, that there is not one word of truth in the story. The usual result is a leisurely trip from Annapolis to Halifax and back again, stopping in at Greenport, New London, Newport, Portsmouth, and a variety of places along the coast. Not much is heard of visits to New York or Boston—perhaps the officers do not like to take the boys to big cities, for fear they might get lost, or fall into an extraordinary amount of mischief. And yet in little places, maybe more than a little can be done. The first time I ever heard the word “middy,” it was in one of those charming little sea-coast towns, long years ago. The place may have been noted for whale fisheries, or something of the sort, a hundred years past; if it is celebrated for anything at the present time, I am not aware of it. In those days it was a sleepy, humdrum little village, where people bought pills of the grocer, gloves at the apothecary’s, and went to church four evenings in the week, the inhabitants—but for a very small, aristocratic element, which lived in fine houses and went to town in the winter—being pretty sleepy and humdrum too. It happened once

that I was visiting there,—the aristocratic element, of course,—and it chanced, one day, as my friends and I were sauntering down the street, we witnessed the meeting of two village maidens.

“I say, Bethiah,” shouted one, “I just seen a ‘middy,’ goin’ round the corner!”

“Did you now?” exclaimed the other. “Then come on down this way; let’s head him off!” and away they darted.

“What is a middy?” I inquired, somewhat bewildered—a little under the impression that it might be some half dangerous, half domestic animal, like a mad bull or a trained orang-outang, which had escaped from its pen, and which these high-spirited country girls meant to recapture.

Of course there was an explosion of laughter at my expense, after which my friends kindly explained to me that this half dangerous, and not at all domestic animal was merely a very young gentleman, whose chief characteristics were a blue coat with brass buttons and plenty of assurance; also, that the fearless damsels had no bolder design than simply to look at him.

A little while later I saw a blue coat, with brass buttons, surrounded by a halo of self-satisfaction, sail by, and I then had ocular demonstration of what a “middy” was! Whether the young ladies succeeded in “heading him off,” or not, I never learned; but I did notice that on certain days the village was inundated with middies, and that on other days not one was to be seen, all dependent on the magical appearance, or vanishing of a certain vessel in the bay.

During the “inundations”—perhaps, really, there were not so very many middies, only they had such prodigious style, it seemed to magnify them, and make them spread over a great deal of space—one could see these young men in all parts of the town, following their various devices. Some fortunates, through letters of introduction, or other happy chance, were admitted to the aristocratic circle, where they made themselves very enchanting. Others, less lucky, strolled about the streets, playing at “heading off” with lively village maidens. And others, from the first true to their lower instincts, intrenched themselves at the little hotel, determined to eat and drink, smoke and chew, as much as it was possible for human beings to do, in a certain small, allotted space of time. But gay and dashing as the young midshipmen seemed when on shore, on leave, there is another side to their life. The Practice Ship

boasts a discipline as severe as that of the Academy. There is not so much studying from books, of course, but there is plenty of drilling, and hard, fatiguing exercise.

The cruise usually begins about the middle of June and ends about the middle of September. Its object is to give the boys an opportunity to apply practically all they have been learning during the winter concerning navigation and the management of a vessel. Consequently it is arranged that the chief responsibility rests on the cadets. But as, of course, it would not do to have these inexperienced heroes quite unsupervised and unassisted, there are officers on board, above them, to maintain the discipline; and men, ordinary sailors and marines, to help in the heavy work. There usually go on the cruise about one hundred and twenty cadets, and about one hundred seamen. Each cadet and man receives a number, when he comes on board, by which he is known during the voyage. It is used, instead of his name, to prevent any confusion which might result from a similarity, or a misunderstanding of names. The even numbers form the port watch, the uneven the starboard. A list is kept of all the names, with their corresponding numbers. This is called the Watch Bill. From this, several other "bills" — the Station Bill, the Quarter Bill, and the Fire Bill — are formed.

The Station Bill shows where each cadet and seaman, according to his number, is to stand, during all the evolutions gone through in sailing the vessel. The Quarter Bill designates their posts during a fight, and the Fire Bill their duties in case of a fire. Each midshipman and sailor receives a paper explaining to him distinctly all his duties. If this should be mislaid, he could make himself a new one, by tracing his number through all the "bills."

At sea there is always one full watch — that is, one half of the command — on duty. The crew is divided into forecastle-men, fore, main, and mizzen-topmen, and afterguards. The afterguards consist of the regular sailors, their work being chiefly hauling and pulling. In making out the various "bills," it is arranged that the seamen shall keep to their own part of the vessel as far as possible. They are rarely permitted to go aloft, except when the heaviest sails are to be handled, in which case they take the position of topmen.

Usually, all the work above the deck is done by the midshipmen. One half of those on watch constantly occupy the tops, so that the light sails may be quickly handled, when the

order comes. Just think of it, a great bunch of them, huddled together on one of those break-neck little balconies, idling away by the hour, till some officer shouts out to pull this rope, or move that sail. What a life!

But I suppose such things have to be done, and it is well that somebody likes to do them. Not all the cadets are enraptured with this work, however. There are some among them who fairly tremble with nervousness all the while they are in the rigging — which more than doubles their danger, and makes them, at the same moment, heroes and cowards. (In case, reader, you are suspicious, I will mention that I am not alluding to "my mid-dy," who, if the thing were possible, would be happy to hang off the end of a yard by one ear.) Members of the first class act as petty officers, that is, captains of tops, of the forecandle, and of the watch. There are eight of these. Besides, they are at times given charge of the deck, in which case they receive all reports, give out all the orders, and are, to all intents and purposes, fully in command. During gun practice, they act as gun captains. Members of the other classes do the duties of seamen, and occupy the lower positions at the guns. The seamen on board are organized in much the same manner, but their petty officers are subordinate to those of the cadets.

Besides the ordinary duty of sailing the vessel, there is a general sail drill every day, except when the weather interferes. There are also great gun, infantry, and broadsword exercises. Members of the junior class are taught to make all the knots used on board, and to repair and supply the vessel's cordage, as well as to handle the sounding-lead, and to steer. They also exercise frequently alone with the lighter sails. Besides this, they are obliged to recite to certain officers, on board, from the Academy, in reference to the ship and its various parts, and to sketch particular portions of the rigging, &c. At night, the cadets furnish one half of the lookouts — that is, three. These are relieved every two hours. When the vessel is at anchor, the cadets are excused from the night watch. They are paid up for this rest, however, by a great deal of drilling during the day with the heavy spars, boat expedition, &c.; over which they grumble considerably, though probably, when the boats land them in some pleasant little town, on leave, they have no objection to that.

The portion of the vessel set apart for the midshipmen is the lower or berth deck. Here they sleep at night, have their meals in the daytime, and make themselves as much at

home as circumstances will permit. The seamen occupy in the same manner the battery, the next deck above. All the crew sleep in hammocks. These are distributed daily at twilight, and are required to be stowed away in their places on deck again, by seven o'clock in the morning. So there is no such thing as lying abed late, even for those who have served on the watch during the night.

As the pleasures of the cruise are not superabundant, very great interest is taken in the food. Each class appoints one member of a committee of three to provide for the general wants. These are called "caterers," and a very unlucky position they have, for every boy who is not satisfied with his dinner complains of them, while they have hard work to perform, in which, probably, they are quite inexperienced. When in port, they go ashore, accompanied by several colored "boys," armed with empty baskets, at four o'clock in the morning, and are expected to return to the vessel by six, or half past six o'clock, with a boat load of provisions. How are they to know, *before they have found out*, how much one hundred and twenty hungry midshipmen will eat in a day, or just how far a certain sum of money can be made to go? But woe to them if they blunder! And, no doubt, they do. It is said to be an historical fact that no caterer has ever been known to serve in that capacity twice. Far-seeing middies club together and provide themselves with nice things before they start. The officers do not altogether approve of this, as it is not exactly in accordance with strict discipline. They, however, do precisely the same.

And now, boys, what more do you want to know? What more can you want to know? Perhaps some things are yet untold; perhaps the middies are too wise to tell them, at least to me — maybe they would tell them to you, or "the marines." Nonsense, you know, is not in my department. If you wish to understand all in that line that goes on among the midshipmen, you must go to the Naval Academy and sail on the cruise yourself. But please bear in mind that I do not in the remotest manner recommend your doing anything of the sort.

And here I must bid you farewell. As I have not attempted to disguise the fact, probably you are aware that I am a woman — and consequently don't know anything more about anything, than if I were your own mother, aunt, or elder sister, which compels me, with true literary etiquette, to inform you of the sources of my apparent knowledge.

To my own eyes and ears, of course, I ascribe nothing. Then, first am I indebted to our dear old war hero, Admiral —, but I cannot mention his name; I said, "I wouldn't; and so I won't, upon my word and honor," — who gave me a book full of dry, poky regulations, which I attempted to boil down and sugar over for you in my last article. Secondly am I beholden to a most obliging young ensign, who might be called a hero, not so much of war, as of romance, in that, never having seen him, I have in my possession, in his handwriting, a paper replete with most valuable information, above the high-spirited signature, "Ben Bolt." Were I a *young* lady, here would be a subject for dreamy reverie — how could I, having such evidence of his intelligence and amiability, doubt the gracefulness of his manners, or help wondering if he were very handsome in appearance, and in character as good as he was beautiful? — yet even as it is, I confess he mystifies me. There are, sprinkled here and there amidst the "valuable information," sentences which make me doubt the gravity of this "most obliging" young gentleman. For instance, referring to the night watch at sea, he says, —

"On these occasions it is considered advisable for the future admirals to keep the sandman at a respectful distance, if they want to read their titles clear to any of the pleasures the cruise may afford."

Boys, what do you make of that? I leave it between you and the ensign to decide the meaning which lurks behind those enigmatic words. I acknowledge them to be quite beyond my comprehension. He also mentions that some of the very arduous exercises are accompanied by "cursory remarks."

But enough. If farther you wish to know whence I have certain promiscuous knowledge, not directly traceable to the admiral or the ensign, what more probable than that I have gathered it in scraps, from time to time, as it fell from the most reliable lips of the middies themselves? At all events, I have faithfully told you "what I know about being a middle," and trust I have convinced you, that, by all means you had better not be one."

— THE United States have more miles of telegraph than any other two nations; more than Great Britain and Russia together, which are next in rank, respectively.

— ALFONZO XII., King of Spain, will be eighteen years old next November.

THE PIN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

SEARCHING a chest of letters old,
Through silver and stubble, gems and gold,
A time-worn manuscript appears,
Wrinkled with pressure and brown with years:
A child's handwriting, cramped, within,
And fastened together with one old pin.

I thought to read the essay o'er,
But had barely scanned a page before
A curious buzzing little din
Came from the head of the old brass pin;
And I bent my ear, as it chattered away,
And will tell you what I heard it say.

"Thirty years! Well, it *does* seem strange
That I've stuck to my place without a change!
My family are given to wander so,
That it comes to a proverb, 'Where they go;'
Yet here I am, as strong as when young,
As sound of head and as still of tongue;
Old-fashioned and somewhat rusty, may be,
But otherwise quite as good as they be!

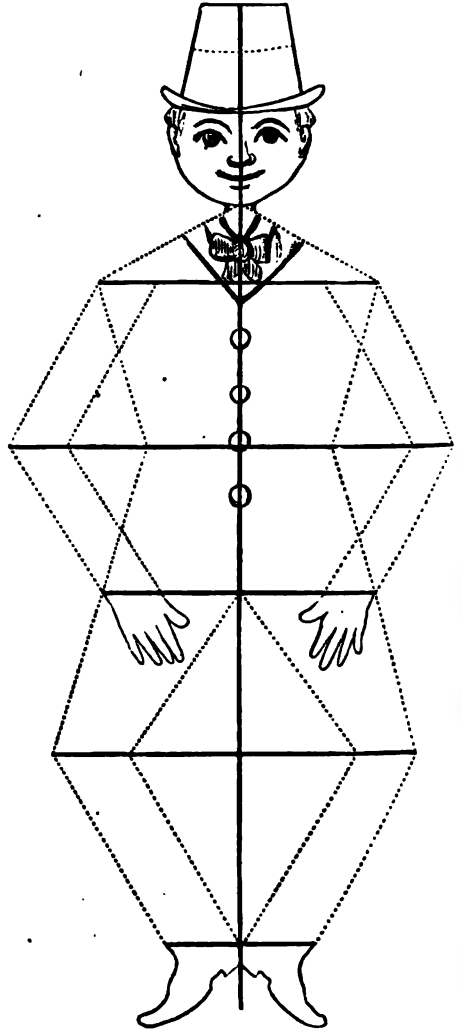
I've kept to one friend with honest pluck,
Through good and through ill close by him stuck;
While wranglers wildly have disputed,
And foolish fancies boldly bruted,
Till truth itself seemed out of joint,
I've always kept to *one plain point*;
I've held it with an honest friend,—
I hold it with him to the end."

MAN KITES.

BY JOHN S. SHRIVER (Prince Fuzz) and
CHARLES L. KEMP.

THE height of the kite when finished is six and a half feet. There are six sticks represented by the black lines in the engraving, which are of the following dimensions. The long stick, running perpendicularly, is six and a half feet; the shoulder stick, running horizontally, eighteen and three quarter inches; elbow stick, thirty and a half inches; waist stick, eighteen and a half inches; knee stick, twenty-four and a half inches; ankle stick, eleven and a half inches; the distance between the shoulder and elbow sticks is fourteen inches; between the elbow and waist, eleven and three quarter inches; waist

to knee, twelve inches; knee to ankle, fourteen and three quarter inches. The head, feet, and hat are made of wire. The hands are of paper, fastened on the pants, and the buttons are paper. A band of paper on the coat makes the lapel, and the shirt bosom is white; cravat at the option of the maker. Holes in the end of the sticks to tie the strings (dotted lines) to, are better than just tying the string



to them. The strings for the "belly band" are from either end of the shoulder stick, fourth button, and the middle of the shoulder stick; the "tail band" from the heels of the boots and the end of the long stick. The tail is made of rags, and should be twelve to fifteen feet long. The features of the face can be drawn or pasted on.

WILLIE'S FIRST LETTER.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

I AM sorry that letter-writing is not encouraged in our schools, instead of the customary compositions, that are so annoying and perplexing to the young. I have hardly known an instance where "composition" was not pronounced "hateful." Themes are given out, of the most puzzling character, and the young brain wearies itself over subjects that older heads might vainly grapple with, and reject from inability to say anything about them. To be able to write a good letter is a grand accomplishment, and the young person who possesses this, and has a rich fund of language with which to clothe familiar ideas, may naturally be able to write on subjects which the common things occurring in a letter often suggest. It is said that an artist who can paint the human face has the ability to paint and draw every object. And so the letter-writer, by becoming perfect in this one accomplishment, may, in time, become a proficient in other compositions.

But I am not going to write a treatise on the matter, but just tell a story of a little fellow, who attempted to write a letter to his grandmother, who was in a far place, and who had sent him many kind tokens of her regard. Every now and then a bundle would come from her, by express, bearing words of love for her little boy, and woollen socks, and cakes, and in every one her desire was expressed to have a letter from him. It would give, she said, a real happiness to her, in her old age, to have a few lines, assuring her of his regard. So one rainy day, when it was too wet to go fishing, or play ball, he told his mother that he would try and write a letter to his grandmother.

She was very much pleased to hear him say this; but she smiled to herself as she proceeded to get him the necessary paper and pen and ink—for she knew what a restless little fellow he was, and how hard it was for him to confine his mind long to any subject.

This was in the country, where the school was kept but six months in the year, and the scholars were not taught composition in any form. They learned to write from copies in the writing book; and the little boy, whose name, I should have said, was Willie Fry—"Small Fry" the boys called him—had learned to make his letters properly, but received no direction, at home or school, how to put words together. Therefore it will be

seen, that to write a letter to his grandmother was a serious matter to the little fellow.

His mother brought him the writing materials, and placed them on the new, white-pine table, piling some big books on a chair to make his seat higher. He smoothed the paper out before him, and, dipping his pen in the ink, prepared to write. He wrote the date properly and began,—

"Dear Grandmother: "

This was a beginning, and he looked upon the well-formed letters with pride. He dipped his pen again, and was prepared to write; but what could he say? He laid his cheek down on his arm, he ran the pen up in his hair, he scrawled characters on the smooth surface of the table, but not an idea came to him. The rain beat on the window, and he watched the drops as they ran down over the glass.

"Mother!" he cried, despairingly.

"What is it, my dear?" said she, coming to him.

"What shall I say?"

His mother was a plain woman, and unused to writing letters; but she remembered a form of the beginning of a letter which she learned in her youth, and so she dictated, while he wrote.

"Dear Grandmother: I take my pen in hand to inform you that we are all well, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing."

"There," said she, "that is a beginning; now you can go on nicely."

She left him, to attend to her work.

He again applied himself, but in vain. He punched his head with the pen-holder, scrawled on the table, looked out of the window into the rain, laid his cheek on his arm, and went to sleep; and so his mother found him when she came in, on tiptoe, to see how he got on. The literary labor was too much for him, and when he awoke she had something for him to do; so the letter was laid by for the present.

Soon there came other bundles, full of good wishes, woollen socks, and mammoth doughnuts, with the customary desire for a letter from her dear little boy; and so the unfinished letter was reproduced, and Willie seated at his task, as before. But the date was wrong; and so he took a new sheet of paper, and began again:—

"Dear Grandmother: I take my pen in hand to inform you that we are all well, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing."

"I wonder what I can say next," he mused;

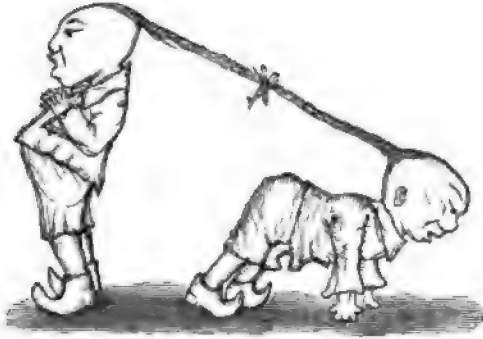
12. Sea-g-&-r-e-leaf-of-laden — Siege and relief of Leyden.
13. (*Vo-*) lute-her-at the diet of worms — Luther at the Diet of Worms.
14. Tree-t-of-ale-a-chap-l — Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.
15. Rain-of-the-k-pet-s — Reign of the Capets.
16. Retreat-of-the-X-M — Retreat of the Ten Thousand.
17. D-feet of Burr-g(c)-oif — Defeat of Burgoyne.
18. Peas-arrows-lane — Pizarro slain.
- 19, 20. Occupation-of-m-e-sea-cap-ass-ages-of-the-r-u-beacon — Occupation of Mecca. Passage of the Rubicon.
21. Char(*ity*)-l-e-main-sole-mon(*k*)-arch-of-fr-ant-s — Charlemagne sole monarch of France.
22. J on brow-n-a-t-harper-s-f-e-r-wry — John Brown at Harper's Ferry.
- 23, 24. Burning-of-m-o-scow-l-o-m-bard-in V a(*edi*)-tion — Burning of Moscow. Lombard invasion.
25. Cir(*cle*)-wall-terra-l-e-s-e-t-t-l-e-s-virgin-i-a — Sir Walter Raleigh settles Virginia.
26. She-r-man-s-m-arch-toe-the-sea — Sherman's March to the Sea.
27. Storming-of-the-bee-a-steel — Storming of the Bastille.
28. Rain-of-t-error — Reign of Terror.
29. Cir(*cle*)-render-of-corn(*er*)-wall-i-s — Surrender of Cornwallis.
30. R-e-vocation-of-the-edict(*ion*)-sea-t-of-nant-s — Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.
- 31, 32. M-ass-a-sea-r-e-of-s-t-bar-t-hollow-mewer-i-s-of-the-D-(*cr*)utch-r-e-pea-u-bee-l-i-sea — Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Rise of the Dutch Republic.
33. Robe-spear-bee-head-e-d — Robespierre beheaded.
34. Partition-of-poll-& — Partition of Poland.
35. Destruction-of-the-T — Destruction of the tea.
36. The crew-s-aid-s — The crusades.
37. Char(*ity*)-l-e-s-crowned-a-t-r-e-m-s-bee-i-the-maid-of-or-leans — Charles crowned at Rheims by the Maid of Orleans.
38. C on(*cur*)-quest-of-pea-r-u — Conquest of Peru.
39. S-mother-i-n-g-of-the-prints-e-s-i-n-the-tower — Smothering of the princes in the Tower.
40. R-g-o-nought-i-sea-x-pea-edition — Argonautic expedition.
41. Burning-of-row-m-e-bee-i-knee-row — Burning of Rome by Nero.
42. Link on ass-ass-i-n(*d*)-ate-d — Lincoln assassinated.
43. Cap-t-ewer-of-the-a-l-ham-bee-ra(*in*) — Capture of the Alhambra.
44. Stone-wall-jack-son-&-bar-bar-ra(*in*)f-r-e-sea-he(*ad*) — Stonewall Jackson and Barbara Frietchie.
45. Column-bee-u-s-ant-e-i-s-a-bee-l-a — Columbus before Isabella.
46. Building-of-sea-r-t-age — Building of Carthage.
47. Sack-son-in va a(*edi*)-tion — Saxon invasion.
48. N-oar-man-c on (*cur*)-quest — Norman conquest.
49. Destruction-of-her-sea-u-lane-u-m — Destruction of Herculaneum.
50. Char(*ity*)-g-of-the-light brig-aid — Charge of the Light Brigade.
51. F-ren(*t*)-ch(*arity*)-r-e-volute-(*edit*)ion — French Revolution.
52. S-cap-e-of-g-r-i-bald-i-f-row-m-cap-r-e-r-a — Escape of Garibaldi from Capraia.
53. Bee-o-m-bard-men-t-of-sea-bast(*ion*)-o-poll — Bombardment of Sebastopol.
54. M-barque-(*occep*)tion-of-column-bee-u-s — Embarkation of Columbus.
55. Land-i-n-g-of-column-bee-u-s — Landing of Columbus.
56. Rain-of-the-plant-a-genet-s — Reign of the Plantagenets.
57. The-s-pan-(*d*)ish-r-m-aid-a — The Spanish Armada.
- 58, 59. Piece of Westphalia ham-pea-t-o-n-road-s — Peace of Westphalia. Hampton Roads.
60. Water-l-o-o — Waterloo.
61. Sea-u-l-load-n — Culloden.
62. S-a-r-a-toga — Saratoga.
63. Cedar-mountain — Cedar Mountain.
64. Ball-s-bluff — Ball's Bluff.
65. White plains — White Plains.
66. Pea-rag(*r*)-u-e — Prague.
67. Still water — Stillwater.
68. T-rent-o-n — Trenton.
69. Ant-e-t(*k*)-am — Antietam.
70. Bann(*er*)(*r*)-ock-burn — Bannockburn.
71. Man-ass-ass-g-a-pea — Manassas Gap.
72. Bull-r-u-n — Bull Run.

— PENNYROYAL was in high repute among the ancients. Its numerous virtues are described by Pliny and others. But at the present day it has fallen into neglect, and it is not named in the British Pharmacopœia of 1867.

Heads and Tails;

OR, THE MISADVENTURES OF TWO SMALL CHINESE.

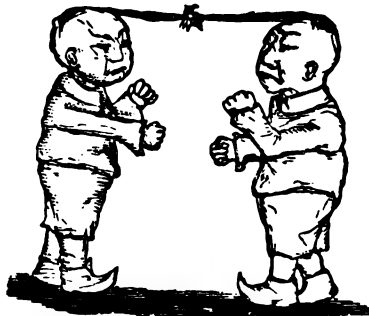
*Two little Chinese from far o'er the Sea,
In "the Home of the Brave and the Land of the Free,"
Had scarcely arrived, to learn foreign views,
When they found themselves stoutly tied up by their queues.*



*While their school-fellows prance and shout with delight,
And shove them together to get up a fight.*



*Bully! let's teach 'em the Rules of the Ring!
Now, pitch in, Whang Lo! There now! paste him, Ah Wing!*



*Then, just when the noise is grown most intense,
The schoolmaster's seen to be climbing the fence;*



*And fighters, while vanish the riotous crew,
Are sentenced to fools' caps, and tied up anew.*



*So, human justice has oft no more light
Than to sum up two wrongs as making a right;
The innocent stops, lets the guilty ones go,
As you see in the case of Ah Wing and Whang Lo.*



BROUGHT TO THE FRONT;

OR,

THE YOUNG DEFENDERS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER I.

A FRONTIER BURIAL.

WE must request our young friends to imagine themselves in the midst of a large clearing, among the backwoods of Pennsylvania, occupying both highland and intervale, on the borders of a small but most devious stream, and hemmed in on all sides by mountains and the primeval forest.

But few of the dwellings can be seen from any one position, by reason of their distance from each other. They are composed, the greater portion, of round logs; the remainder of hewn timber.

To the most casual observer it is evident that the inhabitants of Wolf Run have other matters than the peaceful pursuits of the husbandman to occupy their time and engross their thoughts, for every rude dwelling is a miniature fortress, and loopholed for musketry.

A rough state of cultivation attests the infancy of the settlement, while herds of cattle, hogs, and here and there a few sheep scattered over the fields and pastures, corn-cribs, and large stacks of hay and straw at every house, show that there is no lack of the mere necessities of life; and milk-pails, scoured to a snowy whiteness, are sunning on benches at the doors.

A two-rod road, cut through the woods that cover the elevated ground just back of the stream, reveals the walls of a garrison, surrounded by a stockade, and built after the manner of frontier defences of that period, the year of grace 1755.

In the very heart of the solemn wilderness, seldom trodden by other feet than those of the wandering savage, and pierced by no roads save an Indian's trace, lies this straggling settlement.

The other frontier settlers had either abandoned their farms and fled to the protection of the forts and larger towns, or fallen victims to the tomahawks of the savages let loose upon the frontiers after the defeat of Braddock.

But the denizens of Wolf Run were made of sterner stuff,—the majority of them old hunters, Indian fighters, and trappers,—and, disdainful to flee, had resolved to abide the issue.

Although the sun has passed the meridian, and not a cloud obscures the sky, the sound of an axe is not heard in the forest, nor is any person to be seen in the fields or pastures.

No sound breaks the unwonted silence, save at intervals the lowing of cattle, the shrill note of a cock, the unfrequent bleat of a sheep, or the tinkle of a little rill, whose source is within the stockade, as it leaps from logs and twisted roots adown the banks of a neighboring ravine.

The loneliness and silence are oppressive, yea, ominous, since the sole token of human presence is afforded by the slender columns of blue smoke rising from one or two of the dwellings.

At length a funeral procession suddenly breaks upon the view, at a turn of the forest road. Everything connected with the rite evinces the straitened circumstances of the settlers.

The coffin, of pine, is well made, but unpainted, and put together with wooden pins. The bier on which it lies is borne on the shoulders of four men, being made of round poles; with legs and rungs of like pattern.

With the exception of the sentinels in the garrison, and those employed in scouting to detect the approach of Indians, nearly all the inhabitants of the Run are there.

Mothers with infants in their arms, children led by the fathers' hand, boys and young men. Both men and boys are carefully armed, and the rifles of those who carry the corpse lie on the bier beside the coffin.

The procession halts beside an open grave, dug in a level spot carefully cleared of stumps, evidently set apart for the purpose of a burying-ground, though as yet but scantily peopled. There are three graves of children, grass-grown; another, and that recent, of an adult; and the one awaiting its occupant. That is all.

The body was now lowered to its last resting-place: the relatives and friends gathered around the grave, and then Alexander McDonald, one of the neighbors, read some appropriate portions of Scripture, and the funeral train (with the exception of two men, Holdness and Honeywood, two boys, Henry Sumnerford and Calvin Holdness, who kept watch while their elders were filling up the grave, as the place was not far from the forest) departed.

It may appear singular to our readers, unacquainted with the preceding volumes of the series, that when there were but five graves in this cemetery, two of them should be fresh made, even on successive days. The occupants, Woodbridge and Crawford, had fallen

in a skirmish with a band of Indians, who had well nigh surprised the settlement; and though the inhabitants had been remarkably exempt from disease, several of their number had perished at the overthrow of Braddock, and thus the little burying-ground was not a true index of the mortality.

Their mournful task finished, the bier (as the custom was) being placed over the grave, the men resumed their rifles, and seated themselves on it to rest.

"Ned," said Holdness, "Hugh Crawford and I have been together pretty much all the time, man and boy, for more'n twenty year."

He paused a few moments, wiped the tears from his cheek with the sleeve of his hunting-shirt, and, with a tremor in his voice he vainly strove to control, said, —

"We've fought and marched side by side, hunted and trapped together year in and year out, slept by the same fire, and eaten out of the same bark dish. What one had t'other had; no matter which had the best luck, our furs were allers divided even; and a harmful word never passed betwixt us.

"I've seen a good deal of sarvice, — some hard sights; they call me a hard man; perhaps I am; but, O, it was bitter as death to shovel the dirt on poor Hugh. Yet I wanted to do it. I kinder felt he would like to have me, if he had known what was comin': but I couldn't keep the tears from fallin' with every shovelful."

"These are indeed bitter days," said Honeywood, "and there are, perhaps, worse to come. When the leaves on the white oaks were as large as a mouse's ear we were all in health and strength; there was not a widow or fatherless child among us; now there are three widows and three families of fatherless children.

"What else may come before the trees are again bare no one knows; but we must keep our courage up, and be ready to fight or fall when our turn comes."

"It's my opinion," said Holdness, "that, if my turn doesn't come before the leaves fall, a good many Indians will foller poor Hugh; and should I last till this present fuss is over, I mean to bring my poor boys' bones from the banks of the Monongahela, and lay them in this spot, where their mother, and myself, and Calvin, and the neighbors, and their playmates kin see the grave."

"Could you find the place?" said Honeywood.

"Sartain! I marked the trees round it."

"If so be, Mr. Holdness," said Harry, "you should ever go on sich an errand, I'd like to

bear you company; and it is likely Mr. M'Clure would, likewise. Mother's heard how the Indians didn't take any of our people prisoners, ony some of Braddock's sogers, what they carried to Duquesne and put ter the torture; so it's like my poor father's bones and Jeff M'Clure's are on the field there, and mayhaps we could find 'em."

"I would like to have you go, Harry; but among so many hundreds of slain, the chance of finding, or knowing 'em arter they were found, would be very small indeed."

"Then you don't think there's any chance?"

"Not the ghost of a chance, cause the regiments and companies were all mixed up; 'thout, by and by, you could come across somebody who was in their company, and knew where they fell."

The death of Woodbridge and Crawford threw a gloom over the minds of all; and at first some were disposed to consider their position as desperate. But when, after mature reflection, they remembered that for weeks the Indians had been prowling around the settlement, watching for an opportunity to slake their thirst for blood, and during all that period had lost eleven of their number, killed but two settlers, and had not taken a single scalp, perceiving their apprehensions were not well grounded, many of them relapsed into their former negligent habits, and became more careless than ever, some even leaving their arms behind when going to the field or from house to house.

As the four persons referred to separated at the grave of Crawford, Holdness said, —

"Harry, to-morrow arternoon is the time for your drill; but arter what has taken place, I don't feel any heart to take hold of it. S'pose we put it off a day; then I'll be ready."

This language, in respect to the casual reader, requires explanation.

Holdness, M'Clure, and Honeywood, among the settlers, entertained opinions very different from those cherished by some of their neighbors, becoming anxious and vigilant just in proportion as the rest grew careless and presuming, and had inspired with the same sentiments quite a number of the older boys, who had been accustomed to hunting from the time they were able to handle a rifle.

No sooner had Holdness recovered from a wound received at the defeat of Braddock, than he began to train these lads, of whom Harry Sumerford was the acknowledged leader, in wrestling, leaping, throwing the tomahawk, running, and those simple manœuvres used by rangers.

He also instructed them in the knowledge of Indian signs and in archery, in order that they might be enabled, when on a scout, without expending powder and lead, and also without, by the report of fire-arms, betraying their presence and position to the enemy, to kill game for their own support.

Holdness, furthermore, caused those of the company who possessed an accurate ear to imitate the sounds made by beasts, birds, and even reptiles and insects, in order that they might make use of them as signals to one another upon occasion. In addition to this, more or less of the number had been taken, from time to time, on the scout with the older settlers.

Holdness and several others of those most distinguished for courage and versed in Indian warfare, were desirous that the boys, a certain portion of them under the leadership of Harry Sumerford, should be put on the scout, and have a definite range of territory committed to them to guard, while the majority were very unwilling to come into this arrangement.

Perhaps the general sentiment cannot be better expressed than by narrating a conversation between Holdness and Israel Blanchard.

CHAPTER II.

HOLDNESS TEACHING BLANCHARD A LESSON.

BLANCHARD had a heifer that was near calving, and missing her from the herd one night, just before sunset, went into the woods to look for her, neglecting to take his rifle.

Holdness, who was returning from a scouting expedition, saw him, and resolved to give him a lesson.

The animal, obstinately bent upon remaining in the woods, had given her owner a severe chase, and both were well heated with the tramp.

The heifer stopping to drink at a brook that ran near the road, Blanchard got upon his knees to do likewise; but just as his lips touched the water, a tomahawk whirled so near his head that the wind lifted his hair, and the weapon buried itself in the root of a tree, instantly followed by the appalling sound of the war-whoop.

Blanchard, who lacked neither courage nor activity, leaping to his feet in an instant tore the tomahawk from the tree, and sheltered himself behind it. He then began to retreat backwards, from tree to tree.

As for the heifer, snorting with terror, and her tail in the air, she tore through the brush for the barn-yard.

"That'll do, Israel," shouted Holdness, very much amused.

"Is that you, Brad Holdness? What'd you throw that tomahawk at me for? If I had my rifle here I should be tempted to shoot you."

"And what business have you to be ranging the woods without it? Are you tired of life? S'pose I'd been an Indian; where would your scalp have been?"

"I don't believe there's the least need of lugging a rifle from morning till night, and every step anybody takes. Here the Indians have been weeks and weeks, prowling round us, trying to get a scalp, and haven't got one; they've killed but two of us, while we've killed eleven of them; and I don't believe there's much risk just now; believe they've kind of gin it up. They are great cowards, any how."

"Israel Blanchard, do you ever expect to see water run up hill?"

"No."

"You will afore you'll see an Indian give up his revenge. We've shed too much Indian blood to be let alone. I've no great love for an Indian, but they're no cowards, and are the last inimy in this world to be despised; and I kin tell you it's no time to go strammin' through the woods and pastures bare-handed; for, in my opinion, we were never in greater danger than at the present time."

"If they ain't cowards, why do they always give back soon as one or two on 'em are killed? They never stand right up for a fair fight, like white men. If they can't lay an ambush, and have all the advantage, they won't fight."

"Givin' back, with an Indian, don't mean givin' up, by a long shot. An Indian kalkerlates to kill his inimy with as little damage to hisself as possible. They are taught that from their boyhood,—never to expose themselves, nor for a chief to expose his men, without it is absolutely necessary. 'Tain't cause they're feard to face the white men that they don't do it. It is their principle of fightin'. Tie an Indian up to a stake, and build a fire round him. Do you think he'll beg for his life? Not he: he'll spit in your face, and dare you to do your worst. They show no mercy, and they ask none. I tell you it's their principle. They think our fashion of marchin' up in an open field, and shootin' at one t'other, the silliest thing in the world."

"I don't care what principle they do it on, if they only run and keep off."

"Ay, but they won't run, only to run back agin with greater venom than ever. They'll have their revenge out of us; some of us have got to die for the men they've lost."

"But it has now been a good while that neither you, nor M'Clure, nor Honeywood have seen any sign of Indians."

"They might be round, for all that. I'm not disposed to put my faculties agin an Indian's in the woods. I've never seen the Indian yet could shoot with me; but they'll see, and smell, and hear, and do what I can't in the woods."

"I don't know what more we can do."

"We kin keep stricter watch; not go round without a rifle; and there's another thing to be done. We've more ground to scout over than we can kiver, 'cause we're few, and its high time these ere boys was brought forrerd, and set to scout on their own hook."

"I don't want to feel, all the time I'm at work in the field, I'm trusting my life to a parcel of boys."

"Hadn't you rather have boys on the scout than nobody?"

"Of course."

"Well, we can't kiver more'n half the ground, but we can let them take t'other half; then 'twill be all kivered."

"But they are boys."

"Tell me candidly, Israel, do you truly think that you kin see an Indian sign as quick as Harry Sumerford? or that you kin shoot as well? or that he would be any more like to be flustered than you?"

"No, Mr. Holdness, I do not; but Harry is one by himself. He is more than half Indian; never from childhood took to work, but to the woods and hunting. I believe in my soul he has slept in the woods more nights than he ever did in his father's house. But the other boys you want to put on the scout are not all Harry Sumerfords."

"No: all the men ain't M'Clures, Armstrongs, nor Honeywoods; but some of the boys come pretty well up, and they'll be all the time larnin'."

"Then why not put them with the men, and mix them up, as you have done before?"

"I'll tell you why. I've been at work with these boys now for a good while, and they've done first rate, — put their whole soul into it, and got their ambition up; and they've set their hearts on formin' a scout of their own, and havin' Harry for a leader; they know I and some others are in favor on it. Let 'em do it, and it'll stir 'em up to do all they know; choke 'em off, 'twill dishearten 'em, and they'll be good for nothin'."

"Well, I don't know; I don't feel very clear about it."

"You will know one of these days; people

are gettin' altogether too careless. I was goin' along by Fletcher's brook t'other day, and there was Jim Holt and William Grant sailin' on a raft. We shall see what we shall see; an Indian don't send a letter to tell when he's a comin'. I s'pose, if the governor had built a fort here, and put soldiers in it, and part on 'em had been sent scoutin' round, you'd a felt quite safe when to work."

"Yes."

"Well, I kin tell you that these boys, what have grown up here in the woods, kin shoot better, watch better, and see quicker than two thirds of the soldiers, 'cause they are lookin' out for their own parents and family, while the soldiers ain't, and many on 'em don't kere, if they only save their own scalps, and git their wages. But we shan't see any soldiers. We shan't, in my opinion, have a pound of lead or powder furnished us by the province. The governor and the assembly will spend the time disputin' about how money shall be raised, and what it is best to do; and the French and Indians will go on killin' and scalpin' all who can't defend themselves. We can't afford to lose a great many men by negligence; there are but few of us, at the most."

The difference of opinion between Holdness and his neighbor, as to the amount of peril, arose very naturally from the knowledge that each possessed, not merely of Indian character, but also of many other influences that it was necessary to weigh and fully understand.

Blanchard had passed his youth on the frontiers of Vermont, knew that the Indians were not wont to attack without a prospect of success with a small loss to themselves, and concluded, as in all their previous efforts at Wolf Run they had been very roughly handled; — lost heavily and accomplished but little, — had become thoroughly convinced that the plunder to be obtained was small and the risk great, that they would now turn their attention to places less capable of defence.

On the other hand, Holdness had a more accurate knowledge both of Indian character and the causes of the present outbreak.

He knew very well that the desire of revenge, the most prominent trait in Indian character, had, in the breast of the Delawares and Shawnees, become intensified by brooding over injuries inflicted through a series of years.

The land unjustly obtained by the *Indian Walk*, referred to and described in a previous story of this series; the calling in the aid of the Six Nations, to drive the Delawares from the forks of that river and the graves of their fathers; buying the land of the Shawnees of

the Six Nations, without the consent of the former, were, now that the opportunity offered, Holdness well knew, to be atoned for in the blood of the pale-faces, although those who wrought the wrong had long since passed away.

Holdness, M'Clure, and others were also well aware that the Delawares were bitterly hostile to those settlers who had taken up land on the Juniata and its branches, and felt assured that danger was not far off.

There were other considerations pressing upon the mind of one who, in addition to a thorough knowledge of the affairs of the province, and determined courage, possessed excellent judgment.

Pennsylvania had no militia. Large numbers of the settlers on the frontiers had neither arms nor ammunition, and the province was to a great extent defenceless.

So long as the policy of the Quakers prevailed, and the Indians were justly dealt with, arms and the skill to use them, and military discipline, and fortifications were needless; but another policy had for years been dominant: the Indians had been alienated, while no corresponding preparation had been made to meet such an exigency.

It had been fondly hoped that Braddock's army would settle all that, defeat the French, capture Duquesne, and overawe the Indians, who, however they might chafe, and long for retaliation, would be powerless for mischief.

Braddock had been defeated; Dunbar, his successor, had withdrawn the remnant of the forces, leaving the province to take care of itself; and the Indian's hand had taken hold on vengeance.

All the settlers between them and the Ohio had either fled to the large towns or to the few and scattered forts, while, east of them, the Indians were killing, and the inhabitants, a large portion of them, running for their lives, and leaving all to the mercy of the enemy.

Small scalping parties they could cope with, but Holdness was aware that a hundred Indians, under Shinggas, the Delaware king, had gone into the Cumberland valley, and feared they might be attacked by a force of savages so numerous as to preclude all hope of successful resistance, leaving them no other alternative than selling their lives dearly.

We can but watch, with solicitude and admiration, the fortunes of this little community of isolated settlers, surrounded by raging savages, whose day of vengeance had come; aware of their peril, yet resolute to meet it; resolved

to defend the homes they had already endured so much to obtain, or perish in the effort.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG DEFENDERS.

UPON the afternoon appointed the boys met, at the house of Holdness, for their usual practice, which consisted of shooting at marks set up by him, throwing the tomahawk, and other exercises of that nature.

In order to give zest to their proceedings, M'Clure had come to meet with them, bringing the drum, made by Harry, that he had brought from the garrison. Honeywood was also present with a fife, that he had made, and knew how to play upon.

The object of the boys, who had first conceived the notion of going upon the scout, and thus assuming the duties of rangers, had been that of aiding the older portion of the settlers in their arduous duties, and thus contributing to the common defence.

The band was not large, and consisted of those boys who were the most resolute, excelled in strength and activity, and possessed a peculiar fondness for hunting, were the best shots, and had all along been accustomed to the woods, and had been sent to kill game, to supply the wants of the respective families to which they belonged, when the pork barrel was empty.

But no sooner had the matter taken shape, and their plans and purposes received the sanction of Holdness, than the bows and arrows were made, the target erected and painted with red ochre, lampblack, bear's grease, and clay, and wrestling, running, throwing the tomahawk, learning the war-whoop, and imitating the voices of beasts and birds, set on foot, and especially after the drum and fife were made: then every boy who could get there was eager to share in such rare and exciting sport, so well adapted to frontier tastes and habits, while many of the parents and others came to look on, and girls were not lacking as spectators.

Neither Holdness nor the boys who had originated the affair made any objection to this, although many who participated were mere lads; some could only wrestle or run, and were of little account at that; could not shoot to any purpose, and were unused to the woods; were better with the hoe than the rifle, and of doubtful courage. Nevertheless all were made welcome; the more the merrier, and those who were poor sticks at anything else were perfectly sublime when it came to

giving the war-whoop, with which they always closed the proceedings of the afternoon.

Both Holdness and M'Clure had assured the principals in this enterprise that they need not fear final failure and disappointment in regard to the desire that so burned in their very marrow, and had furnished the incentive to all their efforts, as it would not be long before those of the settlers who had hitherto been opposed to intrusting boys with the duties of rangers — a most responsible and dangerous task — would yield and assent to their wishes.

"Boys," said Holdness, "you've had a good deal of fun out of this ere matter, all on you; and I reckon you've all learned somewhat; but I kin tell you goin' on a scout's no boys' play; you've to suffer cold and heat, hunger and thirst, and fatigue, and you've got to set your wit and pluck agin an Indian's, what's born in the woods, growed up in the woods, never thought or kered for anything else 'cept to hunt, and track, and lay in ambush; who can't be lost in the woods more'n a wolf kin; whose eyes, keener than a hawk's, kin almost track a bird in the air, and'll watch, and wait, and freeze, and starve, to take your scalp, and go through more'n a white man will to save his soul, though they ain't got any souls more'n a catamount.

"You see now what's afore you. 'Tain't a thing to be gone into 'hurrah boys;' so you needn't spect, all you boys, big and little, what have come here to help the fun along, and have a good time, are goin' on the scout, 'cause 'twould be just throwin' away your lives and the lives of other people. So, as I, and M'Clure, and some others are kinder 'sponsible and bound for your good behavior, I'm goin' ter pick out the boys I kalkerlate to be fit; and that ain't sayin' anything agin the rest on you, 'cause every good, plucky boy or man ain't fit for a ranger, but ony them what's got the gift, and what's made, as you may say, a purpose."

Holdness now walked up to Harry Sumerford, and putting his hand on Harry's shoulder, said, —

"Here's my first choice. I reckon nobody has anything to say agin that. Now, I'm goin' to take his two brothers, Elick and Knuck, though they're young, specially Knuck; but they've both killed an Indian, and that's more'n any of the rest on you have done, though it's like you would, if you'd a been called to it, as they've been. Next, I shall take Elick McDonald, Ned Armstrong, our Cal, and Hugh Crawford, junior, — what's got to take his father's place, — and Andrew M'Clure."

Thus Holdness went on selecting, till he had

chosen twelve boys — three Sumerfords, Alex McDonald, Ned Armstrong, Cal Holdness, Hugh Crawford, Andrew M'Clure, Conrad Stiefel, Abiel Wood, William Grant, and James Stewart.

Having accomplished this duty, Holdness said, —

"I want you all to understand that God Almighty alone knows how long this ere Indian skrimmage is goin' to last; so that some on you that's under age and ain't taken 'll have a chance bymeby. There's some on you needs more practice in throwin' the tomahawk, and in shootin'. You'll be wanted bymeby; 'cause, most like, some of these ere 'll be made prisoners, or taken sick, wounded, or perhaps killed by the Indians, and their places must be filled up. I want every one I've picked out to parch up a lot of corn, 'cause that'll keep, and have a flint and steel, and some tinder, or Indian spunk in a small horn, and all his other fixin's ready, 'cause you might be called when you least expect it. Arter to-morrow, we shall take two on you with us every day on the scout, till the rest on 'em make up their minds 'bout lettin' you take it on your own shoulders. But they'll come to it, sertain; so, 'twixt whiles, you'd better choose your officers, and be ready for a jump; for I tell you there's trouble, bitter trouble, ahead; and these ere people, that are so brave and careless just at present, 'll git waked up with the war-whoop."

There was some heart-burning and some discontent with the choice made by Holdness. There were not wanting those who felt themselves to be as well qualified as others who had been selected; but grumbling availed nothing. They left the ground, and the rest remained to choose their captain. Harry Sumerford was chosen without a dissenting vote.

"Boys," said he, "you know I didn't seek this ere appointment, and I don't want it."

"We know that," they shouted.

"I can't read nor write."

"Who cares?" "You kin shoot," "You know the woods," "You can make your mark."

"We won't have anybody else. We'll give it up fust," — was heard on all sides.

"Take Cal or Ned Armstrong."

"We won't stand," cried Ned and Cal.

Harry strove to speak again, but his voice was drowned in war-whoops, in which assiduous practice had made them proficient. Every boy had his fingers in his mouth. At length Hugh Crawford said, —

"If you ain't going to back out, you can speak."

"I was goin' ter say that I won't stand 'thout



BABY AND BEAR FELL OVER BACKWARD TOGETHER. Page 523.

every one here'll promise to obey my orders. I want that settled right here afore we go any further, 'cause this ain't goin' ter be any make-believe playin' sojers. You heerd what Mr. Holdness said?"

This was assented to.

"There's another thing I want settled. S'pose a boy's lazy, don't do his part, disobeys orders, falls asleep on his watch, or shows the white feather. What's ter be done?"

"Let the captain speak to him twice about it. If after that he keeps doing so, turn him out of the company. Let every boy give him a kick, and the captain two kicks," said Con Stiefel.

"'Bout drill. It may be some time afore we're called out. We need practice ter keep our hands in."

"Let the captain set a time for drill, whenever he judges best," said Will Stewart.

"There must be somebody to step into the cap'n's shoes, if he should be laid by, or we wanted to divide the scout."

Cal Holdness was elected lieutenant.

"How about scalps? Are we going to take scalps?" said Armstrong.

"Of course; everybody does," said Hugh Crawford.

"I ain't, nor Elick, nor Knuck; we three have done it once, but that's the last time," said Harry.

"I will: father always did. S'pose the governor should offer five or six pounds for an Indian's scalp. We don't have anything for scouting. Think I'd be fool enough to throw that away?" said Crawford.

"I'll go with the captain," said McDonald.

"So will we," said Cal Holdness and Armstrong.

The rest were in favor of taking scalps.

"Look here! Us boys have always agreed like brothers; don't let's fall out now. If anybody believes in taking scalps, let him take 'em. If anybody don't, leave 'em alone. Let us agree, right here, not to twit one t'other about takin' or not takin' 'em, and that we'll have no words nor heart-burnin' about it; for Mr. Honeywood and my father are all the men I know of, at any rate in this Run, that wouldn't take a scalp," said McDonald.

This was agreed to.

"There's one more thing. If any boy thinks he's in for more'n he spected at first, — thinks he can't stand the hardship and come up ter the scratch every way, — let him say so, and leave right here. Nobody'll find any fault, nor twit him with it afterwards," said Harry.

Harry waited a few moments, but no one seemed disposed to leave. He then said, —

"Now, everything's settled. The company'll come together here, next Wednesday, at four o'clock in the afternoon, for drill and 'spection. Every boy must bring a light pack, bow and bunch of arrows, steel pints, if possible, if not, flint; flint, steel, tinder-box, tomahawk, scalpin'-knife, rifle or musket, bullet-pouch, powder-horn with powder, ball, gun-flints, primin'-wire, and blanket. We shall have a straw target, so's not to blunt the arrow pints."

"Captain, there's one thing ain't settled. Seems to me we ought to have some name for the company," said Cal Holdness.

"Wolf Run Rangers," said McDonald.

"Young Catamounts," said Crawford: "that sounds savage."

"Don't want anything boyish, 'cause we're goin' to take the place of men; let's call ourselves The Wolverenes. They are the hardest biters, savagemost critters there is," said Armstrong.

This gave great satisfaction, and was upon the point of being adopted, when Captain Sumerford objected.

"Seems ter me 'tain't best ter have any of them ere bloodthirsty names. I don't think Mr. Honeywood would like it; and you know he's just the best friend us boys have got, and every one of us want to go on the scout with him, if we kin git the chance. We ain't done anything yet; and if we take some big, blazing name, and then should turn tail or get ambushed by the Injuns, half of us be killed, the rest have to run, the fust goin' off, every body'd larf, same's they did at Braddock's grannydeers (grenadiers) and sojers, all so grand, with their scarlet coats, and powdered hair, and shiny guns, and music a-playin' 'Clear the road, I'm a comin',' and arter all run like mice afore a cat, soon's they heerd the Injuns give the war-whoop. Think 'twould be best to take some name don't sound quite so big. That's the way the Injuns do. 'Mongst them nobody gits a name till he's done something. When you hear an Injun called 'War Cloud,' 'The Bear,' 'Big Serpent,' or see him wear the eagle's feather, you may know for sertain he's got more'n one scar on him, and more'n one scalp in his wigwam."

"That's so. Nothin' comes up so quick in the spring as *skunk cabbage*. What's the use for us to go to swellin'? We're boys, arter all. If some on us are most twenty-one, others are a good ways from it, and have got about everything to learn, and will be only allowed to

scout 'cause 'tis a force-put, and men are scarce," said McDonald.

"S'pose, then, we call ourselves The Young Defenders; that's our duty, to defend the settlement; and if some stomach it to be called boys, why Young will hinder us from being mistook for the other rangers."

This name being decided upon, they separated.

CHAPTER IV.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

As the Sumerfords, on their return, drew near the house, they saw Sam and Tony Stewart at play with the baby, a kitten two thirds grown, and three bear cubs.

So preoccupied were the children with their pets as not to perceive the approach of Harry and his brothers, who, observing what rare sport was on foot (concealed by a corner of the building), stood leaning on their rifles, to watch the proceedings.

The cubs were all of the same age, but had been, as to ownership, divided between Sam, Tony, and the baby, — the baby's being distinguished by a white stripe on the forehead, a variation from the usual color of the black bear occasionally met with.

Mrs. Sumerford, having put the supper on the table, sat upon the doorstep with her knitting-work, in order to see that the baby was not too rudely handled.

"O, mother," cried Sam, "Tony's come, and brought his bear. Ain't they handsome, ma'am? Ma'am, baby's the biggest — don't you think — ever so much bigger'n mine, or Tony's; big as both on 'em, ma'am?"

"Yes, child, I hear."

There were substantial reasons for the superior growth of the baby's cub. Being the special property of the baby, it was, during a great part of the time, in the house, and when the baby was asleep, lay in the foot of the cradle. It was, therefore, in the way of obtaining many additional meals from Mrs. Sumerford, because the baby loved to see it eat, and would cry and tease to have the cub fed, while the other two were left to the care of Sam and Tony, and fared as boys' pets usually do, after the novelty has worn off.

The cubs belonging to Sam and the baby were on the best of terms with the kitten, and they would eat out of the same dish, and frolic together by the hour.

It was the same in regard to Tony's, on account of the frequent visits made to each other by the boys, on which occasions the cubs were

carried back and forth from one house to the other.

"Mrs. Sumerford," said Tony, as the cubs and the kitten were playing and rolling over together on the ground, "don't you think my bear knows your kitten, and my kitten knows Sam and baby's bear, when they come over to my house? Should you think they would?"

"Yes, I should think they might; they are together about half the time."

There was quite a contrast in regard to the dispositions of the cubs, Tony's being of more irritable temperament than his mates, and would, when teased, growl, bite, strike with his paws, and manifest the inherent ferocity of his nature. The others, on the contrary, would neither bite nor scratch even the baby, and were much more inoffensive than the kitten, that had a deal of self-respect, and would by no means submit to imposition, and had become altogether too formidable for the use of the baby.

The boys had chosen their play-ground between the door-stone and the wood-pile. Between the former and the door lay a large pine log, thirty-feet long, and near by an ox sled, with the stakes in it and the tongue turned back over the bars, where it was left when the last load of wood was hauled.

"O, ma'am," cried Sammy, "only see what the bears are doing."

They were standing on their hind legs, beside the log, and trying to pull down the kitten, that, perfectly wild with frolic, was racing from one end of the log to the other, and jumping over their heads whenever they strove to get hold of her.

In the midst of the fun, the baby, who had all the time sat gravely regarding them, with his thumb in his mouth, crept to the log, and, rising on his feet, clasped the white-faced cub around the neck, and, losing his balance, baby and bear fell over backward together, to the intense delight of the boys.

"O, Mrs. Sumerford," screamed Tony, "your baby was going to help his bear ketch the kitten — zuckers."

Sam now disappeared for a few moments, and when he came back, brought a capful of cranberries, and emptied the contents on the ground. Bears are exceedingly fond of this berry, and the three cubs began eagerly to devour them, when the kitten, brimming over with excitement, and having no share in the feast, pounced upon the heap, from the top of the log, and set the berries flying and rolling in all directions. Her four legs went like a drummer's sticks when beating the long

roll, and in a few minutes what berries remained were all intermixed with earth, chips, rotten bark; and grass-roots, torn up by her claws.

Enraged at such impudence, Tony's cub dealt the saucy intruder a blow with his paw that laid her flat, and followed it up with a bite that drew blood. Uttering a fearful "Yow!" the kitten extricated herself, and with wild eyes and a tail as big as two tails, took refuge, not merely on the top of the house, but of the chimney, which, being built of sticks of wood placed "cob-fashion," and lined with clay, was easy of ascent, especially to a cat.

Seated upon a projecting stick, and uttering, now and then, a low moan, she licked off the blood, and looked daggers at her former play-mate.

The spite manifested by the cub, the terror of the kitten, and the astonished looks of Sam and Tony, were too much for Harry and his companions, and a roar of laughter betrayed their presence.

"My bear wasn't ter blame — was he?" said Tony.

"No," replied Sam; "'cause the kitten no business ter git right on his dinner."

Upon perceiving Harry, Sam and Tony ran to him, and each of them, seizing a hand, began to beg him to make them a wooden tomahawk apiece.

"What do you want tomahawks for?"

"'Cause," said Sam, "me and Tony, and ever so many more boys, is goin' ter have a company, and Mr. Seth's goin' ter make us wooden guns, so they'll snap and go bang."

"Yes; zuckers!" said Tony; "and we're goin' ter have a war-post. My father's goin' ter make it for us up to my house. Mr. Holdness's goin' ter give us some red paint ter paint it."

"And," said Sam, interrupting, "we be goin' ter strike it with our tomahawks, and holler and dance round it, just as the Injuns do, and then we be goin' on a scout ter kill Injuns. O, sich a good time! Will you, Harry, make 'em for us?"

"I'll see."

"But will you, truly, Harry, make 'em for us?"

"Yes, I guess so; but if I ketch ery one of you scoutin' in the woods, I'll take you across my knee. Don't you go inter the woods at all; there's Injuns in the woods; they kin run faster'n a bird kin fly, and they'll carry you off, and eat you up alive."

"Can't go in our pastur?"

"No, indeed; didn't the Injuns creep up behind the bushes, and come near killin' me, and Elick, and Knuck."

"How kin we make ambushes, if we can't go into the bushes?"

"You don't want ter lay ambushes."

"Yes, we do; else we can't play Injuns, and do nothin'; and Mr. Stewart's goin' ter make us war-posts, and Mr. Seth guns."

Sam and Tony began to sob as though their hearts would break. This soon melted Harry, who said, —

"There's the corn-stubble in the field; you kin lay your ambush there; and there's stumps and logs layin' round, and piles of roots."

"Is that a good place to make ambush, Elick?" said Sammy, beginning to wipe up the tears with his fists.

"Yes, Sammy, it's a complete place; there's that great pile of stumps that we ambushed behind when we killed the Injuns; and then, O Sammy, don't you know that place, in amongst the cat-tail flags, where that Injun crawled arter he was wounded, and we killed him; and there's some of his blood on a stone there now."

"Is there blood there now?"

"Yes."

"Then there ain't any other boys got any sich place as that — is there?"

"No, indeed; 'cause that's real Injun."

"Sammy," said his mother, "I wouldn't, if I was you and Tony, play such things. Play with your bears and the kitten, and play 'hide and seek,' and 'I spy,' and play horse; and I'll fry you a doughnut man; and I'll get Harry to make you a windmill. I'm sure there's Injuns enough without making believe."

"I don't want no man, nor no windmill, ma'am. I want ter play Injuns; Harry, and Elick, and Knuck do, and Mr. Holdness learns 'em how, and you don't say nothing ter them; but you won't let me and Tony do no kind of a thing; we can't have no good time, — can't do nothing."

"Supper ready, mother?" said Harry.

"Yes; been ready this hour, and more."

"'Cause I want ter go over ter McDonald's, arter supper."

"I wouldn't go to-night, Harry; it's a good ways over there; 'twill be dark before you get there."

"Guess I won't; guess I'll put it off; go over some arternoon, and stay all night; told Elick I'd come over 'fore long, and stop the night with him."

"Then if you don't go over there, you'll

make our tomahawks — won't you?" said Sammy.

Harry made the weapons. Tony passed the night with Sam, and the next forenoon they set out for Blanchard's, to vex the soul of Mr. Seth till he made their guns.

Woe betide the rash man who promises a boy anything, imagining he'll forget it. As well might the tide forget to flow, or the sun to set.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELLS UNDER THE SEA.

BY MARSH MALLOW.

"It is said, on the English coast a ship went down, loaded with church bells. There they lie yet; and whenever a storm is coming, they are heard to ring under the water."

HARK! The bells ringing under the sea!

There will be a storm to-night.
Long and loud will the breakers roar;
Angry the waves that dash on the shore:
There will be a storm to-night.

A storm, with the heavens above so blue,
And the water so serene,
And the sunset sky all flecked with gold,
With rosy hues between.

And see, the morn is rising now,
And her silvery light is shown,
A brilliant path for the water sprites,
Across the clear waves thrown.

Yes, a storm. So, fisher, go not forth;
Tempt not the treacherous wave;
For he fares ill who dares to-night
The perils of ocean to brave.

For 'twas just here a ship went down;
And a chime of sweet bells she bore;
And when, ere a storm comes on,
They're heard to ring from the shore,

And the sound foretells danger and woe,
And wave with wave at strife.
Ill betide the sailor then
Who trusts on ocean his life.

Stay, O, stay in thy humble cot,
And sit in the firelight's glow;
Launch not thy bark, or a bed thou shalt find
In the tossing waves below.

Hark! The bells ringing under the sea!
There will be a storm to-night;
So, fisher, go not forth.
Sullen and low hang the clouds in the north:
There will be a storm to-night.

THE YOUNG CRUSOES OF DUMB-BELL ISLAND.

BY REV. T. BROWN.

"WELL now, if 'tain't a mystery what's 'come o' them boys," quoth Granny Featherstone to herself. "Said they should be gone all day; but I wonder if they think that means till midnight! Here 'tis half past ten o'clock this blessed minute, an' nothin' to be seen or heerd o' them or their boat."

Granny Featherstone stood in the door of her cottage, straining her eyes out on the little bay. Then, for the twentieth time since sunset, she left her threshold and stepped down to the beach. She saw that the moon was rising now, and the view was clear for a long distance over the water. Perhaps this time she would get a glimpse of the boys. No. Not so much as a speck was to be seen anywhere on the level bay. The old lady stood gazing for several minutes, as if her eyes would call out of the deep the missing boat; but there was no sign. No sound of voices or dipping oars came to her ears — only the soft but deep monotone of the sea. The breeze felt chilly. She turned and went back to the cottage, muttering uneasily by the way, —

"Their mother oughtn't t' gone off, and left 'em here, anyway — an' I was a right down foolish old woman to conclude to take care o' the boys. She told me they was big enough to take care of themselves — an' bein' as one's fourteen, and t'other sixteen, I should think they might — but this don't look like it."

Granny Featherstone went in and sat down, but it was vain to try to compose herself. She listened to the vast increasig murmur of the waves, as they lapped the beach. The tide was coming in. The sound made her nervous now. She snuffed her candle and took up her knitting-work. But the stitches dropped, and her mind wandered. The whir of a grass cricket under the window made her start. Then it was the sudden note of a whippoorwill in the garden, or the distant cry of a loon; and still, ceaselessly moaning, the great voice of the sea. Granny Featherstone half expected to hear a scream of human distress borne in, over the waters, from somewhere; then her eyes grew heavy, and her head nodded. She was old, and watching was too much for her.

"La," she broke out at length, rousing herself, as though she had had a dream. "It's like as not Luke an' Richard was to Bart Dunmore's, an' concluded to wait till tide riz,

an' they could row home on it; they'll be comin' pretty soon. Mis' Bryant allus stood to't they could take care o' themselves, — an' bein' as one's fourteen an' t'other sixteen, I should think they might." And in a few minutes Granny Featherstone was sound asleep in her chair.

Two jollier young boatmen never went afloat than were Luke and Richard Bryant, when that morning they pulled their skiff down the little bay. Constant practice had made them familiar with the water, and expert to handle oars. Their mother, who was taking her summer rest from the city at this retired beach, allowed them to row every day in fine weather, and was pleased to see them growing hardy and fearless on the sea. She only required that they should never *use a sail* unless some experienced hand was *with* them; and as they had never disobeyed her, she trusted them out of her sight a good deal. Just now the boys were left by themselves for a few days, Mrs. Bryant, on her return to the city, having humored their wish to extend their vacation, and stay at their favorite sea-side resort a little longer. Mrs. Featherstone had promised to look well to their bodily comforts, and the mother knew the active, kind old lady, and knew her boys too thoroughly to feel any special apprehensions.

Luke and Richard had started in the morning for a more extended trip than usual, intending, in fact, to make a sort of exploring cruise along shore, and out among the bits of rocky islands in the offing; and accordingly they went well victualled for the day with bread and cold meat, and a tin pail full of milk. The sun shone pleasantly, the wind and water were quiet, and everything promised the young voyagers fair going and safe returning. Indeed, the charming weather, and the progress they made, inspired them, finally, to venture a good way out from shore among the little islands. These were projections of shoal and ledge, not quite forming a reef, even at low tide, but more like the "rips" and "keys" common off some parts of the southern coast. One of the projections had often attracted the boys' attention when they viewed the sea afar through a glass, and something peculiar in its shape excited their curiosity. It looked like a great dumb-bell, lying down half out of the water, the profile of it, seen from the main land, showing a high, abrupt bluff at each end, and a rolling valley in the centre. To this, which they very naturally christened "Dumb-bell Island," Luke and Richard now determined to make their way.

Two hours of tolerably steady rowing brought them to the place, which was certainly rough and romantic enough to answer all their expectations. Drawing up their boat, they hastily secured her, and then taking their provisions, and a hatchet which they had brought with them, they went some distance from the beach and sat down to rest. The air and exercise had so sharpened their appetites that they were quite willing to consider it dinner time, even without looking at the sun. They ate their luncheon accordingly, and then strolled off together to explore the island. It was a wild spot, but by no means unpleasant as a bit of scenery for visitors to look at and linger upon. Climbing one of the hills or bluffs, which rose rude and craggy towards the sea, but above was spread with beautiful moss and tufted with red cedar trees, the boys were able to overlook nearly the whole of their new play-ground. Altogether, there might have been a square mile of it, though it lay in an irregular, oblong form. The little valley between the high ends of the island was green with vegetation, some familiar and some strange, and in one part of it, not far from the foot of the bluff, the young explorers spied something that looked like the work of human hands. Hastening down, they made their way towards it, and soon saw before them, surrounded by grass and clumps of shrubbery, a deserted cabin. There was a stone chimney and fireplace in it, and this was about all of it that remained in order, for the cabin had apparently been tenantless several years.

"Aha, Crusoe is out just now," says Luke, inspired by the genius of the solitude. "I wonder he didn't tack his card on the door, saying when he would be back."

"It's likely he did, but it's so long ago the wind blew it away," quoth Richard, entering into the adventure quite as heartily as his brother.

Upon that, Luke began to scrape together the leaves and pieces of wood that lay about, and throw them into the fireplace.

"We'll see how his chimney draws, at any rate," said he; and he struck a match and soon made a roaring fire. Feeding this, and amusing themselves in various other ways about the old cabin, the two brothers occupied the time until the sinking sun admonished them that they ought to go. Promising themselves that they would certainly visit the island again, they started for the beach, making a circuit to pick up some "curiosities" on the way to carry to Granny Featherstone.

At length they reached the place where they

had landed; but instead of setting off at once, they stood still, looking pale and confounded. Their boat was gone! Neither of them said a word—neither knew what to say—till, after several minutes of anxious gazing, Richard pointed afar over the water and exclaimed,—

"There it is!"

"Where?" said Luke; and getting his eyes upon it, he stood silent again, trying to calculate its distance.

"It's as bad as the goat that jumped into the crater," he muttered presently. "Many a thing is lost, even if you know where it is."

The boys walked down the beach as far as they could, and back and forth along the edge of the water, feeling gloomy enough, but still looking towards the drifting boat. They blamed themselves bitterly for not tying it with more care, so that it would be safe when the forenoon tide came up; but blaming brought them no comfort now.

"We must try to get that!" exclaimed Luke, at length, looking desperate. "I believe I can swim to it!"

Richard made no reply, but watched his brother, to see if he really meant what he said. Luke began to throw off his clothes. He was an excellent swimmer. Both boys, indeed, took familiarly enough to the water now, for they had bathed and sported half the summer in the swell that rolled up the sloping sands near their boarding-place. Still, it was a bold undertaking to strike out for the runaway boat alone. The water was deep beyond the island, — fearfully deep.

Before Richard could make up his mind to remonstrate, Luke was in the sea, pushing his way towards the boat. Richard followed him with his eyes, anxiously. He was certain that he could not swim so far himself, and nobody knew *how* far it was to the boat; but he had great confidence in the skill and strength of his older brother. Perhaps Luke could reach the boat. He hoped he could. Indeed, he must *believe* so now, or else shout for him to come back.

The swimmer had hardly gone twenty rods from land before Richard *did* shout, in tones of terrible earnestness. Sweeping the sea with his eye, and trying to measure the probable time and distance of his brother's venture, he saw, a good way to the windward, something like the ripple of a sharp fin, cutting the water, and making directly towards Luke.

"Come back! Come back!" he called, throwing all the power of sudden fright into his voice. "Luke, Luke, swim back as quick as ever you can. There's a *shark*!"

Luke heard the horrible warning, and turned immediately to retrace his course to the island. Looking frequently over his shoulder, he soon was able to see with his own eyes the wake of the shark. Love of life nerved him to unnatural effort, and he shot through the water with prodigious speed. The race was doubtful; for though the fish was as yet farther from Luke than Luke from the island, it was coming towards him in a line that threatened to intercept his escape. Richard stood at the water's edge in an agony of suspense, and even waded quite a distance out, calling to his brother as encouragingly as he could. The young swimmer's strength held out nobly. His savage pursuer gained on him fast; but he was now so near shore as to feel hopeful, and the long leaps he made through the water would have astonished himself, if he had had time to think. Richard hastily gathered some round stones, as large as he could throw, intending to bombard the shark if it followed within range.

Again and again he cheered his brother on, till just as Luke's escape seemed certain, the terrible ripple of the monster's fin shot along the sea with a speed that for the moment took all hope away. Hardly knowing what he did, Richard flung a stone at the shark with all his might. It struck exactly before the creature's nose; and in a second more, Luke had caught hold of his brother's hand and leaped upon the island. Never before had the poor boy made so close and fearful a flight for life. Never had either of the brothers felt before such utter horror and fear as the experience of the last few minutes brought them. Both lay for some time exhausted on the ground, one overcome by fierce exertion, and the other by the mere reaction of his feelings.

"Your warning saved me, Rich," panted Luke at length.

"We've lost our boat, but we've got our lives," answered Richard.

"Thanks to God, and to you, that it's no worse!" said Luke.

"We've got to stay here, nobody knows how long; but that's better than to be dead without a chance," said Richard.

"O, we'll get off before a great while. Somebody'll be after us, and search every rock and island along shore," said Luke; and recovering his strength now a little, he began putting on his clothes. "That was an awfully narrow escape, though, Rich," he broke out again in a minute or two.

The grateful boy seemed unable, as yet, to think of anything but his escape from death.

Gradually a silence fell upon both the brothers. There was enough now to make them thoughtful. Their situation was not so bad as it might have been, but it was bad enough. They were "out of the world," and had no way to communicate with it. They were growing hungry again, and they had no provisions. It was sunset, and soon they would be unable to watch the sea for any chance of rescue. They lingered at the edge of the island while the light lasted, and then, without obtaining a glimpse of sail or any passing craft, they made their way slowly to the deserted cabin. Little had they thought they should need it to-night for a lodging-place. Pulling the long grass that grew about the door, they made themselves a bed, and stretched upon this, they slept the sleep of genuine fatigue, while far on the main land, in the cottage up the little bay, Granny Featherstone, tired with watching for them and worrying about them, slept in her arm-chair with her knitting-work in her lap, and her candle burning down.

The boys woke next morning in better spirits; but O, how hungry they were!

"What shall we do?" said Richard.

"What shall we do?" echoed Luke, laughing in spite of the doleful doubt there was in the question. "I know what we'll do," continued Luke, after a pause, during which both had kept up a lively thinking; "I saw little holes in the sand over on the south side there. We can dig clams."

That was enough. In another minute Luke and Richard were on their way to the clam-bank. They filled their hats with clams easily enough; but now came another difficulty. Where was the water to boil them in? In their explorations the day before they had not seen a drop of fresh water.

"There must be some, though, somewhere on the island," said Luke; and directly it was arranged that Richard should take the tin pail, and hunt for a spring, while Luke, who still felt a little the worse for his violent exertion of yesterday, remained to build a fire in the cabin. Richard went pretty much the whole round of the island without finding what he sought. He looked among the rocks, and across the grassy valley, and all along the beach, but everything seemed to be dry except the sea.

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!"

He was gone an hour and a half. At last he discovered a hollow in the rocks that held some rain-water, and filling his pail from this, he returned to the cabin, where he found Luke

making a comfortable breakfast of *roasted* clams. Richard joined him, and as there were enough roasted for both, they saved their water to drink, and to cook their dinner with.

"We must make some shovels with our hatchet," said Richard, "and dig a well, if we're going to stay here."

"And we must learn to rake up our fire and keep it," said Luke. "I haven't but two more matches."

During the day the brothers succeeded in finding, not only plenty of clams, but also shrimps and mussels, and a large lobster, which they caught at afternoon low tide, in a hollow under the cliff. They also gathered a quantity of a kind of tender plantain, which boiled easily, and made a palatable dish of greens; and besides, they picked about a quart of whortleberries. In fact, their minds became so taken up with the new desert life, that they almost forgot their anxiety during the day, and if they could have found a nice spring of water, it is probable that the romance of this wild existence would have reconciled the young adventurers to stay upon Dumb-bell Island for a week or more. Fresh water they must have; and all their efforts at well-digging proved fruitless. The supply of rain-water in the hole of the rock held out remarkably, but it would in no very long time be gone! The boys played *Crusoe* to their hearts' content, but still kept one eye out upon the sea towards the main coast, feeling quite willing at any hour to see a boat coming for them. Thus they spent two days and two nights on the island, living upon clams, lobster, shrimps, mussels, berries, and greens, — and greens, berries, mussels, shrimps, lobster, and clams, — until deliverance came.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Granny Featherstone woke in her chair with a start, and tried to collect her thoughts.

"Mercy on us! here 'tis most day, an' them boys not come yet! Their mother'd have agur-fits if she knew it!" she exclaimed. And then she got up and lit another candle, to make sure that her young boarders had not come home and entered the house while she was asleep. She was so much worried about them that she did not go to bed, but kept up a dozing watch till broad daylight, muttering her anxieties. The kind old soul was fearless for herself, and accustomed to living alone; but her cares for other people often made her borrow as much trouble as any nervous mother of a large family. She tried to think that Luke and Richard had concluded to stay

at Bart Dunmore's; but as the day wore on and they did not return, she set off to the nearest neighbor's to find a messenger who would carry word to Dunmore's that the boys were lost, and if possible procure men to search for them. Having thus done all she could, she looked in vain for them until evening, and then passed another rather restless night.

Next morning, when her meat-man came along from the village three miles below, she learned that a boat with oars in it had been found, grounded at low water on "*Albro's Spit*." A description of it convinced her that it was the same boat that had carried out Luke and Richard.

"O, dear me! dear me!" exclaimed the old lady, lifting up her hands in real distress. "That's it, then! Their mother must be telegraphed: poor woman, it'll break her heart!"

And when the meat-man went away, it was with the understanding that he should send a despatch to Mrs. Bryant as soon as he arrived at the village. Granny Featherstone grieved much, both in her own sorrow at the boys' fate, which the empty boat seemed to make certain, and in sympathy with the absent mother, under the shock that must soon reach her, — "The boys are lost! Come." And then, indeed, the iron would enter the widow's soul.

Early on the third day of their island life, Luke and Richard Bryant hailed a party of fishermen, and were taken off in their boat. And you may be sure the sight of them, two or three hours later, coming up the bay towards the cottage, put good Granny Featherstone into a great fluster of happy surprise. She cried, and laughed, and scolded, and asked questions; and it was a good while before she could hear the boys' story, or realize what had happened.

"Why, how could you think we were drowned, Granny," said Luke, "when the boat was found with the oars in it, all regular, and the pail, and the luncheon, and the hatchet gone? Surely that looked as if we had landed somewhere."

It was well that the meat-man had taken the same view of the matter, after thinking it over that morning, and concluded not to send the telegram, which would have distressed Mrs. Bryant so much.

The boys recovered their boat, and made other visits to Dumb-bell Island, after their unlucky adventure there.

"We wouldn't care to *live* there, though," said Richard to Granny Featherstone, "unless we could carry over your well with us."



THE CITY OF THE SEA.



TAKING THE BOOK, HE HELD IT UP TO THE SOLITARY CANDLE. Page 535.

THE GREAT BONANZA.

THE RUNAWAYS' FORTUNES IN NEVADA.

BY CHARLES W. HALL.

IT was nine o'clock, and the bell of the Riverport Academy had summoned its motley throng of boys and girls from their favorite play-ground, the sandy knoll in front. Mr. Stone, the principal, seated himself at his desk on the high platform and struck his little bell sharply: instantly the girls ceased their smiles, their flirting of gay head-ribbons and glossy curls, and the furtive whispers, which sought to finish the communication interrupted by the school-bell; the boys braced themselves sharply back in their seats, folded their arms, and were silent.

"Boys, answer to your names," said the principal, as the lady assistant opened the register, and in clear, distinct tones read off the surnames of the boy scholars.

"Appleton, Ames, Amory, Bearse, Barry, Boyd — Boyd? —"

The first five names had been promptly answered by the monosyllable "Here;" but as the principal heard the sixth name repeated,

without an answer, he frowned angrily, and made a gesture; the reader understood, and all was silence.

"How long has Edward Boyd been absent, Miss Nye?"

"This is the third half day, sir," answered the lady.

"Is your cousin sick, Amory?"

The question was asked of a tall, pale lad, the son of the guardian of the absent scholar, — for Edward Boyd was an orphan, the only son of a sea captain, who had amassed much wealth only to die, leaving his motherless boy to the guardianship of Squire Amory — a grasping and unamiable man. It was well known among the villagers that the dead father's wealth had been unable to secure either comfort or a happy home for his child among his envious relations.

"He started for school yesterday morning with Sam Nevins, and hasn't been home since, sir," said Stephen Amory, with a slight sneer. "Father thinks he has gone to see his grandfather at Concord."

At that moment came a sharp knock at the outer door: the monitor answered the summons, and soon returned, followed by one of the constables of the town, who spoke a few words to the master in a grave tone. Mr.

sais hee will doo his best, till yu kum. Hee lays att Number 123 east 34 Street. Kum rite away yurs Samuel Nevins."

The paper almost dropped from my hands, as I realized the cruelty and deceit of the man whose life I had just helped to lengthen. The fisherman's story was not without its bearing, then; and folding the paper, I placed it in my medicine case for future use, should time bring round a day of reckoning. On following the patient to his chamber, I found him much more comfortable; and making an appointment for a visit the following day, I returned home.

The next morning I found the old man sitting up in an easy-chair, and tried to draw from him the cause of his indisposition. I questioned him about his diet, inquired into his occupation of late, told him I "knew that undue use of ardent spirits could not be the cause of it," and finally gave him the advice so often given to those similarly attacked, and so often neglected, or given too late, when it is impossible for the patient to follow it.

"You must accept this first and slight attack as a warning; the next may be fatal; but the third is a summons from which there can be no appeal. Medicine can do but little to aid you. A light diet, very moderate exercise, avoidance of extreme heat and impure air, and the enjoyment of what the apostle styles 'a mind void of offence toward God and man,' will keep the life-torrent in its wonted channels, and prevent the suffusion of the brain."

"Can you not give my son or wife directions that they can follow, previous to your arrival, in case of another attack?"

"Certainly, although the chance of their materially aiding you is very remote indeed."

The word "chance" seemed to excite him a little. "If you had had my experience, doctor, you would not speak slightly of chances. I have known men on the brink of ruin, who had but one remote chance in their favor. They took it and are rich men to-day."

I longed to tell him that I knew of the chance that had given me the clew to the fate of his lost nephew, so cruelly left to die in some obscure boarding-house of the distant city; but I saw the flush upon his face, and paused. I was a physician, and knew my duty.

"You are getting excited, Squire Amory. The discussion would be interesting, no doubt, but you must rest until you are stronger."

The gray eyes lost their keen, triumphant glance, and the successful plotter was lost in the enfeebled and apprehensive invalid.

"You think that any unexpected and exciting emotion would be dangerous — do you, doctor?"

"I should fear the worst," said I, gravely, "although the third attack is generally the fatal visitation. In your state of health, your life should be attended by the love of those around you, and that calm hope of a better and higher life which secures the soul from the vexations and disappointments of this stage of existence."

"I think I may claim such a hope, doctor, notwithstanding the slanders and backbiting of some who are but a hinderance and a scandal to the church in which I have been a member for thirty years."

The color was rising again in his flushed cheeks, and raising an admonitory finger, I bowed and took my leave.

Two years after that, a great surprise electrified Riverport, and set all the lovers of gossip in a perfect fever of excitement. Mrs. Nevins, at the close of a day of unusually hard labor, was returning homeward, worn out in body and mind, when suddenly, as she turned into the narrow lane that led from the main street to the door of her cottage, a man heavily bearded, but young and well dressed, accosted her, and asked her name.

"Now don't be afeard, marm, for if I am a rough customer, I've come this time on a welcum arind to you; thet is, ef you're the widdier Nevins."

"That is what I've been called ever since Joshua — that's my husband as was — was lost in the Arethusy."

"Wal, my arind's soon done, if you can answer a few questions. You had a son Sam once, I b'lieve."

"Yes, he was drowned long of —"

"Ned Boyd, I s'p'ose you was about ter say. Say now, marm, I've heerd that story afore, an' know about the boat, an' the clo'es. Now, was there anything in the pockets?"

"Nothin' but a little Test'ment his teacher gin him at Sunday school, an' thet hed —"

"Exactly, marm, es you say, I s'p'ose; but could you let me see the Testymment, — that is, ef you've no objection ter my goin' down ter the house with you."

A negative could scarcely be given, and the stranger entered the house, whose dilapidated walls and poorly furnished interior evidently caused him much surprise, as evinced by a low, but long-continued whistle. He, however,

made no remark, but taking the book, held it up to the solitary candle for a moment, and then from under his ample cloak took a stout and heavy bag.

"I'm satisfied, marm, that you're all right, and you'll be able after this, I reckon, to stay at hum an' take things easier. Ef I don't tell you all I might, it's because I hes strict orders, an' I allus keep my word. Look at the fly-leaf of the Testymment, an' you'll un'erstand."

So saying, he left his burden on the supper table, and strode up the lane, while his listener, motionless with the struggling of conflicting emotions, could only watch his retreating figure, and wonder what new trial Heaven had in store for her.

At last she mechanically opened the book, long kept in memory of the boy, whose loss had been one of the heaviest of the many attacks of adverse fortune. The book had been left in a mutilated condition, for a bright gilded prize-card, one of her few simple gifts to her wayward boy, had been torn from the fly-leaf on which it had been pasted. The missing portion had been restored by the stranger: the little card, strangely faded, blurred, and creased, still bore the almost illegible legend, "For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

The children had already opened the bag and poured its little store of broad gold eagles on the rickety table; but even the consciousness of release from menial labor and ceaseless care could not turn the mother's heart from its yearnings after her lost darling. Taking her worn cloak and bonnet, she went out into the darkness, and sought everywhere through the little village; but no one save the landlord of the tavern knew anything of the stranger, whose horse had been fed while his master took his supper, and then rode off, without exchanging more words than were needed to explain his wishes, and settle the bill.

That same evening, however, I was again summoned to attend Squire Amory, who had once more been attacked by apoplexy. I lost no time in applying the proper remedies, and was again successful in restoring him to consciousness. As we carried him to his room, his eyes met mine, and before I left, he feebly enunciated the words, "Come to-morrow." I nodded acquiescence, and returned to my office, to think over my duty in this perplexing case. It was late at night when I slept, but I felt satisfied as to what steps to take, and my decision was final.

On this occasion I found "the squire" much

enfeebled, and greatly depressed. He was still too weak to sit up, and as I entered, Stephen, his eldest son, stood by the foot of the couch, leaning against the heavy rosewood post, with a half-threatening, half-sullen look on his pale, delicately-chiselled features. Tears were in the old man's eyes, and it was at once apparent to me that some topic of exciting interest had been considered, previous to my coming.

I greeted my old schoolmate, but received no answer save a sullen "Good evening," saying which, the young man left the room.

"I am glad to find you better this morning, Mr. Amory, but I was in hopes that you would have escaped a second attack altogether."

"Yes, doctor, and so did I; but I have had too much trouble, and a great deal of busi-



ness, and last night a man called upon me, and his visit upset me altogether."

"Why, Mr. Amory! I thought you a braver man than that. Did he offer any violence?"

The sick man regained something of the old, stern, grave dignity which had so often awed me in boyhood, and I almost felt as in the years gone by, when his searching eye had made an entire class of unruly boys tremble at the discovery of our raid on orchards and melon patches, or some petty act of insubordination, which had necessitated the interposition of "the committee."

"Can I trust you, doctor, implicitly, in a matter of the greatest importance?" he said, with a glance which was strangely compounded of trained sagacity and imploring helplessness.

"I came here this morning, Mr. Amory, with my mind fully made up on one point; that is, to tell you that, in my poor opinion, the cause of your malady is one that I cannot reach with medicine or cure by regimen. If you have a mental anxiety which you wish to communicate, I will keep it as sacredly as the traditions of our profession demand, and I will do all that I can to aid you in anything in which I can be of any assistance to do away with the cause of your disease."

"I will tell you then," said the sick man, tremblingly. "I have lost all my property."

"What!" said I, in amazement; "lost all your property? You, the president of the Riverport Bank, and the largest stockholder? The holder of so much real estate, and —"

"It is as I say, doctor. Last year I was a rich man, and might have been still, if I had been contented to amass wealth in the old, safe way; but I dabbled in silver mining stocks, and a day or two ago an important lawsuit was decided against our company, and its stock fell from one hundred dollars to fifty-five dollars per share. I held three thousand shares, and I lost almost all that I was worth."

"But you were worth nearly two hundred thousand dollars, according to the general estimate, Mr. Amory; and that leaves you seventy-five thousand dollars, even if your stocks should continue at their present low figure."

"I thought so, too; but last night — There, doctor, I can't tell it. Take that paper and read for yourself."

He handed me an envelope, bearing the well-known imprint of a legal firm of New York. The letter enclosed made a courteous demand "for an account of the estate of Edward Boyd, now resident in Virginia City, Nevada, to whom you were appointed guardian in 1858."

I felt that it would be both cruel and useless to feign surprise, and wonder at such a claim from one long deemed among the dead, and therefore took the straight road to an understanding.

"I have for some time had my doubts that your lost nephew was really dead; and so this demand is not such a surprise to me as it would be to our fellow-townsmen. Will the claim ruin you, if enforced?"

"Wholly. The estate, with accumulated interest, amounts to over one hundred thousand dollars! The messenger who brought this — a rough miner, apparently — said that he would come for an answer to-night. 'I

would advise ye,' said he, 'to pay more 'ten-tion ter *this* letter than ye did ter the one the sick boy wrote ter ye frum New York.'"

Amory's feelings had evidently led him farther than he had intended to go in his communications to me, for he caught his breath, as if choking, and peered at me uneasily from under his long white lashes.

"I knew of that letter two years ago, Mr. Amory, and therefore you need not hesitate. What else did he say?"

"I don't know how you came to know so much about my affairs, doctor; but the rest of the story is short. 'The boys hev struck it rich,' said the stranger, 'an' they've sworn ter hev the last cent you owe Ned. I reckon *they* knew how Ophir stock was like to pay, when they got Overbury to rope in the president of the Riverport Bank. Good night, stranger. I'll take your answer to-morrow night.' Now, doctor, you see my position. My fault has been punished with the loss of the work of a lifetime, and my unkindness brought forth its harvest of revenge. What shall I do?"

"There is only one way to do, and that is, to make the most complete reparation possible. Give up everything, confess your fault, and seek a reconciliation."

The door opened sharply, and Stephen Amory entered. His eyes blazed with rage and scorn as he rushed to his father's bedside.

"Are you mad, father," said he, "to listen to such cowardly advice? Will you make yourself the byword of Riverport, and beggar Laura and myself? What do you know of this stranger? or who can tell but what this is some trumped-up claim, preferred by an impostor?"

"Stephen," said the old man, "be silent. Call in your mother and sister at once."

The young man hesitated.

"If you wish them to see him again in life, obey him," I whispered, for I feared the worst, as I saw the increased color of the invalid.

In a few moments the ladies entered the room. The squire motioned them to his bedside.

"I once did a very wicked and cruel thing," said he, "and the God of the fatherless has visited me in displeasure. Your nephew and cousin Edward is not dead, and as I, in my avarice, neglected his appeal when sick in New York, he has sought my ruin. Heavy losses of late have left me with nothing but the estate of his dead father, and now he sends to demand it. Stephen wishes me to stand a

suit at law. I am tired of strife, and weary of unjust gain. What shall I do, wife? What say you, Laura?"

Mrs. Amory was not a lovable woman; but duty, with her, was an iron code, not to be set aside for love or fear.

"If you feel that it is your duty to give up all, surrender the last cent, and the very roof above us."

"And you, Laura, what say you, child?" said the squire, eagerly.

Laura's eyes were full of tears, and her cheeks were as pale as death, but she kept back all other signs of emotion as she answered, —

"We shall not be poor, father, as long as we possess the love of God and the affection of each other."

The old man's face lost its threatening glow, and a look of calm contrition softened his harsh features. The dying sun cast his declining rays into the chamber, and the invalid saw that night was near at hand.

"You have chosen well, I feel assured. The messenger who is to take my answer will soon be here, and shall be admitted to receive the message in your presence."

At that moment, a quick, sharp knock sounded at the door, and the servant was instructed to show the stranger into the sick room. His heavy tramp up the broad stairs sounded menacing, and I met him outside the door.

"Mr. Amory has had an apoplectic attack, and the next will probably be fatal," said I. "He will give you his answer inside. Please to be as gentle as you can, and do not excite him."

In the twilight of the corridor I could not distinguish the expression of my companion's face, but I fancied that his voice faltered as he answered, —

"Never fear, stranger. I hes my orders; but I never strike a man when he's down."

"Come in, then," said I; and we entered.

"I hev come fur your answer," said the stranger, advancing as noiselessly as his heavy boots would admit, and stopping about midway between the door and the couch.

The squire turned himself towards the figure, with something of his old pride.

"Had I been left to myself, I should have told you to do your worst; but" (here his voice softened), "the hand of God has been laid upon me, and I have repented of my sin. It is hardly likely that I shall ever live to see Edward Boyd again, even if he were willing to forgive my unkindness, and the cruel silence with which I regarded his appeal to my pro-

tection; therefore I must trust my message to you. Will you carry it truly?"

"Thet is what I'm here for, squire. I hev no other arind, and Ned Boyd shell hear it to the last identical word."

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I resign willingly to Edward Boyd all his estate, leaving to him to decide whether or not my heirs shall receive the sum due me as guardian, since he attained his majority. Carry to him my acknowledgment of my sin, and tell him that a dying man asks his forgiveness."

"And tell him," broke in the sweet voice of Miss Amory, "that his cousin Laura begs him, for the sake of the old days when they were children together, that he will forget the past, and be satisfied with regaining his property. Don't advise him to hate my poor father, for he has done all that he could."

The rough voice faltered visibly, and the herculean form seemed less erect and triumphant, as the last words were spoken.

"Ned Boyd didn't expect this change in the old man; and I reckon he won't be overpleased when he finds thet he's taken the last ore in the lead, and come plum agin the casin'. God bless you, miss; keep up your spirits, an' hope for the best. Good night, gentlemen;" and the messenger's heavy tread died away through the hall; then the door closed behind him, and his horse's hoof struck the sparks from the flinty road as the rough rider dashed away at headlong speed.

Three days later, the mail brought to Mr. Amory another enclosure from the New York firm. It was a deed of gift "of the personal estate of Edward Boyd, as inherited from his late father." The enjoyment of the interest was deeded "to Hiram Amory, executor under the will;" but after his death, the principal went to "my beloved cousin, Laura Amory."

Another letter from Edward Boyd conveyed a full assurance of his forgiveness, and gave such a schedule of the fortune he had amassed, that the princely gift he had made seemed no such sacrifice, after all.

"I shall visit Riverport to-morrow," he continued, "and if you choose to meet me at the depot, I shall be happy to end all unpleasantness in a family reunion before I return to Nevada."

The tears of joy and gratitude which the reading of that letter occasioned I had the pleasure of witnessing; and when the noon train arrived at Riverport, the family carriage bore the squire, well supported with cushions,

to the depot. A tall, well-dressed, keen-eyed man stepped forward to the carriage.

"Is this Edward Boyd?" asked the old man, tremblingly.

The bright eyes grew suspiciously moist as the wanderer sprang into the barouche and grasped his uncle's hand; and an hour later all Riverport knew that Ned Boyd and Sam Nevins had come back from the mines as rich as Cræsus!

The next fortnight was a time long to be remembered in the Amory homestead; and among the pleasures of that season of rejoicing, the recital of the adventures of the truant lads was not the least. The broad piazza, twined with climbing roses and woodbine, was the auditorium, and the warm summer evenings the time devoted to the relation. Sam Nevins, now a wealthy, self-poised stock operator, was always one of the listeners, and the squire seemed to grow young again, as the sad memories of the past were forgotten in the peaceful happiness of the hour.

As far as memory serves me, the following is a synopsis of a long recital taking up several evenings. In connection with recent developments of the vast mineral wealth of that region, it is not without interest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EASTCHEAP AND CHEAPSIDE.

ONE of the most graceful of Irving's sketches is devoted to what he calls A Shakespearian Research—an endeavor to find the site of the old Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap. To be sure, the search was not greatly successful, for the building had disappeared, and there was no representation of it to be found. A boar's head, carved in stone, set into the wall on the site, is the only memento of the hostelry. This tavern has a signal place in English literature, and is frequently referred to before the time of Shakespeare. It is believed to be the scene—or near to the scene—of the alehouse carousal that makes so vivid a picture in *Piers Plowman*. It is, however, from having been the haunt of Falstaff and his companions that the Boar's Head is best known to the world. As we read the gentle Irving's delight over the old "iron tobacco-box" and the "parcel gilt goblet," we wish we could have shared the pleasure with him; but we cannot help wondering that his scholarly instinct had not led his mind back to the time when the tavern was built, to point out the significance of the name of Eastcheap.

The location of the street—eastward from the elevation on which St. Paul's stands, and north-east from the principal business streets of the old city—would account for the adjective of place; the *East* cheap. Certainly it was *east*, but what was a "Cheap"?

It is known that in the space north of Eastcheap there was anciently a large market. There was another, situated somewhat to the west, as "Cheapside," the name of the street that skirted it, testifies. These were the principal market-places of the old city, north of the Thames. These were constantly open to supply the wants of citizens; but on certain festival days, when they were frequented in large numbers, the gatherings were called *fairs*. Cattle, horses, sheep, and swine, as well as grain, fruits, and provisions of all kinds, were brought in from the country for sale. The quantity of coin in circulation was small, and transactions were commonly effected by barter. Every trade was represented. "Baxteres [bakers] and brewsteres [brewers] and bocheres [butchers] manye, wollewebsteres [wool weavers] and weaues [weavers] of lynnene, tailowrs and tynkeres, and tolleres in markets [collectors of tolls]. Cokes [cooks] and here knaues [their servants] crieden [called out] 'hote pies, hote! Gode gris [pigs] and gees, gowe dyne, gowe!' Tauerners [innkeepers] until him [unto them] tolde the same, 'White wyn of Oseye [Alsace] and red wyn of Gascoigne. Of the Ryne and of the Rochel, the roste to defye.'" [the roast meat to digest.]—(*Piers Plowman. The Prologue.*)

There were minstrels, mountebanks, and jugglers, keepers of tame bears, peddlers with packs, and all the confusion imaginable.

Over against this turmoil of business and merry-making stood the Boar's Head Inn. Its name had a significance in those times. Though hog's head and boiled jowl are now abandoned to the laboring classes, and are esteemed chiefly by negroes, the boar's head was once the dish of honor, placed with ceremony at the head of the table, before princes and dignitaries. It was the *chef-d'œuvre* of the host, and its image served properly as a sign of good cheer.

It will be seen that "cheap" meant a market. It was often written "chepeing," as in *Piers Plowman, Passus VI.*

"By that it neighed nere heruest [grew near to harvest] newe corne cam to chepying."

Chaucer says of the host of the Tabard Inn, —

"A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe."

Numerous other references show that the

place was the usual resort of Londoners both for business and friendly intercourse.

At this day "cheap" stands by an ellipsis for "good cheap." The good has been dropped, but its use was once essential; e. g.,—

"The same wine we pay so dear for nowadays, in that good world was very good cheap."
—(Quoted by Dr. Johnson from Sidney.)

"Cheap," standing for the obsolete "good cheap," means a good bargain. Formerly the counterpart was also in good use, as "bad cheap," a dear bargain. "Cheap" refers to the price as it rules in the market. An English lady going out shopping will tell you she is going to Regent Street to *cheapen* silks. She does not mean that she is intending to beat down the shopkeepers' prices, but to ascertain them.

"To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to *cheapen* goods, but nothing buy."

Swift.

Chaucer, in the *Wife of Bath's Tale*, says of a woman anxious for marriage,—

"Till she may finden som man hire [her] to *chepe*;" that is, "till she may find some man ready to bargain for her."

So in Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, Benedick says,—

"Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none;
Virtuous, or I'll never *cheapen* her."

The habit of buyers to depreciate values in order to get articles at low prices gradually gave a shade of meaning foreign to the original sense of the word.

But long before "cheap" meant a market, it signified the goods sold at a market; and as in the earliest times cattle were the chief possessions of men, and were, in some sort, measures of value in exchanging goods, we find that the original idea of "cheap" was the live stock of the farmer. The Anglo-Saxon word is *ceap*,—the *c* having the force of *k* or perhaps of the guttural *ch*. The descent is natural. First we have *keap* or *cheap*, meaning cattle: then a market or fair for cattle; then a market in general; then the ruling price of goods in a market. In time "good cheap" (afterwards shortened to "cheap") came to mean a good bargain. And lastly, by the natural tendency of trade, it has come to signify an under-value, or something near it. Hence, by analogy, we hear of "*cheap* sentiment," "*cheap* patriotism," "*cheap* learning," and the like.

The frequenters of the *cheapings*, such as peddlers and other itinerants, came to be known as "cheap-men," or "cheap-jacks." The latter class still flourishes in England, as

readers of Dickens's exquisite story of *Dr. Marigold* remember. Burns refers to the former in the first line of *Tam O'Shanter*,—

"When *chapman* billies leave the street."

"Chapman" has undergone further ignominy of curtailment, as in the address of the exhibitor of a "show" at a rustic fair, which began,—

"Gentry, *chaps*, and cairters!"

Below "*chaps*" there is no lower deep.

NEVER SAY DIE.

BY C. F. O.

WHAT if you *have* fallen down in the road;
In the mud are you always to lie?
Your wounds will all heal, and your stains wash away:

Get up! Wipe the tears from your eye.

Get up, and never, never say, Die;

Never, never, never say, Die.

What if you *have*, in the battle of life,
Been forced from the conflict to fly;
Must you hide like a caitiff and coward? O,
no!

Speed back at the rallying cry;

Fight on, and never say, Die;

Never, never, never say, Die.

What if you *have* lost your place or your pelf;
Must you give up, and never more try?
Wrest victory back from the hands of defeat;
Don't stay down and whimper and sigh.
Work on, and never say, Die;
Never, never, never say, Die.

What if you *have* a high mountain to climb;
At its foot must you grovelling lie?
What if you *have* a deep torrent to ford;
Will you wait till its waters run dry?
Rouse up, and never say, Die;
Never, never, never say, Die.

What if there *are* a few clouds overhead;
Must you tremble and skulk as they fly?
Their rain-drops will ripen the harvest of life,
That without them would wither and dry.
Cheer up, and never say, Die;
Never, never, never say, Die.

What if by malice and falsehood assailed;
Face all with a resolute eye.
They that are for you are more, and shall force
The foul hosts of darkness to fly.
Brave heart, then never say, Die;
Never, never, never say, Die.

BULBS FOR SUMMER FLOWERING.

BY AUNT CARRIE.

IF our readers would invest yearly a small sum of money in the purchase of bulbs, we feel confident they would never regret it. We are convinced by years of experience that there are no flowers more gorgeous and beautiful, or that require less care, and that repay us better; for they increase steadily from year to year.

The Japan lily. This magnificent flower is a bouquet in itself.

We are indebted to the enterprising and scientific traveller, Dr. Liebold, for the introduction of the lilies from Japan to our gardens. We mention these lilies first, for the reason they are entitled in *every way* to the first notice from their ease of culture and unrivalled beauty. They grow readily in any good soil, but will bloom more freely in a rich, loamy soil, mixed with sandy peat; this is their native soil. They require much moisture when in flower, and if the season is very hot and dry, will bloom much longer if mulched with moist manure. These lilies are hardy, and bloom earlier by fall planting. If planted in the spring, the earlier they are started the better, even by the middle of April. They do not require to be planted as deep as other bulbs; an inch below the surface is sufficient. Plant these bulbs where they can remain in the ground from year to year. Once in three years it is best to take them up and replant them, separating the bulbs. Of these lilies the finest varieties are, *Lilium Aureatum*, very large; each leaf, besides the spots, has a gold-colored band through the centre, and has a delicious fragrance.

Lilium lancifolium album, white.

Lilium lancifolium rubrum, white and red, spotted.

Lilium lancifolium roseum, spotted with rose color.

Lilium fortunatum, deep scarlet color spotted with black.

Lilium longiflorum, snow white, trumpet-shaped flowers, very fragrant. This lily blooms earlier than the others, and is very different in its form. We saw last summer a mound about three feet in diameter, entirely covered with this pure white lily; there were over one hundred blossoms fully open. All these came from a few bulbs planted but a few years past. Of course the bulbs had been divided and re-

set. Any of the Japan lilies can now be purchased for from twenty to fifty cents per bulb.

The summer bulbs, *Gladiolus*, *Amaryllis*, *Tuberoses*, *Tritonia*, and *Dahlias*, require to be taken up in the fall, carefully dried and packed in dry sand, and kept until spring in a dry, frost-proof cellar.

The *Gladiolus* is so called from its sword-shaped leaves; it was a native of Africa. It has been increased by hybridization into innumerable varieties. These bulbs should be planted in a sandy loam, and enriched only with light manures, like leaf mould; plant in May; set singly, or in groups of three or five, about two or three inches deep: as they grow up they should be tied to small stakes about a yard long. Good varieties can be purchased for one dollar and fifty cents per dozen.

Amaryllis: there are three desirable varieties.

Formosissima, dwarf-growing plant with two flowers usually to a bulb, of rich crimson and violet hue.

Atamasco, white and pink.

Vallota purpurea superba. This is the finest variety; it has from six to eight scarlet lily-shaped flowers: this bulb cannot be packed away like other bulbs, as the leaves do not die; it must be potted in the fall, and kept dry in that way until spring.

Tuberoses. I prefer to purchase these bulbs ready started in a green-house, or else they should be started in March for summer blooming. Their perfume is almost too strong in a bouquet, but delicious in a garden. Each bulb only blossoms once, but new bulbs form round the parent bulb.

The *Tritonia* is a showy flower, bright orange color, and grows from four to five feet high. They require but little care in summer.

The *Dahlia* is an old friend. It came from Mexico. Baron Humboldt discovered it, and sent some seed to the professor of botany at Madrid. The original flower was small. The first double *Dahlia* was sent from Stuttgart to Mons. Von Otto, at Berlin, 1809. Now, the varieties are counted by the hundreds. If so much has been done, what may we not expect?

The *Liliputian* or *Pomponé Dahlias* are lovely for bouquets and vases. They grow from eighteen inches to two feet high, and are free bloomers. The flowers are propagated by seeds, division of the tubers, and by cuttings. Only florists can raise them by cuttings. All bulbs that are called hardy require a light covering in winter of straw or manure.

WATCHING A DEER-LICK.

BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

"I SAY, Sam, don't you want some fun to-night?" asked Will Spencer, coming up to the back stoop, where Sam Norton was industriously carving a savage-looking butcher-knife out of a shingle.

"Of course I do," said Sam, looking up, with much surprise that Will should ask him such a question. "What's up?"

"Uncle George and Joe Barton are going over to East Mountain, to watch a deer-lick—"

"Whew!" whistled Sam, jumping up. "And can we go?"

"I was just going to tell you," said Will. "I asked uncle George if we might go, and what do you think he said?"

"I'll bet he said yes," said Sam. "It would be just like him; he knows what boys like."

"Exactly what he said, and told us to come right along."

Sam soon gained his parents' permission to join the hunt, and eagerly made his arrangements for the evening.

"Take this heavy overcoat and a blanket," said Sam's mother. "You'll be out in the damp air all night, and will need it. And here's a lunch I've put up for you."

"Mother, you're better than mince pie, and that's awful good," said Sam, as he examined the lunch. "I guess I'll take my jack-knife along; I may need it to help skin the deer."

Sam's father laughed at the jack-knife, and reaching above the fireplace, he took down a large hunting clasp-knife.

"There," said he, handing it to Sam, "there's a knife which has felt deer's flesh; yes, and bear's too." And then, turning to Mrs. Norton, he added, half apologetically, "The boy wants to carry something, or he would not feel himself to be a hunter; and I'll risk his hurting himself."

The boys found the two hunters, whom they were to accompany, on the bank of a stream, which ran near to what was known as East Mountain. This was a large hill, thickly covered with trees and rocks, and famed for its deer-licks. The deer-licks are merely surface-springs, which contain a solution of salt, and it is for the purpose of getting a taste of this that the deer frequent them. These springs are often the scene of terrific fights between the bucks which chance to meet here. So fierce are these fights at times, that the horns of the combatants become locked together, and fastened thus, they miserably perish. The

skeletons of deer thus fastened together are often found by hunters. It is beside these deer-licks that the hunter lies in wait at night (the only time the deer visit them) for his game.

"Come, youngsters," said uncle George, as the young men came up to them, "there's a long night before you, and a hunter must never lose time on a hunt."

"Tumble in, boys," said Joe Barton, as he pulled a skiff in towards shore, and motioned the boys to take their places.

The boys seated themselves in the stern of the boat, among the blankets and guns of the party, and then the boat pushed off.

The party consisted of George Spencer, Will's uncle; Joe Barton, who was well known in that country as an old hunter; and the two boys, with whom our readers are already pretty well acquainted. The party was well provided with blankets and provisions, and in the bow of the boat was some pitch pine, known among the hunters as "fat pine," to furnish light should occasion require.

It was dark when the party set out. The boys sat crouched in the stern of the boat, hardly speaking above a whisper, so filled were they with the wild romance of the ride. The stream flowed through thick woods, and the plunge of the muskrats and the snorts of deer, as they scented their enemies, were distinctly heard.

Joe Barton had hunted on this stream for a number of years, and he beguiled the way with tales of his hunting days. At this point he had shot a deer, here he had lain in ambush for bear, and over there he had seen a painter, as the panther is called among the hunters.

Two hours' steady pulling brought them to the foot of the mountain, and the place of debarkation. The boat was pulled on shore and unloaded. The luggage was separated into four parts, and each of the party took his share of the load. Led by Barton, and with George bringing up the rear, the party proceeded in Indian file towards the lick, which was two miles away, on the ridge of the hill. It was too dark to distinguish objects in the woods. The boys were constantly on the lookout for a bear or some other strange thing; and once, when a wildcat set up its piercing yell close beside them, Sam, in his fright at the unexpected noise, forgot his knife, and tumbled headlong over a log in his haste to get closer to Barton.

The lick was reached about eleven o'clock, and arrangements were immediately made to

pass the night. To the leeward of the lick, some logs were rolled near together, leaving space between them for two men to lie down, and these were covered with bushes. Two of these ambuscades were built, a few feet apart. The blankets were spread inside of these, and the boys told to lie down in them. Joe Barton then lighted a piece of fat pine and examined the lick.

"Here is where the deer come in," said he. "Fix your guns so that they may aim directly for the light, George," and Joe held his torch in one position.

George had prepared some crotched sticks in the mean time, and these he stuck in the ground, two before each ambuscade. Then laying the guns across the sticks, he sighted for the light, and arranged them in proper position. The hunters now lay down in their ambushes, and waited for their game.

For a long time nothing could be heard but the never-failing noises of the woods, and the boys began to feel sleepy. Sam, who was with Joe Barton, had just fallen asleep, when a sudden snort behind him awoke him with a start, and he asked, nervously, what the noise was.

"Only a deer, which has come up to leeward and scented us. We will soon see the fellow in front, if he isn't scared."

"Joe!" whispered George.

"What is it?" said Joe.

"There's something in the lick. I can't make out exactly what, but it isn't a deer."

A loud sniff was now heard directly in front of them.

"Fire, George. It is a bear!" whispered Joe.

The crack of the gun was immediately heard, and as the flash lighted up the scene for a moment, Sam saw a large bear standing in the centre of the lick, its head raised as if listening to its enemies. As the flash showed the position of the bear, Joe fired, and as the reports died away, a scrambling and rushing noise was heard in the bushes.

"He's got away," said Joe.

"But I think you hit him," said George, "and we'll follow him up in the morning."

"This will scare the deer for a short time," said Joe, "but they'll be around soon."

An hour or two followed without a disturbance. The moon was nearly down in the west, and shone directly in the faces of the hunters. Sam was very tired, and asked Joe if he thought the deer would come that night.

"Hist!" said Joe. "Here's one of the critters now. Look there."

Sam looked out, and saw, showing plainly

against the setting moon, the horns and head of a deer.

"George!" whispered Barton.

"All ready," said George.

The deer started at the whisper, and gave two quick blows with its foot on the ground.

"Fire!" said Joe.

Sam saw the deer leap in the air as the flash came, and the next moment Joe fired. The deer stumbled through the lick, and with a couple of bounds fell in front of Joe's ambuscade. A long, low bleat was then heard.

"The deer's gone up," said Joe, springing to his feet, and drawing his knife.

Another mournful bleat followed, and then Joe's keen blade ran across the deer's throat. It struggled for a moment to regain its feet, half rose on its knees, and then sank back dead. The boys could hardly keep back the tears, as they heard the mournful bleat of the deer, and saw its beautiful form stiffen in death.

"It's a lovely critter," said Joe, patting its sleek sides, "and the noblest game that runs the woods."

"Will there be any chance of more game?" asked George.

"Not to-night. Build a fire, while I skin the animal. See, here's where George's bullet entered," continued Joe, pointing out a bullet-hole to the boys, "close to the heart, and a mighty neat shot it was. Mine went into its fore shoulder, right here."

Joe showed these marks to the boys with the professional pride of a hunter, and then proceeded to skin the deer. The boys helped in the operation, until Joe cut several fine slices of venison from the deer, when they turned their attention to frying the supper.

A fire had been built, and a frying-pan, which was among the articles brought by the hunters, was soon over the coals. The basket containing the luncheon was then unpacked. The contents were spread upon a blanket, the frying-pan, with its savory morsels, placed near, and the party sat down to eat.

After supper, the boys, well wrapped in blankets, lay down to sleep, while the two hunters, having lighted their pipes, sat with their feet to the fire, and talked of other hunts.

In the morning, search was made for some traces of the bear, but as nothing could be found, the hunters concluded that their rifles had missed. The party took their venison and hunting accoutrements, and returned to the boat. When they reached home, the meat was divided among them, and the boys invited to attend the two hunters on their next hunt.



SHALL OUR MOTHERS VOTE?

BY GEORGE M. BAKER.

CHARACTERS. — JOHN READY, *President of the Excelsior Debating Club*. JAMES ROSE, *Secretary*. TOM SLOWBOY, *Treasurer*. SAM SLY, FRANK WILSON, CHARLEY BOARDMAN, FRANK BLACK (*colored*), ISAAC PEARL, PERCY KIMBALL, NORVAL YOUNG, MIKE SHEA, *debaters*.

SCENE. — Room, President's Desk and Chair, c. Secretary, Table, and Chair, R. of Desk. Four Chairs R., and five Chairs L. The whole arranged in a semicircle back.

Enter, R., JOHN READY, followed by SLOWBOY.

Ready. Treasury entirely empty, you say, Slowboy?

Slowboy. Not a dollar, not the minutest particle of scrip, not even that very small specimen of hard money — a nickel.

Ready. Where has it gone? It was only a month ago we collected the annual assessment.

Slowboy. And it was only last week we had our great debate on "The Influence of Peace," in which our members became so much interested, that four panes of glass were broken, the looking-glass smashed, one chair received a broken back, and another had a compound fracture of one of its legs. Of course all these little eccentricities of genius must be paid for; and the treasury is empty. If this is one of the influences of peace, we had better change the subject.

Ready. The members were a little emphatic on that occasion; but it was a glorious debate; and the question, "Resolved, that Peace is the foundation of Prosperity," was carried before we broke up.

Slowboy. Yes; and 'twas the peace party broke up the furniture, and smashed the windows.

Ready. Ah, Slowboy, I fear you bear malice; for you, if I recollect aright, were one of the war party.

Slowboy. My voice is still for war.

Ready. We must find some way to fill the treasury. I fear the members will not stand taxation.

Slowboy. With the storied memories of their plucky forefathers before them in this centennial year, I should say, not a cent. It must be raised by fines. The peace party have carried the day. Let us have peace.

Ready. I do not understand you.

Slowboy. My plan is very simple. We are constantly interrupted in debate. There's that Sam Sly, for instance. Heretofore you have tried to suppress the interruption with the remark, "The gentleman is out of order," whereupon the *gentleman* subsides until he feels like breaking out again. And they do break out often, especially Sly. Now, I propose to fine a member, for each and every interruption, five cents. Some of them will find it impossible to keep quiet; and our treasury will fill rapidly.

Ready. That's quite an idea — if it can only be made to work.

Slowboy. I think it can. And if we succeed, Sam Sly will pay dear for this night's debate.

Ready. Sam Sly again. Slowboy, I fear you are malicious. Sly is one of our best debaters; and because you do not agree on all points —

Slowboy. (Angrily.) We agree on no point. He's a saucy, conceited chap, that's forever interrupting. I never attempted to declaim in school, but what he was at my elbow, with his insulting —

Sly. (Who has entered, R., in time to be at SLOWBOY'S elbow.) Charcoal!

Slowboy. O, confound you! here you are!

Sly. Yes, here I am, Slowboy, ready to be confounded, if not convinced, by your arguments against mother suffrage. — Good evening, Mr. President.

Ready. Good evening, Sam. Are the boys coming?

Sly. Yes, sir, close at hand,

"All saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight."

(They retire up, and stand at desk, talking together.)

Enter, R., ISAAC PEARL and FRANK WILSON, speaking as they enter.

Isaac. Lew Bunker caught him out on the fly.

Frank. Ah! What did he say to that? *(They pass to L., and whisper together.)*

Enter PERCY KIMBALL and CHARLEY BOARDMAN, speaking.

Percy. "Does your mother know you're out?"

Charley. He said that—did he? *(They pass to L., and stand whispering together.)*

Enter NORVAL YOUNG and MIKE SHEA, speaking as they enter, followed by FRANK BLACK.

Norval. Well done, brave archer.

Mike. He was out on the fly.

Black. Out on de fly! Away wid yer nonsense. Dat ar Bunker can't fly—ain't got de wings.

Mike. Aisy, will ye, Blackey? Don't I tell yez 'twas a ball?

Black. O, quit foolin'. Dey don't fly at a ball; dey dance—so. *(Shuffles.)*

Mike. Out, ye heathen! I'll not disturb yer ignorance.

Ready. *(Takes chair, and raps on table.)* The meeting will please come to order. *(All sit. TOM SLOWBOY, R., next table; ISAAC PEARL, FRANK WILSON next him; SAM SLY, extreme R.; NORVAL YOUNG, L., close by president's desk; then MIKE SHEA; FRANK BLACK, extreme L.)* In the absence of our secretary, with the minutes, it will be necessary—

James Rose. *(Outside.)* Hold on a minute! Here I am! *(Enters, R., with a pen behind his ear, a blank book under his arm, and a roll of paper in his left hand. He drops the roll, stoops to pick it up, and the pen drops from his ear. Stoops for that, and drops the book; picks up that, and places pen behind his ear, when he goes through the same performance again.)*

Slowboy. Seems to me the secretary is behind time: he should be fined.

Sly. Don't you see he is picking up the minutes he has lost. *(This just as the secretary is picking up his book a second time. All groan.)*

Slowboy. Puns should be fined.

Sly. You'd never find one, Slowboy. *(All groan.)*

Ready. *(Rapping.)* Order, gentlemen. *(Secretary goes to his place.)* The first business in order is the reading of the records of the last meeting.

Sly. *(Jumping up.)* I move, Mr. President, the reading be dispensed with. *(Sits.)*

Slowboy. *(Jumping up.)* Mr. President, I hope the motion will not prevail. *(Sits.)*

Sly. *(Rising.)* Mr. President, the records of our regular were read at our last special, when we voted to adjourn immediately after the reading. I don't see any necessity for reading them again at this time, unless the gentleman who objects is unable to understand them at one reading. *(Sits.)*

Slowboy. *(Jumping up.)* Mr. President, does Sam Sly mean—

Ready. *(Rapping.)* The gentleman is out of order. The calling of names is unparliamentary. Is the motion to omit the reading seconded?

Frank. Second the motion.

Sly. Question!

Slowboy. Mr. President—

All. *(Except SLOWBOY, president, and secretary.)* Question! Question!

Black. Question afore de meetin'-house.

Mike. O, hush yer pate! Yez always howlin'.

Ready. It is moved and seconded, that the reading of the records be dispensed with. All those in favor will manifest it by the usual sign. *(All raise hands except SLOWBOY.)* Contrary minded. *(SLOWBOY'S hand up.)* It is a vote.

Black. *(To MIKE.)* Dat ar feller jes like a mule.

Mike. Always kickin' up.

Sly. *(Aside.)* Had him there.

Ready. The meeting is open for business.

Slowboy. *(Jumping up.)* Mr. President.

Ready. Mr. Slowboy.

Slowboy. Mr. President, in view of the many interruptions by which the more orderly have been made to suffer, and in consequence of the low state of our treasury, I move, sir, that, during our deliberations and discussions this evening, any member interrupting another in the orderly progress of debate, shall be fined for each and every offence the sum of five cents. *(Sits.)* *(All groan.)*

Sly. *(Rising.)* Mr. President.

Ready. Mr. Sly.

Sly. Mr. President, although I seldom agree with the views of the gentleman who has just made the motion, finding those views in general to be cumbrous, old-fashioned, and unsuited to the progressive spirit which I trust animates our councils, yet, in this case, his motion is so manifestly in accord with the spirit of harmony and good order for which I have always been an ardent worker *(SLOWBOY*

groans), that I hasten, sir, to second the motion.

Ready. It is moved and seconded, that any member interrupting another in the orderly progress of debate be fined for each and every offence the sum of five cents. The motion is before the meeting.

Several. Question! Question!

Ready. The question is called for. Those in favor of the motion will manifest it. (*All up.*) Contrary minded. It is a unanimous vote. Is there any further business to come before the meeting? (*Pause.*) We will then proceed with the debate. (*Reads.*)

"Resolved. That the good of mankind, the purity of the ballot-box, and the interest of society, demand that our mothers shall vote." Mr. Isaac Pearl will open in the affirmative, Mr. Percy Kimball in the negative. (*Sits.*)

Frank Wilson. (*Rising.*) Mr. President, I move that the question be amended by the addition of grandmothers. I don't think they should be slighted, and I've got a splendid one.

Charley Boardman. I've got an aunt Hannah; can't we put her in?

Mike. (*Jumping up.*) Troth, put in the coozens too. What could an Irishman do widout his cbozens!

Ready. Gentlemen, you are all entirely out of order.

Slowboy. (*Jumping up.*) Then fine them. Mr. Secretary, put down Wilson, Boardman, Shea, —

Ready. Not quite so fast, Mr. Slowboy; they have made no interruption. I should have said the amendments were out of order, as the question for debate chosen at a previous meeting cannot be amended at a subsequent. Mr. Pearl, you have the floor. (*SLOWBOY sits.*)

Isaac Pearl. (*Rising.*) Mr. President, this is an age of progress, and I think the Literary Debaters of this society in the selection of the resolution on which I have the honor to speak in the affirmative here, have shown a commendable spirit of enterprise, which will be rewarded with the grateful plaudits of a ransomed nation, when woman, granted her rights, shall wield with man an equal power in the government of this enlightened community. (*Cries of "Good," "Good," and clapping of hands from those who speak in the affirmative.*)

Slowboy. (*Jumping up.*) Fines! Fines! Mr. President, this is out of order. Put down Sly, and —

Ready. Order, Mr. Slowboy. Judicious

applause is always allowable in our debates. Sit down. (*SLOWBOY sits.*) Go on, Mr. Pearl.

Pearl. And who should have the first place in the moving march of reform? Who are best fitted to have a voice in the government? Who are heaven-born electors? Our mothers, sir. Is not their first duty government? Who govern us? Who have governed the greatest men that ever lived? Mothers. They teach our infant lips the language of our country. They lead our infant steps in the path of duty. They spur us on to excel, and guard our ways with good counsel. Give them the ballot, and their influence will make better laws. Give them the ballot, and the ward-room and the election-booths will be cleansed of corruption. Give them the ballot, and society will be an ever-changing spectacle of wrongs crushed out, and reforms working goodness, purity, and peace, while justice, exalted to the highest place, shall ever crown the earnest worker with the laurels of victory. (*Applause, and cries of "Good."* PEARL sits.)

Black. (*To MIKE.*) Dat's so. It jes take de bullets to crush up de spe'tacles, an — an —

Mike. Whist yer blarney. Yes, on the other side.

Ready. Mr. Percy Kimball has the floor.

Percy. (*Rising.*) Mr. President and Gentlemen, are we prepared to accept the views of the gentleman who has preceded me, and forever submit to petticoat government? He has spoken eloquently, I admit; but, sir, truth is above the vapid utterances of an impassioned harangue, which, I doubt not, has been carefully compiled from all the speeches of the last fifty years. What! are we to be forever tied to our mothers? Are we to give up the bright anticipations of the future, when we are to have stiff-tailed coats and long-crowned beavers, and to cut loose from our mothers' apron strings, and do just as we please? (*Applause, and cries of "Good," "Good," from the speakers on the negative.*)

Sly. (*Rising.*) Mr. President —

Slowboy. (*Jumping up.*) An interruption. Fine him, Mr. President. Mr. Secretary, put down Sam Sly five cents.

Sly. Mr. President, I rise to a point of order.

Ready. State your point, Mr. Sly.

Sly. The gentleman who has the floor has introduced such wild fashions — stiff-crowned coats and long-tailed beavers — as to seriously affect the aspect of the question. I respectfully ask that he keep to the question.

Ready. Your point is well taken, Mr. Sly. The speaker will be more careful in future.

Slowboy. Ain't Sly going to be fined?

Ready. No, sir. He had a right to object. You, sir, were the interrupter, and must be fined. Mr. Secretary, fine Mr. Slowboy five cents. (SLOWBOY *sits down in a huff.*)

Black. Dat are Slowboy, he's got no sense.

Mike. Begorra, that's broight him to his five sines, onyhow.

Sly. (*Aside.*) Had him there.

Ready. Go on, Mr. Kimball.

Percy. I should have said stiff-tailed coats and long-crowned beavers. No, no, long-crowned coats and stiff-tailed beavers. No, no. Plague take it—they've put me out. No, Mr. President, I'm down on the Mother movement. Fair play is a jewel. Mothers govern us until we are free; once free, 'tis Man's privilege to govern them, and I am not in favor of giving up one iota of our manly privileges, when we get them. (*Sits. Applause by the negative.*)

Ready. Gentlemen, the question has been opened on both sides, and is now ready for general debate.

All. (*Jumping up.*) Mr. President—

Ready. (*Rapping.*) Order, gentlemen; one at a time. Mr. Frank Wilson has the floor. (*All sit but FRANK.*)

Frank. (*Speaks very fast.*) Mr. President, I'm in favor of mothers voting, 'cause I've got a mother, and she's smarter and better than any man that ever lived. She ain't going to be abused if I can help it. I'd like to know where us fellows would have been if we hadn't had any mothers? Who's so kind as they are, who has a lot of cookies tucked away when we come home hungry—

Slowboy. (*Jumping up.*) What's cookies got to do with voting?

Ready. Mr. Slowboy, you are out of order. Fine Slowboy five cents, Mr. Secretary.

Slowboy. Mr. President, I've just as much right to object to cookies as Sly has to long-tailed hats.

Ready. Mr. Sly rose on a point of order, and addressed the chair; you interrupted the speaker; be seated. (SLOWBOY *sits.*) Go on, Mr. Wilson.

Frank. Yes; and I do like to know, when a fellow has the earache, who knows just where to put her hand on something to stop it; and when a fellow gets a crack in the skull at base ball, who knows where to find a piece of brown paper; and when a fellow strikes his toe and comes home limping, who knows how to cure it up with Russia salve? (Sly takes a pin

from his coat, passes his hand behind those next him, and at this point sticks it into SLOWBOY.)

Slowboy. (*Jumping up.*) O, O, O, con-found you, Ik Pearl!

Ready. Mr. Slowboy, you are out of order.

Slowboy. Well, I guess you'd be, with a big pin stuck into your arm! 'Twas that Ik Pearl.

Pearl. (*Rising.*) Mr. President, I indignantly deny the charge.

Slowboy. Well, I felt the charge, anyhow, right on my crazy bone.

Ready. Be seated, sir. You are fined five cents. (SLOWBOY *sits.*)

Frank. Yes, sir, Russia Salve, "great Nature's balm." Why, our mothers; and I think if Uncle Sam had a few of them in the government we shouldn't have the president with the earache because so many office-seekers are hanging round it; nor so many cracked skulls on the battle-field; nor so many broken toes when fellows run so fast for office. That's the kind of mother's boy I am; and if something ain't done pretty quick, if they don't put our mothers in office and let 'em vote pretty soon, the country will go to smash, and the glorious bird of freedom go limping round with a cracked skull and a crushed toe, crying out, "Mother! Mother!" and there shall be no mother to console him! (*Applause. He sits.*)

Mike. Be jabers, his fut's down on that.

Black. Yes, indeed, he's a toe mater.

Norval. (*Jumping up.*) Mr. President—

Ready. Mr. Young.

Norval. My name is Norval—

Slowboy. O, pshaw! this is no time for declamations.

Ready. Mr. Secretary, fine Mr. Slowboy five cents for interruption.

Slowboy. Mr. President, this is unjust.

Ready. Those who make laws should submit to them. Mr. Young said his name was Norval. Has he made a misstatement?—Be silent, sir.—Go on.

Norval. (*With a theatrical air.*) My name is Norval—Young. You all know me. I am a boy; but, sir, I scorn to utter such childish nonsense as has just proceeded from the mouth of the gentleman who has preceded me. He talks like a boy, like a boy who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. I dare do all that may become a man: who dares do more is none. Get thee to a nunnery, or a nursery, thou valiant gentleman, who prattles so sillily of Russia Salve, and brown paper, and cookies. Give mothers bonnets, not ballots. They are not fitted for

the stern alarms of the political camp. I haven't got much to say on this question, for, like Othello, rude am I in speech, and little skilled in the set phrase of peace. But I am opposed to giving mothers the ballot. Let mothers be content to fit us for the political field, where

"Blow, winds, come, wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back."

Black. Heard dat! heard dat! Dat's a clincher. Way up! way up!

Mike. Yis, up the spout. — Mr. President.

Ready. Mr. Shea.

Mike. Mr. President, sir, your honor, it is my privilege to stand in this august confederacy of brave and enlightened deliberators, on the side av our female mithers. Sir, Mr. President, your honor, in my opinion the ballot should be in the strongest hands: and haven't I a mither? To be sure I have. Don't yees all know her? Haven't yees all, wid ginerous heart, patronized her panut-stand? To be sure yees have. An' me mither, sir, Mr. President, yer honor, is the head av the house at home. She can knock me daddy down wid a broomstick before he can lift his arm to stay the impending crisis. She's the spryest on the fut. Haven't I seen her chase the daddy from attic to cellar, and pin him in the coal-hole; and he wid three minutes the start, too? Don't she always bate him in a fistic encounter? An' as for strong lungs, whoop! she can out-talk a regiment, widout takin' breath. Would I go back on me mither? Niver, sir, Mr. President, yer honor; for didn't she tell me, wid her own mitherly lips, that if I said a word agin her having the ballot, here, to-night, she'd flay me alive whin I came home. An', sir, Mr. President, yer honor, me fray opinion is, that mithers should have the ballot. (*Sits.*)

Charley Boardman. (*Rises.*) Mr. President.

Ready. Mr. Boardman.

Charley. Mr. President, when a fellow comes here, and tells us what his mother told him to say, and ain't got no opinion of his own, I think he'd better be sent home, in quick order, to meet the punishment his cowardice merits.

Mike. (*Jumping up.*) What's that? A coward — am I?

Ready. Order, Mr. Shea. Secretary, fine Mr. Shea five cents for interruption.

Slowboy. Good, good! Serves him right.

Ready. Also fine Mr. Slowboy five cents.

Slowboy. Mr. President, I protest —

Ready. Be silent, sir. — Go on, Mr. Boardman.

Charley. I've no more to say, Mr. Presi-

dent. But if the male Shea deems himself affronted by my allusion to the female Shea, I am ready to meet him on neutral ground behind the school-house. But let us have no Shea government. (*Sits.*)

Sam Sly. (*Rising.*) Mr. President —

Slowboy. (*Rising.*) Mr. President —

Ready. Mr. Sly has the floor.

Slowboy. No, sir. I rose first, and I demand my rights.

Ready. I certainly heard Mr. Sly's voice first.

Slowboy. I will not be put down in this manner.

Ready. Fine Mr. Slowboy five cents.

Slowboy. This is unjust, sir. I demand a hearing.

Ready. Fine Mr. Slowboy five cents again.

Slowboy. But, sir, I rise to a point of order. I appeal from your decision.

Ready. Mr. Slowboy appeals from the decision of the chair. Those in favor of sustaining the chair in its decision will please manifest it. (*All up but SLOWBOY.*) Contrary minded. It is a unanimous vote. Mr. Slowboy, be seated. Mr. Sly, you have the floor.

Mr. Sly. Mr. President, I am very sorry to disappoint my young friend, and I willingly give way to allow him the floor. (*Sits.*) Had him there.

Slowboy. (*Rising.*) Mr. President.

Ready. Mr. Slowboy.

Mr. Slowboy. I cannot be insensible to the kindness of the gentleman who has given way. If his politeness had come a little sooner it might have saved me some expense. Still I am obliged to him.

Sly. (*Rising and bowing.*) Not at all, Mr. Slowboy. (*Sits.*)

Slowboy. (*Quickly.*) An interruption, Mr. President. Fine him.

Ready. I decline to, sir. He very politely acknowledged your courtesy. If politeness is to be fined, you will have to introduce a new motion.

Slowboy. (*Aside.*) Confound him. (*Aloud.*) Mr. President, the question to-night is, Should mothers vote, or should they not vote? I am opposed to any such violation of the rights of men. Give mothers the right to vote, and at one fell swoop you overturn the pillars of state. Give them the right, and they will possess themselves of the reins of government, and our halls of legislation would be turned into nurseries. Instead of the indignant protest of our carpet-bag senators, would be heard the wail of the infant. Instead of the chink of gold in our custom-houses, the sound of the

scrubbing-brush; and courts and halls would echo with the scandal of sewing-circles and tea-fights. No, sir. Let us stand firm against any encroachments of our rights. Let us oppose the coming wave of change, drive back the onward charge of mothers' suffrage, and, with our backs against the rock of manly rights, cry, in the words of the psalmist, —

"This rock shall flee
From its firm base as soon as we."

(*Sits. Applause.*)

Frank Black. (Rises.) Mr. President, sar.

Ready. One moment, Mr. Black. Mr. Sly has the floor.

Sly. I give way to the gentleman of color, Mr. President.

Black. Mr. President, sar, wh-wh-what all dis talk about mudder sufferings, hey? Does dis ole mudder suffer any more dan de boy she fotched up — I ax you? Don't we git lammed and cuffed? and are we a gwine ter gib up our glorious heresy ob freedom jes when we got our cibbil rights — I ax you? Wh-wh-ose mudder suffers — I ax you? Am she white, or am she black? Wh-what she got to do wid de question upon dis meeting-house? I wish de gemlem over de right and de gemlem over de left would stick to de question, — Shall mudders vote, or shall they not vote? — not keep a bringin' old mudder sufferings into de fight. I don't kere which side licks, as I ain't got no mudder, and nebbber had none; but I gwine in for unibersal freedom, and de Declaration of Independence, an' — an' de star-spangled banner, onto ebery school-house in de land, and de colored man on top ob de wood-pile. (*Sits. Applause.*)

Sly. (Rising.) Mr. President, so much has been said on both sides of this question, that my feeble voice need not be raised on this occasion.

Slowboy. Then sit down.

Ready. Order, gentlemen. One more fine for Mr. Slowboy.

Sly. But, sir, I should be ungrateful to the mother that bore me did I not pronounce her worthy to stand forth, clothed with the right to raise her voice and cast her vote in the government of our land. What has man accomplished for the good of mankind, the purity of the ballot-box, and the welfare of society, that woman, and, foremost of all, our mothers, could not accomplish, but give them the opportunity? What have they not done already? Ask the million of heroes, who fought and bled for freedom, where they caught their first inspiration. They will tell you, At their mother's knee. Ask the free and enlightened

voter who taught him to carefully probe political questions, and pluck the wheat from the chaff. He will tell you 'twas a mother's, a wife's, or a sister's influence. Can any work prosper without their aid? Is not society purified by their presence? Are they not, in this new movement, gathering to their aid the eloquence and energy of the best and noblest men? Be just, be generous. Stand by the mothers, who always stand by us; who guard, and guide, and teach us. We knew none better in our youth; we can choose none better when we reach the summit of a boy's ambition — the right to vote. (*Sits. Applause.*)

Ready. Will any other gentleman speak on the question? What is your pleasure?

Slowboy. I move we vote on the merits of the question.

Sly. Second the motion.

Ready. All in favor of adopting the resolution will manifest it in the usual manner. (*All but those who speak in the negative vote.*) Contrary minded. (*Negatives vote.*) It is a vote.

Black. Say, Mike, am she guilty, or am she not guilty?

Mike. O, whisht yer blarney!

Slowboy. Mr. President, I'd like to have the secretary read the list of fines.

Rose. (Reads.) Mike Shea, five cents; Tom Slowboy, forty cents.

Slowboy. Darn it, just my luck!

Sly. (Rising.) Mr. President. As our excellent treasurer has, like other famed inventors, fallen under the axe of his own guillotine, let us be magnanimous. I confess, sir, I must be held answerable for one of his interruptions. I move, sir, that the fines imposed this evening be remitted.

Shea. (Jumping up.) Second the motion.

Ready. It is moved and seconded that the fines imposed this evening be remitted. Those in favor of the motion will manifest it. (*All up.*) Contrary minded. It is a vote.

Sly. Mr. President, I move we now adjourn.

Boardman. Second the motion.

Ready. It is moved and seconded we now adjourn. Those in favor will manifest it in the usual manner. (*All up.*) Contrary minded. It is a vote.

Slowboy. (Coming down.) Sam Sly, you're always in luck. I thought I had you on the fines.

Sly. Did you, Slowboy? Remember the old maxim, "Curses are like young chickens, and still come home to roost." [*Exeunt.*]



THE BATTLE OF THE ATOMS.

BY FRANCIS E. RALEIGH.

LONG years ago, in Freiburg town,
There dwelt a man whose coarse gray
gown,
Whose shaven pate and ample cowl,
Bespoke him monk; yet, by his scowl,
No smooth-lipped friar was he.

His learning, great on subjects wide,
To monkish plots was not applied;
And when on bended knee he staid,
To saints not canonized he prayed
In accents most profane.

Chaldean chants and Arab rhyme
Tossed in his brain with vesper chime.
The beads upon his rosary
Were named for demons strong and free,
Who ruled within his mind.

No man dared go within his cell,
For there there reigned supreme a smell
That even Schwartz (so was he named)
By its vile strength was sometimes tamed,
And forced in fear to flee.

Within this cell, a grewsome vault,
There did not lack a drug or salt,
An acid, herb, or tincture rare,
That could be found in earth or air,
Within the realm of man.

A red coal fire, with bellows wide,
The monk with giant heat supplied;
With jugs and jars, pots, pans, and plates
Were mixed with crucibles and weights,
In wild confusing heaps.

Alembics, mortars, bubes, and flasks,
Retorts and bottles, kegs and casks,
Strange parchments, manuscripts, and
scrolls,
The learning of an age in rolls,
So small they seemed but nought.

But all this learning Schwartz did hide,
For if his time he did not bide,
The Pope, in superstitious hate,
Would soon him excommunicate,
And end his alchemy.

But sin is sin, and fate is fate;
And, though the Pope was spared his hate,
The demons vile impatient grew;
So, rising, they poor Schwartz o'erthrew,
And proved to men their power.

It happened thus: monk Schwartz sweet
slept,
So noticed not that three imps crept
Into his mortar of pure gold,
Pushed up the pestle, and were rolled
Quite flat in moments few.

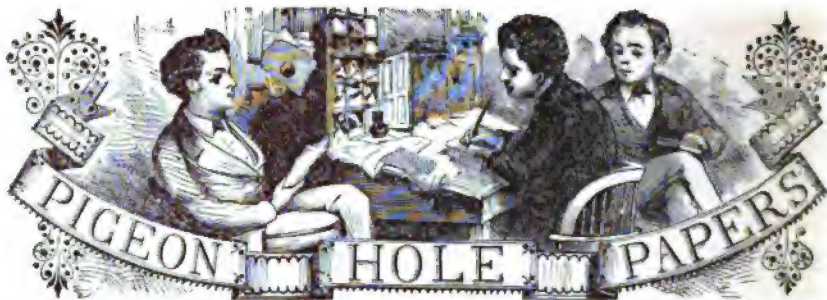
These three, whose thirst but fire could
slake,
As one, no man before did make,
Save only the Celestials cute,
With wooden shoes and braids of jute,
And they with smiling care.

The monk awoke, leaped to his feet,
Grasped firm the bellows, raised the heat,
And quite a shower of sparks as well,
Of which a few, by some chance, fell
Into the golden jar.

Alas! a dreadful scene was there;
The imps in triumph filled the air:
King Oxygen embraced his friends;
But his delight hard granite rends,
And ruin marks his joy.

Poor Schwartz was driven to the wall,
And crushed without a moan or call;
But Carbon, Nitre, Sulphur, Air,
Expanding, fled away from care:
Atomic power had won.

— A most excellent Russian proverb is
thus translated: "The wise man when alone
thinks of his own faults, and when in company
forgets the faults of his friends." *



THE CENTENNIAL. — The amateurs have begun to move on the centennial, and have called a meeting of those interested at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York, on Wednesday, July 7, to make the necessary arrangements. Among the names appended to the call we notice those of several who were connected with this department at the Vienna exposition, and we doubt not that their skill and experience will make a success of whatever they undertake at Philadelphia, next year. Certainly there is abundant material for a brilliant show, and we doubt not the boys will make the most of it.

OUR YOUNG WRITERS. — We have had a loud call for a department of this kind, and we are disposed to introduce it as soon as we can see our way clearly to do so. It has been warmly urged by several of our constant contributors. We feel obliged to divide these advocates into two classes, namely: those who can write, and those who cannot write. We have occasionally given specimens of the work of the first class; and, whether or not we have a department especially for them, we shall continue to do so. But we wish to be distinctly understood in this matter. We do not intend to publish anything that is not fit to be published, simply because it is written by a boy or girl. We do not care to put anything into print of which the authors would be ashamed in a few years or months. We do not think it would be fair to take advantage of the youth of the writers in this manner. Thousands of people think they can write poems, essays, and stories, when they cannot; and more of them are full-grown men and women than boys and girls. On our desk is a long poem, evidently sent in good faith, and with the belief that it is poetry; but it is the weakest kind of doggerel. One of the advocates of the new department, hoping it would be introduced in the July number, sends us a story for it, which furnishes an appropriate text for our present discourse. Its title is

"Shining Lights." The hero was a boy who wrote a story which his father carried to the editor of the town paper. "He pronounced it good, and gave Mr. Minns what he thought it was worth." The sum is not mentioned; but Tom was a "shining light." The author of the story before us — not the one that was sold for "what it was worth" — feelingly describes the joy of Dickens when his first story was published — "his eyes were dimmed with joy." If his story was like "Shining Lights," we are afraid his eyes would have been dimmed with anything but joy, for, as a story-writer, he is not a "shining light." After saying so much, we feel obliged to give the first page of this story, in order to prove that we are not too "rough" on the author.

"One Evening last Winter, the Minns Family were sitting in their sitting-room: around a roaring Fire. Now the Family consisted of Mr Minns, and Wife; Jane and Tom, their only Son and Daughter. Mr Minns was about to take up his Paper, when his Daughter Jane said 'I have a startling announcement to make.' This was considered one of it's self: without anything more. However, every one said 'What is it,' and so Jane continued, 'There is an awther amongst us.' Every one expressed their surprise in such exclamations as: 'Lor!' 'Do tell!' & cts. I should have said, every one but Tom, for ~~he~~ had fallen asleep."

We hope the ambitious young author's eyes will be "dimmed with joy" when he sees so much of his story in print. We do not even give his assumed name, for we hold that it would be cruel to expose his weakness.

REBUSES. — Vigilax wants to say a word about our artist, and we let him say it.

"Since seeing the May number, my respect for Miss Humphrey has risen a hundred per cent., for when I saw the rebus which has my name attached, I actually did not recognize it,

so much improved was it in every respect. The head workers have good cause to be grateful to the amiable lady; and I feel all the more under obligations to her, on account of my unreasonable growlings last fall. May she live a thousand years."

CONVENTION. — The Michigan Amateur Press Association convened at Jackson, May 15, and we doubt not the members had a good and profitable time. We were honored with an invitation, but, unfortunately for ourselves, we were unable to be in Michigan at the time, though we have a mission to that state which will call us there before this number appears.

AMATEUR PAPERS. — Our Pearl, Drawer 64, Akron, Ohio, Almon E. Pitts, 20 cents a year. — The Young Sportsman, Box 123, Lawrence, Kansas, Arthur E. Blood, 25 cents a year. — The Youths' Gazette, John G. Wilson, 307 East Twenty-Sixth St., New York city, 30 cents a year. — The Amateur, 140 Second Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., 10 cents a year. — The Glen Echo, Clarence C. Mooar, 161 W. Fifth St., Covington, Ky., 25 cents a year. — All Sorts, Chapin H. Green, Syracuse, N. Y. — The Rat, Box 978, Tiffin, Ohio, is no bigger than "The Mouse." — The Letter Sheet, Burt Hasbrouck, Box 684, Middleton, N. Y., 10 cents a year.

We continue to use the type-writer with very great satisfaction, and we print a sympathizing letter.

"PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 22, 1875.

"MY DEAR OPTIC. Let me congratulate you on becoming the possessor of a *type-writer*. Any one who obtains one of these useful articles deserves to be, and should be, congratulated. They are perfect jewels. The more one uses them the more he learns to appreciate their good qualities. They are, if anything, more than the agents claim them to be. In fact, after one has used them, they are almost indispensable. The May number of your Magazine is better, if such a thing could be, than the preceding ones. Wasn't it owing to the *type-writer*?"

"With love and respect,

"I remain, yours truly,

"LAFAYETTE ANGLEMAN."

LETTER WRITING. — We do not regard "a real long letter" as having any especial virtue on account of its length. It is the quality, not the length, which makes it a good letter. Readable epistles are those which are the nearest like the conversation of the writer. If we don't care for the person, we don't care

for his letters; and if we like him, the better the letters reflect the mind, heart, and soul of the writer, the more are we interested in what he writes. The safest rule, therefore, is to write just as one talks; to avoid all high-flown, stilted language, and to be as easy and natural as possible. Never allow yourself to believe that you ought to write a long letter; it is better to think you ought to write a short one. Then, if the epistle turns out to be a long one, it will be because you had more to say than you thought you had, and it will be more likely to be worth reading. It is almost as painful to read a letter spun out because the writer felt obliged to get off a long one, as it is to indite such an epistle. When you have anything to write, write it; and when you have said it, stop. When you address an editor or a business man, come directly to the point, for the less he has to read, consistent with the proper expression of the ideas, the more will he value you as a correspondent. Compliments and apologies don't go a great way with such people. In a word, finish your letter when you have nothing more to say.

AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF OUR EARLY HISTORY. — The so-called Boston Massacre occurred March 5, 1770, and was celebrated by the fathers of the revolution very much as we now celebrate the Fourth of July. On the recurring anniversary, March 5, 1772, Samuel Adams declined to deliver the usual address in the Old South Church, and the oration was given by Dr. Joseph Warren. March 5, 1775, when the service was of a critical character, General Joseph Warren *volunteered* to deliver the oration. The aisles of the church, the pulpit stairs, even the very pulpit of the Old South, were filled and occupied by the officers and soldiers of the British forces garrisoning Boston, to overawe or forcibly prevent Warren from the delivery of his oration; he, to escape opposition, reached his post by the pulpit window and a ladder in the rear of the church.

The strong influence of his courage and his stirring eloquence confounded opposition and enforced silence. But there was one quiet, yet most significant demonstration. While the oration was in progress of delivery, a British officer, who was seated on the pulpit stairs, held up one of his hands, in view of the audience and of the orator, with several pistol bullets on the open palm. Warren observed the action, and without a pause in his discourse, dropped his white handkerchief over the war-like symbols. *



ANSWERS FOR JUNE.

103. Begin at 58, and read in the following order: 58, 43, 49, 59, 53, 38, 32, 47, 64, 54, 37, 31, 48, 63, 46, 61, 44, 50, 60, 45, 55, 40, 30, 36, 26, 9, 3, 13, 23, 8, 14, 24, 7, 22, 16, 6, 12, 27, 33, 18, 1, 11, 28, 34, 17, 2, 19, 4, 21, 15, 5, 20, 10, 25, 35, 29, 39, 56, 62, 52, 42, 57, 51, 41, —

But now set out: the noon is near,

And I must give away the bride.

She fears not, or, with thee beside

And me behind her, will not fear;

For I that danced her on my knee,

That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,

That shielded all her life from harm,

At last must part with her to thee.

104. Thirty degrees in one sign (of equality);

twelve signs in one circle. 105. (Sow) (hen)

(A) (ship) (well) (FR) (8) (head) (withe)

(THE) (stores) (THE) (son) (mate-ewers)

(on in D) (AH AH) (spy sea-shore) (SHAS)

(castor) (AN) (cur) (& HER) (canvas furled)

(In a safe, haven) (OF) (hour) (western

world) ('Twere-vane) (inn) (quire) (rye) (2)

(WHAT) (P o'er T) (SH) (ewe) (NT) (AG)

(ale in form) (S) (US) (45 in. = ell) (A)

(den) (withe) (the scent) —

So, when a ship, well freighted with the stores

The sun matures on India's spicy shores,

Has cast her anchor, and her canvas furled,

In a safe haven of our western world,

'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went —

A gale informs us, laden with the scent.

106. R

107. B

PET

HAT

PAGAN

HAREM

REGULUS

CORONAL

TALON

GENET

NUN

SET

S

T

108. Seville. 109. Syzygy.

110. There's not a string attuned to mirth

But has its chord in melancholy. (Attune — to arrange fitly. Webster.)

III. APTITUDE 112. LORIS

TRAPAN

L P

OOLONG

A A

DELTA

M I

SMATTER

ALIEN

113. Actions speak louder than words. 114.

Lamp. Samp. Damp. Camp. Lamb. Lame.

Male. 115. 1. Proclamation. 2. Enuncia-

tion. 3. Oration. 4. Renovation. 5. Cre-

mation. 6. Nomination. 7. Educations. 116.

(500 = D) (OWN) (THE) (long LANE

through the RICH) (RE) (500 = D) (100 =

C) (50 = L) (O) (VER over THE) (bars

through the tall RANK) (SEDGE) —

Down the long lane, through the rich red clover,

Over the bars, through the tall rank sedge.

117. Telegraph. 118. (In 4 a penny) (in 4 a

pound) — In for a penny, in for a pound.

119. J

120. C

MAT

CAT

JAMES

CAMEL

TEA

TEA

S

L

121. Carbondale.

122. Bell. Rope. Beaker. 1, inverted, equal

Eno. Lip. Lime; or,

BEAKER

E N O

L I P

L I M E

123. FLAP

124. SALT

LACE

ALOE

ACRE

LOTS

PEER

TEST

125. Vandeusenville. Herculanum. Natch-
itoches.

CHARADE.

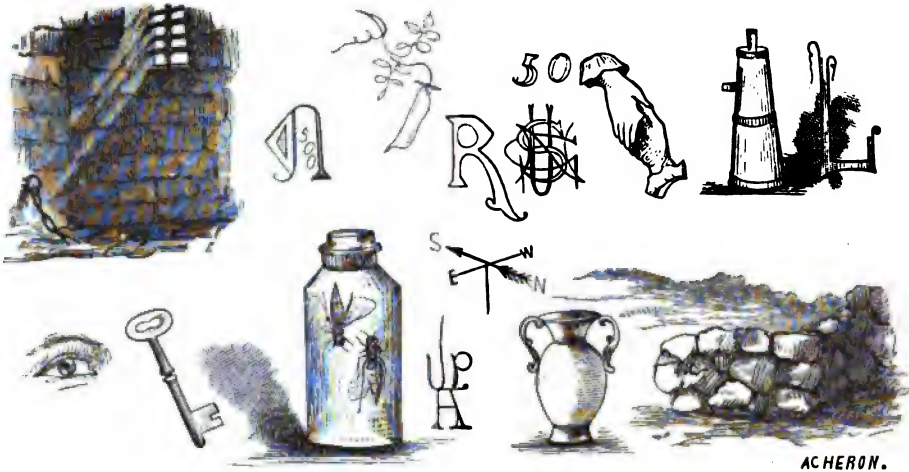
126. My first is an article very well known.

My second, a note in music is shown.

My third, an animal I'm sure you have
seen.

My whole, a mountain you'll guess, I ween.
ROMEO.

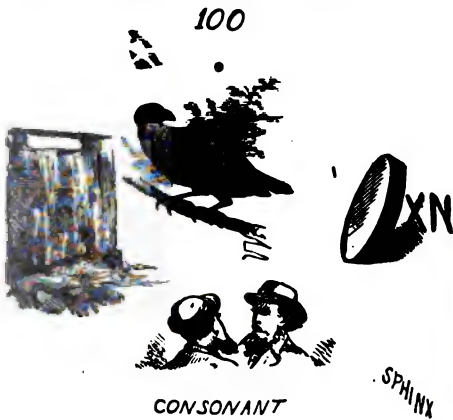
127. REBUS.



CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

128. My first is in rat, but not in mouse.
My second is in hut, and also in house.
My third is in hill, but not in mountain.
My fourth is in squirt, and also in fountain.
My fifth is in place, but not in bower.
And my whole is the name of a garden
flower. W. H. B.

129. PICTORIAL DOUBLE DIAMOND.



130. ENIGMA.

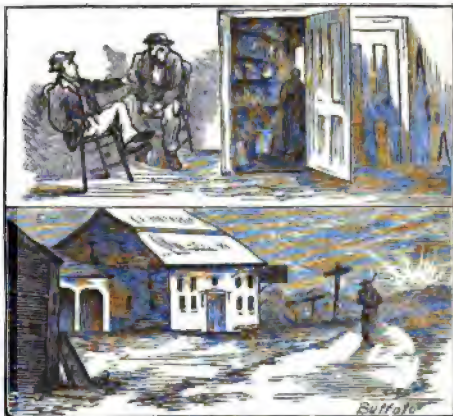
I am composed of forty-nine letters.
My 8, 18, 22, 44, 2, was a celebrated lawgiver
of Athens. My 20, 16, 28, 5, 13, was the god-
dess of beauty. My 14, 9, 27, 30, was an
ancient city. My 17, 25, 40, 23, was a Greek
poet. My 41, 42, 45, 48, was the god of thun-
der. My 15, 7, 29, 10, 6, 11, was one of the
most beautiful women of her age. My 36, 43,
37, 39, 26, surround the planet Jupiter. My

1, 3, 38, 24, is a term signifying peace. My
31, 32, 47, 12, 21, is an American novelist.
My 46, 35, 31, characterizes Mark Twain. My
49, 19, 33, 4, is a weapon. My whole is a
proverb. T. H. DOWNING.

131. GEOGRAPHICAL.

L
I £ I S. PLUG.

132. REBUS.



CHARADE.

133. My first is a synonyme of length. My
second is to cut down. My third is an excla-
mation. My whole is a poet. WILL H.

CHARADE.

134. My first is a morsel. My second is a
twist. My whole is a bird of which you have
heard. TYDIDES.

135. SHAKESPEARIAN REBUS.



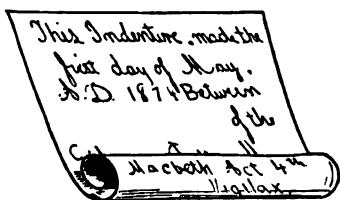
136. ENIGMA.

I am composed of nineteen letters.

My 13, 5, 19, 2, 15, 1, is to hinder. My 7, 17, 18, 11, is caused by need. My 8, 12, 6, 10, are inhabitants of the sea. My 14, 16, is a preposition. My 9, 4, 3, is a crib. My whole is the name of an actor.

VULCAN.

137. SHAKESPEARIAN.



WORD SQUARE.

138. 1. Departed. 2. A boy's name. 3. Want. 4. A whirlpool. RUDOLPH MATZ.

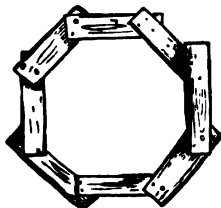
WORD SQUARE.

139. 1. A boy's name. 2. A disease. 3. A stratagem. 4. To withhold. K. K.

PAINTERS' INITIALS.

140. 1. Perfect Profound Rhymers. 2. Fantastic Artist. 3. Devoted Teacher. 4. Beautiful Envious Man. 5. Good Runner. 6. Resolute Satirist. PUCK.

141. GEOGRAPHICAL.



DAWB.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

142. 1. A consonant. 2. A draught. 3. Cramp. 4. A species of clam. 5. A sacred song. 6. Silent. 7. A consonant.

CLAUDE CRYPT.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

143. 1. A consonant. 2. A Spanish hero. 3. A girl's name. 4. A precious stone. 5. To submerge. 6. A girl's name. 7. A consonant.

LEONORA.

144. A POPULAR SAYING.



145. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials and finals of the following lines
Give an animal found within Africa's confines:
In a native of India my first you'll find.
My second, alas, is one without mind.
A city of Brazil my third will be.
My next is the name of a handsome tree.
My fifth is an island far over the seas.
My sixth, and my last, are beautiful trees.

JUANITO.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

WITH this number we enter upon the Eighteenth Volume of this Magazine; and now, for nearly nine years, we have managed this same Letter Bag. We feel quite at home in the business. But we were a veteran at it when the Magazine was started, for we had done a similar work on a juvenile periodical for almost ten years. Eighteen years is a long time to hold a position; and we can't help thinking, as we discharge our monthly editorial duty, that we were doing this same pleasant work before many of our readers were born. All our contemporaries have died out or "consolidated;" and we feel somewhat like an old man walking about among the ruins of the past. But though we are old in years, we are as young as ever in spirit; and we expect to keep along with the girls and boys of this generation, and do our full share in amusing and instructing them.

It has been decided in the courts that the receipting of a bill in pencil is valid; but that is no reason why the spirit of the printer should be vexed, and the eyes of the editor be tried, by this kind of indistinctness; and we beg to remind our readers that we do not believe in the pencil, except for drawing. For this time only, we take W. H. B.'s cross word; the rebuses will not answer. — Captain Hussy's word square is saved. — C. A. W., Jr.'s, answer to No. 87 is right without the "castle." — A. W.'s cross word is not quite up to the mark, for he is not happy in his rhymes. — Eddie's pi puzzle will not quite do. As we have said before, we can't use this sort of thing unless the letters are plainly printed, for the printer has nothing to guide him but the letters: there is no context. — Plug's excuse for making puz-

zles on Sunday is hardly admissible. One of the geographicals is good enough; and we mentioned a Kentucky amateur in our last number. — Wm. Low's drawing of the iron works is very good, and his rebus shall be seen by the artist. — Snowbird's enigma breaks the rule, and "on" for "own" won't do in the rebus.

We take only one puzzle from each person, but rebuses are accepted this month for use next month, and may appear with another piece of head work by the same contributor, sent afterwards. — Prince Fuzz's rebus is based on a good idea, but he must be an iconoclast, and break that "idol," which makes no part whatever of "idleness." We gave out the man-kite; but space has been our crying need. — Vulcan's enigma will pass. — Romeo's charade will answer, but French is not allowable in an English acrostic. — Lafayette's rebus is rather confused, and the story is true only in part; we were not fooled; O, no! — Claude Crypt's diamond is preferred. — The lecture-story to which E. T. T. alludes, has not been published in its present form, and probably will not be. We should judge that Williams could be done for the lowest figure; but we don't know. — Xerxes does not quote correctly — "through" Tara's halls, not "in;" but the enigma will do. We shall do the best we can for "our young writers;" but not this month.

Little Mac's half square meets the conditions. — L. R. C.'s rebus shall be presented to the artist. — Tom A. Hawke appears on the stage once more, and we take his rebus, though the line is rather hackneyed. In story-writing, we simply stop when we reach the end of the chapter, and with no malice towards the reader. — J. M. should take another name, for "Sphinx" has long belonged to another; the diamond is saved. — Will H.'s charade is accepted, and we are publishing the sea stories as fast as we can find space for them. — Bodine's double acrostic goes to the right place.

— We are sorry we can take only the square from the pile sent by Rudolph Matz. — One of Eureka's sextuple squares is preserved. — Puck's initials come from Paris, and go to the printer. — We don't dispute the difficulty of making the puzzle sent by Hyperion; but we insist that it is too much like the jockey's horse. We accept the rebus, and believe in it. — Juanito's acrostic is a very good one. — Of course not a word can be said against introducing a "Department of Timbrophily," and we introduce it.

Timonax's geographical suits us best, and we shall not be "gobbled up" just yet. — Jape-tus sends a knight's spring, which shall be considered. A lecture is a good thing to take, now and then; but tastes differ. — T. H. Downing's enigma shall be used, though it is longer than we like. — We have chosen our field for the next series of stories, Mohawk, and we are much obliged to those who have expressed an opinion on the subject. The first is written. — Macachern's cross word is good, but long. — Lychopinax sends three good rebuses, but we can take only one. — One a month, Varick Street. — We are "dead beat" on the answer to C. Umbscheiden's rebus. — We noticed Badger's paper last month. Don't badger us! — We take one of Kemper Knapp's squares. — H. G. T.'s puzzles are both faulty, and he must try again. — We could not use the poems of which Leonora speaks; but we save the diamond, though we are very much given to throwing away these precious gems. — E. U. Chre euchres us on squares; and if it is all the same to him, we wish he would try again.

Throttle Valve's rebus goes to the artist. — We have the honor to be an honorary member of the "Optic Literary Society" of Philadelphia; but we speak to common folks as usual. — Don Alonzo's diamond shall take its chance. — We have to object to Cyma's characteristic of Wilberforce, and we think he can do better. — Tydides is confined to his bed with a broken leg, and we gladly excuse him for writing with a pencil; and we accept one of his charades. — Xerxes sends a contribution for "Our Young Writers." We save it. — Buffalo has a very prettily drawn rebus; it goes to the artist.

OUR LETTER WRITERS,

[For the use of subscribers and regular purchasers only, who should state that they are such. Addresses on postal cards are not inserted, and only one name from each letter. No advertisements admitted here.]

Samuel Clark, Cedar Falls, Iowa. — Charles E. Coles, Marshall, Mich. (birds' eggs). — W.

A. E., Box 359, Elyria, Ohio (puzzle editor: puzzles wanted). — E. T. Tomlinson, Westerly, R. I. (Indian relics, insects, and amateurs). — Edgar Smythe, Box 432, Tiffin, Ohio (editor of *The Rat*). — Richard E. Lee, 14 S. Eighth St., Philadelphia, Penn. (fun and improvement). — Almon E. Pitts, Newark, Ohio (book circulars). — Charles N. Coddington, Collinsville, Conn. (printing and visiting cards). — Peral Arlington, Newburyport, Mass. — F. W. T., Lock Box 563, Montpelier, Vt. (amateurs and circulars). — H. S. Shelton, Jr., Box 77, Bridgeport, Conn. (amateurs and printing).

HOW TO GAIN WEALTH AND A GOOD NAME.
— We hope our readers will not pass over this article. The rules we give were taken from the tomb of a celebrated millionaire of New Orleans. These maxims were the guides of his life, and to them his success in life is mainly attributed.

"Rules for the Guidance of my Life. 1804.

"Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence. *Time is gold.* Throw not one moment away, but place every one to account.

"Do unto all men as you would be done by.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

"Never bid another do what you can do yourself.

"Never covet what is not your own.

"Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice.

"Never give out that which does not first come in.

"Never spend but to produce.

"Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.

"Study, in your course of life, to do the greatest amount of good.

"Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in honorable simplicity.

"Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence.

"Pursue strictly the above rules, and the divine blessing and riches will flow upon you to your heart's content; but first of all remember that the chief and great duty of your life should be, to tend by all means in your power, to the honor and glory of our *Divine Creator*. Without temperance, there is no health; without virtue, no order; without religion, no happiness: the aim of our being should be to live *wisely, soberly, and righteously.*"



EDITORIAL.

ANOTHER VOLUME.

WITH this number begins the Eighteenth Volume of Oliver Optic's Magazine, with which will be completed the ninth year of its existence. When we consider the number of periodicals for young people which, like good children, have died young, we feel like a veteran. In this view we have reached a good old age. The readers of our earlier years have become men and women, though very many of them are still enrolled on our lists of subscribers or regular purchasers. Occasionally we receive a letter from some one who was of our fold in the year 1867. We have published letters from some of these in the past, and we are always glad to hear from them.

One of the great obstacles to the success of juvenile periodicals is the fluctuating character of its subscription lists, for the readers of such publications outgrow its style of literature, and an audience partly new has to be gathered every year. But, as we have said, we have no cause to complain; our friends have stuck to us like brothers and sisters. As in the past, we intend to do our whole duty, and to labor diligently and faithfully to make the best magazine in the country, or in the world.

"Going West, or The Perils of a Poor Boy," contains the narrative of a young man, as told by himself, who was grossly abused by his guardians, and is a record of lively adventures from beginning to end. It includes a short voyage at sea, a trip up the Hudson, and the cruise of the "Seabird" up Lake Erie, in which the young boatmen encounter a terrible storm. Mr. Kellogg's story, "Brought to the Front," will certainly please the boys, for, without the elements of sanguinarity or electrical reverberations, it is exciting, and true to history and nature. "Nature's Scholar," by Mrs. Dudley, whose polished articles have frequently adorned our pages, will deeply interest the girls, though it is a rather sad story of severe trial and suffering caused by the intemperance of the father. "The Great Bonanza" of Captain Hall is a capital story, and the title is quite popular at the present time. "West African Life" is a true narra-

tive of one who has just returned from the quarter of the globe he describes, and his experience will be full of interest to our readers. We shall continue the sketches by An Old Salt, and give another paper about the Naval Academy.

Several new features are under consideration, and we are constantly in treaty with the best authors in this country for the freshest and newest matter they can produce. To the several departments which are original with this Magazine we shall give extra attention, and our readers are assured that we shall leave nothing undone to amuse and instruct them.

WARRINGTON'S MANUAL.

OUR boys who take part in amateur conventions and other deliberative bodies, ought to be entirely parliamentary in the transaction of their business, not only that it may be well done, but that they may learn how to do it in a proper manner; for, one of these days, some of them will be the presiding officers of the state or national legislatures, of town meetings, city councils, or other assemblies. It is a useful and interesting study, and we cordially commend this Manual to all, both young and old, as the most sensible, intelligible, and accurate work on the subject that we have seen. "Warrington"—W. S. Robinson, Esq.—was the clerk of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts from 1862 to 1873, and has therefore had abundant experience to fit him for the work he has undertaken and so successfully accomplished. The book is published by Lee & Shepard, price one dollar. It contains a very full index, and is elegantly printed on tinted paper.

— AMONG the nations of the world the United States rank fifth in population, and fourth in territorial extent.

— A GERMAN PROVERB. "A hedge lasts three years. A dog outlasts three hedges. A horse outlives three dogs. A man, three horses."

THE NEW TUNNEL.

MANY of our readers doubtless have crossed the English Channel in a storm, and, unless they were old sailors, they may not have enjoyed the trip much. By the time we go again, however, if we wait long enough, we may make the passage without even the chance of seasickness.

In our day, when we have a Suez Canal, to save sailing round Africa, and a Mount Cenis Tunnel, to save a passage over the Alps, the idea of a road over or under the Strait of Dover does not appear so visionary as it would have appeared a hundred years ago.

Various plans have been proposed for establishing a communication, free from all danger and uncertainty, between England and France; and at last this great question appears to be on the point of settlement. The French and English governments, after a long preparatory examination, seem at last to have decided on building an iron railway that shall unite England with the continent. At first such an attempt must have been looked upon as a useless waste of time; but the present state of the science and art of engineering leads us to hope that it will not be impossible to surmount all the difficulties which the carrying out of this great enterprise may present.

Among the different plans which have been proposed for the passage of this strait with railway trains, one was to establish an immense water-tight tube in the bed of the Channel. Another was to construct a grand viaduct from one shore to the other, raising it so far above the water that ships might pass under it. A third was, to employ steam ferry-boats to carry the railroad trains between the two countries. And a fourth and last is to dig out a tunnel under the strait.

This last system, which is the one now adopted by the two governments interested, is the project of a French engineer. It has been studied by the most eminent engineers in England, and meets their approval. The plan is to construct a tunnel under the Strait of Dover, connecting the English railroad line of London, Chatham, and Dover with the French Northern Railroad; that is to say, setting out at a point on the English coast between Folkestone and Dover, they run the tunnel to a point between Boulogne and Calais. This tunnel would have a total length of thirty-eight kilometers (or some twenty-four miles), twenty-eight of which would be under the sea. Thus ten kilometers — about six miles — would be taken by the galleries required on either

shore to bring the road to the surface of the earth.

Careful soundings have shown that the depth of the water of the Channel is less than two hundred feet. This depth, though very moderate, is great enough to prevent driving piles that would be high enough for a bridge above the water; but it leaves room to hope that a tunnel is possible, descending with a gradual slope under the bottom of the sea, to return to the surface of the earth again on the opposite shore.

But, to put such an idea in practice, it was necessary first to prove that the nature of the rocks which form the bed of the Channel would not prevent the enterprise; that is to say, it needed to be shown that a route might be found where the rocks should be soft enough to be easily worked, while, at the same time, they should not tumble in, and should be compact enough to prevent the water of the Channel from coming through. A geological examination has led to the belief that very favorable conditions might be found.

A study of the cliffs that line the two shores of the strait shows that the chalky soil between Dover and Folkestone corresponds very closely with that found along the shore on the other side of the Channel. On both sides, the white, flinty chalk rests on a thick layer of chalk-marl, a little mixed with clay; and this layer is free from fissures, and rests on a bed of blue marl, called, by geologists, gault. But below the layer of blue marl the formation is not promising for a railroad; and the opinion seems to be that the safest venture is to attempt a passage through the chalk or chalk-marl. The white chalk, however, is full of fissures, and consequently would let the water through. The passage must therefore be attempted through the chalk-marl.

The slope, or dip, of this layer being known, as well by observation of the cliffs on the shores as by deep wells dug at Calais and Dover, it is easy to decide on the grade of the tunnel, in order that it may follow the layer of chalk-marl at a given depth, while leaving above the arch a sufficient thickness — a thickness which appears to be settled at forty meters, or about one hundred and thirty feet. The greatest depth of the tunnel below the surface of water will therefore be about three hundred and thirty feet.

The work on this great enterprise, we are told, is about to commence; and we may now begin to look forward to the day when the tourist may hope to glide rapidly and without danger under the domain of blonde Thetis to the shores of La Belle France or Merry England.

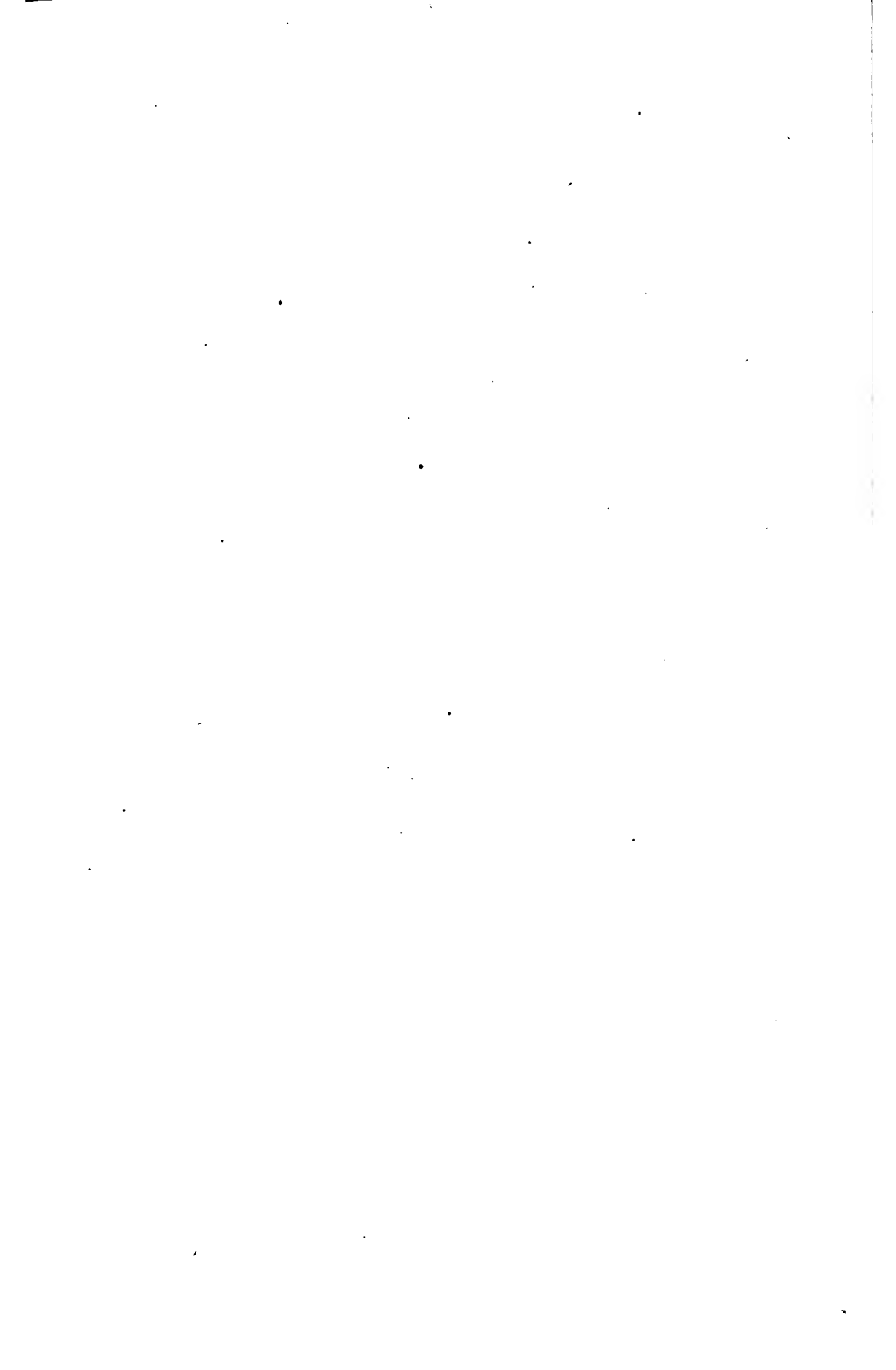
MARCH OF THE "BLUES AND GRAYS."

Composed by WILFRED A. FRENCH.

The musical score is arranged in eight systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and chords. Dynamics are indicated by *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). Performance directions include *loco.* (loco), *1mo.* (first time), *2do.* (second time), and *8va* (octave). The score begins with a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 2/4 time. The first system shows a melody in the treble and a bass line in the bass. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system introduces a *loco.* section. The fourth system features a *1mo.* section. The fifth system includes a *2do.* section. The sixth system shows a *loco.* section. The seventh system features a *loco.* section. The eighth system concludes the piece with a *p* dynamic.

This musical score is for a piano and voice piece, likely a song or a short instrumental with vocal accompaniment. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score consists of eight systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef).

The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system includes a first ending bracket labeled "1mo.". The third system ends with a "Fina." marking. The fourth system begins the "Trio." section, marked with "pp" (pianissimo) and "con delicatezza." (with delicacy). The fifth system includes dynamic markings "do.", "sfz" (sforzando), "p" (piano), and "cres" (crescendo). The sixth system includes "cen" (crescendo), "do.", "sfz", "pp", and "cres". The seventh system includes "cres", "cen", "do.", "sfz", "cres", "cen", and "do.". The eighth system includes "de-cres" (decrescendo), "cen", "do.", "1mo.", "2do.", and "D.C. al fine." (Da Capo al fine).





THE GREAT BONANZA.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII.

AUGUST, 1875.

No. 265.



SANDY TELLING HIS STORY TO SQUIRE BUCKLEMORE. Page 564.

GOING WEST;

OR,

THE PERILS OF A POOR BOY.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER VI.

WHOSE FINGERS WERE BURNED?

I AM confident that I was the least disturbed of the persons in the procession which marched down the east road to the office of the justice who had my case in charge. As Nick was going, I had nothing to fear, for he still

clung to the truth. I had always heard Squire Bucklemore spoken of as a fair and just man, who was not afraid of anybody or anything. That was all I wanted; and I did not ask any favors of anybody. I concluded that Nick did not know I was to be arrested till the arrival of the officer. When Captain Boomsby had gone to Squire Bucklemore's to make the complaint, I could not tell. It might have been before dinner or after; but certainly it had been arranged that Mr. Pentatook should find me at my dinner — at that royal dinner, such as I had never known before.

The captain must have struggled to make it appear that I was a very bad boy, and that I

was even bad enough to complain of my food. Since there can be nothing meaner than scrimping the food of a growing boy, it is quite likely that Captain Boomsby was more afraid of what I might say on this subject than on any other. All I could make of the case was that my tyrants — excepting Nick — were afraid to punish me, and intended to have me sent to the house of correction. A walk of a few minutes brought us to the squire's office. On the way, my tyrants improved the time in showing the constable what a bad boy I was. I walked ahead of them, and Nick dragged some distance behind, groaning and blubbering like a great calf.

"Which is the Duddleton boy?" asked Squire Bucklemore, when the constable had ushered us all into the office which was the forum of justice for small cases.

"This one," replied Mr. Pentatook, placing his hand on my head.

"That one? I supposed it must be the other," added the squire, smiling.

"The other's the Boomsby boy."

"Come here, my lad," said Squire Bucklemore, beckoning to Nick with his finger. "What are you crying for?"

"Sandy has skeered him almost to death," answered Mrs. Boomsby.

"Let the boy speak for himself," added the justice. "What are you crying for, my lad?"

"I didn't want to come here," whined Nick.

"Why not? I shall not hurt you, if you have been a good boy."

"I haven't been a good boy," groaned Nick, with a convulsive start.

"He's skeered of Sandy," said his mother.

"Madam, this is a court of law, and you must speak only when you are spoken to," added Squire Bucklemore, majestically. — "Now, my lad, you are brought here only as a witness; no one prosecutes you; and all we want of you is to tell the truth. Alexander Duddleton is charged with assaulting you, my lad."

"He didn't hurt me any," blubbered Nick.

"Why, Nicholas!" exclaimed Mrs. Boomsby; "you know you couldn't hardly walk a step arter it was done."

"He shall tell his own story in due time," added the squire, turning to me. — "Alexander Duddleton."

"That's my name, sir," I answered, cheerfully, stepping up to the justice.

He rehearsed the charges against me, and asked me to plead guilty or not guilty. The whole thing was a mystery to me, and I did not know what the squire meant. But he spoke so tenderly to me that I could not help

feeling that I was in good hands. He explained the matter to me.

"I did give Nick a h'ist this forenoon," I replied.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Boomsby; "I told you so!"

"Do you mean to plead guilty, and let the matter end here? or do you want the case looked into, Alexander?" asked the squire.

"I don't mean to tell any lies. I'm willing to tell just what I did and what I did not do." I replied.

"Pleading 'not guilty' is not telling a lie; it only means that you desire a trial; that you wish to have the case looked into."

"I should like to tell my story," I added.

"Very well, Alexander; tell your story, and you shall plead afterwards," said the squire, very kindly.

I told my story, from the moment I started to go into the house for a drink of water till the moment I was arrested on a full stomach, after that glorious dinner; and I did not withhold my meed of praise from that royal feast of beefsteak and apple pie; whereat the justice smiled very perceptibly. I may as well add here, though I did not know it at the time, that the Boomsbys did not stand very well among the good people of Glossenbury, and it was currently reported that the boy taken by them from the poor-house was ill treated and half starved. For this reason Squire Bucklemore had a great deal of sympathy for me, and was particularly careful that I should have fair play. The squire told me this himself, a great many years afterwards.

While I was telling my story, to which the justice listened with the closest attention, I was frequently interrupted by Mrs. Boomsby. When I related that I had taken the quarter from Nick's pocket, she broke in, —

"That's an awful lie!"

"Mrs. Boomsby, if you interrupt the proceedings again, Mr. Pentatook shall turn you out of the room," said the squire, sternly and decidedly.

By this time I was satisfied that both of my tyrants wished they had not brought the case before the justice.

"Now, my lad, how will you plead?" asked the squire.

"I don't know, sir. I have told the whole truth," I replied.

"Very well. When a prisoner declines to plead, we enter it as 'not guilty,'" added the justice.

I was willing to let it go so; and Nick was called. The squire told him to hold up his

right hand, which Nick did, shaking all the time like a man with the ague. His father and mother were called, and sworn at the same time.

"Nicholas Boomsby," said the squire; and Nick stood up before him. "Now, my lad, you are under oath. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes, sir — no, sir," blubbered Nick.

"It means that if you don't tell the truth in this case you will be guilty of perjury; and for perjury you may be sent to prison for any length of time less than twenty years."

"I will tell the truth," protested Nick.

"Very well. Now tell me how it happened that Alexander assaulted you," continued the squire.

"It was just as Sandy said, sir," replied the witness.

The justice required him to tell the story, and he told it. It was the "whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Mrs. Boomsby could hardly contain herself, and several times she attempted to make a remark; but Cyril Pentacook had placed himself by her side, and kept her still. Nick confessed that he had taken the quarter twice, and that I had "tipped him over" only after he refused to give it up. Mrs. Boomsby was called, and she was solemnly reminded that she was under oath. She told how the quarter had been twice taken from the kitchen table; but when she said that I had taken it, the squire again reminded her that she was under oath, and that she was to tell only what she knew herself. All the evidence she gave of any value was the fact that I had twice handed her the quarter; and this only confirmed the truth of Nick's story. After this, the testimony in relation to the affair in the barn was taken. I was permitted to testify in my own behalf, after my rights were fully explained to me; and I told my story over again, under oath, exactly as I had told it before. Then the justice gave his decision.

"This case ought not to have been brought into a court, for it is only an affair of family discipline," said Squire Bucklemore. "But, as it has been brought before me, I am obliged to settle it. It does not appear that there was any assault in the barn upon Captain Boomsby. The boy Alexander was threatened, and an attempt was actually made to flog him with a rope. The defendant resisted by retreating and menacing the plaintiff with a pitchfork. It appears now, as it appeared then, — for Nicholas confessed his error, — that the defendant was not guilty of the offence with which he was charged. He was to be wrong-

fully punished; and some discretion should be used in considering his conduct. Though his act may be considered as a technical assault, I think, under the circumstances, the defendant is entitled to his discharge on this count.

"In regard to the assault upon the boy Nicholas, the charge is clearly proved, and not denied by the defendant. It was only a boy quarrel, though I am compelled to regard it as something more serious. Alexander certainly assaulted Nicholas, and threw him upon the grass at the side of the road; but it does not appear that he used any more force than was necessary to obtain the quarter which he needed for his own vindication. As a matter of equity, it would almost seem that the defendant was justified in what he did; but the law does not so regard it. Alexander had no right to take the law into his own hands, for such a course is always dangerous to the rights and liberty of the citizen. Alexander ought to have come to me, and complained of Nicholas for stealing the money. A warrant would then have been issued for the arrest of the thief, and it would have been the duty of the constable, in a legal manner, to search Nicholas.

"Thus Alexander would have vindicated himself. But he appears not to have had any knowledge of the legal remedy in his case, and he committed an offence against the peace and dignity of this commonwealth. The charge is proved, and I am compelled to sentence him to pay a fine of one dollar and costs of court, amounting to three dollars and forty-five cents, and to stand committed until paid."

Long before the squire finished his speech I saw that the Boomsbys were thoroughly disgusted with this sort of law. It was not the kind they wanted; but it exactly suited me, though I was a little startled when I was condemned to pay the fine and costs. Of course I could not pay it; and I had not the least idea what "stand committed" meant. It soon appeared that Captain Boomsby was not much better informed.

"But who is to pay this fine and costs?" asked he. "The boy can't pay the bill."

"As I understand the matter, you are his legal guardian, Captain Boomsby; and it devolves upon you to pay his fine," replied the justice; and I saw the twinkle in the corner of his eye.

"Upon me!" gasped the commander of the Great West.

"Certainly; as you pay for his board, clothes, and other expenses," added the squire, quietly.

"Who on airth ever heard of such a thing?" shrieked Mrs. Boomsby. "We persecute him for assaultin' our boy, and we have to pay the fine and costs!"

"Certainly, madam. A man complained of his wife for beating him over the head with a broomstick; and he only had to pay her fine, or lose her services as housekeeper for three or four weeks. He had his choice, and he paid the fine. You can do the same, or not, as you please."

"What if I don't pay it?" asked the captain.

"Then Alexander will be committed to the lock-up for three or four weeks. Mr. Pentatook is responsible for his prisoners; but I believe in these small cases he takes them home, boards them in his own house, and lets them work in the garden to pay for their board," chuckled the squire.

This arrangement exactly suited me, but it did not suit the Boomsbys, who wished me to be shut up in jail. I was quite sure that I should fare as well at Cyril Pentatook's as at my old home. The captain and his wife were perplexed and confounded. They evidently did not know what to do.

"There is one other view to be taken of this affair. It appears that a crime has been committed; a quarter of a dollar was stolen from Mrs. Boomsby by her son; but a son has no right to steal from his mother. The law makes no distinction in regard to the person upon whom the theft is committed. Alexander has been the sufferer by this theft; and if he should enter a complaint against the thief, I should be obliged to grant a warrant for the arrest of Nicholas," continued the squire, very mildly.

"I'll pay the fine and costs," groaned Captain Boomsby; and he did so.

I was discharged and sent home. Mrs. Boomsby and Nick soon followed me; but the captain did not return for over an hour. I suspected that Squire Bucklemore had a talk with him; but nothing was said to me about it.

CHAPTER VII.

MY WARDROBE AND OTHER MATTERS.

I RESUMED my work as soon as I returned home. I was much better satisfied with the results of the trial than my tyrants. I hoped the events of the day would tend to improve my condition, and make the future more hopeful for me. I had clearly won a victory, and, while I did not intend to do anything to provoke my oppressors, I hoped to reap the fruits of my victory. But I had not been at work long before Captain Boomsby walked into the

yard, looking as sore and as savage as though I had robbed him of the hope of a lifetime. He marched directly towards me, and every step he took indicated the depth of his wrath.

"I s'pose you think you've got the best of me this time, you rascal," said he. "But you haven't seen the end of this business yet."

"I don't think you have any reason to complain of me. I haven't done anything, as I know of," I replied.

"Don't tell me, you villain," roared he.

"Squire Bucklemore didn't think I had done anything wrong."

"I don't care what Squire Bucklemore says or thinks," growled the captain, savagely.

"I am willing to work, and do all that's wanted of me; but I don't think it's just the thing to lick me for what Nick does."

"No matter what you think. I don't want you to think at all," added Captain Boomsby, gruffly.

I thought this was rather a hard case; but it was just what he meant, whether he had said it or not; and I did not venture to make any reply. He wished me to be like a dog — come when I was called, and pick up my own living. However, I did not purpose to resist anything short of actual violence. I looked on the ground, so that even my "stare" might not be considered impudent, and awaited his next move.

"We are going to teach you what you're good for," he continued, in threatening tones.

"I know I'm not good for much," I answered, meekly, for I did not wish to bring about another row.

"You ain't half so big a man as you think you are," he added, glowering upon me like an ogre. "You shall know your place."

This was a favorite argument of the captain — to get all his subordinates into their proper places. He seemed to be afraid some of them would aspire to reach his lofty level; but I acknowledged that I had no such towering ambition.

"I think I know my place now," I ventured to add.

"I'll let you know you ain't the equal of my boy."

"I don't pretend to be his equal, or anything of the sort."

"Yes, you do. You put on airs as if you didn't come from the poor-house. You've got to be too big to take a lickin' when you deserve it; and it's time sunthin was done."

"I'm willing to take my own lickings."

"I'm not goin' to ask you whether you are willing or not."

"I don't think it's right for me to take Nick's lickings as well as my own," I added; and it seemed to me that a proposition so clear and plain needed no demonstration.

"What do I care what you think?" sneered he. "You've gone just as far as you're goin' on this tack. 'Tain't no use to talk any more about it."

I didn't suppose it was, and so I made no reply. I think he wanted to provoke me to make a saucy answer, in order to find an excuse for pitching into me, though he did not generally trouble himself to look up excuses for what he did. I half suspected that Squire Bucklemore had said something to him about me, for the justice had certainly been on my side during the trial. He had really seemed like a friend to me, and I was very grateful to him.

"I reckon I'll take you on board the vessel, when I go off again," he continued, looking savage enough to bite off a board nail. "I guess I can manage you there, without no judges nor constables."

"I'm willing to go in the vessel," I replied, wishing to avoid all appearance of opposition.

"Don't tell me you're willin'," said he, fiercely. "I don't care whether you're willin' or not;" and he seemed to be mad because I was willing.

Certainly I wished to conciliate that man. But I might as well have attempted to make peace with a hyena or a boa-constrictor. He was always ugly to me, and I cannot remember that he ever spoke a kind word to me. Rough and hard as Captain Boomsby was, his wife was as rough and hard as he was. It really made no difference to me whether I went to sea or staid on shore; I was sure of more kicks than coppers on land or on the water. It seemed to me that I fared just a shade better on board of the Great West than I did on the farm, because the captain spent most of his time in the cabin and on the quarter-deck, so that, on the fore-castle, I was out of his sight. However, I had no doubt of his power to "make it hot" for me, wherever I was. I was not aware that I could do anything to better my condition, and I had no thought of anything but submission. This world seemed like a very cold and dismal place to me, and the future was exceedingly dark and forbidding. Though I had been guilty of no offence, I realized that I was to suffer because I had rebelled at the rankest injustice.

Captain Boomsby turned on his heel, and walked into the house. I continued my work, but I was in no very pleasant frame of mind.

I was almost sorry that I had not permitted Nick to retain the quarter, and taken the consequence for stealing it—not quite, for the satisfaction I had derived from asserting and maintaining my rights was a sufficient offset to half a dozen floggings. Stealing was an awful crime to me, and I do not know that anything less than charging me with such a crime, when I was innocent, could have induced me to lay violent hands on the sacred person of the captain's son, or to level a pitchfork at the captain himself. I had done it, however, and now I was to take the consequences.

While the captain remained at home I was treated in about the same manner as before; that is, I had plenty of work, with just what the rest of the family left me to eat; and it seemed to me that they left even less than before the tempest in the barn; certainly that glorious dinner of beefsteak and apple pie was not repeated. In a few days I had finished planting the early peas, and had prepared the ground for the other vegetables, so that there was no more steady work for me to do. The Great West was taking in a cargo of fish, and was to sail for New York in a few days. I had no doubt that I should go in her; and, to tell the truth, I was not sorry to do so, for at sea I should at least reduce the number of my tyrants.

"Sandy, pack up your duds, and go aboard the vessel," said Mrs. Boomsby, about a week after the trial.

My female tyrant said this as though she had condemned me to a terrible fate. Though I did not think it would be then, it proved to be more terrible than I had anticipated; and the events of the voyage became one of the turning-points of my existence.

"I don't know that I have any duds to pack," I replied; and perhaps it was impudent for me to make such a remark, since it was an imputation upon my tyrants for the meagreness of my wardrobe; but, somehow, I could not help it, for the lady spoke as though she had given me an extensive job to do.

"Don't give me none of your impudence," snapped she. "You've got more clothes than you deserve. I suppose you want to be dressed up like a gentleman now—don't you?"

"If I'm going to sea, I should like rags enough to cover my back."

"Don't be sassy."

It was saucy to ask for anything to eat or to wear. I was the proprietor of a few old rags, which were wholly insufficient to keep me warm, and I went up stairs to the attic to gather them together. Nick's overcoat, with

the skirts cut off, served me for a jacket; the captain's trousers, "razeed" at the bottom, were my nether garment; and my hat, or cap, was anything I could pick up about the place. I confess that I was vain enough to desire something better than this wardrobe. Mrs. Boomsby evidently thought I intended to become a dandy because I spoke rather disrespectfully of this suit. It was not enough to protect me from the cold blasts of the ocean; not enough to keep me from shivering while on my watch in the fog and rain; and certainly not enough to enable me to make a decent appearance in the streets of Glessenbury, or New York, whither I was bound. I had an extra woollen shirt, — one of a pair which had shrunk so that the captain could not wear them, — and a second pair of socks, which I rolled up in my jacket, for I seldom wore the latter garment, except in the coldest weather on shore. My trunk, therefore, was soon packed. I was ready for the voyage. I went down stairs with my bundle, and waited for the moving of the waters.

"What do you sit there for, gawpin' like a sculpin?" demanded Mrs. Boomsby, frowning at me as though I had done something very naughty.

"I'm waiting for further orders," I replied, rising from the chair where I had seated myself.

"Didn't I tell you to go aboard the vessel? How many more times do you want me to tell you?"

"Once will do; but I didn't know's you was ready to have me go yet."

"Yes, I'm ready, and glad to git red of you. Git out of the house as fast as ever you can; and I hope it will be a long day before I see you agin."

This was her parting benediction; and it was a longer day than she or I anticipated before she saw me again. I made no reply, and indulged in no good by. I left the house, and in the yard I met Nick.

"Where you going, Sandy?" he asked; but he had entirely lost his bullying tone and manner towards me; and, since the affair in the road a week before, he had not ceased to be afraid of me, though I would not have harmed him for the world, except in self-defence.

"On board of the vessel," I answered.

"It's none o' my doings, Sandy," he added. "I know that."

"I didn't know but that you thought I was the means of having you sent off. But I wasn't. I never said a word about it."

"I don't blame you, Nick; and I shouldn't care if you had been the means of sending me off. It don't make much difference to me where I go."

"Do you want to go to sea?" he asked.

"I had as lief go to sea as stay on the farm. I shall have hard fare wherever I go."

"The old woman's pretty rough on you, anyhow," continued Nick; "and so's the old man, for that matter."

"That's so."

"I shouldn't wonder if the old man made it hot for you on board of the vessel."

"I should wonder if he didn't."

"You got about even with him a week ago, in the barn, you know, Sandy. Why don't you try it on again?"

"What do you mean, Nick?"

"Don't you remember, Sandy?"

I was not quite ready to believe that the son meant to counsel me to resist the father, and I did not comprehend him; but there was no more feeling of parental love or respect in him than there was in a brickbat.

"I don't understand you," I added.

"Didn't you face the old man with a pitchfork out to the barn, a week ago?" asked he, chuckling as though it was a good joke.

"Well, what if I did?"

"Why don't you try it on again? You got the best of dad that time."

"I don't think I made anything by it," I added, gloomily. "It would have been just as well, if not a little better, for me if I had let it go that I stole the quarter, instead of putting it on you, where it belonged."

"I didn't mean to get you into a scrape, Sandy," he continued, rather sheepishly.

"It's all the same now."

"Well, good by, Sandy; and when you come back, we will be better friends."

"I'm agreed. Good by, Nick," I replied, resuming my walk towards the wharf where the Great West lay.

In a short time I reached my destination, and went on board of the vessel. Captain Boomsby was on the quarter-deck, and, tossing my bundle into the fore-castle, I hastened to present myself for duty.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON BOARD THE GREAT WEST.

"WHERE have you been laggin' all the mornin', you rascal, you?" demanded Captain Boomsby, as I showed myself in the waist.

"I came on board as soon as I was told to



"THAT'S A CONUNDRUM." Page 571.

do so," I replied : but I might just as well have held my tongue.

"You've been foolin' by the way, as you allus do, you villain! Now, grab that peak halyard, and look alive!" blustered the captain.

I took hold of the rope with one of the hands. I knew my duty, and I was willing to do it. I worked with a will, for I wanted to know whether or not it made any difference how faithful I was. I put forth my whole strength, — and for a boy of twelve, I had a great deal. When the mainsail was set, we were ordered to hoist the foresail. My place was at the peak, as before, and I exerted myself to the utmost.

"Why don't you pull, you lubber, you?" said the captain, with an oath.

I had done the best I could, but it was of no use. However, I determined that, if I was abused, it should not be my fault, and I continued to do my best. I was not heavy and slow-moulded, as one might have judged by the way Captain Boomsby talked to me: on the contrary, I was quick and lively. Among the hands with whom I had sailed before, I had the reputation of being a smart boy. I did not make as much noise as some of the men, but I did almost as much work, even in

hoisting the heavy fore and aft sails; and in the light work of shaking out the top sails, I was so nimble, that I could beat most of them. As I have said before, only the meanest class of men would ship on board of the Great West, because her captain was a brute; and those who were at work with me at this time, were all so drunk that they could hardly stand. Captain Boomsby swore at them, and swore at me; but I think I received more than my fair share of his blasphemous abuse. If I had been disposed to use profane language, his disgusting example would have prevented me from doing so.

"Now, lay aloft and shake out that to'gal-lant-sail, you young cub!" shouted the captain, pointing to me. "Look alive now, and don't be all day about it."

I ran up the fore-shrouds as swiftly as though the safety of the schooner depended upon the celerity of my movements. A young fellow, who had been on a spree for a week, was sent aloft to loose the topsail; but he was too tipsy to do any thing more than keep himself from tumbling off the yard; indeed, I was afraid he would fall. When I had loosed my sail, I slid down on the halyard to the top-sail-yard, then dropped upon the foot-rope, where the drunken tar was trying to cast off

the gasket. I loosed the rope and removed it from the sail.

"Mind your eye, Dick Blister!" I called to him, as I let fall the sail. "Don't tumble off the yard, my hearty."

"Aloft there! What are you about, Sandy? Who told you to meddle with the topsail?" hailed the captain, from the deck. "Lay down from aloft, this minute!"

I scampered down the rigging as fast as my legs would carry me. As I leaped from the rail upon the deck, I received half a dozen cuts over my arm and shoulder with a rope's end, in the hand of Captain Boomsby, who had gone forward to meet me as I came down. The blows were as heavy as he could comfortably make them. To say that "it hurt," would not cover the case, for my flesh was lacerated by the operation.

"Who told you to go on the topsail-yards?" demanded my tyrant, savagely.

"I was afraid Dick Blister would fall off the yard," I pleaded.

"It's none of your business if he does fall. By and by, perhaps you'll learn to obey orders, if all the ropes' ends don't give out," growled the captain, panting with the exertion he had used in running forward, and in flogging me.

I retreated to the forecastle, rubbing my wounded arm, but determined to profit by the lesson I had just received. The halyards were manned, the yards hoisted up, and the sails sheeted home. The captain ordered me to take the stops off the flying-jib, and Dick Blister, those of the jib. I went out on the flying-jib-boom, and Dick followed me as far as the jib-stay. My work was done in a minute, and in the ordinary course of duty, I should have helped Dick out, for his job was a bigger one than mine; but I knew better, in the present instance, than to do anything of the kind; at least I thought I knew better. I stood on the jib-boom, holding on at the stay, for I could not pass Dick. Presently I saw that the ugly eye of my tyrant was fixed upon me. I was standing still, and I knew that this was a crime. My tipsey shipmate was fumbling over the jib, and not likely to finish it in the next hour; so I slid down to the cathead on one of the guys, and leaped in on the deck. I was not a moment too soon, for the skipper was after me. He was as savage as a meat-axe. If I had let the vessel broach to with the wind on the beam, he could not have come at me more furiously.

"What are you about, you lazy villain? Don't you know any better than to stand there,

with your hands in your pockets, when we're getting the schooner under way?" roared he, choking with wrath.

"I've done what you told me to do," I answered, with all the humility I could summon to my aid. "I have loosed the flying-jib."

"Is that all there is to be done?"

"That's all you told me to do."

"Why didn't you help Dick loose the jib, you lazy cub?"

"You didn't give me any orders to do so."

"Didn't I? Well, I'll give them now," he continued, beginning to pound me with a rope's end he carried in his hand for the purpose.

"Just now you flogged me for helping Dick shake out the topsail, without orders; and now you flog me for not helping him, when you haven't told me to do so," I cried, running up the fore-rigging a short distance, to get out of his way.

I had permitted him to give me but one blow this time, and his injustice was so glaring that I could not endure it. Perhaps the remembrance of the scene in the barn stimulated me to resistance, but nothing save the grossest cruelty could have fired me to do so.

"Come down out of that rigging, you villain!" gasped the savage tyrant, flourishing the rope at me.

"Not just yet," I replied; and I was determined that I would jump overboard before I would submit to any more castigation. My "ebenezer" was up; I did not deserve it, and I could not stand it.

"Will you come down out of that rigging, or shall I go up after you?" demanded Captain Boomsby, foaming with rage.

"I'd rather you'd come up after me, if it's all the same to you," I answered, saucily, for I had become desperate, and did not care a straw what became of me.

Captain Boomsby leaped upon the rail, but he might as well have attempted to chase a red squirrel up an oak tree as to follow me. I ran up the ratlines like a cat, and he after me. By this time, the gaze of all hands, as well as that of a small crowd on the wharf, was fixed upon me. When I reached the mast-head, I decided that it was not prudent for me to go any higher; for, if I did, he could cut off my retreat. Leaving the foremast, I ran out on the spring-stay, which extends horizontally to the mainmast. This movement on my part called out a laugh from the spectators, which did not tend to improve the temper of the captain. I will not soil my page by transcribing the string of oaths my tyrant uttered

when he discovered what I intended to do. If there was ever a man insane with passion, Captain Boomsby was the one.

"Stop him, Barnes!" screamed the captain, hoarse with wrath, when he realized that I was in a fair way to reach the deck first.

Barnes was the mate; but he was a new man on board of the *Great West*, and was not inclined to do anything out of the strict line of his duty. He was standing near the foot of the foremast, and he moved rather leisurely towards the quarter-deck, as though he did not care to obey the order of the skipper. Possibly the laugh of the crowd, who appeared to rejoice in the discomfiture of the captain, had some effect upon him. Nobody likes to run in opposition to the multitude. Evidently the sympathies of the spectators were in favor of the "bottom dog," and I was not much afraid of the interference of any person.

But I deemed it prudent to make a halt on the main-rigging, in order to determine what opposition I had to expect from the mate. His lazy movements assured me that I had not much to fear from him. If he was not a friend, he was disposed to be neutral, and I did not care to place him in an awkward position before his superior officer. For this reason, I retained my position about half way between the deck and the mainmast-head.

"Why don't you go aloft and bring him down, Barnes?" yelled Captain Boomsby. "Can't you hear me?"

"I hear you," replied the mate, in a low, dogged tone. But he made no movement to obey.

"Why don't you go up and bring that boy down, then?" demanded the tyrant, apparently astonished at the apathy of his subordinate.

Barnes seated himself on the fife-rail, at the heel of the mainmast, looking as though he had not the least interest in anything on the earth below. I was intensely solicitous in regard to his future action, and I was pleased to find that he had drawn off the attention of the crowd from me to himself. For the moment he was the hero of the scene, for his silent refusal to obey his superior indicated a greater disturbance than the mere disciplining of a boy. The mate made no reply to the last question of the captain; instead of being properly impressed by the mandate of the master, he even had the impudence to take out an old black pipe, strike a match, and light it. Very leisurely he puffed away, and surveyed the crowd on the wharf with a mighty indifference.

Captain Boomsby was apparently amazed at this conduct as soon as he realized its meaning. He descended from the fore-rigging, and walked aft to the quarter-deck, where he confronted the cool mate. Barnes was a stout, heavy down-caster, weighing nearly two hundred, and a person of good judgment would not have selected him as a suitable man with whom to make a fuss. The skipper looked at him; Barnes returned his gaze with something like a look of supreme contempt on his bronzed countenance.

"Do you command this vessel, or do I?" demanded Captain Boomsby, shaking with anger.

"That's a conundrum, and I ain't good for guessing 'em," replied the mate, with a smile.

Barnes did not appear to be disposed to talk, but rose from his seat, and went down into the cabin. In a moment he re-appeared with an overcoat on his arm, and a valise in his hand. Without a word to the captain, he moved towards the wharf.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MATE'S ADVICE.

FROM my position on the main-rigging I could see and hear both parties in the strife, and even note the expression on their faces. Captain Boomsby was apparently confounded by the demonstration of the mate. He looked up to me as though he had just discovered that he had made a mistake. The *Great West* was all ready to sail, and the mate was on the point of leaving. Barnes had the reputation of being an excellent mate, and people wondered that he had shipped with such a man as Captain Boomsby was known to be; but he was out of a job, and this was his only excuse, as he expressed it himself.

"Hold on a minute, Barnes. Where are you going?" said the skipper, in a rather subdued tone.

"I'm going ashore," replied the mate, stopping, and turning round to confront the tyrant.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the captain. "I thought you shipped for this trip."

"So I did; but I'm not going to help you grind that boy — not if I know myself, and I think I do," answered the mate, in good, round, noble tones, which went to the right spot in my heart, and I wanted to applaud him, as I had heard the people do at the political meetings.

"Grind that boy! What do you mean by

that?" inquired the skipper, with a sickly smile.

"I mean just what I say. It's bad enough to have to see it done, without being called upon to take a hand in the business," added Barnes; and I could see that he had the sympathies of the crowd.

"God bless you, Jacob Barnes!" I wanted to say. The thought was in my heart, but I did not deem it prudent to utter the words.

"The boy is a young cub, and don't mind," pleaded the captain, who evidently did not wish to lose the mate. "He's a good-for-nothing young rascal, and wants to make all the trouble he can. He don't know how to mind, and he won't work unless you kick him. That's the whole on't."

"I don't want to come between you and the boy; but you licked him the first time for doing something without orders, and the next time for not doing anything without orders," answered Barnes, very mildly, and not in the manner of a retort. "I know it's none of my business; at least, till you call upon me to help you grind the boy. I've got some bowels in my soul, and I don't like that kind of a job."

"Well, well, Barnes, you and I needn't quarrel about a little thing like this," laughed Captain Boomsby. "I'll take care of the boy after this, without any help from you. I rather think I can manage him alone;" and the tyrant glanced up at me.

"I don't like to meddle with what don't concern me; but that boy took hold sharp and smart, and I thought he was a good deal handier about a vessel than boys average. He went aloft, shook out that to'gallant-sail as spry as ever I saw it done. You can ketch more flies with molasses than you can with vinegar, cap'n."

"I ain't in the fly-catching business just now, Barnes," chuckled the captain.

"But you're in sunthin' a mighty sight smaller, and that's grindin' down a poor boy that hain't got no one to stand up for him."

"Come, Barnes, put away your traps, and we will get the vessel under way," added the captain, in a coaxing tone. "I'll tell you all about the boy when we have more time."

"I shipped to help navigate the vessel, and I'm not going into the grindin' business."

"All right, Barnes. We understand each other now," continued the captain, in wheedling tones; for, like other bullies, he had hardly a particle of self-respect.

Jacob Barnes had a family to support, and I suppose he did not feel able to sacrifice his bread and butter to his humanity. Putting

his overcoat and valise on the booby-hatch, he walked forward into the waist, and then looked at Captain Boomsby for further orders.

"All ready to h'ist the jib!" said the skipper, comprehending the action of the mate.

"All ready," replied Barnes.

"Cast off that hawser!" shouted the captain to the men on the wharf. — "Come down here!" he added, turning to me.

He seemed to have forgotten me for the moment; but I concluded to obey this order, for I saw that he had no rope's end in his hand. I leaped down upon the deck, and darted into the waist before he had time to arm himself with another implement of torture.

"H'ist the jib!" shouted the skipper, taking no further notice of me.

Captain Boomsby took the wheel, and I went forward to help hoist the jib. The breeze filled the sails of the Great West, and she stood out from the shore.

"H'ist the flyin'-jib!" continued the captain, when the vessel was well clear of the wharf.

I took my place with the men at the hal-yards, and hauled like a good fellow, for I was intent upon justifying the good opinion the mate had formed of me. Though I hardly expected Barnes to take any active part in my favor, after the vessel got out of the harbor, I felt that he was friendly to me, and that was a great deal, in my estimation. The captain soon called a sailor to take the helm, and I watched my tyrant's movements with no little anxiety. However, I did not expect him to begin upon me immediately, for I thought respect for the opinion of the mate would keep him quiet until the vessel was in blue water, where it would be a serious affair to dispute any order of the master. On the high seas it would be mutiny to resist him; and I had no doubt Captain Boomsby would break out again as soon as we were well off the land.

"Ready, about!" said the captain, when it became necessary to tack in order to pass out through the narrow opening of the bay.

My place was at the braces, and they led down the mainmast, so that I had to go upon the quarter-deck, where the tyrant stood. He scowled at me as I approached him, and I kept my weather eye wide open, on the lookout for squalls.

"I'll settle your case for you before you are many days older," growled he, in a low tone.

I made no reply, for nothing could be said to better my case. The prospect was very dark and discouraging; and the worst of it

was, that I could not do anything to help myself. If I had done any wrong, I would have confessed it, and begged my tyrant's pardon. There was no way for me to make peace. I could only wait for whatever the future had in store for me, and then bear it with all the patience I could command. The Great West went in stays, and then stood out to sea through the Gap. At noon Captain Boomsby went down into the cabin to dinner, leaving the mate in charge of the deck. I walked by him several times, hoping he would speak to me, for I felt that a single kind word would do me good; but he did not notice me. At last I stepped up to him, and he could not help seeing that I had something to say to him. But he was a prudent man, and he attempted to avoid me. It was wrong in me to try to commit him to my side of the question; but I did not understand the matter then as well as I do now, or I would not have done it.

"What shall I do?" I asked of him in a low tone.

"Run away the first chance you get," replied he, with his hand over his mouth, as he turned and walked away from me, unwilling to continue the conversation even a moment.

I must do Jacob Barnes the justice to say that he had some knowledge of my case, and he understood it perfectly. He had given me bold advice, and his remedy for the ills of my situation was rather startling. Strange as it may seem, I had never thought of it before; at least, I had never given it any serious consideration. Run away! Where should I run to? Run away from Captain Boomsby! What a daring deed it would be! What if he should catch me? The idea seemed too tremendous for me to master it. Was it possible that I could get away from my tyrants? that I could live in peace away from them? I would at least think of it; and I felt that if it was not the proper thing for me to do, Barnes would not have advised the step. The mate had sons and daughters of his own, and he would not be likely to give me bad advice. The idea of living away from Captain Boomsby and his wife seemed to be too blissful a thought to be realized; and I wondered what it would be like to live, even a single day, without being kicked and jawed from the rising to the setting of the sun.

When the captain came on deck, I felt guilty. I had harbored a thought of treason against him, and I dared not look him in the face, lest he should suspect what was in my mind. Just at this moment the "grub" of the sailors was served out by the "doctor," and I was going

forward to obtain my share. Here I secured enough to eat; and this was to me the only advantage of going to sea.

"Sandy!" called the captain at this interesting moment.

"Sir!" I replied, respectfully.

"Come here!"

I went there; but I was careful not to go too near him.

"Take that swab, and wash up the quarter-deck," said he; and his eye twinkled with the malice that was in his heart.

I had no alternative but to obey; and I did obey. I worked two hours, swabbing up the decks. Dick Blister, who was tolerably sober by this time, attempted to help me; but the skipper sternly ordered him forward. I had had but little breakfast that morning, and I was quite faint for the want of food. At last I finished the job; or, at least, I stopped work when I had been over all the deck abaft the mainmast. Captain Boomsby was in the cabin at the time, or, doubtless, he would have ordered me to swab the rest of the deck. Of course this was only a trick to cheat me out of my dinner. I went forward quite exhausted.

"Sandy," whispered Dick Blister, as I approached the little group of sailors on the fore-castle, "you'll find some grub in your bunk."

"Thank you, Dick," I replied.

"Don't let the old man see you eating it," added he, cautiously.

"I won't."

I went to the house on deck, and in my berth I found a large junk of corned beef and half a dozen sea-biscuit, which Dick had saved for me. Seating myself on the deck, I gave myself up to the delightful occupation of filling my empty stomach. Only one who has been half starved, as I had been, can appreciate my satisfaction. I was so pleasantly employed that I forgot the promise I had made to Dick, and ignored the fact that it was a crime for me to eat my dinner on that particular occasion. Suddenly the door of the fore-castle was darkened, and Captain Boomsby stood before me.

CHAPTER X.

A NIGHT IN THE HOLD.

FORTUNATELY, I had eaten all I could of the beef and bread when my tyrant opened the door, which I had taken the precaution to close, so that, whatever else he did, he could not rob me of my dinner. This was a great consolation to me, though I hope the reader will not think I was a glutton because I have

had so much to say about my food, or rather about the want of it. With a growing boy, hunger is the great affliction of life, and I had been a constant sufferer. Captain Boomsby looked very ugly as he confronted me.

"What are you doing in here?" demanded he.

"Eating my dinner," I replied, trembling in my shoes.

"How come that grub in here?" was the next conundrum he proposed.

I could not guess it. It would have been meaner than toad-pie to betray Dick Blister, on the one hand, and I was not willing to lie, on the other. I repeat that I was above the meanness of lying. It was not virtue; it was an inborn hatred of the vile and low; and as I knew nothing whatever about my parents, I have no idea where I got it. I made no reply to the hard inquisitor, but I looked out for the best way to escape from his presence. The situation was not very hopeful, for he stood between me and the door.

"Why don't you answer me, you villain?" said he, savagely. "Are you dumb?"

"No, sir, I'm not dumb," I answered, rather to say something than to meet the question.

"Answer me, then."

"I haven't anything to say."

"I'll find something for you to say, then," he added, fiercely, looking about him.

I understood that he wanted a rope's end; but, fortunately, there was nothing of the kind in the fore-castle, and when he retreated to the deck to find what he sought for, I jumped up and crawled out at one of the windows. He saw me as soon as I touched the planks, and rushed towards me. I ran aft, and succeeded in keeping out of his way. I went for the main-rigging, and, leaping upon the rail, I scampered up the ratlines. When I was in a safe position, I stopped, and contemplated the scene below me. When I was surprised by the captain, I had a piece of beef in one hand, and a biscuit in the other. Involuntarily I had thrust the food into my pockets, as I got out the window. I had nothing better to do in my present situation than to finish my dinner, for the captain did not attempt to follow me, knowing very well that he might as well chase a streak of lightning. I took out my beef and bread, and began to eat them. Of course, this act aggravated him; but I saw that the mate and the other hands were amused by it.

"Come down, you rascal!" shouted the skipper.

"No, I thank you," I responded.

"Won't you!" and he turned upon his heel, and went down into the cabin.

In a few moments, he returned with his gun in his hand. The situation was beginning to look serious, for the captain was a noted gunner, and had the reputation of being a dead shot. I deemed it prudent to go up higher, and I soon placed myself at the mast-head. I confess that I was alarmed, for, hard as my lot was, I had no taste for being shot. I saw Barnes walk up to my tyrant; I could not hear what he said to him, but I judged, by the shaking of his head, that he was remonstrating with him. I could not make out the reply of the captain any better, but he immediately pointed the gun at me.

"Come down!" shouted he. "Come down, or I'll shoot you!"

But before he had got the words out of his mouth I had placed the mast between myself and him. He retreated towards the taffrail, still pointing the gun in the direction of my locality. Somehow I did not believe that he would dare to shoot me, and he often threatened me with terrible things, so that I did not take much stock in his threats. Besides, I did not believe that the mate would let him do such a deed. He was not afraid of him, however it may have been with the rest of us.

Like an ostrich in the desert, I kept myself where I could not see him, and this satisfied me that he could not see me. Well, we played this game for half an hour, and the gun was not discharged; the captain did not get a sight of me. The crew were rather chuckling at the fun, and the skipper became weary of the game. Seating himself on the companion-way, with his gun in his hand, he appeared to be watching his opportunity, which I was careful not to afford him.

The result was, that I remained in the rigging all the afternoon, though not in one place, for I deemed it prudent to keep the mast between us. After supper, the captain, perhaps fearing that the night air would injure his gun, carried it into the cabin. As he did not return to the deck, I made haste to descend from my lofty perch.

"Bully for you!" exclaimed Dick Blister, slapping me on the back. "You didn't blow on me, and I've saved some supper for you. You will find it in the bunk in the fore-castle."

"Thank you, Dick," I added, feeling very grateful to him for his kindness.

He followed me into the fore-castle, keeping an eye on the cabin door to make sure that the captain did not surprise me again.

"I wouldn't eat it here," said Dick.

"Where shall I eat it?" I asked.

"Come with me;" and he led the way to the fore-scuttle, just abaft the bowsprit bits. The sailors were all in the waist, so that they did not see us. Dick raised the scuttle.

"Jump down," said he, excitedly; and I promptly obeyed him. "Go well aft, and hide yourself."

"But how long shall I stay in the hold?" I asked, wishing to obtain a better idea of Dick's plan, so that I might not get him into any trouble, for I had the feeling it was better to be shot than betray a friend who had aided me.

"Till we get to New York," he replied, hastily. "I will see that you have grub enough."

"I'm very much obliged to you, Dick," I added, wondering why he risked his own head for my sake.

"Never mind that," said he, hurriedly.

"Now go aft, and stow yourself away as well as you can, for the old man may be down to look after you in the course of half an hour."

He closed the scuttle, and I was in the darkness, which was only slightly relieved by the light coming through the cracks of the scuttle and the main hatch. But after I had been in the hold a few moments, I could see well enough to move aft, as the hatch was not secured for bad weather. The hold was about half filled with barrels of mackerel and packages of salt fish. Where the pumps extended down into the well, an opening had been left, through which I crawled down, till I came to the ballast. The dead odors of the fish and the bilge water would have choked a fastidious person; but I was used to this sort of thing, and did not mind it much.

After a careful survey of the place, I found that I could make my way forward in a kind of channel which had been left over the keelson, to permit the water, coming into the vessel through any leak, to flow aft into the well. It was not a pleasant place in which to spend three or four days, or possibly a week; but to me it was better than being pounded half to death. I ate my supper in peace, and in almost total darkness. On board the *Great West*, the bill of fare was always substantially the same—beef and bread. But I was satisfied with this, if I could get enough of it. When I had finished the meal, I stretched myself on the packages of salt fish, as forming the softest bed, and gave myself up to my own thoughts. I chose a place near the well, so that in case a search for me was ordered, I could escape to my den on the keelson.

I had plenty of time to think, and I gave myself to a consideration of the plan of run-

ning away from my tormentors. It was quite impossible to endure life as it had been for the last week, and I was satisfied with any change that could be made. I was confident that I could find work of some kind, which would enable me to earn my daily bread. For two or three years, I had heard a great deal about the great west, — not the vessel of that name, but the vast region beyond the Alleghany mountains. Captain Boomsby and his wife had often talked about it, for he desired to sell out all that he had in the east, and remove to the new country, where he was assured he could make his fortune. I had heard others speak in glowing terms of the western Land of Promise, where Indian corn was so plenty that it was used for fuel, — which seemed a shameful waste to me. I was strong and hearty — too hearty for the diet allowance — and I was sure I could earn a better living than my tyrants were willing to give me. I must go to the great west! I must realize the dream of Captain Boomsby even before he attempted to do so himself. If the west was a good place for him, it was a good place for me. At any rate, for the present, if I went there, it would put a long distance between him and me; and this was what I desired more than anything else.

How I was to get there was a question I could not answer; but I knew that if I kept walking towards the setting sun, I should reach my destination in time, though it might be a very long time. However, my first and principal business was to get out of my present scrape. I felt reasonably secure in my hiding-place; for when a search was made for me, I could retreat to my hole under the cargo, where I knew that the skipper could not follow me. While I was thinking of the situation, I dropped asleep.

My bed of fish was very hard, though scarcely more so than the one on which I slept at home; and being very tired, I did not wake during the whole night. When my senses came back to me, I saw the light through the cracks between the hatch and the coamings thereof, and I knew it was daylight, for the hold was as dark as Egypt when I went to sleep. The *Great West* was jumping like a galloping steed, and I realized that it was blowing very hard. Occasionally she heeled down till I was afraid the cargo would shift, and bury me beneath its weight. My first care, therefore, was to secure a safe position, far up on the weather side.

An hour later, a sudden flood of light penetrated the forward part of the hold, and as

suddenly disappeared. I understood from this that the scuttle had been raised, and I crawled towards the bow to see if Dick was waiting to communicate with me. But I heard nothing of him, and the door was not again raised. On the barrels under the opening, I found a large quantity of beef and hard tack wrapped up in an old newspaper. Even with my ravenous appetite, there was enough to last me all day; and I was afraid my confederate had been overdoing the matter. Certainly, there was provender enough for the breakfast of all the sailors. I concluded that Dick must have bribed the "doctor" in order to obtain this large supply. I ate all I wanted, and put the rest in a safe place.

By this time I had become so accustomed to the dim light of the hold that I could see tolerably well. I made a careful survey of my prison, for such it was, though my confinement was voluntary. About one half the height of the cabin was below the deck, and the other half was raised above the deck in the trunk—it was a trunk cabin. From the forward part of it, a door, not more than four feet in height, led into the hold. It was very seldom opened. But now I was in momentary expectation of seeing Captain Boomsby present himself at this aperture; indeed, I could not understand why he had not already done so. While I lay on the fish, near the well, ready to retreat as soon as it should be necessary, the fore-scuttle was again opened, and then instantly closed. I was presently aware that some one had descended into the hold; but I was confident that it was not the captain, for he would not close the scuttle behind him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—THE allspice found in commerce is furnished, we are told, wholly by the Island of Jamaica. This is one of the few spices originally found in the new world. In the year 1871, the amount of land devoted to allspice trees was 7178 acres. In that year the island exported 6,857,833 pounds, of which Great Britain took nearly two thirds, and the United States about one third.

—CINCHONA BARK, or Peruvian bark, which in this country and Europe enjoys the reputation of being a most valuable remedy in fevers, seems to have little honor in its own country. Humboldt says that at Loxa, the natives would rather die than have recourse to what they consider so dangerous a remedy.

THE TWO LAUNCHES.

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

WE launched our boat. How trim and stout
She cleft the sparkling wave!
While from the shore a joyous shout
A thousand voices gave.

Through wind and rain her way she bore,
Through equinoctial gale;
And soon there came from a distant shore
A cheery answering hail.

We launched a fairer, tauter bark
Upon that other day:
Trembling, we saw the deathful dark
Close down upon its way.

O, little child, — our hearts' dear care, —
Adrift upon life's sea,
No vessel ever sailed so fair,
Freighted with love, like thee!

We wrung our hands, and moaned in pain;
Our eyes were dim with tears;
We could not see the shining plain,
And sank beneath our fears.

But through our heaviness and doubt —
Dread doubt, all pain above —
There came a glad, victorious shout
From the land of light and love: —

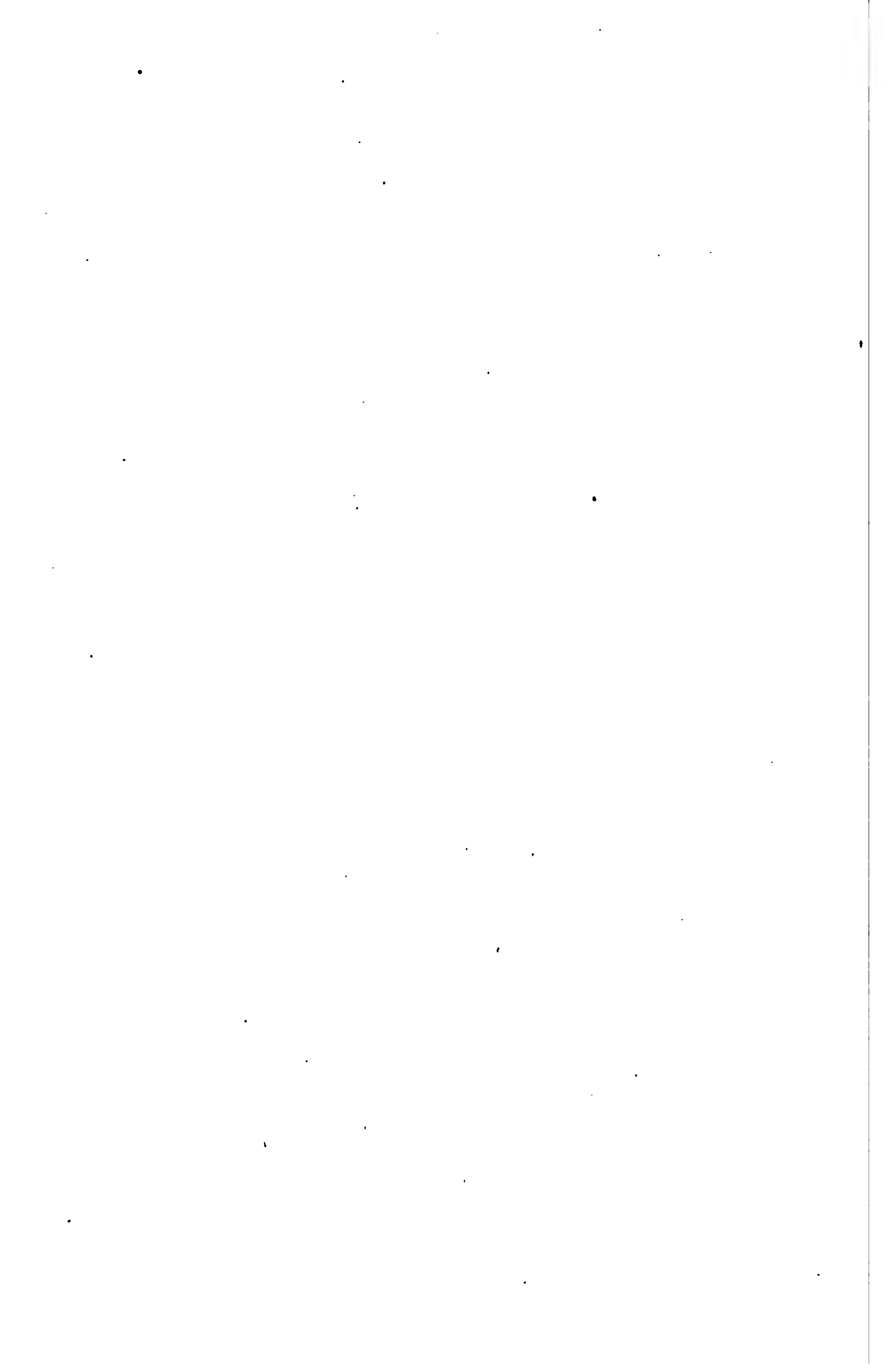
"Poor, troubled souls, no longer chafe,
But by sweet faith endure.
The little voyager is safe
Within the haven sure!"

—THE rhubarb root, used in medicine, appears to have been known in China long before the Christian era. The drug is treated of in the herbal called *Pen-king*, which is attributed to the Emperor Shen-nung, the father of Chinese agriculture and medicine, who reigned about B. C. 2700.

—THE peppermint plant was first described in 1696, and was admitted among regular medicines, in England, in 1721, under the medical name of *Mentha piperitis* *sapore*.



IN THE FIELDS.





I THREW MYSELF DOWN ON MY KNEES BEFORE THE BUST OF ATHENA. Page 582.

NATURE'S SCHOLAR.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOME OF AN ARTIST.

WHEN again I recovered consciousness, and looked about me, my first thought was, "This is different from what I had supposed heaven to be!"

[Have thoughts any possible tangibility, that they remain suspended sometimes in the brain for days, and go on again from the point where they left off? Who can tell?]

I closed my eyes, but a faint, delicate fragrance wooed another sense, and I thought, —

"But this is delightful! Why am I lying on a soft, pretty bed? and do pictures hang

on the walls in heaven, and flowers blossom there?"

I tried to raise myself, but fell back, and wondered at my weakness. Then I saw that my room was truly very pleasant. It was darkened to a semi-twilight, with a blue tone pervading it, caused by the window-shade of dark-blue linen. This cool tint was very grateful to me then, especially because I knew, from hearing the continuous muffled roar of the streets, that it was broad daylight out of doors, with, perhaps, a hot sun shining.

That thought brought back to me the last day I remembered, with the comfortless place I then called home; and I reflected, —

"If this is not heaven, it is at least a good enough place for me to spend all my life in."

Again I looked about me, at the walls of soft

gray and the ceiling of pale blue, the bookshelves well filled with gayly-bound volumes, the bright, beautiful pictures on the walls, nearly all of them representing children, and flowers, and birds; the bed with its coverlet of pink and white, and the toilet-table and easy-chair draped with the same tints.

"A little room from Pompeia!" thought I. "It looks as if an artist had furnished it for a lady to live in. But why am I here alone?"

And I called out, as in my days of childhood, "Mamma!"

A curtain, that I had not before noticed, — a blue curtain at the head of my bed, — parted, and my dear mother entered. She fondly embraced me, with tearful eyes and a tender smile, sighing, —

"Thank the Lord! O my God, I thank thee: thou hast restored my child!"

Then she held a cup to my lips; it contained a nourishing drink; and, though I took the first swallow mechanically, having no impulse but to obey my mother, yet, in my weak and fevered state, I loathed all food, and motioned the cup away.

"Emma," said mother, "you must begin now to eat again. In your delirium you would not; and you have been so many hours without food, that, unless you eat now — O, my darling, do not die! Live for your unhappy mother!"

Again she offered the cup; and this time, conquering my repugnance, I drank for my mother's sake. Then, smiling fondly, she bathed my head and hands, and fanned me gently.

"What is the matter with me?" I asked.

"You must not talk, Emma, and I must not excite you; but you have been delirious a while, from fasting and nervous excitement."

"How did we come here, mother? and what place is this?"

"This is the home of a kind friend. The doctor brought us here in his carriage. You must neither talk nor think just now, my child, but let your brain rest. Look at that beautiful picture on the wall! Is not that a lovely child?"

"Yes, mother. But, please, only answer me one question. Where is my father?" and involuntarily I glanced about the room.

Poor mother sighed.

"Your father is in his right mind now. He will not come here; no one will come but the doctor. Your father is in the best place for him. He is comfortable. I will tell you all when you can sit up. But now, my darling, for my sake, try to be happy and quiet, try to

get well and help me. O my child, I cannot spare you; I need you so much!" and she folded me in a strong, loving embrace, hiding her face on my shoulder.

I kissed her care-lined forehead, saying, —

"I cannot die till you die, dear mamma. I would not like to be in heaven without you. Tell me how I can get well quickest."

"By not talking nor thinking of anything. Lie and look about you at the beautiful objects in this room, and let your senses absorb all the pleasure they can take in. Some day, if we live, you shall have just such a pretty place, for this is an artist's home."

"O, my dear mamma!"

"Yes, Emma; a lady artist lives here; she is now in the country, but permits us to use her rooms this summer. When you are well enough, you shall see the studio adjoining, with its excellent skylight —"

"A studio!"

"Yes. And when the doctor says you are well, you shall draw there every day. There are plenty of models and whatever you want."

"O, how can I get well fast enough?"

"You must eat what I give you, and sleep as much as possible, and keep your mind on pleasant, happy subjects. Begin now by looking at these flowers;" and mother held up before me the flowers on my little table, and talked to me of them, and of the paintings on the wall, fanning me gently all the while, until I fell asleep.

In the middle of the night I waked again, waked gently and easily from a natural, refreshing slumber, and did not move at first, but looked about me. Mother sat wrapped up in the easy-chair, sleeping. I looked at her, and noticed more clearly than ever before the ineffable marks of heart-breaking anguish on her who should have been still young and handsome. Just at an age now when most ladies are enjoying all the pleasures and fullness of life, my noble and gifted mother looked as if she had passed through centuries of anxiety and grief.

It was not merely her silver-threaded hair, her bowed and wasted form, and the care-lines and shadows of her face; but, now that her loving, self-forgetting smile had faded out in sleep, the unutterable pathos, the hopelessness of her expression, the utter weariness and relaxation of her entire person, as though when awake her powers were strung to their highest tension, and must suffer complete reaction now. — all this combined showed me, as I never had realized before, the bitter cruelty of life to my mother.

I was only fifteen; I was a weak, sick girl, without one dollar in the world (and now with but one suit of clothes), yet I vowed to myself at that moment that, with the help of God, I would yet bring happiness to my dear mother, and even smiles of joy for herself alone, and not for others.

This resolution comforted me, and I remained a while looking out through the open window upon the dark-blue sky with its myriad stars. And I wondered why, since heaven was so much more delightful and glorious than earth, — than even this pretty room, and that sublime overarching sky, — why God had not, in his infinite love and mercy, taken mother and me there at once, when we had come so near to death, instead of letting us live on, to be poor, and suffer, and perhaps at last be murdered by my father in one of his paroxysms! I wept at this dreadful thought, but could not comprehend the mystery. Then I suddenly remembered, "But I am to be an artist, and I must stay on earth to study."

That was a comforting reflection. I looked towards the blue curtain that led into the studio, and it was drawn. A faint light was beyond there, carefully shaded from my bed, and this light fell upon the white marble figure of a child, an infant, who was laughing while he crowned himself with a garland of roses. Other objects were outlined near; but in the dim light I could only distinctly make out that one. I studied it with the enthusiasm of an artist, seeing more, perhaps, than others see.

I wished to rise and go nearer the figure, but felt certain that mother would wake if I stirred, and would not disturb her, but looked and studied it.

"There is so much possibility of happiness, even in this life," I thought, "that I must strive to secure some of it for mother and me. Ah, if I can make her truly happy for even one little year before she dies, how I shall be repaid for the severest struggle!"

Soon after this I slept; and when I waked again the doctor stood at my bedside, pronouncing me much better.

They bolstered me up, and fed me. I was ravenous then, and cried because they did not give me all I craved. This brought the tears to mother's eyes, too; but the doctor soothed us both, and promised that in an hour my appetite would be natural again. I thought him almost a wizard, to know this certainly; but when, in a sentence, he explained to us both the physiological reason for his assertion, I perceived the wisdom and power of science,

and resolved that in the long life which probably extended before me, I, too, would study and acquire all earthly knowledge.

By evening of the next day I seemed so strong and well that mother yielded to my entreaties, and having wrapped me in her shawl, helped me into the easy-chair, and wheeled me just through the doorway into the next room.

I clasped my hands and uttered an exclamation of rapture, as I looked about me. Yet who but an artist could have understood my emotion? There was no furniture here, none of the luxurious and glittering adornment of a fashionable parlor. The room was large, and lighted near the centre by a skylight inclining to the north. Beneath this stood a statue, a model in clay, as I afterwards learned, which the artist had not quite completed. It was closely enveloped in wet linen cloths; and my mother paid for the use of these rooms by simply sprinkling the wrappings well with cold water two or three times a day.

There was something mysterious, yet not unpleasant, about this veiled figure. Near it, and against a slender pillar that upheld the roof, stood a large marble vase, of antique form, filled with house plants, and vines that twined up the pillar towards the light. A damask rose glowed among them, in brilliant contrast to the soft blue sky overhead. The walls and ceiling of the room were of a pale, warm gray; and against the walls some plaster statues and bas-reliefs of children shone out whitely, and almost seemed alive.

The place of honor, in the clearest light, had been given to a noble head of a woman, whose intelligent eyes looked neither up nor down, but straight forward, meeting my own with calmness and penetration; whose loving, sensitive lips were slightly compressed as with pain, and yet half smiling — a most pathetic expression; and on whose graceful head, above the serene, pure brow, rested a wreath of wild olive, signifying strength and peace. And the bust was labelled, "*ATHENA, Goddess of Wisdom.*"

"Mamma," said I, when did you see the artist?"

"A few days since, before we came here."

"I wish I knew her. How charming she must be!"

Mother smiled, replying, —

"She will be here next week. But you must not expect her to resemble her works."

"O!" I exclaimed, disappointed, and said no more.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ARTIST.

Two days after, I was well enough to dress myself and go into the studio without help; and mother said that now she could leave me a few hours, she wished to see my father.

"Mamma, you have told me nothing about him, nor where he is, nor how I came to be sick! Please tell me now," I begged.

"I fear that you are hardly strong enough, Emma. How much do you remember before you lost consciousness?" and she looked anxiously at me.

In reply, I told her all that had occurred on that sultry day and terrifying night, up to the time when I thought her dead, and that I was dying. Poor mother folded me in her arms, and kissed me, sighing, —

"Memory, alas! is a most relentless faculty. I had hoped, my darling, that you had forgotten some of our sufferings. Well, 'tis best to tell you all. Mrs. O'Brien had caused your father to be arrested; and while I lay swooning, and you beside me raved with brain fever, she was summoned to appear at the Police Court and give evidence against him. Then they sentenced him, for assault and robbery, to three months on Blackwell's Island."

"O, mamma!"

I fell into her arms, and we wept together.

"How you have suffered, dear mamma!" I sobbed out at last.

"Yes, Emma. To think that we must endure such disgrace, such humiliation! O, my poor Harry! What a father I have given you, my child! I know you do not love him: how can you? But to me he is still so dear! Always, even in his worst moments, when I look at him, I think of the gay, romantic youth who took my girlish fancy and won my fresh young heart. The first, the only one who ever spoke to me of love. And long before that word was mentioned my heart was his. For he was an artist, and my father engaged him to paint my portrait; and at the sittings he talked to mother and me of art and artists. He confided to us his dreams, his ambitious hopes, his glorious expectations. Poor Harry had always an eloquent tongue, and I was a simple-minded girl."

"Dear mother, don't speak nor think of old times; it makes you unhappy;" and I endeavored to soothe her with caresses.

She had learned such wonderful self-control that soon she was smiling again on me.

"I have no need to think of anything but

the present and my darling daughter. You are such a comfort to me, my child! If I have bought you with a price, you are worth it. Now I must go. And as soon as you feel weary, Emma, lie down to rest."

"Yes, mamma. Don't be anxious about me: I will be good."

We parted with smiles and caresses; but as she turned from the door I perceived that mother drew her thick veil over her face, and knew it was to hide the starting tears. As for me, I threw myself down on my knees before the bust of Athena, and, with arms imploringly stretched to her, cried out, —

"O Goddess of Wisdom, give me knowledge, strength, and peace!"

But any one who had observed me, and thought I addressed a prayer to *that statue*, would have judged me most cruelly. It was but the unreasoning act of an impulsive girl. My thoughts were raised to the mysterious, incomprehensible, eternal Wisdom. Conscious of this, I sprang up, exclaiming, —

"My God, help me, and help my mother, and, O, my poor father! help him, and teach me to forgive him!"

Then I sat brooding upon all the trouble my father had caused us, and now — disgrace! O, that was very hard to bear! My proud spirit revolted. The blood of my well-bred, haughty ancestors boiled in my veins, and my head grew so hot with it, and with thinking, that I began to fear a relapse of fever. This fear quieted me: I must not be sick longer; I must get well for my mother's sake.

Sitting down before the Athena, I resolved to make a drawing of her head, and in the study of it forget my sorrow. And, having provided myself with pencil and paper from the artist's table, I looked long and lovingly upon the outlines of that calm, yet most expressive, face, and presently began.

I thought I could draw; or, rather, I had not thought about it. I could paint very pretty landscapes in water color and oil — "compositions," or copies. My father had taught me to do this when I was quite a little girl. True, I had not lately practised at all, and had never made a sketch from nature; but yet I had never had occasion to doubt that I had artistic ability. But now I tried, and tried in vain, to give even a tolerably correct representation of my model.

I had never been taught one single rule of form, outline, light and shade, expression, or had, indeed, the slightest guide of any kind to aid me in object-drawing. A slavish imitation, or a vague and untrained ideality, was all that

I was capable of. I labored until I was wearied out; then, tearing my drawing to bits, and throwing myself down on the bed, I resigned myself to grief. The violence of my emotions soon exhausted me; and I was lying faint and weak when mother returned. She held up a parcel, and spoke cheerfully.

"Here is plenty of work; and you know that means plenty of money. We are to be supplied with these pretty epaulets to make all summer. Are you not glad?"

"O, very glad," I replied, thinking, "I must be a drudge all my life, since I cannot be an artist!"

But as mother came near, and bent over to kiss me, she started, exclaiming, —

"What is the matter, Emma? Are you worse again?"

"O, mother," I sobbed, "I wish I could die, and be no longer a burden to you! I am nothing but a dull girl. I can never be an artist; never earn a pretty home for you, and place you above want!"

Then mother saw the scattered bits of paper, and examined them, putting some pieces together. She smiled and sighed, and gave me a playful little shake, as she said, in bantering tones, —

"The poor little pet! Did she want to be an artist all at once, and before she had been taught? Why, what a silly three-year-old! Kiss me this minute, and say you're ashamed of yourself. And now, shut your eyes and lie still until supper is ready. After that we must have some serious talk."

Her manner was grave now, and subdued me. Ah, my mother could have governed almost any one. She read human nature unerringly, and her words were always "fitly spoken."

That evening, in the twilight, we sat together at the bedroom window, looking down upon the crowded street, — for these studio rooms were at the top of a large building on Broadway, — and mother said, —

"I must talk to you, my daughter, very seriously of our situation and our future. I did not see your father to-day: he refused an interview with me;" and she tried to keep back a heavy sigh. "But I saw the doctor, the resident physician of the — the — the penitentiary."

"Mamma!"

I hid my face.

"Yes, darling, he is there."

Her voice did not tremble, but there was an unutterable sorrow and shame expressed in the tones of it. She waited a minute, and then went on firmly: —

"He is there, and it is no doubt the best place for him, because the doctor thinks that by proper medical treatment he can be cured of his unfortunate propensity, and restored to us a better man than he has been for years."

"You would never tell me, mamma, what is the matter with father."

"I must tell you now; for, unless you and I are very watchful, you will follow in his path."

"O!"

I could say no more; I was stunned, for mother spoke in an awful tone, and her words instantly brought before me all the misery we had endured from father.

"Yes, Emma, for you are so like him that I tremble when I think of the life that lies before you, of the mistakes you may make, and their terrible consequences."

"I will always be guided by you, mamma. Do not give me up; tell me what to do;" and I clung to her as if I were drowning.

"God bless you for that resolve, my child, and help you to keep it. Like yourself, Emma, your father was born with a passionate love of art, and intense desire to be a great artist. But he was impatient and volatile. He would not plod through the years of drudgery that ordinary talent must undergo. He had not the unerring eye and resolute persistence of genius; and only his intense appreciation of color won him any fame at all; for he was well known when a very young man. It was predicted that, with his rich and subtle charm of coloring, he would become a modern Rubens or Titian as soon as he had learned to draw the figure correctly.

"But he never learned to draw! His outlines were always faulty, simply because he would not apply himself regularly, day after day, for a year or two, to the severities of drawing from life. Men more patient, more persevering than himself worked like bond-slaves till they were perfect masters of form in black and white, then, studying out his manner of coloring, applied it with ease to their figures, and sold their pictures readily, while his remained in the studio. But he sneered at their plodding industry, he reviled their commonplace ideas, and declared that he needed only the vivid and burning imagination of his early youth to paint pictures of 'high art,' that should cast all others into the shade.

"To stimulate his imagination, he began to take opium. I did not know of this dangerous practice until it had gained much power over him; and then my pleadings were un-

heeded. He had sold a few meretricious pictures during the first three years of this habit. You must remember when we boarded one winter at the Astor House, and had handsome clothes to wear."

"Yes, dear mamma."

"My poor Harry insisted that all this prosperity was the result of taking opium; and he would not give it up. To-day the doctor assured me that some have taken that drug for years, and in enormous quantities, without apparent injury; but others rapidly suffer both mental and physical deterioration. He thinks it is not yet too late to cure my poor Harry. And O, since with God all things are possible, I shall hope and pray. Pray for him with me, dear child."

"Yes, dear mamma, I will."

"When he wanted the drug, and could not get it, or had not quite enough, those dreadful paroxysms of rage would come on; for opium affects the upper part of the brain, and gradually destroys all moral sense. Ah, what have I not suffered!"

"Don't think of it, dear mamma. I love you."

"If you love me, Emma, promise that you will accomplish your aims by faithful work, that you will look upon life as a season of labor, in which to prepare for eternity; that you will practise self-control."

I promised, fervently and sincerely, and tried to comfort my mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GUARDED.

BY JENNIE JOY.

THROUGH a valley, opening wild,
To the sea,
Strayed a lone, bewildered child:
Sweet was she.
Slowly the darkness crept
About her, and she wept,
Then laid her down and slept
Peacefully.

Hidden in the valley low
There's a mound;
Unseen pinions white as snow
Guard it round.
Only those spirits bright,
Or starry eyes of night,
Saw when a soul took flight
To its rest.

Through that valley green and sweet,
Nought is heard,
Save the pulsing sea's great beat,
Or a bird
Trilling a sad refrain,
Or the sobbing of the rain
When Nature's heart hath pain,
Or is stirred.

In that valley low and still,
Human feet,
Crushing to a sweet distil
Grasses sweet,
Sometimes may pause anear,
That the enraptured ear
The sad sea-dirge may hear
In its beat.

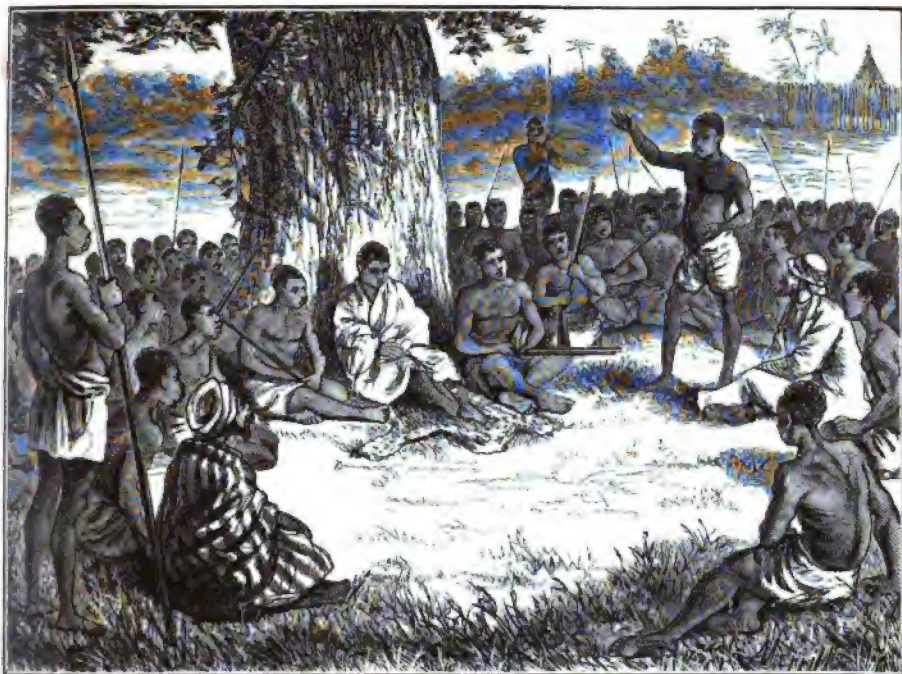
But that angel-guarded spot
None may see,
For the wild bird tells it not,
Nor the sea;
And Earth will keep her trust—
That mound of precious dust—
Till the waking of the just
Sacredly.

— AN old Italian writer tells an amusing story of the poet Dante, author of the Divine Comedy. One day, as the poet was passing a blacksmith shop, he heard the smith singing some of his lines; but he mangled and mixed them up in a most provoking way. Without saying a word, Dante went into the shop, and seizing a hammer, he threw it into the street, and sent pincers and other tools after it.

When the blacksmith saw this, he cried out. "What are you doing here? Are you mad?" "But what are you doing?" said Dante. "What am I doing? I am working at my trade," replied the smith; "and you are spoiling my things by throwing them out the window." "Well," said Dante, "if you don't want me to spoil your things, you must not spoil mine." "What do I spoil of yours?" said the smith. "You are singing out of my book," replied Dante, "but not as I wrote it. I have no other trade, and you are spoiling it."

The blacksmith did not know how to answer this, so he picked up his tools, and went back to his work. But when he wanted to sing again, he was careful to let Dante's lines alone.

— HERODOTUS, "the father of history," tells us that the Egyptians were the first of all mankind who invented the year, and divided it into twelve parts.



A SONNINKEE COURT OF JUSTICE. Page 588.

REMINISCENCES OF WEST AFRICAN LIFE.

BY EDWARD DUSSEAULT, JR.

NO. I.—A SONNINKEE COURT OF JUSTICE.

FROM the early part of 1864 to the latter part of 1873, I resided in Western Africa. I became familiar with the Mandingo language, and understood Jollof and Serra-Ouli well enough to suit my purpose as a trader. Most of my time was passed at a considerable distance from the seaboard, and some two hundred miles from the nearest white man. I was often obliged to conform to the habits and customs of the blacks; ate and drank with them, slept beneath the same roof, and joined them in their pastimes and excursions. I had to be careful not to shock their religious feelings, and, above all, never to mention the name of Mohammed save with profound respect; and I have often overheard a stalwart African express the wish that the Christian dog, whom their chief was entertaining, were not a guest, and, as such, entitled to their protection, and some consideration. All seemed to vie with each other, at certain times, in their endeavors to exasperate me by insults,

expecting to succeed in making me lose my temper and strike them; and it often took the utmost self-possession, on my part, not to retaliate upon them.

I resided principally in that section of the country watered by the Gambia and Sénégal, am well acquainted with the former from its mouth upwards, and am just as much at home floating on the surface of its limpid waters, as I should be if it had been my birthplace.

I do not purpose now to give a minute description of either of these streams, though I may hereafter be tempted to do so. But I merely wish to refer to a few of my own reminiscences, and to illustrate, by an incident in which I was one of the principal actors, the prodigious memory which is sometimes displayed by the better class of Africans. Here, let me say, at once, that I am by no means a follower of Dr. Hunt, formerly, if not now, president of the Anthropological Society of London, who gained an unenviable notoriety by publishing his address, before that society, on "*The Negro's Place in Nature*," wherein he declares him to be an anthropoid ape. For I believe the negroes, even the true negroes as defined by him, to be something more than apes, and that they are endowed with something more than mere instinct. True, they

but rarely exhibit any great amount of intelligence, but they have a sort of low, native cunning, which goes far towards making them difficult to trade with; and he who carries with him an exaggerated idea of their inferiority, is sure to get the worst of a bargain.

In the region of the Upper Gambia, various classes of blacks are met with. Mandingos, Jollofs, Accons, Serraulis, Foulahs, Fonta-Foulahs, Taurankas, Ouasoloonkas, Kroumen, and many others, all vie here, with low cunning, "grave deceit and paltry cheat," to gain our dollars. Their religions and customs are in many respects different, and in some cases entirely so. The Mohammedan religion, however, predominates, and its devotees are here called *Marabosts* — a name given to none but priests by the Arabs, but indiscriminately applied here to all Mohammedans. The pagans — those having no religion, — unless the most superstitious Fetish practices can be called such — are here called *Sonninkees*. They are not only lovers of ardent spirits, but generally drunkards. Hence the word *Sonninkees* has got to mean a drinker of intoxicating liquors. The latter are the rightful owners of the soil, but the Mohammedans are fast gaining the supremacy over all others; and they will, no doubt, soon subjugate all who are now opposed to their rule up to the source of the river.

Having been the best supplied trader in the Upper Gambia, I became intimately acquainted with these blacks, and had ample opportunities to study their character and customs. My knowledge of the Mandingo language, which is almost universally understood in this region, assisted me very much to establish intimate relations with them; and, consequently, I have often witnessed, very often been the principal actor in, many an incident, which, if properly related, would prove interesting to the general reader; and it is with the hope of succeeding to do this that I have undertaken to relate some of my Reminiscences of West African Life.

In November, traders proceed up this river (the Gambia), land goods along its banks, and there remain with them, during the dry season, to barter them against produce, which consists chiefly of groundnuts (generally called *peanuts* in the United States), very few of which are shipped here, the greater part being shipped to France and England, where their oil is expressed, and called *olive oil*. Nearly all the salad oil used in this country is groundnut oil, there being but very little, if any, olive oil used for salad here, or even in France.

Now, it very often happens that a dispute arises between rival traders, which has to be settled by the king, or one or more of his chiefs; and it is well worth one's while to be present, during a civil suit, in a Sonninkee court of justice. I became involved in one of these suits in 1865. I was at my factory at Yabu-Tenda, in the kingdom of Ouli, at the head of navigation for small crafts. The trading season was drawing to a close, it being during the first half of May, which is the last month of the season. I had caused to be measured, on my account, a quantity of groundnuts (eleven thousand bushels), had paid for them, and nothing remained but to transport them to my stores. But, before I had commenced transporting them, they were claimed by another trader, who said that the holders had agreed to sell them to him, when he first came up, at the commencement of the season, and that, on the strength of this agreement, he had made them many valuable presents. He wished me to give up the nuts, upon his giving me the same amount as I had paid for them, in the same kind of goods that I had given. I, of course, refused; and he referred the matter to the king of Ouli (Juma I.), and the latter appointed a day (the 21st of May, 1865), when we were both to be at his capital, Medina, with all our witnesses. He said that he would then summon his court, and that he would preside and decide in person upon the merits of the case. This arrangement was formally agreed to both by the plaintiff and myself on the 12th, and we therefore had nine days before us, he to decide upon his mode of attack, and I upon my mode of defence. We both had ample time for this, as neither of us was busy, the whole crop having been bought by the traders, who were only waiting for vessels to ship both themselves and their produce.

The preliminaries of these trials are always expensive, as both plaintiff and defendant vie with each other in making presents to the king and his head men, expecting thus to gain the sympathy of the court. The plaintiff distributed his presents with a recklessly lavish hand, and I had some misgivings as to the result of our dispute. One circumstance, however, was in my favor. The plaintiff was a strict Mohammedan, whereas the king of Ouli is a Sonninkee. They were, therefore, enemies, and a small present from me would go as far towards influencing the king as a comparatively large one from my friend the plaintiff. I felt certain that, so long as the plaintiff did not overcome his scruples and give

the king rum,—as he had done on another and similar occasion,—I was all right, and had every reason to believe that I would receive impartial justice at his (the king's) hands. But knowing well, to my cost, the elasticity of a Mohammedan's conscience, I feared that rum would be used, and endeavors made to intoxicate the king, and to keep him drunk. In that case judgment would have to be pronounced, and justice meted out by the head man for war (Kalley Oualley), who was a notorious and unprincipled old drunkard, whom the plaintiff had succeeded in making his friend. Having, however, finally settled in my own mind what to do, and what presents to give, I decided to await events. I therefore sent them (the presents) to the king and his head men, who told my messenger to assure me that I need not fear the result of the trial, as every member of the court was on my side, and determined that I should retain the nuts in question. I had no doubt that the same message had been sent to the plaintiff, who, by the by, was called *Samba Easer*.

Medina, the capital, where the king held his court, is a good ten hours' ride, at a brisk walk, from the nearest point of the river's bank, which is Fatta-Tenda; and this latter place is five hours' ride from Yabu-Tenda, where I was stationed. I pass over this little journey (although it was an eventful one to me), as it has no connection with the subject of this paper; and I therefore reserve an account of it for another number. I must add, however, that I suffered some indignities at the hands of some Mohammedans,—amongst whom was Samba Easer,—during this journey to Medina, which enraged the king, put him altogether in my favor, and resulted in the imprisonment of these Mohammedans, together with Samba Easer. Daybreak, the 17th May, 1865, found me within three miles of the capital, winding my way through a thick growth of stunted trees, and we passed a human hand sticking out of the ground, and appearing as though a human arm had been planted there. It was the hand of a *Greetot*, who had died the day before, and been thus buried with one hand sticking out of his grave. *Greetots'* bodies, in most other places, are put into the hollow of a large baobab, and they are allowed no other kind of burial.

A little after five o'clock A. M., we emerged from the forest upon the finest and most fertile plain I ever was on in Africa. Every tree capable of sheltering an enemy had been cut down; and it formed almost a circle fully two miles in diameter. In its centre is the strongly-

stockaded town of Medina, the capital of Ouli. I pulled up my horse and stopped to admire the scene before us. They had had rain here the day before, and, consequently, the plain was covered with people, preparing the ground to receive the seed for the next crop of corn, while the chiefs were riding about, urging them to work faithfully; and I looked upon the nearest approach to civilized life which I had ever seen in the region of the Upper Gambia. We presently moved slowly towards the stockade, whilst the dogs yelped, and the children, and even some of the women and slaves, ran away at sight of a white man. We were soon accosted by one of the king's sons,—a boy whom I had frequently met before,—who told me that the king was anxious about me. He led us to the king's residence inside of the stockade, and motioned us to a seat on the bantang, before the door. In a few moments the king arrived, perfectly sober, and graciously received us, with a very patronizing air. Then, after interchanging a few commonplace remarks, he told me to ask a man, whom he pointed out to me, for anything that I might want, and then retired, saying that he would see me again during the day.

I had another interview with the king that day, and dined at seven. Being weary, I soon retired to rest, but got very little sleep, on account of the noise kept up all night by the *Sonninkees*, most of whom were drunk and quarrelsome. The stench of alcohol was almost intolerable; and I was glad, when morning came, to go outside of the stockade, to roam among the farms. The men and women working upon them soon familiarized themselves with the appearance of the white stranger, and plied me with questions, while the children followed me about, stared at me with wonder, and remarked to each other that my skin looked like pork. The rest of the time, up to the trial, was passed in this way, and in shooting in the vicinity; and I fattened on venison and other choice game.

The morning of the 20th, Salum Jarta arrived, with the other members of the court; and at about nine o'clock P. M. Samba Easer, the plaintiff in my palaver, was marched in as a prisoner, his elbows bound together behind his back, and guarded by *Sonninkees*, with drawn cutlasses, with which they occasionally pricked him, to hurry him along. He was mocked and jeered at by every native present; and one could not help pitying him who, yesterday, was the most influential *Serrauli* in Ouli, as he stood there, securely bound,

the jeer and laughing-stock of the slaves, who grinned and stared at him.

The night was passed pleasantly on the bantang. Salum Jarta had succeeded in persuading the king to keep rum out of the court until after the palavers to come before him should be settled. Every one, therefore, was sober. The principal men of Ouli were here, appearing at their best, and Salum entertained us with amusing stories, told as he alone in all Ouli could tell them, and some of which I would try to repeat here, if I but had the space. No one, who could have heard this great master of the Mandingo language on that occasion, could, for a single instant, doubt the humanity of the negro, or ever after rank him as an anthropoid ape. At length we gradually stretched ourselves, one by one, on the bantang, and were soon all asleep. The night was cool, there were no mosquitos (they are rare away from the banks of the river), and all noise had been prohibited within a certain distance of the king's residence.

The next morning, at about five o'clock, I was summoned to the court; and I soon perceived that the day was to be observed as a holy day in the Sonninkee capital. The Sonninkees were all clad in their war costumes, covered with gregrees, and armed from head to foot. It was a beautiful day, not very warm, and the morning air was refreshing. I at once proceeded to the large tree, half a mile outside of the stockade, where the court had already assembled, and a seat was assigned me near Salum Jarta. The king sat in the centre of the group on a leopard's skin, and was dressed in white; while the chiefs were in their full war costumes, and all armed with musket and cutlass. An armed crowd of upwards of two thousand Sonninkees sat on the ground, at a distance of not more than ten paces, in front of the court. Samba Easer's witnesses were all called, and then mine; and all having answered to their names, the plaintiff was told to make a statement of his case. He had been temporarily released from his bonds, and, for the time, allowed full liberty of speech. As he proceeded, a Sonninkee repeated his words in a loud voice, that all the court might hear and understand. His witnesses were then examined, and their evidence repeated in the same manner as his statement had been, word for word. When his witnesses had all been thus examined, I was called upon to make my statement, and I made it to the Sonninkee, who repeated it, as he had done Samba Easer's. Then my witnesses were examined in the same way, getting through by

eight o'clock. By this time I began to be disgusted with the proceedings; for neither the king nor the chiefs seemed to pay any attention at all to the trial, and they all looked as though they would like to go to sleep. I felt certain that none of them knew a word of what had been said.

At length, after an uninterrupted silence, Kalley Oualley straightened up and began to address the court; and, as he proceeded, I could not help looking at him with astonishment. This man, who had appeared drowsy, perfectly indifferent, half asleep, and stupid, now appeared a totally different being. He, the dirtiest, filthiest old drunkard in Ouli, now, for a wonder, sober, repeated the whole testimony on both sides almost word for word, made judicious remarks upon the character of the different witnesses who had been examined, and wound up in an eloquent appeal to the king not to allow the whites to have it all their own way, but to teach them, by a fitting example, that their black brethren were men, as well as they; and that they would not be allowed to impose upon his subjects on his soil, and in their country. He was listened to with the greatest attention and admiration. His gestures were graceful, and his language well chosen, and, time and circumstances taken into consideration, polished and elegant. The thought that this eloquent savage was the filthiest old drunkard I had ever seen anywhere, was almost a painful one. All the chiefs surprised me, in their turn, by their remarkable and truly astonishing memory: but none exhibited anything more than mere memory, save Kalley Oualley, until Salum Jarta's turn came. He always spoke last at all palavers, and never but once. Like the others, he summed up the evidence on both sides; he, furthermore, analyzed every sentence having any bearing on the case, and gave his reasons clearly why he accepted or rejected this or that witness's evidence. He wound up with an appeal to the king to protect the interests of his kingdom, and endeavored to show that the best way for him to do so was to protect the white trader. In conclusion, he asked that I be permitted to keep the produce in question, and that the plaintiff be compelled to pay for its transportation to the place of shipment to Bathurst.

During all this time the king had sat, reclining against the tree, apparently asleep; but, as soon as Salum had finished, he aroused himself, and began at once to sum up, not the evidence, but the remarks of his chiefs, passing in review their respective opinions.

He dwelt particularly upon the remarks of Kalley Oualley and Salum Jarta, and especially those of the latter. He then gave his judgment, which was, that I, the defendant, be allowed to keep the produce in question, and which I had bought and paid for; and that the plaintiff be compelled to pay me suitable damages for the time I had lost in preparing for and attending this trial, said damages to be determined by three arbitrators, whom he named. He explained that there could not possibly be any case against me, although there might have been one against those who sold me the nuts. It appeared evident, and it had been proved to his satisfaction, that the plaintiff had endeavored to take advantage of his (the king's) stranger, forgetting that he himself, though black, was also a stranger, being a Serra-ouli. For this he must pay a fine of ten slaves, or their equivalent. He then, immediately, sent one of his sons to seize the goods of the plaintiff, with instructions not to return anything to any one before he was satisfied that all the claims arising out of this trial had been fully settled.

Thus ended my trial at this court on this occasion; and six days after this, I was back at Yaba-Tenda, shipping away my goods and produce to Bathurst.

THE SUMMER.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

HERE come the roses, white and red;
All the meadows with daisies are spread;
Hollyhocks climb where the sunbeam leads;
Wayside and fields are enamelled with weeds.

This is the time when the lily stirs
From out that fragrant slumber of hers,
Unfolding her petals one by one,
Opening her soul to the wind and the sun.

This is the season when lupines cluster,
And blue-eyed grasses and clovers muster;
When the clematis weaves its garland of mist,
And the thistle glows like an amethyst; —

When in swamps the azalea, sweeter than
musk,

Shines like sunrise across the dusk.
This is the time when the sun, after rain,
Writes on the cloud God's promise again.

This is the season when nests begin
To overflow with melodious din;
When little brown wings are waxing stronger,
And little journeys are growing longer!

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE TOWER OF BABEL.

BY MRS. EDWARD ASHLEY WALKER.

BUT how sweet are the uses of adversity to us, — this particular adversity of confounded languages, — when, instead of being ourselves exercised thereby, we can see it exemplified in our sight by luckless foreigners who have found these hospitable shores!

How we revel in their distresses, as they grope, writhe, and wriggle through our tangled idioms and local slang! How sweetly the spectacle brings to mind our own bitter experiences with foreign tongues, transforming their wormwood and gall into the luscious honey of revenge!

No one who has chanced to see a foreigner subjected to the tender mercies of a United States railroad underling, a hackman, or any of the common herd, can fail to wonder that such multitudes of every kindred, tribe, and tongue come to us, and having come, remain, and contrive to make their way to every remotest nook of this unsympathetic country.

Some years ago, we encountered, on the shores of Lake Superior, a German who had just been wrought to a perfect frenzy by the "ways that are dark" of our mother tongue, which darkness had been intensified by the introduction of blind manuscript.

This man, Heinrich Heckle by name, was in the service of the president of a railroad company, who had occasion to send him to a town twenty miles distant from home.

Recollecting, just before the departure of the train, that he had neglected to give Heckle a pass over the road, he hurried off a servant with a note to the conductor, to whom the German's face was well known.

In accordance with the president's order, the conductor, in taking fares, passed by Heinrich. The honest fellow moved about uneasily to attract the official's notice, and finally took out his purse and thrust a bill at him. The conductor, being in haste, and not having the least suspicion of the foreigner's perplexed state of mind, shook his head, and said brusquely, —

"I don't want your money!" and went his way.

After a moment of stupefaction at this insult, — for so he regarded it, — Heckle rushed after the conductor, and an altercation in German and English ensued, which only aggravated the mutual misunderstanding. Just then the train had reached a way station, and Hec-

kle started for the door shouting, "You no take mine moneys, I go by mine feet!"

The conductor pulled him back, and holding before his eyes the president's note, said, —

"There! If you can't take my word for it, you blasted Dutchman, just read what Mr. E. said about you — will you?"

Instead of quieting his now furious passenger, the president's note seemed only to madden him the more, for after reading it two or three times, Heckle tore himself from the conductor's grasp, sprang from the car, and strode frantically along the track.

As afterwards appeared, he actually walked the entire distance; and having faithfully done the business committed to him, retraced his steps over all the weary stretch of twenty miles.

On reaching home, he did not rest, — tired as he must have been, — but after making a few inquiries of his children and neighbors, he went into town to the office of a gentleman who had befriended him on his arrival in the country

"Mr. W., I ask you some question. What for a man dat Mr. E.?" naming the noble railroad president.

"Mr. E.!" cried the gentleman, much surprised. "Why, he is the very best man on Lake Superior."

Heckle's countenance fell, and he added in a more subdued tone, —

"What you tinks, den, Mr. E. got 'gainst me?"

"Against you, Heinrich? Nothing. Why, it was only last night that he told me he was much obliged to me for sending him such a trusty man."

"What for he tell his conductor, den, not touch mine moneys? He no touch mine moneys, I no ride in his cars. He did worser as dat; his conductor show me what Mr. E. write him do to me. He say, '*Pop Heinrich Heckle over de head!*' I go home and look in dictionary: it say, Pop: a kind of beer. I know dat all wrong; so I ask de boys in de street, and dey say, pop over de head mean hit, knock down. What Mr. E. got 'gainst me so much?"

It is hardly necessary to say by way of explanation, that the president's order was innocent enough in intention, but having been written hastily, on this wise (mind the long s), —

"*Pafs Heinrich Heckel over the road.*

[Signed.] S. E., Pres.,"

it proved quite too much for the poor German's understanding.

A distinguished French *savant* who visited

us three years ago, was accompanied by his son. When the time came for them to leave New York for our little village, the carriage which had been ordered to take them to the station was late in coming, and the relative who had taken them in charge feared they might miss the train should there be any further delay. To hasten affairs, he wished to have the luggage at the street door, and accordingly said to the younger Frenchman, —

"Come up stairs with me, please, and help me get the trunk?"

"No, I am obliged," was the smiling response.

His American brother-in-law saw that there was some misunderstanding, but in his haste could think of no simpler form of expressing his wish, and therefore repeated it as before, only more beseechingly.

"No, my dear Tomas; I am obliged," was again the reply, with deprecatory smiles, bows, shrugs, and gesticulations.

Help fortunately appeared from another quarter, and it subsequently came out that our charming young guest had been warned against excessive indulgence in the mystic compounds, which, to our shame be it said, do more to "spread a sounding name abroad" for our beloved country than almost any of her worthier institutions, and had virtuously declined what he had understood to be an invitation at that early hour to "go up stairs and get drunk!"

A Russian visitor was similarly embarrassed by America's reputation for beverages.

The steamer was delayed, and he arrived late at night at a Boston hotel, and ringing the bell in the reception-room, ordered of the answering waiter "a room," with the unadorned simplicity of phrase natural to a victim of the Tower of Babel. The servant bowed acquiescence, and speedily reappeared with a tray jingling with glass and silver, and steaming with something strong and hot.

The astonished guest bowed courteously, supposing this must be one of the customs of this strange country. While waiting for his "room" he sipped at the compound, but found it too fiery for his taste, and after long delay, rang again.

The bell not being immediately answered, our Russian stepped into the hall, and intercepting a fresh waiter, he repeated his original order, "a room," only with increased emphasis and twirling of the r and clipping of the o's.

In five minutes this servant entered the reception-room with the familiar jingle and steam, and behold a second edition of the fiery

compound! In setting down his burden he discovered the previous tray, and exclaimed, with an injured air, "Why! you hain't touched your other rum yet!" The unfortunate foreigner was finally forced to express in pantomime his desire for a bedroom.

The guests at Watch Hill last summer were entertained by a parlor lecture from a Frenchman on the difficulties offered by our language to the foreign students. He mentioned among his own experiences the horror that came over him on his first arrival in New York, when he spelled out on a gorgeous theatre bill the announcement that Laura Keene would that evening *appear in two parts*! The shock to his sensibilities was not lessened when he saw shortly after another placard, declaring that the same actress was soon to "*appear in three parts, supported by her husband*!"

So far as my observation goes, foreigners are far less coy in making use of their little stock of English than are we, to whom that tongue is vernacular, in exercising whatever knowledge of other languages we may possess. Indeed, there seems to be a naive pride on the foreigner's part, as he prattles through his stock phrases, which lifts him triumphantly above the shamefacedness and angry clumsiness which afflicts us in similar circumstances.

A few years since, my German teacher, being absent from town, had occasion to telegraph us in regard to his movements. The telegram was so peculiar that it awakened suspicions that the operator had tampered with the message. When the Herr arrived, this suspicion was delicately communicated to him, when he briskly and self-complacently cried, "I tell you his very words," and then recited the telegram precisely as it had come to us: "At this moment go I from Rutland in a horse and team," to which he added admiringly, "Good English! Good English for all men."

But this young Herr did not always come off so complacently from his encounters with American institutions as in this lingual triumph. He chanced one summer evening to be walking out in the country with two pupils of the seminary in which he was a teacher. The young ladies were very pretty, the evening very bright, his own toilet new and elegant, and his spirits elevated. Suddenly there was a white flash by them. The startled professor cried, "Ah! that is a pretty creature; what shall he be called in your country?"

One of his companions was as ignorant as himself, and the other too much amused to explain; so he gallantly rushed after the little

fugitive, which was resting after his flight on a not very distant knoll, shouting, as he flourished his dainty little cane, "That is beautiful, his hair for the lady's muff; we have no such *bears* in my country; I go to kill him for you!" It is scarcely necessary to say that the consequence of this feat of arms was the return of the young ladies to town minus their brave escort, and eager to lavish all their spare funds in the purchase of *eau de cologne* and *night-blooming cereus*. As for the warrior himself, he also returned at a late hour on feet "shod with silence," and nothing else, and in a state of abject bewilderment over the awful fauna of that region. Silently as he crept up to the seminary, in which he lived, however, he was not unperceived nor unheralded, as you may fancy; and it was many days before sweet peace returned to that devoted institution. The new suit was condemned to burial, and for aught I know they still have to use deodorizers about those sequestered shades. At all events, the Herr still holds in becoming awe the name and fame and mighty deeds of the little "bears" of America.

The Dominie tells me that long years ago, while in the Theological Seminary at Andover, he spent a vacation in old Marblehead. At a party one evening he was introduced to a Spanish gentleman; and while conversing with him as well as the foreigner's laborious English would allow, one of the guests was invited to play the piano. The music chanced to be of the liveliest, and the Dominie soon discovered that his Spanish acquaintance was watching him very intently, and with an air of surprise. At last he could contain himself no longer, and said, "What! are you not dismayed? Does it not make you angry, this gay music?" "Why no, indeed! Why should it?" asked the jolly young theologian, greatly surprised in his turn. "Ah, then, you are not all the same! I saw in Boston a *divine* student, and he told me that those who did dance-music would be—would be—in the *disgrace of God*!"

The same Spaniard wished to designate a young lady whom he had met previously, and after a very mixed and comical description of her person, he added, "and they tell me she is de daughter of—what you call what nibbles de grass?" "Do you mean sheep?" "No, no, not the sheeps." "Cow?" "No, no; what you call in this country the horse's wife?" "O, the mare." "Yes, yes, of—certain it was the mare's [mayor's] daughter they have told me."

The gender of our personal pronouns is the

chief "stone of stumbling" which our language offers to the French Canadian. My brother, who is so unfortunate as to number many of them among his patients, is sure to be summoned on this wise: "My wife, he got baby;" or "my gal, he broke his arm."

A neighbor had taken into her service a young girl of this race. She had been exhorted to early rising; so the next morning she rushed unannounced into the lady's bedroom, crying out gleefully, —

"O, Ma'am Good'n, I *stand up* fore him dis mornin': I stand up fore everybody!"

"Very well," said the lady. "It is Sunday morning, and I mean you shall go to Sunday school. Did you ever learn anything in the Bible?"

"O, yes, Ma'am Good'n; dat's all I know. Once dere was one man, his name Ad-am. Was he dat Adam down in de street, — him sells de store? — and dere 'was one woman, and his name Eve; and dey have two babies; one his name Cain, one his name Abel. Cain he wicked, Abel he good. Cain he so wicked, God he hit him on his head with the shears!" (a new and decidedly original description of the mark set upon Cain, which I commend to Dr. Smith and other commentators.) "But O, Ma'am Good'n! dere's Susan Blodgett, he don't know Bible no how. Susan Blodgett, him swarded, Ma'am Good'n!"

"Did she take the name of God in vain? I hope you told her it was wrong."

"O, yes, Ma'am Good'n. I tell him, 'great God;' and he laff like a fool."

Another neighbor had a workman fresh from the Canadas, who rejoiced in the name of Pierre Cheval. He had not been long in the country before he became ambitious to speak English, and English only. Accordingly, when asked his name by a gentleman, he replied with great complacency in choice American, "Pater Hoss, sir."

A precious little "Spanish baby," whose history I have narrated elsewhere, carried her zeal in English still further than this. She was a shy little creature, with great brown eyes and a fragile little body, and her heart was almost broken when she found herself in a strange country, where no one uttered a word she could comprehend. Soon after her arrival in Philadelphia, her mother missed Francesca, and hearing a peculiar noise in the hall, went out to see if she was there. Surely enough, there she was on the staircase, sitting along from stair to stair with eager haste, bump, bump, bump, her whole little body quivering with the shock.

"Don't, my darling! You will shake yourself in pieces. What are you doing this for?"

"Yes, mamma, Francesca must do so. Dis is Ingleese, and Francesca must learn Ingleese!" and down she went, bump, bump, bump, to the foot of the stairs!

It seems that her little American cousin was fond of coming down stairs after this novel fashion, and the poor Spanish baby supposed it was an indispensable part of the agony necessary in order to acquire the new language.

If it were only physical bumps that befell us in consequence of the building that picturesque but fatal old Tower of Babel, we might endure the suffering bravely, like little Francesca; but alas! "a wounded spirit who can bear?"

My last French teacher, — a charming Parisian, who sought to beguile the tedium of a country winter by teaching two friends his own language, said very pertinently one day, when he had sought in vain to melt his pupils' stubborn reluctance to talk French, —

"Ah, why will you not speak? I have to go around my idea to express it in English; but you, mademoiselle, you know one, two, three French words for every English word, and yet you will not speak! Ah, mademoiselle! It is that same emulation which kills the souls of your people, which is but another name for self-love!"

Now, my dear boys and girls, this is the moral of all these true stories I have told you — I know you dote on morals. When you study a foreign language, French most of all, do not. I beseech you, be so idiotic as to shrink from putting in practice every phrase as you acquire it. Speak, I had almost said no matter how blunderingly, only speak; and speak whenever opportunity offers. If it wounds your "self-love" to make slips in the hearing of your teacher, whose very office is to correct your mistakes, and of your fellow-pupils, who will themselves slip likewise to-morrow, if not to-day, shut your teeth — no, by no means, — clinch your fists and bear it, but speak on, and the day will surely come when you will reap the reward for your school-day pluck, instead of being overwhelmed with raging shame and self-contempt at the memory of your lost opportunities. If you think I am making a solemn matter out of a trifle, you will know better should you ever find yourself a European traveller, which I trust you may.

This is good advice, my young friends, as I have sorrowful reason to know; good advice — as good as new; for though given me long ago, I am ashamed to say, I never used it!



IN THE WOODS.

BROUGHT TO THE FRONT;
OR,
THE YOUNG DEFENDERS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER V.

CHILDREN CATCH THE WAR SPIRIT.

THE Sumerfords kept a large number of fowls, as the boys were fond of raising chickens, and corn was plenty. Among them were two roosters, claimed respectively by Enoch and Sammy.

Before the war made travelling hazardous, Honeywood frequently had occasion to visit Baltimore. A friend of his, James Camelford, residing there, had given him a pair of gold-spangled Hamburgs, brought from Lancashire, England, by a Quaker immigrant, and from these he (Honeywood) reared many others, and finally gave one of the roosters to Enoch Sumerford.

In process of time the breed had become somewhat mixed, thus increasing the size, but preserving most of the markings which constitute the beauty of this variety of fowl.

The bird was of large size, and Enoch was very proud of him, as well he might be. The gaudy color of this crower was reddish, shading to gold, and upon the tail-feathers a large circled spangle of deep black, with a green gloss that flashed in the sun. Sammy called them "eyes."

The upper part of the breast was a glossy black, and the lower reddish, shading to gold, and spangled; and there were beautiful feathers on the neck, glossy green and gold-edged. The comb and wattles denoted a mixture with the black Spanish, being both large and of a bright vermilion color. The notches in the top of the comb were deeply indented, and regular as the teeth of a new saw.

Whether there was any Spanish blood in his veins or no, he was possessed of a good share of the pride usually ascribed to that nation, as he was full of conceit and self-consequence, and affected altogether the company of the young and well-favored.

He would pass by, with a glance of contempt, an aged grandmother that had laid eggs and reared chickens before he was born. But how he would strut, on some sunny morning, when a young pullet was bringing out from the nest her first brood! The ground did not seem good enough for his lordship to walk on. Who but him?

Sammy's rooster, on the other hand, could

make no pretensions to beauty. His ground color was a grayish white, with speckles, a stub tail, some yellow feathers on the neck, double comb very ragged, legs so short as to give him the appearance of being squat, with five toes on each foot.

Compelled to give place to his haughty rival, he usually wore a discouraged look, and had the air of one about to apologize for presuming to exist, and always went with the oldest hens, the younger and the pullets associating with the young and handsome upstart.

Sammy, having importuned Enoch to "swap roosters with him" till he was tired, at length gave it up — the *only* thing he was ever known to give up.

"Harry," said Mrs. Sumerford, as she stood in the doorway watching Sam and Tony, as they made their way to Mr. Seth's to exact the fulfilment of his promise, — brandishing the tomahawks made by Harry the evening before, and which they had stained blood-red with the juice of garget berries, after putting no small quantity on each other's faces, by way of war-paint, as they hardly dared to venture upon another smearing with smut, ochre, and bear's grease, — "do you think there's any danger in these boys going from house to house?"

"No, mother; not in the daytime. There's a strong party of men, and three of the boys, — Hugh Crawford, Elick McDonald, and Biel Holt, — out scouting."

"I can't, for the life of me, see what does make these children so possessed to have guns, and tomahawks, and scalping-knives; always talking about such things, and wanting to paint themselves and make believe they are Indians. It makes me feel bad to see them so taken up with such kind of plays."

"Don't let that worry you, mother; boys allers will be doin' what they see men folks do. If we were plantin', clearin' land, makin' sugar, or dressin' skins, then they'd want ter do that, you know. Little girls allers want ter wash, bake, churn, and make soap. Come, Elick, come, Knuck, hurry up; git them ere deer-skins down out of the chamber, ter make the packs. Mother, you must spin us some linen thread, ter sew 'em with."

Mrs. Sumerford banded her wheel. Harry began to cut out the packs, and all were soon busily at work upon them, till near noon, when Mrs. Sumerford suddenly exclaimed, —

"I declare, the hens haven't had a mouthful this morning. Enoch, carry 'em out that pot of skim-milk setting at the doorstep, and throw 'em out a little corn. We must take

good care of the hens; they will be a great comfort if we go into garrison."

In a few moments Enoch came back, almost ready to cry, and said, —

"O, mother, something's been afoul of my handsome rooster Mr. Honeywood give me; every one of his tail and all the large feathers in both his wings are gone."

The rest of the family followed Enoch to the barn, where they found his pet bird in a most sorry plight.

His breech was as bare as though he had been plucked for market, and from the holes left by the rending away of those splendid gold-spangled feathers, blood had oozed and become black, having clotted. The wings he was wont to flap with such pride of place were also sadly mutilated.

"It ain't my rooster," cried Enoch; "can't be. My rooster never could look like that."

"Why, yes, it is, Enoch," said his mother; "his head looks like him, and there are the handsome feathers around his neck."

"But, ma'am," cried the disconsolate boy, "what does his tail look like? Now, mother, what could have done it? It has been done since last night at sundown. I was looking at the hens, when they were flying up to roost, and he was all right then."

"Perhaps he came round, in the morning, while the hogs were eating their swill, and one of 'em made a grab at him."

"That can't be," said Harry; "'cause if a hog made a grab at him, he wouldn't have taken the feathers clean, and sartain couldn't have taken the wing feathers, on both sides, at the same grab; and his rump's as bare as the back of my hand; an owl or a hawk would have torn him, and there isn't a scratch about him anywhere."

They were compelled to leave the mystery unsolved. Meanwhile the forlorn pet went moving about the barn-yard, illustrating the old saying, "Pride must have a fall."

The old hens, once beneath contempt, pecked at his bare and bloody rump; the gobbler chased him, while he possessed not spirit to resent either indignity; and when night came, Enoch had to put him on the roost, as he had not wing feathers enough left to mount with.

After doing this service to the fallen monarch of the barn-yard, Enoch went to drive up and fold the sheep — a matter never neglected, on account of the depredations of the wolves.

Sammy, with tomahawk in belt, and the gun Mr. Seth had made for him, was on his way home. The latter had cunningly contrived a

wooden spring, that, by the turning of a button, was made to strike, with a loud snap, on a pin.

Sam was immensely pleased with the gun. He would level it at a bush, turn the button, cry "Bang" when the spring snapped, then bring the weapon to a shoulder, and strut along, in a most pompous manner, crying, "Rub-a-dub, dub, rub-a-dub, dub, dub."

In the midst of these antics, Enoch came out of the woods within a few rods of him. Sammy instantly pulled several feathers from his cap, and thrust them hastily into his pocket, but not so quickly as to escape the notice of Enoch.

"O, you little villain! Where did you get them ere feathers?"

Our young readers must recollect that these were rude times, and that Enoch was a backwoods boy, reared in the forest, had never been at school a day in his life, and that in those days of free speaking nothing was concealed, and whatever was felt came directly to the surface.

Instead of replying to these rough salutations, Sammy took to his heels, and made for the house as though life was at stake.

Tearing from an ash stump, that bristled with sprouts, a long switch, Enoch pursued, and soon overtaking the fugitive, caught him by the collar, and began to shower the blows on head and legs, without mercy or cessation.

The screams of Sam were fearful, and caused an instantaneous commotion on the premises.

The hens began to cackle, the turkeys to cry "Quit, quit," the gobbler gobbled, and the sheep fled to the pen, crowding together in one corner, as though besieged by wolves.

Alternating with the shrill screams of Sam rose the deeper tones of Enoch.

"I'll war-post you," — whirl, whirl. "I'll larn you to pick my rooster, what Mr. Honeywood give me," — whirl, whirl. "I'll skin you alive," — slap, slap; the flat of Enoch's hand replacing the switch that was now broken into fragments.

Mrs. Sumerford, who was on her way from the barn to the house, with her apron full of eggs, heard the outcry of "Murder! mother! murder! mother!" and flinging them to the ground, was at the spot in a moment.

Clasping the boy, now shrieking louder than ever, in her arms, she cried, —

"Enoch Sumerford, are you out of your senses? What has possessed you to abuse your little brother in this way?"

Pulling the feathers out of Sammy's pocket, Enoch held them up.

"Just look there, mother Sumerford! see what that little wretch has done! There's part of my poor rooster's tail-feathers. He's the hog, and the hawk, and the fox, and the owl, what's done it."

"That is no reason you should beat him to death."

All the while, Sam, with his arms clasped round his mother's waist, was holding up first one leg, then the other, and crying, without much regard to consistency, "I didn't do it! I'll never do so agin! I'm sorry! O! O!"

"He's making half of it, mother. I tell you, ever since father went away, that young one has had his own head; and if he ain't made ter know his place, he'll turn us all out of doors, afore he's much older. He ought ter be spanked afore he gets up in the morning, afore he goes ter bed at night, and in the night."

"You wasn't so fond of being spanked when you were his age, and I'm sure you deserved it. Poor little child! his heart's broke now; you might as well kill him and done with it. Tell mother, dear, all about it, and how you come to do so."

"I—I didn't pull 'em out, ma'am."

"Who did?"

"Tony did; I only held him."

"Who first thought of it? Who set the thing afoot?" said Enoch.

"We was goin' ter have a war-post, ma'am, and one day Mr. McClure said—I heerd him—how Indians had eagles' feathers in their heads, and Tony and all the boys said we ought ter have 'em. We couldn't git eagles' feathers, and I said there was real handsome feathers in the rooster's tail, and Tony said, 'Let's pull 'em out.' So he pulled 'em out, he did, ma'am. Booh! booh!"

"Stop your whining. When did you do it?"

"Arter the hens went to roost, last night."

"Where was I?"

"Gone arter the sheeps."

"See that, mother. They didn't do it right off, without thinking; but had it all planned out. I'll warrant they've been watching their chance for a fortnight."

"I'll never do so again."

"Cause you can't; you've pulled 'em all out. But your will's good enough. What'd you want to pull out the small feathers for? You couldn't stick them in your caps."

"Tony, and me, and Jimmy Grant be chiefs, and Tony said how the chiefs ought to have plumes different from the other Injuns, and their Mary knew how to make 'em, if she ony had small feathers,—handsome ones."

"If I ketch Tony here agin, I'll spank him with a barn shovel."

The anger of Enoch was, however, as transient as violent; and when, two days after, Tony made his appearance, about the middle of the forenoon, he paid no attention to him.

He had, however, lost all interest in his rooster, and said to his mother, in the hearing of the boys,—

"I'm half a mind to cut this rooster's head off. He looks shameful; the hens pick him, and I'm tired of putting him on the roost."

"I wouldn't now; wait till the weather's cooler and we eat what fresh meat we've got."

"Sam," whispered Tony, "ax him to give the rooster ter us."

"What's the good of him, lookin' so?"

"His feathers'll grow out agin, just as they was afore."

"No, they won't."

"I tell you they will. Don't hens allers shed their feathers, and don't they allers grow out?"

"They ain't pulled out; they drop 'em 'cause they want ter their own selves."

"That don't make no difference. Don't the women folks pick the feathers off the geese alive, and don't the hens pick one t'other's necks all bare, and don't they allers grow out agin, just the same?"

"I'm afraid ter ax him."

"Then git your mother ter; zukkers! I would."

Sammy whispered to his mother.

"Enoch, why don't you give the rooster to Sam, if you've made up your mind to kill him?"

"I don't care what comes of him now."

"He'll be your rooster and mine now—won't he, Sammy? 'Cause you know I told you ter ax for him."

"Yes, ours; only we'll keep him ter our house."

CHAPTER VI.

THE McDONALDS.

THE Sumerfords having made their packs, Harry found time to pay his long-postponed visit to the McDonalds, and accordingly set out about four o'clock of an afternoon. On the way he met Honeywood, and after a warm greeting on either side, they sat down on the root of a tree to talk.

"It's a good while, Harry, since we've had a talk together, and I want to tell you how much I was pleased with your making the drum, both because it's a benefit to everybody, but especially on your own account. Which, now,

do you think I was most pleased with, your making that drum or killing the Indians?"

"Killin' the Injuns; 'cause if I hadn't killed 'em, they'd killed me and all the rest of us, and likes a good many of the neighbors."

"Yes, in one sense; because by so doing you saved your own life, the lives of your family, and probably of many others. Between that and making a drum there is no comparison; but in other respects, and especially in regard to yourself, I thought more of your making the drum."

"I don't see how that can be."

"In discovering the Indians' ambush, killing them when they were trying to kill you, and beating them at their own game, you only did what I was prepared to expect from you. Neither myself nor anybody in the Run doubted that you had a natural turn for tracking and finding out Indian signs, nor that you had courage and good judgment about all such matters, and was as smart to carry out a thing that hit your fancy as any boy who was ever wrapped up in skin; and all knew you could shoot. But the neighbors did not know, and very few of them thought, that you had resolution to take hold of any job requiring labor, care, and patience, and finish it up. They thought you were smart in spots, but flighty, — couldn't stick to anything long, — and so fit only to hunt and trap, and live in the woods like an Indian."

"Did you think so, Mr. Honeywood?"

"I hoped better things of you, and always took your part, though sometimes I had my fears; but they are all gone now. It was an everlasting sight of work to make that drum in the way you did. To take the stuff in the log, learn the trade, and make part of the tools as you went along, with no drum before you to look at, only the recollection of one you saw at the fort; give instruction to Cal about the head; and, under all those disadvantages, and in spite of all these obstacles, to produce a drum that Crawford said was as good a drum as he ever beat, satisfied me that you will, when this war is over, settle down and make a right useful man. I have wanted, this long time, to catch you alone, to say so, in order to encourage you."

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Honeywood. Ever since you took hold of me, I've tried ter do the best I knowed how, and I'd do more to git your good will than for any other reason I know of."

"You know what I was saying to you, long ago, about going to school. We seem to be all broken up at present; but if the Indians

will let us, perhaps we may have a school this winter."

"I hope so, 'cause they've put me in cap'n, and I ought ter be able ter write down the names of the company, and some other things; but I have ter make notches on a stick, and mark on every notch something to show what boy it stands for, same as the Injuns do with their wampum-belts. Sometimes, too, the Blanchards, Israel and Jim'll twit me 'cause I can't read and write; but I can shut 'em up, and I kin lick 'em; so when I show my teeth, they have ter knuckle; and more than that, I kin show them things they don't know — and they know it."

As they were about to separate, Harry asked Honeywood where he had been, and which way he was going.

"I have been over to McDonald's. M'Clure, Mr. Holdness, myself, and others think, now that the harvest is about all in, — except some few crops that were put in late, — and the out-of-door work pretty much done, that we ought to go into garrison; and I have made it my business, for some time past, to go round among the neighbors, and try to get them to do it. That was my errand at McDonald's."

"Is he going?"

"No; says he has some out-door work he wants to finish; will go next week; that it's a great trouble to be so far from work, and have to carry tools, victuals, and cattle back and forth."

"What makes you think we ought ter go into garrison now, Mr. Honeywood? I understood you hadn't found any Injun signs lately."

"That's the very thing that troubles me and some others: we know the Indians too well to think, after what has taken place in this Run, they have given it up. It's often said that white men who are brought up in the woods are a match for an Indian; but it is not so. An Indian can cover his trail, if he has time, so that a white man can't find it, and he can find a trail that a white man can't begin to. It is just the time for Indians to come, because the barns are full, and the cattle fat; they'll take the scalps, and live on the property, of the inhabitants. We have but a few scouts in proportion to the extent of country, and it is not by any means impossible that there are Indians outlying here, whom another party of Indians would discover, but we can't."

"Is that so?"

"It is. I hunted, one whole winter, with a Mohawk called Wassaweela, a man I would trust my life with, slept by the same fire with

him every night. I knew he could see and hear what I couldn't. I of course tried to learn all I could from him; and he told me that Indians never took so much pains to cover their tracks when they had to do with white people as when they were at war with other Indians."

"I see how 'tis. You think it's no good when everything's as quiet as it has been since Crawford was killed."

"Just so; and the most singular part of it is, that the very folks who were frightened after Braddock's defeat, and wanted to run and leave everything, feel that, because we have had the advantage, and killed a few Indians, the danger is over, when it's only begun."

"They'll be skeered enough when the trouble comes."

"There's another thing," said Honeywood, sinking his voice to a whisper. "There's been bad signs of late."

"What kind of signs?"

"Why, a week ago Monday, one of my hens got up on the corn-crib, and crowed twice; and yesterday morning one of the old hens laid an egg not larger than a pullet's. I knew, if I could fling it over the top of the barn, it would break the bad luck. So I took it out of the nest, and, when I got half way to the barn door, fell down and broke it."

"That looks as though it was to be."

"But that is not all. When Hugh Crawford was put into the coffin, the corpse was limp as a rag, instead of being stiff, as is usual. So, putting together all these signs and what I know about the ways of the Indians, I think they are warnings that ought not to be neglected."

"Whenever you want to go in, Mr. Honeywood, I'm ready."

"I shall see what can be done with the rest first, but shall go in by day after to-morrow, at any rate."

In this mood they parted. Notwithstanding his general intelligence, and though devoid of fear in respect of other foes, Honeywood could not emancipate himself from the thralldom of those superstitious notions taught him at the cottage fireside in Devonshire.

Alexander McDonald, to whose house Harry was going, had emigrated from Scotland, when a young man, and married one of his own countrywomen, with whom he became acquainted in Nova Scotia, where he first landed.

McDonald was a Presbyterian, a man of sincere piety, very much respected and loved, frequently conducting social religious meetings, held from house to house, among the neighbors. At first settling in Chester County,

he afterwards removed to the Run, when it contained but two families, those of M'Clure and Holdness.

His immediate family consisted of himself, wife, and five children; but there were in the household twelve persons, — four negro slaves and his nephew Donald McDonald, a lad of fifteen, who was spending the autumn in the Run, intending to return to Philadelphia before winter, where his father, a ship carpenter, lived.

McDonald's children, with the exception of Alexander, the eldest, were girls, the youngest being an infant in arms.

Possessed of more means than most of his neighbors, and having so little male help in his own family, McDonald had purchased four negroes. They, however, were, with one exception, of little value. John and Ned were old men, nearly past labor, and Tom a boy of sixteen. But Moses — Mose, as they called him — was a strong, resolute fellow, and highly valued by his master, who treated all his servants with great kindness. The house was built of logs, with the chimney on the outside. They had four guns, plenty of ammunition, and three of the family — McDonald, his son, and Mose — were skilled in their use; but it was a mile and a half to the nearest neighbor.

There was, however, a road extending through the settlement, from house to house, two rods in width. That is, the trees were cut and taken out of the way, and logs flung into the mires, and the gullies were bridged with round logs. This served the purposes of the settlers, as everything was hauled on sleds, both in winter and summer.

Alex McDonald had grown up in the province, a companion of Harry and Cal, and to the full as resolute and fond of the rifle, hunting, and rough sports as they, but less boisterous and of milder disposition, the result of an entirely different training. His parents, having obtained a common school education, and been reared in the bosom of the kirk of Scotland, taught their children around the fireside; and the long evenings of winter were spent, not in making axe-handles, moccasins, filling snow-shoes, and making tie-bows, but a good portion of them in study or reading.

Sometimes McDonald or Alex would read, while the mother plied her wool-cards, and the girls sewed or knit. Religious instruction also formed a prominent feature in the parental teachings. In short, it was a godly, thrifty Scotch household in the American wilderness.

Alex, Harry, Cal Holdness, and Ned Armstrong were sworn friends. When either of

them wished to accomplish any purpose, they could always count on the others.

Alex was possessed of a good deal of ingenuity, knew how to fasten the flint-heads, that the boys found in old Indian camping-places, to arrows, was a splendid whittler, — no small matter, when the knife supplied the place of so many other tools, — and could make the best paddle for a birch canoe of any person, young or old, in the Run.

When Harry arrived at the McDonald's, bringing a large quantity of lead to be moulded into bullets, he received a warm welcome.

Alex produced some wood, roughed out for bows and arrows, and Harry went to making bows, while Alex began to run bullets: when the lead was exhausted, Alex assisted Harry, who now produced several steel arrow-heads Mr. Honeywood had given him, and two ox-horns, one of which he gave to Alex, on condition that he put a bottom in the other for Harry.

They worked and talked. Harry told his friend about the outrage Sam and Tony had committed in respect to Enoch's rooster. Alex was greatly amused, and said, —

"I believe Tony Stewart was at the bottom of that."

"I guess they both had a hand in it."

"Ay, no doubt; but it seems Sammy took the licking, while Tony got his share of the feathers, and half the fowl, and went scot free to boot."

"If Tony had been there when Knuck found it out, he'd got his share of the lickin', I promise you. I never saw Knuck so mad afore; and when Knuck's mad, he *is* mad; but it don't last long."

"It looks so much like something he did the other day, that I believe Tony planned the whole of it."

"What was it he did?"

"Mr. Blanchard promised to make him and your Sam a wooden gun each, *some time*."

"Which meant with *them* the next morning."

"Just so; and they kept tormenting him to make 'em; so he made Sammy's, but he kept it sly — didn't give it to him; because he was very busy, couldn't stop to make the other, and knew if Tony knew that 'twould set him raving. But Tony found it out, and then it was, 'You said you would, some time; you've made Sammy's, and you haven't made mine.'"

"I know something about that. I promised ter make tomahawks ter go with the guns."

"And you had to make 'em."

"Reckon I did."

"Blanchard was very busy doing something to his house, and lost his compasses. It bothered him a good deal, because he wanted 'em every few minutes to use. He hunted and hunted, but couldn't find 'em; sot all the children to hunting; they couldn't find 'em. All this time Tony kept right under his feet, just like a horse-fly round a horse, and every little while it would be, 'You said you would, some time, and you've made Sammy's. If I find the compasses, will you make my gun?'"

"'Yes, I will, if you'll find my compasses.'"

"'Will you make it soon as I find 'em?'"

"'Yes.'"

"'Will you sartain?'"

"'Yes, I'll drop my work, and make it.'"

"'Just like Sammy's, with a thing ter turn that'll make it fire?'"

"'Yes, yes.'"

"It wasn't ten minutes before Tony found 'em right among the chips, where Blanchard and the whole family had been searching."

"Found 'em where he put 'em?'"

"To be sure: they were in his pocket the whole time; and when Blanchard told him he'd make the gun if he found 'em, Tony gets down on his knees among the chips, goes to pawing the chips over, and drops 'em.'"

"They might be there, and he might find 'em, without his putting 'em there."

"I should think so, if he hadn't told Jimmy Grant, just after Blanchard missed the compasses, that 'he knowed a way ter make Mr. Blanchard make his gun — zukkers! he did.'"

Harry spent the night with Alex, and they completed their preparations for scouting.

When morning came, McDonald called his household together for family devotions; and after breakfast the two friends parted, having made an appointment to meet at Harry's house, to make moccasins.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MASSACRE OF A FAMILY.

JUST as Harry reached his own door, he recollected he had omitted to bring home a crooked knife, lent to Alex some weeks before, and that he needed to scoop out the back of a paddle.

"Never mind," he said to himself; "I'll go over ter-night or ter-morrer night, and git it; I kin rough the paddle out without it."

For two successive evenings Harry was prevented from going to Mr. McDonald's; at one time by a visit from Andrew McClure, and on the next night by one of the cows getting mired.



"HE CAUGHT AN AXE OFF THE WOOD-PILE TO KEEP 'EM OFF." Page 605.

Unable longer to do without the tool, he set out, one morning, after breakfast, to get it, making a call at Blanchard's, and intending to get his dinner with Alex.

It was a lovely morning; birds were singing, squirrels chattering on the trees and log fences, the sunlight, pouring in a flood over the tree-tops, glittered on the leaves, bathed in the heavy autumnal dew, while the devious course of the stream could be distinctly traced by the veil of mist that yet hung over its surface.

Harry had accomplished about half of his journey, when he espied a full-grown bear in a swamp between him and the river, partly concealed by the bushes, and busily employed in picking cranberries. His first impulse was to creep up and shoot him; but, after a moment's reflection, he exclaimed, —

"It won't do, — it won't do ter spare a charge of powder these times, 'cause we don't need the meat — we've got pork enough. It's too bad: that bear's fat, I know; then his fur must be gittin' decent. Elick and I kin kill him with arrows and knives. Elick's got two bows and steel-pointed arrows."

Harry quickened his pace to a run, in order to obtain the weapons and the assistance of Alex, before the bear should leave the cranberry-bed.

When in sight of the house he was somewhat surprised to perceive the window-shutters were closed, the door standing wide open, and that no smoke came out of the chimney, though it was not far from the usual dinner hour of the family.

Not liking the appearance of things, Harry instinctively cocked his rifle, and closely scanning the woods and fields, went forward. He had reached the corn-crib, when two ravens suddenly flew up before him; and, glancing at the spot from whence they rose, he saw the lifeless body of Mrs. McDonald stretched across the foot-path that led to the spring, and on the grass, within a few feet, that of her infant, both mangled with the tomahawk, and scalped.

Harry retreated cautiously for some distance, — but without seeing or hearing anything that betokened the presence of Indians, — till he gained the cover of some bushes, when, avoiding the road, he took to the shelter of the woods, and ran home at full speed.

"Mother," he cried, "run for the garrison; the Injuns have been at McDonald's, killed her and the baby, and all the rest, for what I know, or carried 'em off."

Snatching the baby from the cradle, the mother fled, followed by Sammy, while the

boys, with their weapons, brought up the rear, firing two guns in quick succession, to alarm the settlers. In a few moments the report of the alarm-gun at the block-house was heard.

Before reaching Grant's they were met by Heinrich Stiefel, Armstrong, Maccoy, and Rogers, all mounted and armed, while Stewart was seen approaching on horseback, and Grant afoot.

Thus strong in numbers, the band made their way to the abode of McDonald, where they witnessed a scene of horror no one of them could ever recall without a shudder, while life lasted.

The head of Mrs. McDonald was nearly severed from her body, and the ears and nose of the infant cut off and thrust into its mouth. The bodies of McDonald and his son lay near the hominy-block, pierced through with arrows, and scalped. Little Maggie, the youngest girl and the pet of all the neighbors, was found a few feet from the door-stone. Rogers took up the mangled form, and carried it into the house.

About a month previous McDonald had employed Mr. Seth Blanchard to partition off a small room from the kitchen, to serve the purpose of a store-room and milk-room. Until that time the rooms had been separated by partitions of bark, or by blankets hung between. Mr. Seth, however, manufactured boards and studding with the whip-saw, planed the boards, and put up the partition, although he was obliged to fasten it with pegs of wood, for lack of nails.

He at the same time made shelves to hold milk-pans, a door with wooden hinges and latch, and a large chest to contain meal, — a trough having before answered the purpose. The chest was deemed by the neighbors a great piece of extravagance, in the midst of an Indian war, and all came to look at it.

"The idee," said Holdness, "of making such a great concern as that, when we have ter pound our corn and bile (boil) our wheat. A thimble'll hold all the meal McDonald'll git ground at a mill for many a day."

The door of this room was cut to pieces with tomahawks, and on the floor were the bodies of the two remaining daughters. It would seem that, after securing the door, they had concealed themselves in the chest, as it was upset, and their clothes sprinkled with meal. The empty milk-pans, from which the Indians had drank, and some balls of butter, bore the impress of their bloody fingers, as did loaves of bread, fragments of which were

trodden into the pools of clotted blood that stood in different places on the floor.

One corner of the log chimney — built outside of the house, an aperture having been left in the walls for the fireplace — was torn away. Thus an entrance was effected through the fireplace to the interior of the house.

The Indians, after surprising McDonald and his son, by means of an axe and lever, found at the wood-pile, had made this breach. Mrs. McDonald, having fastened the door and shutters at the first alarm, and — as it seemed probable — when she found the Indians would force an entrance, fled with her infant, with the hope of reaching the neighbors while they were thus occupied.

"What has become of Donald and the negroes? They must be killed or carried off, else they'd have run to the neighbors," said Armstrong.

"Most like they're carried off," said Grant; "they are not apt to kill negroes, nor a boy of Donald's age; because they'll make slaves of the darkies, and an Indian of the lad; only let him live among them a few years, and get a taste of wild life and he'd turn his back on his own parents."

"May be they're in the field," said Harry. "I heard Mr. McDonald say, day before yesterday, that he wanted ter pull a piece of flax that was late planted, and then he was ready ter go into garrison."

On the way they found the guns belonging to McDonald resting against a stump, and within ten feet of them the body of Moses, pierced with arrows, and scalped to the ears. The ground in the vicinity was trampled, and afforded evidence of a desperate struggle.

"Poor Mose," said Maccoy, "he was struggling hard to get hold of the guns, and if he had, would have let daylight through some on 'em."

"What is he scalped so much for?" said Harry.

"That means that it took two Indians to kill him," said Grant.

The bodies of the other negroes were found in the flax, where they had fallen by the arrows of the savages, who had crept through a piece of corn lying adjacent, till within a few feet of their victims.

Here was an exhibition of Indian subtlety and vengeance well calculated to quicken the apprehensions of those who had grown negligent by reason of previous impunity, and justifying all the predictions of Holdness and M'Clure.

Like the viewless pestilence, their implacable

ble foe, after eluding the vigilance of the scouts, had selected the most exposed family, accomplished their purpose in broad daylight, and escaped.

"What is this?" cried Harry, who had been looking at the tracks of the Indians among the corn.

Upon a stump, at one corner of the corn piece, was spread an Indian blanket, and on the blanket McDonald's hat, with a knife stuck through both.

"That means," said Armstrong, "'This much we have done, and are able to do more.'"

"My God! what a butchery!" cried Rogers; "Mr. McDonald and his family, we set such store by."

"And Elick, that I loved just like a brother; and the blessed little baby, — poor little creature! so innocent, — that never did any harm ter any one. Only think of sculpin' a little baby!" said Harry.

Holdness, Honeywood, M'Clure, Israel Blanchard, and several others now appeared, together with Cal Holdness and a number of the boys belonging to Harry's company. Perceiving the situation of things at a glance, Holdness said, —

"Neighbors, what's done can't be undone; you must do what is needful here; we will take provision, and follow these miscreants, camp ter-night on the trail, and perhaps we may git some amends. They ain't got a great start.

"Harry, you must take your scout, and do the scouting while we are gone. I reckon nobody'll have anything ter say agin it, in the face and eyes of what's happened at this house; if they have, they kin go ter the garrison, and scout themselves."

"Boys," said Harry, "git your packs, weapons, and victuals, and meet me at the big sugar tree, on Ephraim Cuthbert's old place. Cal, do you take a hoss, and drum up the rest."

After the departure of those who were preparing either to pursue the Indians or act as scouts at home, Rogers, Stewart, Heinrich Stiefel, with David and James Blanchard, yoked McDonald's oxen, and put them to the sled. They then took the shutters from the windows, and laid them across the bars of the sled, on which they were about to place the mangled remains of the McDonalds, in order to convey them to the garrison, where the neighbors could prepare them for interment, when Stiefel, pointing to the rising ground, exclaimed, —

"Who is that?"

"It's Donald," said Rogers; and in a few moments the lad, pale and trembling, his

cheeks showing the traces of dried tears, came towards them.

The boy seemed half demented, making no reply to their greetings, and his eyes wandered from one to another of the party, till at length they rested on the face of James Blanchard, when, flinging his arms around Blanchard's neck, he hid his face in the bosom of his companion, and sobbed as though his heart would break.

There was not a dry eye in the company, and many sobbed aloud. Tears seemed to give relief; and after a while, raising his head, he asked, —

"Are they all gone? — my uncle, and aunt, and all the children?"

"All, my poor boy," replied Rogers.

They forbore to ask Donald any questions, but consoled him as well as they could. The heart-broken lad went around, and viewed the mangled forms of his relatives, after which they set out for the garrison.

CHAPTER VIII.

BROUGHT TO THE FRONT.

THE boys thus suddenly summoned to action by this fearful exigency, and thrust, as it were, into the position to which they had so long aspired, speedily assembled at the tree.

After calling the roll, and ascertaining that all were provided with rations, and otherwise equipped, Harry said, —

"Has anybody got a bow and arrows?"

"I have," said Armstrong.

"And I too," said Cal Holdness.

"Now, boys," said Harry, "I'm goin' ter bring forrard somethin', and I want everybody's mind on it. Mr. Holdness, Honeywood, and the rest have gone ter work on that ere trail; they've found out the Injuns have gone ter the river, and there they've lost it. It's most like they've took ter the water. It may take 'em till sundown to git on the trail at all. At any rate, they can't foller it fur, if they find it again, afore night. The Injuns have got daylight ter work by, and they'll walk in the water, and walk on logs and rocks, and do everything to throw 'em off the trail till night comes, and then they'll put her all night, and git such a start by the time our folks find the trail, in the mornin', that they won't be like to overtake 'em. We know they're Delawares, 'cause Stiefel found a paint-bag that they dropped in McDonald's field, where they hid their guns, with figures worked on it that M'Clure said was Delaware make. Now, it stands ter reason that, havin' so many scalps, and knowin'

what sort of men will be on their trail, they'll push for their towns, or the Shawnese towns, — 'cause they're all one; and ter git there they've got ter go through Allequips' Gap, sartin. What I'm comin' at is this: while them Injuns is spendin' the time tryin' ter kiver their trail, — washin' it in water, takin' back tracks, doin' all they know ter mislead our folks, and our folks tryin' ter smell it out, — let's us make right for that Gap, git ahead on 'em and ambush 'em, and give 'em all the tomahawkin' they want."

"I say, go," replied Cal Holdness, before the words were well out of Harry's mouth.

"Can we find the way?" said Ned Armstrong; "'cause if we have to spend time to hunt it up, or git lost in the night, they'll be through the Gap afore we git there."

"I kin make a bee line for it, night or day," said Harry; "and there's a good moon. I know a narrow place where we kin lay an ambush; and they won't be spectin' that; they'll only be thinkin' of what's behind, and 'll feel safe, and git kind o' kereless when they git through the Gap. I want every boy's mind on it."

"But Mr. Holdness gave us orders to do scout duty. How about that?" said Crawford.

"Here's Dave Blanchard and Jim come ter look on. Send word by them that we've gone arter Injuns, and let the folks go inter garrison: there's Rogers, Holt, Proctor, Stewart, and men enough ter hold the garrison."

Tightening his belt, Harry gave the command, "Forward!" and led the way. Fording the streams and ascending the steep banks, they skirted the flank of a mountain, and disappeared in the woods.

Leaving this enthusiastic band, with their youthful leader — much riper in experience of the forest than in years, and with judgment acquired by the habit of independent action and the common exigencies of frontier life — to pursue their perilous way, let us accompany those who were bearing the mangled bodies of their neighbors to the garrison, where their arrival was productive of anguish and sorrow beyond expression.

The remains were bathed in tears, while every mother in the Run offered the lonely Donald a home.

The first burst of anguish over, the remains were cleansed from blood, and prepared for burial in the best manner the circumstances of the settlers permitted.

It was evident from the fact that the Indians had left the guns of the McDonalds uninjured,

and had not taken even so much as a blanket from the house, that they were apprehensive of pursuit; otherwise they would have at least rendered the guns useless, or plundered the dwelling.

It was no less certain that they feared to attack the McDonalds with fire-arms either in the house or in the field, as the report of a gun would have brought to their aid the fatal rifles of Honeywood, Holdness, M'Clure, and others whose prowess they had been taught by bitter experience.

With all the patience and subtlety characteristic of Indian character, they had watched and prowled around their victims, armed with a noiseless weapon, and, by dividing into separate bands, accomplished their fell purpose.

These two things — the resorting of the Indians to the bows and arrows, which they could use with terrible effect, and their eluding the vigilance of the scouts, and lurking, as they must have done for some days, within a short distance of the house of McDonald — furnished new ground for apprehension.

That evening, when the inmates of the garrison had assembled, Donald related to them all he had witnessed in relation to the massacre. The boy said that his uncle wanted to get the cows into the field to eat the fall feed, and had been splitting and hauling rails for some days, in order to fence out a piece of corn that was not yet gathered.

Beside the corn was a patch of late-sown flax, and this he was calculating to pull, after which he was going into garrison nights, meaning to work on the place in the daytime.

"But how come the guns down in the field, and your uncle and Elick at the house? Should a thought they'd kept the guns where they were," said Rogers.

"We'd had breakfast early, and was out afore the house by the wood-pile, just goin' to start for the field. Mose and the other negroes was goin' to pullin' flax, and uncle, I, and Elick was goin' to put up the fence, when my aunt came to the door, and said there must be some corn pounded, for there wasn't anything to make bread of, and there wasn't more'n enough to last that day and for breakfast the next morning baked; and she wanted me to go into the woods, and get her some broom stuff right away."

"What time of day was that?" said Holt.

"Just after sunrise. Uncle said, 'Donald, do you go and get the broom stuff for your aunt.' Then he told the negroes to take the guns into the field, set 'em up agin a stump he pinte out, and go to pullin' flax on the end

of the piece next the corn, 'cause he wanted to build fence there first, and that he and Elick would be along soon as they'd pounded some corn. He said that 'cause the negroes didn't like to go without him and Elick."

"O, what a pity he hadn't a kept them guns in his own hands!" said Stiefel. "Well, go on, my lad; I dread to hear the next."

"I went over the hill afore the house, down into the swamp, and broke off the broom stuff; and when I got back onto the high ground, I looked, and saw uncle and Elick poundin' corn, and the negroes at work amongst the flax.

"There was a big hornet's nest in a thorn-bush, that I wanted to git to carry home to Philadelphia, when I went. I put down the broom stuff, to look and see if the hornets had left, and while I was lookin' I heard an awful screechin', and run to see; and there was uncle on the ground, by the hominy-block, and two Indians fired arrows into cousin Elick, and he caught an axe off the wood-pile to keep 'em off; but one of 'em flung a tomahawk right into his head, and he fell down."

"Wasn't there but two Indians?" said Mrs. Holt.

"Yes, there was three more tryin' to git the door open. My aunt had fastened the door and the windows." (The windows had bullet-proof shutters.)

"What was you doing all this time?"

"I was so frightened I didn't dare to move. I stood right there. Then some more Indians come. They all went round behind the house; I could hear 'em poundin', but couldn't see 'em. Then the door opened, and I saw my aunt run out with the baby, and Maggie right after her; and two Indians run out from behind the house; one of 'em hit auntie on the head with a tomahawk, and took the baby and flung it way up in the air, and when it come down knocked it in the head. T'other Indian run after Maggie; she took back to the house, but he caught her, and took her up by the legs, and smashed her on the door-stone."

Donald's voice here became choked with grief, and he burst into a flood of tears, as the act of narration recalled, as vividly as before, all the features of the massacre.

"O, the bloody wretches! What can they be made of? They can't be flesh and blood, like other people," said Mrs. Honeywood. "Where were Janet and Grace? Did you see them?"

"No, ma'am; I was afraid they'd see me, and come and kill me. I crept under a heap of brush that laid up agin a stump. After a little while I heerd the girls screech, and then

'twas all still. I didn't dare to breathe, hardly, but laid there till I heerd voices, and knew Harry Sumerford's voice."

"Did you see 'em kill the negroes?" said Rogers.

"No, sir. I didn't look that way at all."

"How many Indians do you think there was?"

"There was six: one scalpin' my uncle, two killin' Elick, and three breakin' the door; and then a lot more come up out of the field; there was more come out of the field than was there afore."

"Where did you think the first ones come from?"

"They must have come out of the fallen timber, 'cause the ones that fired the arrows stood right at the corner of the house."

There was an acre of fallen trees back of the house, that McDonald was waiting for the wind to blow from the right quarter to burn.

"There must have been a dozen of them."

"I'll warrant there was."

Every effort was made to give not only the bodies of the McDonalds, but also of the negroes, a respectable burial.

There was no lack of tools or mechanical skill, as not only the elder Blanchards, but David and James, could handle tools. But there was not time sufficient to manufacture boards with the whip-saw, for coffins.

The Blanchards were equal to the demands made upon them. The boards that formed the partition in McDonald's house were taken down, and the meal-chest taken to pieces, and also Harry Sumerford's work-bench.

There were no nails to be had. The Blanchards, however, dovetailed the coffins together, putting in a few wooden pins to re-enforce the dovetails.

In order to accomplish this, the Blanchards began their work directly, — Stewart, Heinrich Stiefel, and others taking down the partition and preparing the stuff, — and continued to work all night, and most of the next forenoon.

The settlers had now resolved to go into garrison; the stock of McDonald was therefore driven to Ephraim Cuthbert's pasture, for the convenience of milking the cows and folding the sheep. His household stuff was also moved to the block-house, for safe-keeping, till such time as his brother could be informed of what had occurred.

It was determined, if possible, to defer the funeral till the return of the scouting parties, and therefore the remains were placed, after being put in the coffins, within the vacant house of Ephraim.

"Little did I think," said Israel Blanchard to Stewart, as he closed the door upon the dead, "when I had finished that store-room and grain-chest for neighbor McDonald, and he, and his wife, and all of them were so pleased with the job, that in less than a month I should be using the very same boards to make their coffins. I hope I may not have more to make before these are put in the ground; for, if the scouting-parties overtake the Indians, they may be ambushed, especially those boys, who never ought to have been allowed to go. For my part, it seems to me things have a gloomy look, — new graves opening as fast as old ones are filled."

"It maun be ower shoon, ower boots, wi' us, now," replied the tough old Scotchman. "When I 'greed to bide the brunt wi' the rest, I made up my mind to the worst. We hae got the land, and got onto it, and he who would pu the rose maun sometime be scarted wi' the thorns. We maun 'set hard heart against hard hap.'"

"I know all that; but how long can we hold out at this rate? We've lost thirteen of our people since this war broke out; and it's but begun."

"Ye dinna consider it right, neighbor: what we've lost goes mair to break our hearts than to diminish our strength. We hae lost but four; the mother an' the girls, an' three of the blacks, were no great use for defence; and ye ken, yoursel, neighbor McDonald was better for praying than fighting; sae we hae lost but four who could be counted on to bide the brunt; that is, Alexander and Moses now, Woodbridge and Crawford lang syne."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YANKEE NOTIONS.

BY MILES MONROE.

THOUGH a youth of modest mien,
Jonathan the world has seen;
Since he first could walk alone
Has had notions of his own;
Notions bright and notions queer
From his busy brain appear;
Thoughts of every shape and hue,
Often odd, but always new.

Watch the steamers, huge and strong,
As they grandly speed along;
Though the waves run mountains high,
In the tempest's teeth they fly.

Swift and free they rove the main;
Wind and sea rage all in vain.
What avails their wild commotion
Matched against a Yankee notion?

O'er the land fly to and fro
Messages of weal or woe;
Words of peace, and news of strife;
Tidings both of death and life:
Over valley, plain, and steep,
On the flashing wire they leap,
Quick as thought, from shore to shore:
A Yankee notion, nothing more!

Through the sea, an iron band
Joins the nations hand in hand,
Bringing tidings, night and day,
From a thousand leagues away:
Acts of kings and states reviewing,
Telling what the world is doing;
Sets at nought the angry ocean:
'Tis another Yankee notion!

To Fitch and Fulton, Morse and Field,
Lands afar their homage yield;
Then shall genius lose our praise,
Though from afar we see its blaze?
Why should selfishness and pride
All the world from us divide?
Hark! From mighty sea to sea,
The reply — it shall not be!

In the face of all the world
Shall our banner be unfurled,
Offering each tribe and nation
Friendship's cordial invitation.
Far across the globe's expanse
Let our kindly call advance,
Bringing forth, through every race,
Genius from its hiding-place.

To his myriads of friends
Jonathan this message sends:
"Come, a brimming bumper mix;
Drink with me 'To Seventy-Six!'
'Mid the grand display of arts,
Let us find each other's hearts:
Quaff, with hand in hand, the potion,
'To the grandest Yankee notion!'"

PHILADELPHIA, 1874.

— THE Damson plum is, properly, Damascene, named from the ancient city of Damascus. The cherry, it is said, derived its name from Cerasus, in Asia Minor. Filbert is named from Philibert of France. *

THE SAILOR'S GARDEN.

BY S. E. HENRY.

WE would sing of our wonderful garden,
 So grand, so spotless, and clean :
 Though the rake and the broom never touch it,
 Not an atom of dust may be seen
 On its broad, even surface, which spreads
 Far and wide, one beautiful sheen.

Though no root have we planted, or seed
 Have we sown in this garden of ours,
 In abundance they grow, the high and the low,
 Most charming, exquisite flowers,
 With Neptune to prune and jealously guard,
 As a king may guard his high towers.

Its walls, the horizon of opal and pearl,
 With the clouds that have curled,
 And are touched by the rays of the sun.
 They rise; by the wind they are whirled
 Into pictures of mystical charm,
 Giving joy anew to our world.

And so, if we're out on the ocean,
 Distant far from our home on the strand,
 With its numberless comforts and beauties,
 We still are reached by the Hand
 That ever is giving and blessing, the same
 On the sea as on the dry land.

"LA BELLEZA," THE SPANISH PIRATE.

BY N. S. DODGE.

THE day on which we reached Port Royal, Jamaica, in 1842, a pirate schooner was brought in as a prize. She had long been a notorious pest in the Spanish Main. Everybody had heard of *La Belleza*, — the beautiful, — and all sea-going people had been in dread of her for years. She was supposed to have overhauled and plundered more than two hundred merchant vessels. English and American ships of war had chased her in vain, until, skulking into a shallow bay on the southern coast of Cuba, the previous week, two well-armed boats from a British frigate captured her, after a desperate struggle, with her captain and the whole crew.

By the obliging permission of the naval officer in charge, I went over her. She was rightly named "*La Belleza*." I never saw so ship-shape a craft. Her hull was as graceful as a fawn. She lay low in the water, her masts were of the finest proportions, and every rope

and spar, block and netting, were in perfect order. Amidships she carried a long eighteen-pounder, mounted on a circular swivel, so that the fire could be directed upon any point. In addition to this, there were five twelve-pounders, and several brass four-pounders, so mounted upon the taffrails that their shot could be poured into boats alongside. Around the masts were ranged pikes, ground sharp as razors; and in various places cutlasses, and muskets, and pistols were ready for instant service. The deck was greased, in order that boarding parties might slip after clearing the high netting; and earthen pots, which, when their contents were ignited, gave out a dense, fetid smoke, were lashed, so as to be ready at a moment's need to be thrown at any assailants. There was a large amount of specie on board, and of apparel, merchandise, and of spirits hardly any end.

I was present at the trial of the captain and his crew. The latter were twenty-four in number, all Spaniards, and as desperate a looking set of ruffians as could well be imagined. It was arranged that the captain should be tried first. He was evidently of a class superior to his men. Of about five and thirty years of age, tall, square-shouldered, muscular in legs, and brawny in chest and arms, his features regular, his complexion dark, his hair and beard black and curly, his eyes large and piercing, and his bearing self-possessed, he was, certainly, as fine a specimen of a man as one often sees. He wore a loose jacket of dark brown broadcloth, white duck trousers, and kid gloves. He had neither shirt nor waistcoat; but about his waist was a red silk sash, the ample folds of which nearly covered his hairy breast. Cap in hand, he stepped into the dock with perfect composure, and was forthwith arraigned on three charges, one of piracy and two of murder. The attorney-general conducted the prosecution, and two barristers defended the prisoner.

As the proceedings were, of course, all in English, an interpreter, an uneducated quadroon, was appointed, who, turning towards the captain, read the charges to him in Spanish. I understood that language pretty well, and could not help thinking how strange English forms of law must appear to a Spanish pirate. He kept his eye fixed on the interpreter. In due time came the formal accusation. When the quadroon came to that part where the killing was described, he said, "*Un canon cargado con polvo y bala*," — a cannon loaded with dust and ball. The captain started, and smiled oddly. The stupid interpreter had

used the word *polvo*, meaning dust, snuff, or anything very fine-grained, instead of *polvora*, gunpowder.

After the arraignment, the prisoner was asked, through the interpreter, whether he was guilty or not guilty of the crime of piracy. He bent down to the quadroon, and said, in a low tone, "Unfortunately, I am guilty." However, upon being advised to plead *not guilty*, without which no plea could be set up for him, nor any defence made, he did so.

His case was ably managed. The barristers, his counsel, endeavored to show that "La Belleza" was a Spanish letter of marque, fitted out at Havana for Nuevitas, where the regular ship's papers were deposited. It did not answer. The story was a mere subterfuge. In the very act of piracy the prisoner had been taken, and the judge decided that the trial must proceed.

At the very outset, after resuming proceedings, the poor interpreter made another blunder, and this time more awkward than at first. The clerk of the court asked the prisoner, in English, the usual question, "How will you be tried?"—the form of answer being, "By God and my country." The quadroon put the question to the pirate captain in Spanish. The man stared, but did not speak. He was all at sea. Then the interpreter, at the suggestion of the clerk, undertook to instruct the prisoner to say the words in Spanish.

"Say," he said, "*Por Dios y la tierra*,"—literally meaning, "By God and the ground." Instead of translating "country" by the proper words, *la patria*, he had called it *la tierra*.

The pirate shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "Any thing you please, only let us have done with this nonsense," and repeated in Spanish, "*Muy bien; por Dios y la tierra!*"—"Very well; by God and the ground."

The trial now proceeded. The guilt of the captain, and afterwards of his crew, was fully proved upon the most undeniable evidence; and they were all sentenced to death. Two days afterwards, ten of the crew were executed in one day within sight of "La Belleza," and the day after, the captain and remainder of the crew. He was no doubt a great scoundrel, and yet he had in himself elements of manhood. For four years he had kept his cutthroat crew in thorough subjection; in a mutiny which once took place on board his ship he had cowed them all by shooting their leader dead on the spot. When one of the fourteen, who were executed with him, hung back at the foot of the gallows, and seemed to intim-

idate the rest, he said, in a commanding voice, "*Avansar, poltron!*"—"Go on, coward!"—and then, in an undertone, "*un loco hace ciento:*"—"one fool makes a hundred." And for himself, his bearing on the gallows was as haughty as if it had been his quarter-deck.

YOUTH.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

HE hastens from the mother's arms,
He leaves the friendly home behind,
And wanders from his native shores
Another world to find;—

Another world, all fair and new,
In far, enchanted distance set,
Gleaming with splendors and delights,
And all unconquered yet.

In vain the past its warning sounds—
"But life is old, and false, and stale;
Man is the plaything of an hour,
His strength of no avail."

He hears the future's siren voice
Chanting its weird, melodious call;
And sense and spirit spring aflame,
Responsive to its thrall.

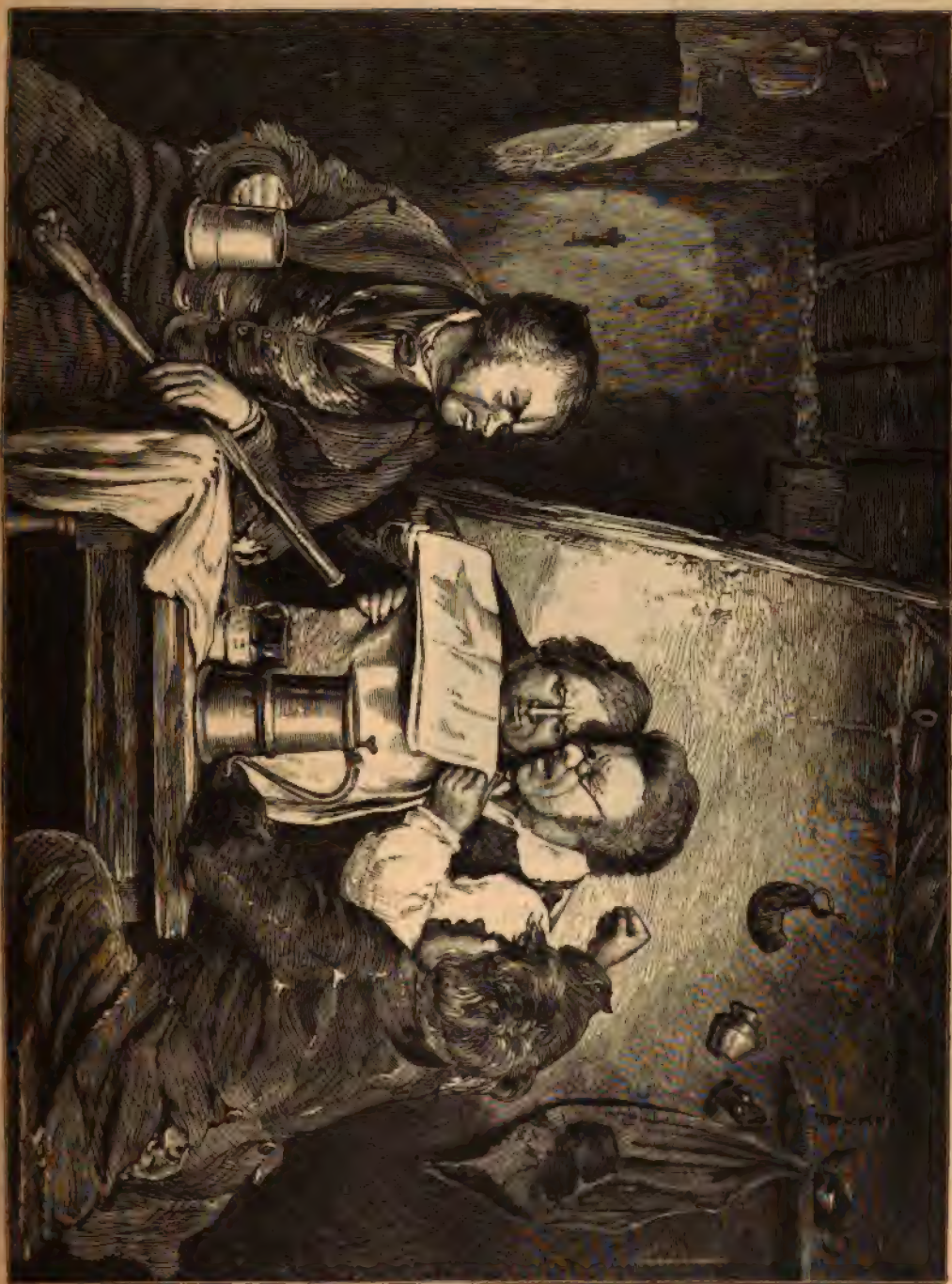
He climbs the steep and beaten track,
Above the wrecks of yesterday,
As if, through all the ages gone,
No foot had trod that way.

For wasted hopes and broken hearts
Must not predestinate his doom;
Though countless buds should blight and fall,
For him the rose shall bloom.

O, blessed ardor, that inspires
Fresh, untried souls to dare and do,
And keeps this sad and toil-worn earth
Forever glad and new!

—THE historian, Dio Cassius, tells a curious story to explain the short duration of the month of February. The accuser of that old hero of the Seven Hills, Camillus, is said to have been named Februarius; and when Camillus returned to Rome after his exile, he shortened the month which bore his accuser's name, in revenge for the injury done to himself.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.



THE GREAT BONANZA.

THE FORTUNES OF THE RUNAWAYS.

[SEE FULL-PAGE FRONTISPICE.]

BY CHARLES W. HALL.

"IT is hardly necessary," said Ned, growing visibly red in the face, "to say why Sam and I concluded to run away. I had plenty to eat and drink, and was well dressed, I suppose; but I felt that I was not loved as were the other children. Sam had love enough, but a lack of food and clothing, which his poor mother tried in vain to supply in sufficient quantities. Accordingly we resolved, like the other boys we had read of, 'to go forth to seek our fortunes;' and some months before we carried out our project, we commenced our preparations.

"I had always received many presents of money, which for the most part had been deposited in that curious earthenware money-box which you all will remember. I knew of several five-dollar notes, which I had carefully folded to enable them to pass through the narrow slit in the conical top; and many bits of silver had I hoarded until I could exchange them for a new dollar bill to add to my stock.

"When father died, the amount was considerable; and although my allowance was considerably reduced after that, I received, at different times, presents which largely increased the sum total.

"Sam and I agreed between us that we would go to sea; but Sam refused to leave his mother until her year's supply of wood was sawed, split, and piled. And many an afternoon we worked together, laying our plans, and talking of the sights we should see, until the spring was nearly ended, and our task was done.

"The night before we started, I took my little box into the barn, and chipped a hole in the bottom. Sam was with me, and I poured the contents into his hat. He was evidently amazed at the amount of our capital; and even I was astonished at the gradual accumulations of twelve years—for the first bill, one of ten dollars, had been deposited in it by my mother on my first birthday. We counted it out: there was in all one hundred and ten dollars and fifty-six cents.

"Early the next morning I met Sam at the wharf, where we took an unoccupied dory, and rowed down the harbor to the cove where the boat was found. We hauled her up, as we supposed, above the reach of the tide; and Sam took off his oldest suit and put on one of mine. We each had a small travelling-bag, which I had passably furnished from my own

wardrobe; and, walking over to the lower station, we took the early train for New York.

"On our arrival we fell into the hands of a cab-driver, who plainly told us that he knew we were runaways, and readily coaxed and threatened us into boarding with him during our stay in the city. We had each about five dollars in our pocket-books, and carried the rest of our cash in bills, in the waistbands of our trousers, under the lining. He managed to keep us until our visible cash was nearly gone, when the fever attacked one of his children, and the infection spread to nearly every person in the family.

"Then it was that the rough, tricky cabman and his stout, hard-working wife showed, beneath the compelled selfishness of their ordinary life, a tireless patience and humanity



which I shall never forget. Three weeks they took care of us, and, hearing nothing from you, sent us out to a dairy-farm, where, for our feeble aid in light work, we got our board until we were strong and well again.

"Then good John Traynor wrote to us that he had got us a chance as waiter-boys on a clipper bound for San Francisco. So we left the farm, and returned to the city.

"The captain liked our appearance, and engaged us at once, at eight dollars a month. As we bade Traynor adieu, I produced a couple of ten-dollar bills, and begged him to take them as a part of the sum he had expended on our account.

"'Take it,' said I. 'We have enough to pay our way, even with a little more expense than we are likely to meet. We will pay you the rest when we can.'

"The great tears came into the rough fel-

low's eyes. 'Take yer money—is it? If I do, may I be— There, I won't swear about it; but my hands will be worked to the bone afore I take a cint more from yees. We've a little sum in the Savin's Bank, and I don' know the dhriver in the city as has a betther run of custom. It's meself that lift a good home to sake me fortune, and met wid those that hadn't their heart in the bit and the sup when a poor b'y wanted help. There, put up your money; an' whin ye come back from Californy, fetch me a bit of a lump of silver or gould, may be.'

"The next night the swift 'Ranger' was off Sandy Hook, and our sea-life had fairly commenced. Of course we had the usual experiences of green boys at sea. We were miserably seasick, and found our miseries only the subject of rough jests and careless laughter. We were bullied by the petty officers, and teased by the seamen, and soon learned the hard lesson which every one learns who lives under the absolute and irresponsible power of one man. Not that Captain Howard was a harsh or cruel ship-master; for he was really a whole-souled, generous-hearted man, and, in sickness or misfortune, no one who had any claim upon his kindness had reason to complain.

"At San Francisco he secured a charter to Calcutta and return; and we agreed to remain on board the Ranger until she got back again to San Francisco. 'You chaps are pretty smart for such little shavers; but you're only fourteen now, and hardly old enough to take care of yourselves yet. Just stay with me another year, and I'll try and get you a berth in some store or other when we get back.'

"We were easily persuaded; and for two years we remained on the Ranger. But at last she was ordered back to New York, and Captain Howard, after vainly endeavoring to persuade us to go with him, was as good as his word in getting us a situation.

"It was during the early part of the war, and the ship had been sold to the government for the transport service. The captain was to take her to New York; and as there were already rumors of rebel privateers in the South Pacific, she was pierced for guns, and furnished with four thirty-twos; a number of gunners and extra men were supplied from the navy-yard; and it was not until the night before she sailed that we were summoned to the cabin to be paid off and discharged.

"'I am sorry, boys, to leave you here,' said the captain, 'for I've found you honest and reliable; an' I've tried to do as well for you as a rough, uneducated fellow, that has worked

his way up from before the mast, could. I had a good mother once, and, although you wouldn't think it, have tried to keep you from deviltry, and swearin', and such like, as much as I could. We're a rough set, and the cabin of a liner isn't the place to learn much that is good; but I'm afraid it's a deal better than the only place I can get for you now.'

"Sam and I looked at each other in amazement not unmingled with alarm. Could it be possible that we, who had witnessed so many boisterous, scurrilous, blasphemous sea captains in their revels, were about to assist at orgies to which these should be comparatively innocuous, and even preferable. The captain laughed a little; but there was a trace of sadness in his tone as he continued:—

"'I don't wonder you look surprised, boys, for you've seen what we call some "gay old times" in this cabin, and found me, more than once, as poor a saint as I am a preacher. But the evil you saw then was in the rough, and disgusted you, I've no doubt; and much of the bad language you heard was the result of rough training and ignorance more than of deep-seated wickedness. Now I've got you a situation something like the one you've had here, in a club-house, where some of the richest and best educated men of the city live together. They will teach you more politeness than I have; you will wear finer clothes, sleep softer, and eat of the best the market affords; but the evil which you see will be gilded by wealth, and learning, and style; and you will find mean and wicked thoughts beneath the merchant's broadcloth, which the roughest sea-dog of our line would despise.

"'However, I don't know that I've any right to talk in this way. People come here to California to get gold; and all the passions that fit men for hell seem to find this a good growing soil. Besides, I'm something like old Cap'n Barnes when he joined the church. He was a terrible rough, profane old fellow; and when he got real mad it took any amount of grace to keep him from swearing. At last he ripped out one day at a meeting about church matters, when a smooth-going member tried to play a pretty sharp game on the society. The minister, a good old soul, rose and called the cap'n to order, and reminded him that a Christian should be above reproach, and quoted something about keeping himself "unspotted from the world."

"'The cap'n got up and said he felt sorry for what he had said, and begged the pardon of the members; but he had told them, when he joined, what his failing was, and that he

was afraid he should bring scandal on the church. "But, said he, "our minister tells us that we are to be soldiers, fightin' the good fight against the devil an' all his angels. Wal, once I knew a man who told me of a terrible fight with Injins, in which all the party was killed but him. They was all round him, but single-handed an' alone he fought through the crowd and got clear at last. One day this feller went in swimming, and his skin hadn't a scar on it. I set that man down as not much of a fighter any way. An' I think thet the Christian thet hes no failin's can't have felt much of the power of the temptations and wickedness of the world."

"So, boys," continued our worthy Mentor, 'perhaps it's just as well that you should see the other side of the card. If you determine to be honest and manly, you'll come out all right. But don't let the weakness and meanness of any one destroy your faith in the goodness of God and the kindness and generosity of mankind. Well, you've had my lecture, and here is the balance of your wages;' and after paying us off, our old friend took us up to the buildings occupied by the Occidental Club, and presented us to our new employer.

"Gerald Rushton, or, to use his popular cognomen, Col Rushton, was a middle-aged gentleman, with an air half military, half genteel, a portly body, and a sallow, flabby face, half covered with a huge mustache, and with a pair of large black eyes surrounded by those heavy, leaden-hued circles which tell of vitality wasted by unnaturally late hours and a life of dissipation. Perfectly polite in every word and action to all the frequenters of the club, never excited to passion or awakened to enthusiasm, he was a perfect master of a situation where the main points were to provide well for the animal comforts of the inmates, and to keep carefully from the outer world the hidden life of his customers. He received us coldly, and summoned the head waiter, who furnished us with the uniform costume worn by the employees of the establishment, and assigned us to different stations.

"Of the two years we spent there I care to say little, for much of what I heard is unfit to be repeated here, and the scenes which I witnessed in the luxurious parlors and around the card-tables of the club will never fade from memory while I live. True there were but few occasions when the men who were beggared in those stately rooms sought relief in self-murder, or avenged their betrayal to ruin by violence; and the few exceptional cases were

smoothed over by the influence of the members of the club, and the tact and self-possessed coolness of 'the colonel.'

"We were, from the first, favorites with our superior, for our life on shipboard, and our hardened constitutions, enabled us to do the 'night-work' of the institution with comparatively little exhaustion from want of sleep. Much of our work was in attendance on the card-players, who seldom rose from their fascinating occupation until two or three in the morning. There I saw enough to convince me that Rushton was not the uninterested spectator that he seemed; and at last I found that his earnings as superintendent were but an unimportant part of the wealth he drew from an organized system of wholesale spoliation. His victims were for the most part



young men, who never dreamed that the men whom they honored as leaders in politics, law, and trade could lend themselves to aught more debasing than high play at cards; or if they did suspect the truth, it was impossible to verify their suspicions.

"At last, one day, as I loitered by the side of the Pacific Mail steamer, which was just on the point of starting, I saw a tall, fine-looking man bidding adieu to a youth whom I had already noted as a fresh victim of the colonel's wiles.

"'Good by, Henry,' said the father. 'Don't stay here any longer than you can help, but be off to Washoe at your earliest opportunity. Schaeffer and Scales need the money, and we want you at home with the old folks as soon as possible. Give my kind regards to Rush-

ton. I suppose you will stay at the Occidental a week longer.'

"'Yes, father,' said the young man; 'I want to give a fortnight to seeing San Francisco; besides, Rushton has given me introductions to so many men of considerable note, that I feel like pursuing the acquaintance farther.'

"'Well, Henry, do as you think best; but don't fail to set out in a week at farthest.'

"At this juncture the bell rang, and with the usual bustle, din, and hurry, the steamship left the wharf, and the young man watched the stout vessel until, on the swift current of the reflux tide, she slipped through the rocky portals of the Golden Gate.

"There was something in the stately tenderness of the father, and the manly affection of the son, which awakened me to a sense of my duty in the premises. I looked around for the stranger. The ship had rounded the headland, and with an audible sigh the young man turned his face towards his new home.

"'I believe you are stopping at the Occidental,' said I.

"'Yes, sir; I came there three nights ago. You are employed there — are you not?'

"'Yes, sir,' said I; 'I am at present one of the attendants in the card-room.'

"'I thought I remembered your face. What can I do for you, my lad?'

"'Nothing, sir. It was in the hope of doing you a service that I took the liberty of addressing you. I wish to give you a warning.'

"'A warning! Why, you are becoming quite mysteriously interesting. But, pardon me, sir, what have I to fear?'

"'Nothing but the loss of your money; but that, I fancy, would be serious enough in its consequences.'

"'The deuce! yes, I should think so. But how am I likely to lose it, my dear sir?'

"'At the card tables of the Occidental.'

"The young man started.

"'Impossible. I know no one there except men too high in position to become gamblers, and of characters too well-established to be affected by anything which you or I could say.'

"'You are right; and I shall say nothing. But I, perhaps, may be allowed to remind you of the leading events of last evening?'

"The young man bowed his acquiescence.

"'You came in with Colonel Rushton and Mr. A., who introduced you to Senator D. and Lawyer Y. You sat down to a game of whist, at half-dollar points. Before you went to bed at two, the game had been changed to draw poker, and you had lost heavily.'

"'You have used your eyes well, I must admit. But such a succession of events might have been the legitimate result of a fairly-played game. I see no reason, however, which should lead you to deceive me; and I will be on my guard.'

"'Let me give you one piece of advice, sir,' said I: 'never bet on any hand, however large, unless you have dealt the cards yourself; or, if you must bet, wait, and "call" as soon as you can. You will soon see that, however good a hand you may hold, a better will be in the hands of one of your companions. I have seen the results of a different course too often to have any doubts of your ruin if you despise my advice.'

"'I do not despise it, sir, and will test it to-night. If you prove right, I shall not be ungrateful. Will you give me your name?'

"'My name is Edward Boyd, and I shall be on duty at the card room to-night. You will be invited to play again this evening, you may be sure. We must part here. Don't recognize me at the house, sir.'

"That evening, as I went up stairs to the parlor devoted to card-playing, I passed the young man, whose name I learned during the day was Henry Hunter. 'The senator,' as his companion was generally styled, was displaying his really brilliant powers of conversation, and had evidently charmed the young man by the bland richness of his voice and his vast fund of general information. At that moment the lawyer and Mr. A. met them.

"'Shall we finish that little game to-night?' said the latter. 'Y. leaves for Sacramento to-morrow morning, and I suppose Hunter will be on his way to Washoe before his return.'

"'My young friend and I have been having such a charming conversation that I hardly care to sit down in that close room with so many players. Let me play the host to-night, gentlemen. — Mr. Rushton,' said the senator, raising his voice, 'send up some refreshments to my room: we are going to sit there this evening; and if you feel like dropping in upon us, don't use any ceremony, I beg of you.'

"I caught Hunter's eye. He started, but instantly recovered his usual politeness and easy confidence; and the party went up to the luxurious rooms of the senator. At about midnight A. and Y. entered the card room perfectly furious.

"'Did you ever see such luck?' said the former. 'He has won back all that he lost last night, and bet as if he suspected.'

"'Hush!' interposed his more cautious legal companion. 'I'll lay my life that he does suspect; and the less said the better. But Rushton will take my place to-night, and —' The rest of the interesting conversation was inaudible.

"The next morning Mr. Hunter beckoned to me as I passed through the smoking-room.

"'You were right,' said he, in a low tone. 'Can I see you anywhere alone by and by?'

"'I am off duty at two, and shall take a stroll on the wharf. If you choose, I can meet you there;' and I passed on to finish my errand.

"At the hour appointed I met Mr. Hunter. He acknowledged my timely services, and announced his intention of going to Nevada the next day.

"'I don't like to leave you here, for this is no place for a boy like you. I wish I could take you with me.'

"The chance I had long desired had at last presented itself.

"'I wish you would take me with you. I can work hard, and have wanted to go to the mines a long time. Have you no work for us to do? for I can't leave Sam.'

"'Then you have a friend?' said he, laughing. 'You have never told me about Sam.'

Then I related our little history; and when he again spoke, the laugh had disappeared from his tone, and his soft black eyes were full of almost womanly tenderness.

"'You shall both go with me; that is, if you can leave to-morrow, and are willing to try the rough and weary labor of a miner's life.'

"'We were paid off two days ago,' said I; 'and Sam has long been urging me to leave the service, for the night-work has already begun to tell upon us.'

"The next day, at four P. M., Mr. Hunter, Sam, and myself were on board a steamer bound up the Sacramento River, *en route* for Washoe. At Sacramento we took the train for Folsom, where stages awaited our arrival, to convey us over the Sierra Nevada to Virginia City.

"Of that long night-ride I have many and varied memories. The first score of miles led us over a terribly cut-up road, from which volumes of dust arose, choking the lungs, and hiding the deep dry ruts which threatened at every moment to upset the ponderous stage. But about an hour after leaving Placerville, where we stopped for supper, the roadway became a hard gravel; and, as the shadows deepened, we sped through the winding approaches which lead through threatening walls of eter-

nal adamant and gigantic red wood groves to the narrow trestle-bridges which span the swift American and its granite-walled tributaries. The night was one of those clear, star-lit ones which give to every cliff and forest a blackness which only served to throw into more startling distinctness the skeleton of some blasted tree, or the vast detached boulders which lie scattered above the winding road which leads up to the summit.

"Strewn over the mountain-sides, as if flung by those Titanic warriors who essayed their mighty prowess in vain against the hosts of heaven, many rested upon a base so narrow, and apparently insufficient, that more than once, as I awoke with a start from a momentary doze, I repressed with difficulty a cry of alarm, as at some sudden turn a huge fragment seemed about to crush us in irresistible descent.

"At three A. M. we reached the summit, and saw afar off on the horizon the pearly flush that men call 'the false dawn.' The air was chill, almost frosty, for we were eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

"The next six miles was a headlong rush downward along 'the new grade,' a shelving road, winding along the side of the mountain, without post or rail between the road-way and the abyss whose rocky bottom lies hundreds of feet below. The sun rose as we passed beneath the lofty cliff where the pine-crowned Point-of-Rocks overlooks the limpid waters of Lake Tahoe, and after crossing 'The Divide' beyond the Glenbrook Station, we passed through Carson Silver City and Gold Hill, and entered the devious streets of Virginia City thirty-eight hours out from San Francisco.

"For the last few miles all traces of natural beauty had been lost in the unceasing struggle which for five years past had been waged between human skill, with its armies of laborers, and wealth of scientific appliances, and powerful engines, and the grim walls and ledges of metamorphic rock, which for ages had faithfully guarded the treasures of the mountains.

"Gangs of miners covered with mud, or white with dust, issued from the bowels of the earth, or disappeared into rocky fissures like the gnomes of German story. The air was full of penetrating rock-dust and the poisonous vapors of the smelting-furnaces. Tall pillars of iron bore up the vast pulleys of the hoisting apparatus, which at once carried the miner down to his task a thousand feet below, and raised 'to the bank' huge buckets of gray ore worth a king's ransom; and the way

was almost choked with wagons and vehicles bearing new machinery, food, and goods of all kinds to the miners' city.

"We were well received by Messrs. Schaeffer and Scales, two foreign gentlemen, of large mining experience, who, with the elder Hunter, owned a large interest in one of the principal mines. Henry Hunter was to be the head book-keeper of the concern, and at once stated his wishes concerning us to the managers.

"Schaeffer, a nervous, black-bearded German from the Hartz Mountains, answered, in his quick, kind way, —

"'Certainlee, dey shall have a situation; but dere is just now no place, except dey sall work in de mine, or watch de works of reducti-on.'

"'You won't find the first so pleasant as your duties at Frisco, I'm afraid,' said Scales, a bluff Englishman, who had served a long apprenticeship in the mines of Potosi. 'But there's a better chance for you to learn there what may yet make both your fortunes.'

"We both decided to work in the mine; and Scales promised us eighty dollars a month and our board.

"'It is not commonly done; but we owe you a debt, and you and your friend shall live with us as long as you stay in Virginia City.'

"We accordingly gladly accepted the offer, and the next day went down the shaft with Schaeffer, who called our attention, here and there, to the rocks which, dripping with condensed moisture, and frosty with gathered dust, still showed here and there a glimmer of white or rosy quartz, a glint of semi-transparent or snowy spar, or the grayish-red surface of fractured hornblende.

"'I do suppose,' said our voluble guide, as we rapidly descended into the apparently bottomless abyss, 'that you sall be dis-appointed that you see no silfer. But you sall seldom see silfer, as dey do find gold and copper, in threads through de solid rock. Now, dere,' he said, as we shot by a narrow opening, evidently a cross-gallery, 'dat was our best ore, and we did get seven hundret dollar a ton from some of it; and yet you would not pick up a piece of it on de street, unless to trow at a dog.'

"'And do you never find silver in visible quantities?' asked Sam.

"'O, yes; in Norway, at Konigsberg, dey did find one mass of silfer as long and as big as a mans, and dat weighed nearly five hundret pounds. Den in Mexico and Peru dey do often find pure metal in large pieces. But we do never do-so here. Dere has been, however, in some mines, large pockets of what we do call de horn silfer, or what de chemists do call

de "natif chloride of silfer." Dis is often three quarter parts rich in pure metal, and,' lowering his voice, 'I has sometimes found a very leetle in dis mine.'

"At last we reached the lowest level, a thousand feet below the surface, and were set at work by an overseer, to whom we were especially recommended by the kind-hearted German; and in a few days we had settled down to the monotonous drudgery of silver mining.

"For two years we worked thus; and Sam became especially skilful as a miner, and his judgment in the matter of ore became wonderful. There was not a shaft, level, cross-cut, or winze in the district of which he did not carry in his head a complete mining-chart; and at last he was always taken into council when a new mode of approach was proposed; and his pay had been proportionally advanced.

"As for me, my health could not stand the hard labor so well, and, under Mr. Schaeffer's direction I became quite an expert in the reducing process, by which the metal is separated from the rock, and the copper, sulphur, arsenic, lead, and other substances, with one or all of which it is nearly always associated.

"In 1865 nearly all our works were founded on the Mexican amalgamation process, said to have been invented, in 1557, by a certain miner of Pachuca, named Bartholomew de Medina, although Schaeffer used to assert 'dat my countrymen of de Suabian mines did practise dat long ago.' As carried on in Mexico, the ore is reduced to powder by stamps, and then transferred to the rude crushing mills, or *arrastras*, as they are called, where stones, revolved by mule power around a stone-paved trough filled with water, reduces the ore to the finest of dust. It is then, in the state of mud, placed in the amalgamating yard, which is also floored with stone, and, with the addition of from four to twenty per cent. of salt, is made into large heaps. When iron pyrites, or crude sulphate of iron, is not naturally present, quantities of this are added, with roasted copper pyrites, or sulphate of copper, besides lime and decaying vegetable matter.

"These materials are duly mixed by the trampling feet of many horses or mules, and about six times as much mercury as the estimated weight of silver present is sifted through stout canvas pockets, and intimately mingled with the heap. The process, depending on natural heat and a slow chemical action, takes about five months, and the loss of mercury and waste of ore is very great.

"Our stamps were of steel, six in number,

driven by a powerful steam engine. Each weighed nearly eight hundred pounds, and kept up a ceaseless ponderous dance in an iron box, called a battery, into which trickled a minute stream of water, which swept the finest of the gray mud through a thin wire screen into the amalgamating pans — great 'jacketed' tubs of metal kept hot with super-heated steam. In these constantly revolved huge mullers, which intimately mixed the pasty ore with the mercury which was frequently sifted into the pans, and seized every particle of purified gold and silver. Salt and sulphate of copper were used to destroy the admixture of baser metals, and the constant flow of turbid water which ran from the pans was carried off in broad wooden troughs, called 'sluices,' lined with coarse woolly blankets, and obstructed with 'riffles,' or small horizontal troughs filled with quicksilver, to arrest the minute particles of silver, which would otherwise have been lost to a large amount.

"Every week the workmen at the mill 'cleaned up.' Clearing the crisp, heavily-laden quicksilver from the pasty mud which it had robbed of its treasures, they made it up into large balls, which were afterwards placed in a retort, whose heat soon dissipated the mercury in vapor, leaving behind only a compact lump of frosty, glistening, spongy gold and silver. Of course care was taken not to lose the quicksilver, which was saved by cooling it in a condenser, and gathering it in a reservoir of water.

"In 1870 I had worked five years at silver mining. Hunter was now the agent of the company in his native city. Scales had dabbled in stocks in other mines, 'struck it rich,' and gone 'home' to England. Sam was in his place, and I had taken Hunter's, while Schaeffer still stuck manfully to the task of making the 'Consolidated' pay.

"The outlook was poor, for our expenses were enormous, and heavy dividends, paid in periods of transitory success, had reduced the resources of the mine at a critical period.

"One night Schaeffer came home to our 'bachelor's hall' in despair.

"'Everyting goes against us. De ore in de fourteen hundred foot drift gets worse and worse, and seems to pay less than reducing rates.'

"To understand what follows, you will remember that we were working for a vast corporation, comprising thousands of stockholders, holding shares whose nominal value was one hundred dollars apiece. The owners, managers, and even the workmen, had a right

to buy stock; and for some years Schaeffer had invested the most of his earnings in the stock of the company, which was now at about eight dollars per 'foot.'

"I tried to cheer him up; but he seemed to have given up all hope, for the abandonment of the mine would leave him almost penniless. Suddenly we heard a rush of men outside, and a call for the superintendent; and a second later a man rushed in sobbing as if his heart would break.

"'What's the matter, Jack?' said I; 'anything wrong at the mine?'

"'Matter enough!' said the fellow, a rough miner, who had been Sam's favorite workman, though no one else cared to have anything to do with him. 'The cross-drift from the new winze' (a narrow shaft not a part of the main shaft) 'has caved in, and Sam Nevins is killed!'

"'Mein Gott! Was ungluck is das?' cried the German, awakened from the contemplation of his own misfortunes. 'Here, Jack, how did it happen? Tell it to me quick. Perhaps dere is yet a hope.'

"'I'm afraid it's all up with poor Sam. However, I'll soon tell you all that I know. You see, Sam set Johnson and I to sink this winze, an' one day he came down, an' after takin' a look at the rock, he said, "Jack, cut a drift thar." Wal, we ran in about twenty feet, an' pillared it up, for thar was a hangin' wall, and things wasn't over safe. To-day Sam come down an' found Johnson coming out. "Whar ye goin', Johnson?" said he. "Out o' this," ses Johnson: "them posts are cracking like all possessed, an' I just got a pelt of a stone from overhead." "All right," says Sam. "I'll go in for a moment;" and then he come in with Johnson's can'le and pick.

"'Wal, I'd been at work along the hangin' wall, and had made a little hole to the south'ard, jist about large enough to sit up an' work in. He just gin a look at the hangin' wall, an' got into the little cove, when I heard him say something. I stooped to listen, when about a bushel of fragments dropped on my back, an' I heard the posts rippin' an' crackin' all round me. All I remember is, dodgin' an' twistin' among them props, and reachin' the winze just in time to be hauled up by Johnson before the hull cross-drift caved in.'

"'Come on, men!' said Schaeffer, seizing his hat; and following his example, we rushed to the mine, and descended to the level from whence the exploring shaft had been sunk.

"It was now filled up, the earth and rock having fallen away from the receding wall,

which lay bare where a wide crevice marked the line of cleavage.

"Jack, will you risk your life on the chance?" said Schaeffer, kindly.

"The stout miner never faltered or hesitated.

"Ef it was quicksand or wet clay, which it isn't, he'd do as much for me."

"Den follow down dat crevice, dere, and dig close to de rock;" and, after a few short questions and answers, the skilled miner set the proper direction, and several men commenced digging rapidly in the range indicated.

"At first the work was easy and comparatively safe; but by morning, when they struck the broken supports, the loose earth and fragments of rock threatened every moment to bury our friend and his would-be saviors in one common tomb. Finally Jack cried out that we had found him; and we drew up the limp, insensible body, and afterwards the miner, worn out with fatigue and sorrow.

"A litter was improvised, and the body of our friend taken to the shaft, where it was raised to the surface and carried to the house. For a long time all efforts at resuscitation failed; but at last Sam knew us; and the doctor said that he would live.

"I watched with him that day, and about noon he woke and seemed to know me. He tried to speak, but all that I could distinguish was 'Look here; buy stock;' and he motioned to his breast, and then again sank into a kind of doze. His clothes lay on the chair beside me; and taking his rough vest, I tried the inner pocket. It was full of a curious black material, of a friable nature, and among it were one or two lumps of an opaque, horn-like substance, whose weight bore witness to its mineral nature. We had 'struck it rich' at last. It was native chloride of silver.

"I called Schaeffer in, and showed him the specimens. I shall never forget how he listened impatiently to my story of where I procured it, and how he embraced me when he found that Sam's nearly fatal adventure had brought us the fortune we had almost despaired of.

"I got leave to go to San Francisco at once, for the day we had long been preparing for had come. For ten years Sam and I had saved our joint earnings; for ever since the day when we broke open the stone-ware money-box we have had one purse.

"We were worth about fifteen thousand dollars, and before the end of the week I had bought at the broker's board fifteen hundred shares of 'Consolidated' stock. It cost on an

average ten dollars a share. Two weeks later the shares had gone up to fifty dollars. I wanted to unload; but Sam kept run of the lead, and told me to hold on.

"We sold out at two hundred dollars, and made, of course, nearly three hundred thousand dollars. Since then we have bought and sold stocks, and have manipulated millions of dollars. We vowed to ruin you; but, happily, we learned in time of your ill health and changed feelings towards me. Your shares in 'Ophir' are a good investment, and, if you hold on patiently, you will regain your losses."

The night shades had begun to gather. Squire Amory rose to go in, and the rest followed his example. Laura alone stood looking to seaward from the rose-entwined porch. Edward suddenly joined her.

"I must return to Nevada," said he, "unless you can give a favorable answer to my question of last night."

"You know, Edward, that I always loved you; but my father may be taken away at any time; and you have too much yonder to sacrifice for me."

"No, Laura, no; I do not think so. Wide-spread as are the ledges which stand where once curled the fiery waves of a molten sea; deep as are the shafts which follow the narrow veins, shot with precious metals, to their central sources far below the reach of even man's tireless search for wealth; vast as are the riches which still await the dauntless seeker, — still, contentment is the source of all happiness, and love is not to be sold for a little more gain."

And later, when the whole earth was ringing with tidings of the vast wealth of the mines of Nevada, Edward Boyd sat one evening by the window, gazing abstractedly into the starlit sky. His paper had fallen from his hands, and his young wife knew what had taken possession of his heart. With the little Edward in her arms, she glided to his side.

"Are you sorry that you did not go back?" she said, tenderly.

The vision of the fierce conflict of warring interests and splendid successes, which had tempted him for a moment, faded away, and the flush passed from his face as he answered, —

"I have enough and to spare, and all that can ennoble the soul or enlarge the understanding is spread out before me. Why should I care to leave home and friends, and a love beyond price, to join in yonder heartless strife, although the prize were the richest lead of THE GREAT BONANZA?"

SOMETHING ABOUT OYSTERS.

BY MARY D. HART.

WHEN you have entered the pleasant dining-room or cosy kitchen of your mother's house, tired and hungry from your work or play, and the odor of a steaming dish of oysters comes to greet you on your way, has it ever occurred to you to ask, whence comes this delicious article of food? how is it prepared for the market? and in what form does it live before reaching your home?

It was my good fortune, a few months ago, to have these questions answered by a visit to a town noted for some years for its extensive trade in oysters. It is the town of Fair Haven, in Connecticut, a quaint little village, rising in terraces from the banks of the Quinnepiac River. Beyond are wooded heights, with now and then a queer house with a foreign air, surrounded by grassy slopes, or peering through a shady grove. All seemed delightfully different from the every-day villages of New England. Even the river, as it flows along, possesses an air of mystery; for, rising above the surface of the water are innumerable stakes, leaving only a narrow channel in the centre for the passage of boats. My attention was entirely withdrawn from the survey, for my curiosity was aroused in regard to these countless poles. Standing upon the bridge, and gazing up and down the river, unable to penetrate beneath the water to find the secret it was hiding from me, I turned to my companion, and asked, —

"For what purpose is this water used, that nearly the whole bed of the river should be occupied in this manner?"

"Those are the oyster-beds," answered my friend; but her reply did not convey any very definite impression to my mind at that time.

"And the long, blank, white houses upon the banks, with the many windows?"

"They are the oyster-houses, where the opening and preparing for the market is done. Will you go and see the process?"

Although I was not as ignorant as a lady who thought the animal came to her kitchen in its natural state, yet here promised to be a new field for research; and I readily accepted the invitation. The oyster had long been regarded by me as a favorite article of food; but aside from this, and the knowledge that it belonged to the great class of mollusks, had an exceedingly soft body, and was enclosed in shells, my acquaintance with it was very limited.

We passed down the long street bordering

the river, by house after house devoted to this business, until at length we reached the last, one of the largest on the bank. We asked permission to visit the work-rooms, which was readily granted, and we passed into the building. A long room of seventy or eighty feet was before us, lighted by many windows. At first the intolerable din bewildered us; but we soon became accustomed to it.

Upon both sides, and in the centre of the room, high benches were arranged, in shape very much like an old-fashioned wash-stand, and presented a similar appearance to several of these joined together — a straight, high back, with sides gradually sloping to the front, with an opening in the centre of the bench. Before each of these stood a woman wielding an iron opener with the utmost rapidity, the combined harmony of seventy-five making a most deafening noise. Upon the floor, in great heaps, lay the oysters, looking like balls of mud, just brought from their native beds.

Boys and men ran hither and thither, obeying the calls of the openers, filling their benches with oysters from the huge piles, carrying them to and fro in large iron shovels. Here we met another with a tub full of empty shells, which are consigned to the yard in the rear.

"Let us pause a moment by one of these benches, not fearing the mud and dirt with which we shall be spattered," said my friend.

The woman before me took up one of the shells from her bench. It was of a dark, dingy color, covered with mud and sand. It had no appearance of animal life, and no perceptible opening.

"How can it be," I exclaimed, "that these shells, so tightly closed, can ever be forced open so as to reach the oyster?"

"Wait a moment, and I will show you," said the woman.

"Do you see that piece of iron, about four inches high, fastened to one side of the bench?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"That is called the cracking-iron."

Taking up one of the oysters before her, she proceeded with her work. I took another, and examined it closely. From the bottom, which was broad and quite thick, it tapered to a very thin edge. At the broad part of the shell was the hinge. Placing this part upon the cracking-iron, with another instrument of iron resembling a hammer, the operator struck two or three sharp blows, dislodging a little of the thin shell; then, inserting a thin-bladed knife at this point, with a little pressure, the joint unhinged, the upper part of the shell was

thrown through the opening in the bench to the tub beneath, while the lower, containing the oyster, remained in her hand.

The two parts of the shells are called valves : and upon examination, we shall find that they are irregular in shape, the right or upper part being smaller and flatter, and the lower, upon which rests the animal, deeper and more capacious. This shell is secreted by the animal itself in the form of a fluid, which becomes hardened by exposure, thus forming a merciful protection to the soft mass within, which would otherwise be a prey to many dangers. The valves are held together by one muscle, which passes from one to the other, and is inserted into a little depression on each side of the hinge by a small elastic ligament. The power of this muscle is very great. When it is relaxed the shell is forced open, and when contracted it is closed tightly.

How clean and white the inside of the shell appeared in contrast with the outside, smooth and pearly, the latter covered with scales of a leaden hue! Upon the lower valve still lay the oyster! — a very small and simple animal, yet possessed of many of the organs of the higher classes, — enveloped in the skin, which is called a mantle, like a sack. It is divided into two lobes, one near the thin edge of the shell, the other farther inward. These lobes unite near the hinge. They are soft and slimy, and furnished with a double fine fringe upon the edges. By means of the mantle, the muscle, before mentioned, is contracted and expanded, and the shell opened and shut at pleasure. The mouth is situated near the hinge. It breathes by the means of organs which are called gills. They are attached to the inner surface of the mantle, and are composed of minute vessels arranged in layers. A current of water is constantly passing through the shell. This current is caused by the fringes which cover the gills. The incoming current brings the air by which the animal breathes, and the minute particles which form its food; the outgoing carries the impure water and waste matter. Near the mouth is the liver, in the centre the heart, with one chamber and a watery fluid for circulation, and these, together with the short intestine, form all the internal organs. The eyes are situated between the fringes of the mantle for more than a third its length. The ability to see an approaching object, and the great susceptibility of the fringes, warn the animal of approaching dangers, from which it protects itself by closing its shell tightly. But even this is ineffectual against man, for here lies

the oyster before us, the upper part of his house gone, and about to be separated from the other.

Upon the bench were two dishes, each holding five quarts. Sliding the knife under the oyster, it is rudely torn from its accustomed resting-place and dropped into one of these dishes.

"But why two?" I ask.

"For the large and small oysters," is the reply.

"But I always supposed the large ones to be a different variety."

"O, no. They are of longer growth, fatter, of better flavor, and command a higher price in the market; therefore we assort them;" and she moved away with her pails, which were already full. I followed, until we reached a man who stood before something resembling a sink, the upper part of which was full of holes, half an inch across, perhaps. Into this the contents of the dishes were poured; the woman received a slip of card indicating the number of quarts, and returned to her work. The man began to stir the contents of the tray backward and forward, to allow any bits of shell that might have dropped among them to pass through the holes, which were not large enough for the passage of the oysters. From this tray they were then poured into a large tub, and clean, fresh water turned upon them. After a thorough washing in this, they were again dipped into a deep, fine strainer, and another liberal stream of water showered upon them, freeing them entirely from grit and sand. After this careful preparation they are packed in kegs and sent to the various markets.

On Saturday labor is suspended at an early hour in the afternoon, only sufficient work being done to fill the orders for the day, as it is not desirable to have a large supply remain over Sunday. It is also pay day, and in a large establishment quite a sum of money is necessary to meet the demand. The women now gather up their checks for the week and present them at the office. Each check represents five quarts, for which they receive seventeen and a half cents in money. The general average is one hundred quarts a day by each person; but some who are skilled, and work with great rapidity, have reached a much greater number. When we know that a bushel of oysters in the shell is only equal to about five quarts, it seems incredible that any one can work with so much dexterity. Yet men, women, and even children find in this branch of labor profitable employment; but if the old proverb is true that "cleanliness is next to

godliness," they must be very far removed from it. The floors are wet and slimy, benches black and muddy, the animals themselves covered with grit and sand. Hammer, hammer, hammer, go the openers, spatter, spatter, goes the mud, until at length the thick gloves upon the hands of the women, the dresses which they wear, even their faces, are covered with the muddy slime. You would hardly recognize your best friend in their attire. Many wear large sun-bonnets to protect the hair and face, the simplest of dresses, regardless of crinoline, with stout boots upon the feet: such are the persons who meet the eye. To see them after the work of the day is over, one could hardly believe that so gay a butterfly could spring from so ugly a grub. But dressed as they are, appropriate to the work, they seem unmindful of its inconveniences. Standing by the large stove, the day of our visit, were two children; one a girl of about twelve, the other perhaps four years of age. The stove was in its worst condition; but regardless of dust or ashes, they were preparing a luncheon of roasted oysters, and eating them with a relish that indicated perfect health.

What a charming contrast was the pleasant office of the book-keeper as we entered. The bright sun shone in at the low windows, the fire glowed in a most cheery manner, as we seated ourselves to learn something of the outside work of this business, which we had no opportunity of inspecting. The following are the results of our questioning.

Oysters are generally found in shallow, salt water, at the mouths of rivers, or in quiet bays. They prefer calm water and a rocky bottom. The trade at this point was begun by a single individual.

The people of the neighborhood had long taken them from the river for private use, but had not thought of their becoming a source of revenue. At length this man, more far-seeing than the rest, obtained a supply from the river, filled his saddle-bags, mounted his old white horse, and proceeded to peddle his load about the neighboring country towns. Romance does not say if he met with the many discouragements attending the introduction of a new idea, but it is presumed the usual trials awaited him; but from this small beginning has sprung a business which has given employment and wealth to hundreds. The native supply has long since proved insufficient for the demand, and large numbers of schooners are constantly arriving during the winter months, laden with the fruits of the Virginia

coasts. They are also raised artificially. The power of the animal to enclose within its shell sufficient water to supply it with food and breath for a long time, enables it to be carried from place to place for breeding and other purposes. The young are raised during the months of May, June, July, and August, and fortunately, during these months, there is little demand for this article of food. The beds for growing oysters artificially are prepared at the mouth of some river or on a sandy flat. Poles are driven thickly into the ground, and laws are made to protect the locality from marauders. When all is ready, vessels are sent to places where the oyster is abundant and return laden. The cargo is deposited in the place prepared, and the animals attach themselves to each other and the poles, until, if undisturbed, they produce huge beds. They continue to improve in size and flavor, not attaining their full size until from five to seven years. About the third year, they may be used for marketing purposes. When a supply is needed, the oysterman proceeds to the bed in his boat, and dredges for them with an implement which looks like two garden rakes interlaced. Standing in his boat, he rocks them backward and forward on the sandy bottom until full, when he draws them up and deposits his load in the boat. Oftentimes a peck rewards his toil each draught. In many districts, beds of this kind are depended upon during the summer and early autumn months, until the weather becomes cool enough for their removal from long distances.

If the fruitfulness of the oyster were not so great, the supply would long since have been exhausted; but it is estimated that an adult oyster is capable of producing two million eggs. These eggs are enclosed in the mantle about the gills, and are expelled by a quick closing of the valves and contraction of the mantle. "As stupid as an oyster" has become a proverb, and the animal has one enemy that takes advantage of this stupidity. Being unable to move from its native bed by its own power, the star fish, its foe, comes within its borders. Taking advantage of a moment when the oyster opens its shell, the star fish inserts one of its rays between the valves, and unable now to shut itself within its house, it is at the mercy of its enemy.

In this manner whole beds have been destroyed. But let us hope that enough may remain to still supply our tables with this delicious article of food for many years to come.

THE MAD MARE OF MOUNT CARMEL, CONNECTICUT.

A MODERN MYTH.

BY R. MEADE BACHE.

PROBABLY all of the young readers of "Oliver Optic" have read stories founded upon a something of which they knew nothing, but which is, nevertheless, the basis of many, and called a Myth. Learn, then, what is this basis of much in literature, that will continue through life to give you exquisite pleasure.

But even your elders, many of whom know about Myths, do not know that modern days have anything to do with them, save to record and draw inferences from these old, and, until lately, unquestioned oracles, speaking now with philology, the scientific comparison of living and dead languages, of the most ancient history of the human race. Yet they are mistaken. We will show both them and you, how, within a very few years, a certain story has grown from a mere speck to enormous proportions; and you will thus see, from a single instance, how fables may grow from a mere *name*, and realize fully the meaning of Myth, and the part that it has borne in the dark ages of the world.

It was our especial good fortune, about two years since, to go, by the merest accident, to this Myth's birthplace, before it had got rid of its swaddling-clothes (although it was then nearly forty years old: but a Myth is a mere infant at that age), and it can never deny its parentage, at least to us. It was about two years since, as we said, that, accosting a man chopping wood by the road-side, a few miles from the city of New Haven, Conn., near some high land called Mount Carmel, we inquired, —

"Do you know of a place hereabouts called 'West Rock Ridge'?"

"Wa'al, I can't say as I know jist whar it is," was the polite reply of the man, who saw that if he owned up, plumply and plainly that he did not know, he would lose his chance for a rest and gossip.

Taking the cue, we promptly seated ourselves on the end of a big log, plucking a straw and nibbling it, country-fashion, to show that we were socially inclined: whereupon our friend also took a social straw, and the other end of the log. The practice of straw-nibbling is one of the most remarkable re-

sources known to man. Like gaping, it goes around. It is the cheapest and most informal welcome to a stranger; the very antithesis, say, of presenting to him the freedom of a city, with its keys in a gold box. Philosophically considered, it may be favorable to rumination; perhaps existence, the study of mankind, nay, the aspect of the universe itself, may thus present themselves as all-pervading mental juleps. Certain it is that the bumpkin receives through this medium his loftiest inspiration, and the city loiterer in fields takes to it as a natural taste.

But let us "return to our mutton," or, rather, to our Mare, which we left to give an idea of the social atmosphere in which it grew. We and our friend on the other end of the log discussed politics, crops, rain, cider, prices, religion, measles; and, after an arctic voyage, from which it required skilful navigation on our part to avoid seeming anxious to be homeward bound, we found ourselves suddenly back among the hills, as he remarked discursively, —

"There's a hill, a matter of half an hour's walk from here, called Mad Mare's Hill, a'cause a mare wunst went mad on't and wouldn't never let nobody come nigh t'it."

In a flash we had it. Suddenly, and to our astonishment, we had been put in presence of a veritable modern Myth. The fact is, that the name mentioned was that of the hill for which we had inquired by its other name, as, being English, more likely to be known than that in French. In 1836, the hill had been occupied by a party of Swiss surveyors, beginning a geodetic survey; who, in accordance with practice, in finding a hill unnamed, or ill-named, christened it. The hill was thus christened "Madame Mère's (Mare's) Hill;" the Madame shortened into Mad. in writing. It was so called, without doubt, — at least in our mind, taking into consideration the circumstance of the near date, and of these gentlemen being Swiss, — after the mother of Napoleon, commonly called Madame Mère; that is, Madame Mother. In the course of less than forty years, the name of Mad. Mère had become confounded with the idea of a demoniac steed, holding the hill as a citadel, striking terror into the souls of infantile beholders, and even when invisible among the bushes, impressing as with the sense of a mysterious presence, which, in ancient times, tradition would have handed down as that of an irate god (or goddess, perhaps, as it was a mare) in the semblance of a beast.



**THE BRIGAND REHEARSAL.
A PARLOR AMUSEMENT.**

BY CAROLINE GILMAN,
AUTHOR OF "STORIES BY MOTHER AND DAUGHTER."

PERSONS REPRESENTED. — MISS PRIMROSE, a charming old lady. HELEN, a young lady, just graduated at the Women's Progressive University. She wears a gold medal, or cross, a prize for scholarship. CLARA, a school-girl in her last holiday, visiting Helen her neighbor in her vacation. FRANK, brother to Clara. JOE, brother to Helen. POLLY SNIPES, a country girl in waiting. PATRICK, a wood-sawyer.

SCENE. — A furnished Drawing-Room. The same throughout.

Helen. (Embroidering. She throws down her work, and comes forward.) Heigh-ho! this is quiet life. What a contrast to Washington! Even a carriage passing makes me run to the windows. Nothing new; nothing exciting. I hear wheels! *(She runs to the window.)* Pshaw! it is only a cart! I wish papa and mamma had kept me in Washington while he is in Congress. I am not quite old enough, they say, to come out. I do not see, for my part, why, after filling my brain with "Mason on Self-Knowledge," I cannot be trusted. And what is the use of "Mill's Statistics" in this little place? I think it is high time for women to go to Congress. I am certain that I could make laws better than some men I know. How shall I beguile the time? What shall I do with Clara, — a school-girl, — I, who have just graduated with honor at the Women's Progressive University, of which this is evidence? *(Touching her medal.)* Horrors! to entertain a child of fifteen! But she is a sweet, intelligent child, and bright, too; besides, I must fulfil the duties of hospitality until her brother's return.

Enter CLARA, with one arm full of books, and a school satchel on the other.

Helen. My dear child, what have you

brought here? School-books! Why, it seems almost an age since I have seen that style of class-books! I am engaged on a course of history at present, and attending lectures on geology.

Clara. (With an air of importance, sitting down, and placing the books on a chair beside her.) These are the classics to be used at our coming and final examination; and Professor Duplicate directed us to take them with us wherever we went in the holidays, and study one branch every day. To-day, Monday, my lesson is Mental Philosophy; to-morrow, Physical Geography; Wednesday, Latin; Thursday, French; Fri—

Helen. (Glancing at the books on the chair.) But what is this bright little pamphlet peeping out between your Algebra and Latin Dictionary? this *(taking it up)* with the furious-looking brigand on the cover?

Clara. (Snatching it from her.) O, it is a splendid story! I have not finished it yet. It is called "The Den of Despair, and how Orlando found his Way out." It is so natural and charming! Katie Allen gave it to me in the car. *(In her excitement, she knocks down the school-books, retaining "The Mental Philosophy" in one hand, and "The Den of Despair" in the other.)* But I must study my philosophy. *(Sits, with her back towards Helen, and after a little time lets the Philosophy slip down on the floor.)*

Helen. (Going to the piano, or guitar, strikes a few chords or plays a tune.) Pshaw! Orpheus himself would not be appreciated here: neither trees nor people are moved by music.

Enter POLLY, with a bouquet.

Helen. (Springing towards her.) How charming! *(Takes them.)* Who sent them, Polly?

Polly. (Dress, coarse dark frock, check apron, and thick shoes. Very neat and tidy. Drawls.) Old Mister Brown, he sent his compliment to yer, and ax if your hear from your pa and ma.

Helen. (Sarcastically.) Old Mr. Brown!

Well, well! Give my thanks to Mr. Brown, and say I have not heard yet. [*Exit POLLY.*]

Helen. (*Turning to the flower-vase, and arranging the bouquet.*) Look here, Clara. Deep in study. What is the use of arranging flowers when there is no one to admire them? Suppose I put them in my hair, and personate Flora. Who cares? (*Pulls a flower to pieces, and pushes it away with her foot.*) And yet they are lovely. I must put this exquisite rose in my hair, if it were only for "auld lang syne." Does it look prettily, Clara? (*No answer.*) Deep in philosophy, poor child. (*She sings or says*) —

"For auld lang syne, my dear;
I'll place this blossom in my hair
For auld lang syne."

Do you like my song, Clara? (*No answer.*) I am sure Professor Duplicate would be charmed with his pupil. (*She goes towards CLARA, looks over her shoulder, and finds her in tears, reading "The Den of Despair." Stamps her foot, and shouts, Clara! Snatches the book from her hand, throws it on the floor, and laughs.*)

Clara. (*Wiping her eyes, and sobbing.*) O, Helen, he had just proposed, and she was wringing her hands, and a horrid-looking man was coming forward with a dagger (*picking up the book*), and — You have lost my place!

Helen. Now, is not this a good lesson for teachers who give study in the holidays? Forgive me, darling, for my rudeness; but I do want some one to speak to. I have read, and practised the piano, and sketched that remarkable tree in the distance from nature, and helped aunt Prim in the pantry; and now I want sympathy and amusement. (*Stops suddenly, clapping her hands.*) I have it! Papa said I might amuse myself at home as I chose. We will act a play with Frank and Joe next week, when they return, and arrange it at once.

Clara. But, Helen, what will Miss Primrose say? You know she thinks the theatre a device of the evil one.

Helen. Dear aunty Prim! I would not hurt her feelings for all the Shakespeares and Kembles in the world. But she loves me dearly, and I think I can manage to soften her prejudices. (*Rings a bell that is on the table.*) I think Romeo and Juliet will be a nice selection. (*POLLY enters.*) Ask aunt Primrose to please to come here for a few moments.

Polly. (*Going out.*) I spec my missis's hands is in the bread dough. (*HELEN walks about restlessly.*)

Clara. I never saw such a fidgety young lady. Your old nurse told me that you kicked and screamed when you were christened, and then laughed in the minister's face. But, Helen, I will not be selfish any longer, though I did peep at the finale of "The Den of Despair" while you have been promenading. Orlando is safe; so now I will listen to you, and be very respectful to kind Miss Primrose. Now for theatricals. (*She seizes an umbrella or walking-stick.*) Give me a dagger. (*Points it at HELEN.*) Die, traitress!

Helen. Capital, capital! (*She takes up a school-book in defence, shrieks, and staggers back a step. They both shout with laughter, retaining their attitude.*)

Enter MISS PRIMROSE, followed by POLLY, who hides behind MISS PRIMROSE's dress, peeping out. MISS PRIMROSE should be dressed in the old fashion, but not richly, spectacles, knitting, &c.; very lady-like, but simple.

Miss Primrose. Hey-dey! What is going on now, young ladies? I thought you found it very dull here! I am truly glad to see you enjoy yourselves. I like to have young people merry at proper times. But what a littered room! Put everything to rights, Polly. (*POLLY busies herself.* HELEN and CLARA, *recovering from their embarrassment, hand her a chair and footstool, arrange the folds of her dress, and brush a little flour from her sleeve, &c.*

Helen. You dearest of old aunty Prim! I was frightened lest you should be vexed with our nonsense. (*She sits on the floor at MISS PRIM's feet, CLARA standing by her chair, and POLLY peeping behind.*) Do you remember, aunt Prim, what papa said when he was going away?

Miss Primrose. Yes, my child. He said, "Let the girls amuse themselves as they wish at home;" and he added, "I am sure they will be respectful and attentive to you, sister."

Helen. So we will, auntie, for you are very kind to us; and then we want to do something to amuse you, too; for you know you love a little fun yourself.

Miss Primrose. (*Solemnly.*) My uncle, Deacon Forster, used to say, "It is right to unbend sometimes, and see young people merry."

Polly. (*Raises her hands, and starts up.*) Then may be I can look at the funny picture-books, Saturday nights.

Helen. Be quiet, Polly. — And now, auntie, we want your consent to our —

Clara. Don't be too sudden, Helen.

Helen. O, yes; let it come out. — We want to act a play, auntie.

Miss Primrose. (*Raising her hands, as if warding off a blow.*) A play in *this* house! Never! My uncle Forster said, "Play-houses are the device of the evil one."

Clara. But you cannot think that Shakespeare was possessed by the evil one.

Miss Primrose. My uncle only allowed me to read passages in the "Elegant Extracts." Some of them were almost pious, about "the great globe that we inherit," and "The Seven Ages;" and "To be or not to be" is like a good sermon.

Clara. Did you never read Romeo and Juliet? We want to act that.

Miss Primrose. Never, my dear. My uncle might have let me read historical plays, if I had asked him, but not a love story.

Helen. But, auntie, Romeo and Juliet is founded on fact.

Clara. Yes; and the young people were punished for disobedience to parents — eh, Helen?

Miss Primrose. Ah, that alters the case, if it is really a true story, and if they were really punished.

Helen. Now listen, auntie, and I will tell you about it. The parents of Romeo and Juliet had a quarrel years ago, and, though they were neighbors, never spoke to each other.

Miss Primrose. How wicked!

Clara. But the very first time the son and daughter met, they fell in love, at a ball.

Miss Primrose. That was entirely too hasty. They ought to have studied each other's characters. How could he tell that she was a good housekeeper? and how did she know that he was a steady young man?

Helen. Yes, they ought to have waited, auntie; but, then, Juliet was only fourteen years old, and did not know any better.

Miss Primrose. Worse and worse! At a ball! She ought to have been in bed! Thirty, or at least twenty-five, is full soon enough for falling in love, and for late hours.

Clara. O, but it was in a *splendid* palace, with illuminated gardens, music, and dancing, and masks — (*Miss PRIMROSE groans.*)

Helen. The less said about that, Clara, the better. — But, then, auntie, they were helped on by an old nurse.

Miss Primrose. She ought to have known better. My uncle Forster would have dismissed her on the spot.

Clara. The parents were very angry, and told Juliet she must marry a man she did not love, right away.

Helen. And that old nurse helped her to run off to Romeo; and they were married in a chapel, and a priest gave her a sleeping potion —

Clara. To make believe dead; and she was put in a tomb, and —

Miss Primrose. (*Starts up excited.*) Dreadful!

Helen. Yes; and when Romeo comes back to take her away, and finds her in that horrid old tomb, and —

Clara. Kills himself!

Miss Primrose. (*Catching hold of HELEN's arm.*) You don't say so!

Helen. Yes; and she wakes up, and finds him dead in a gore of blood, and she kills herself.

Miss Primrose. (*Sinking down on her chair.*) Poor little girl! Only fourteen years old!

Helen. Now, auntie, is not that a solemn lesson for disobedient parents, as well as children? (*During this scene, POLLY listens eagerly, and makes sympathetic gestures.*)

Clara. Now, dear Miss Primrose, you will let us make arrangements to act Romeo and Juliet, when Frank and my brother come next week?

Miss Primrose. No, indeed; you are to have no play-acting with young men, or boys, in this house, even if they are your brothers: putting it into their heads to fall in love, and run away, and drink poison, and all sorts of horrid things! Wearing masks, too!

Clara. But, dear Miss Primrose —

Miss Primrose. I tell you, no! and when I say, no, I mean *no*!

Helen. Well, auntie, we will give up young men and boys, and Romeo and Juliet; but will you let Clara and myself make up a little play —

Miss Primrose. Amusement, my dear, not a play.

Helen. Yes, a little amusement, in this room, just by ourselves, this evening? You know you do like innocent fun. (*Walks about thinking.*) O, auntie, may we dress up something to look like men?

Miss Primrose. (*Reflecting.*) Yes, my dear child, I do not see what harm that can do, if you have no live men or boys. My uncle, the deacon, used to unbend sometimes. And I remember, when we lived in Taunton, Mass., before I came south, he allowed the schoolmaster to have pieces spoken in his fine large barn, with tallow candles in tin candlesticks,

and the boys dressed up in character. There was one little fellow dressed like a shepherd, and he said, stretching out his arm, so (*she imitates him stiffly*), "My name is Norval." We all laughed, — my uncle too, — because his name was not Norval, but Ichabod. And then there was a great strapping fellow, dressed like a gray-headed old man, who lisped, and became frightened, and in saying Shakespeare's pretty piece that I saw in "Elegant Extracts," about ingratitude, cried out, —

"How tharper — how tharper than a tharper's tooth it is
To have a — to — to — to have a toothless child!"

And then, I remember, somebody called out, "a thankless child!" (*Miss PRIMROSE laughs at the recollection, and is joined by the girls and POLLY.*)

Helen. So, then, auntie, you will consent to let us have a little play of our own?

Miss Primrose. Amusement, my dear, not a play, and no live men or boys.

Helen. Will you allow us to have this room to ourselves, and Polly to wait on us?

Clara. Not that we want to conceal anything from you; but we wish to plan, and have you here at the rehearsal.

Miss Primrose. Well, well, have it so. (*Going out.*) I wonder if my uncle the deacon would approve it.

Polly. (*Cutting a little antic, and rubbing her hands, follows MISS PRIMROSE.*) I reckon my missis will let me look at picter-books Saturday nights, sartain. (*HELEN and CLARA stand looking at each other.*)

Helen. Clara!

Clara. Helen!

Helen. What are we to do?

Clara. I am sure I cannot tell. Suppose we get up "The Den of Despair," and have fun, if nothing else?

Helen. Appropriate name, certainly, and queer kind of fun! But what is the story?

Clara. I will tell you in our room. But the last scene is splendid, and that will be enough to rehearse to Miss Primrose. Two young girls are lost in a forest, and their lovers are trying to find them. While they are bewailing their fate, two men are concealed. We must pretend not to see them, when suddenly they start up, and try to seize us, on which our lovers rush in and protect us.

Helen. My poor child, you forget that we cannot have any live men to start up, and no lovers. Your imagination has run away with you.

Clara. (*Dejectedly.*) Then we must make believe that the brigands are going to jump up and catch us, and make believe that we run out to imaginary lovers.

Helen. We had best call them *brothers*, and be on the safe side, to please auntie. What will your name be?

Clara. Almira. And yours?

Helen. Isadore; and my lover's — I mean my brother's — shall be Alphonzo.

Clara. O, Helen, that was the very name I wanted. Can you not choose another?

Helen. Why, no. I think that is romantic, and sounds well. (*Calls aloud.*) Alphonzo!

Clara. (*Pettishly.*) If you knew my reason, I am sure you would let Alphonzo be my lover — I mean, my brother's name. I think we had best give up the play. I do not want any other.

Helen. Well, if I must, I must. O, Alphonzo (*mock tragedy*), can I give thee up so easily? But I will select another name in sacrifice to friendship — aunt Prim's promising boy, Ichabod. (*Struts about, calling, Ichabod!*) By the way, what would Professor Duplicate say to all this?

Clara. (*Angrily.*) I really think it cruel for you to ridicule me. This secret must be buried in my heart. I will go and resume my studies.

Helen. (*Putting her arms around her coaxingly.*) No, darling. You *shall* have Alphonzo, and I will have an English lord — Lord de Willoughby. He shall be six feet high, and have a Roman nose; and I will be the Lady Isadore de Willoughby.

Clara. My lov — hem! brother shall be Grecian, Apollo-like, five feet two inches, straight nose, with "an eye like Jove, to threaten and command."

Helen. But, ah, Clara, we have not the art of Prometheus, to model these men; and our heroes must be dummies, like whist partners. We must have Polly in council. (*Rings the bell. Enter POLLY.*) Come here, Polly. Miss Clara and I want you to help us fix up and dress something to look like two men, for fun, because auntie does not want live men.

Polly. You mean for me to put coats and things on it, like I did my pa, when he had whitlows on both thumbs?

Clara. O, I suppose so. We do not know how to begin. We shall have to try. Perhaps we can put sticks on two chairs, with hats on the top, throw a cloak over them, and have boots sticking out —

Polly. Nice! funny!

Helen. But you must not laugh. The stick-

men are to have guns and swords, and are going to murder us, and we shall expect them to start up from under the cloaks with daggers.

Polly. I'm scared. I guess I better go and stay with my missis.

Clara. Nothing shall hurt you. We are going to arrange it for Miss Primrose to see the Rehearsal; and you can come with her.

Helen. You must run, now, and bring two sticks of wood, two of my brother's or Master Frank's hats or caps, two pairs boots or coarse shoes, my water-proof cloak, and Miss Clara's, too, and let us see what we can do. We have to go now and prepare our dresses for the rehearsal of the last act for auntie. (*POLLY begins to count, by signs, on her fingers.*)

Clara. All right, Polly. You heard what Miss Helen wants. Miss Primrose says we can have this room entirely to ourselves.

[*Exeunt HELEN and CLARA.*]

Polly. (*After HELEN and CLARA go out, puts her arms akimbo, and looks at the ceiling.*) Two sticks of wood, eh? And a big bundle of men's traps! I calls that onreasonable. I ain't a going to do it; so there! Old Patrick is a sawin' wood in the yard, and he's as deaf as a post, and won't blab. I'll run down the back steps, and tell him to fetch 'em. Sticks of wood! I shall bust! (*Exit, counting on her fingers.*) Two sticks of wood, two coats, two pair stockings, an', I dare say, shavin' things will come next. I am glad they didn't tell me to get swords, and guns, and daggers. [*Exit.*]

Enter PATRICK, in shabby clothes and an old hat, wood-saw in hand, bearing two sticks of wood. As he is preparing to place them on the hearth, POLLY enters and screams in his ears.

Polly. Not there, Mr. Patrick; put the sticks here on these two cheers — there — so. (*Putting them up right.*)

Patrick. And sure, honey, you're not after making a fire on the cheers, in the mistress's parlor!

Polly. (*Shouting in his ear.*) No, Mr. Patrick; they is to make dead mens. (*Lower.*) Goody gracious! our folks will hear. I mean to have a little fun too, though. (*She puts her finger to her lips for silence, pulls off his hat and places it on one of the sticks, then pulls off his jacket and throws over it, and stands laughing.*)

Patrick. But, honey, sure you're not wanting to make a scare-crow in the mistress's parlor!

Polly. (*Mimicking him.*) And sure, me

honey, you're scare-crow enough, let alone sticks. But goody gracious! he is a live man! (*Shouts.*) Be off with you; I'm not after wantin' your duds any longer. (*She claps his hat on his head, pushing him out, and seeing him look back for his jacket, throws it after him.*) [*Exit PATRICK.*]

Polly. (*Beginning to count on her fingers.*) Two coats, two pair of stockings, &c.

[*Exit POLLY.*]

Enter POLLY with bundle.

Polly. Well, if that isn't the hardest beat I've had yet! to keep clear of the little folks in the hall. I do think children is the most troublesomest things goin', worse than our cat, that 'stead of catchin' mice, ate up my hair grease last night. Now for it. (*She opens the bundle, taking out various articles, and counting. While this is going on, FRANK and JOE enter a side-door, on tiptoe, with their shoes in their hands, making signs of silence to POLLY.*)

Polly. (*Starting.*) Mister Frank and Joe! two live boys, most mens! You ain't expected! You can't come here no how!

Joe. Why not, Polly? What is the matter? I came to make Frank a little visit, and we want to surprise aunt Prim and the girls. What in the world are you doing with our clothes in the drawing-room?

Polly. (*Catching her breath, frightened.*) Why, you see, Mister Joe, the young leddies is a goin' to have fun; no, not fun; daggers and guns this evening; and my missis says they can't have no live mens nor boys, and they is goin' to have some make-believe mens behind the cloaks, and they specs to be murdered, and my missis is comin' to see the Hearse, and no live mens; so you can't stay no how. Please go away.

Frank. (*Laughing.*) She must mean Rehearsal, Joe.

Polly. But may be I mustn't say nothing about it. O, dear! I don't know what to do! I spec the young leddies every minute to fix the not live mens. Please go. I'm so scared. Poor me! poor Polly Snipes! (*Wringing her hands.*)

Joe. (*Whispers to FRANK.*) Polly, be sure and not let anybody know that we have come, and I will go back with Frank. But you must run over to his house as soon as you can. I want to tell you something. Don't fail.

[*Exeunt FRANK and JOE, side-door.*]

Enter HELEN and CLARA.

Polly. Goody gracious, what a scape!

Helen. What a smart girl you have been, Polly, to gather so many things! Now, Clara, you take one stick, and I will take the other. I will call mine Furioso, the Brigand.

Clara. Mine is Jock of the Den.

(They try experiments; the sticks will not answer; then an umbrella; then tell POLLY to bring two long pillows; then call for some pieces of rope, &c., laughing and fretting by turns; and having arranged all but the cloaks, prepare to go.)

Helen. But, Polly, we forgot something; run and bring Frank's gun, and papa's old sword. *[Exit POLLY, distractedly.]*

Helen. *(Going, but looking back.)* O, Clara, I think your Jock is in better taste than my Furioso. What a pity we could not have Alphonzo and Lord de Willoughby to rush in and rescue us.

Clara. Half a loaf is better than no bread. I suppose this is fun! Any how, Miss Primrose will be satisfied. Now for our costumes!

(As HELEN and CLARA are going out, they turn to take a look at the dummies, making them a farewell courtesy and wave of the hand.)

Enter POLLY with a gun and sword.

Polly. I'm so scared at a gun! Thank gracious! a sword can't go off! Goody gracious, what is to come of me? Master Joe called me over the way, and says he *must* come and see the figurs, and that I musn't tell the young leddies. He says he *must* come before the Hearse comes, and the young leddies say my missis is to be seated in a nice place to see it, and they are dressing like circus peoples, in feathers and gold things, and I musn't open my mouth to nobody. Poor me; poor Polly Snipes. *(She turns to put the gun and sword by the dummy figures and starts.)* O, goody gracious! I forgot they wasn't live mens!

(As POLLY is placing the gun and sword, enter FRANK and JOE in grotesque costumes, on tiptoe, with masks in their hands, slouched hat or cap and feather, any wild-looking attire, as brigands, with speaking trumpets. They start at the sight of the dummies, try to suppress laughter, act pantomime, going behind them, directing POLLY to throw the cloaks over them. POLLY stuffs her apron in her mouth to keep from screaming, and leaves the gun and sword visible.)

Polly. *(Coming forward.)* Two live mens or boys most mens! What will my missis do? and I not to say nothing to nobody! I want to go hum to my ma! When I hear Miss Helen's bell ring, I have to fetch my poor,

misguided missis to see the Hearse. *(Bell rings. She runs out.)*

Frank. *(Putting his head out from behind the cloaks, &c.)* Pretty close quarters here, eh, Joe?

Joe. *(Looking out.)* I feel very much like sneezing. What shall I do?

Frank. Press the bridge of your nose hard. Hark! I hear Miss Prim's voice and high heels. *(They dart back.)*

Enter POLLY, leading the way, with Miss PRIMROSE.

Polly. This way, ma'am. Miss Helen said I must give you the best seat to see the dead mens; not too near. I hope there won't be no real murder. Miss Helen says you must be far off from the figurs to see the Hearse.

Miss Primrose. Re-hears-al, Polly. I have told you three times. *(Looking grave.)* I wonder if my uncle the deacon would approve of this. *(JOE sneezes.)* Who can that be?

Polly. It's cats, ma'am. Mr. Frank's folks has a cat what sneezes like live mens. *(Aside.)* O, I had to tell a fib! Goody gracious!

Miss Primrose. Those girls have arranged everything very ingeniously. They really look as if they might be men. I must go a little nearer, and look under the cloaks *(moves forward from her seat)*, to examine the arrangement. I even see feet sticking out, and mercy, a sword and gun!

Polly. *(In an agony, clutching at her gown.)* No, my missis—set down; please set down. Yes, it is a gun, and it may go off. Please come back. There! I hear the young leddies. *(Draws MISS PRIMROSE to her seat.)*

Enter HELEN and CLARA fantastically dressed, with stage step, crossing and recrossing the room, not looking at the dummies.

Helen. Me Almira, I am weary with wandering in this waste wilderness! Two long days have passed and our brothers do not appear. Going to seek a stream to refresh our fainting forms, they must have mistaken the path. My voice may perchance reach them, and the reverberating echo carry the sound. *(She calls loudly, coming forward.)* Me Lord! Me Lord de Willoughby, come to the succor of your benighted sister, the lady Isadore! *(She stands in a listening attitude.)* He hears me not! Wild beasts must have devoured him. *(Clasps her hands.)*

Clara. Me Isadore, I faint. I can no longer endure this awful solitude. *(She shouts, coming forward.)* Alphonzo, dearer to your sister's heart than all besides, I call thee, Al-

phon-zo. No answer; but methought I heard a sound like mocking laughter. Alas! me Isadore, this is the forest where the dreaded Jock of the Den has his cave, and here, in company with the brigand Furioso, holds his revels, while robbery and murder go hand in hand. (*They embrace and weep.*)

Helen. Perchance, me Almira, we have been too worldly, spoiled by wealth and flattery. Let us throw aside these feathers and jewels, and entering a convent, retire from this wicked world.

(*They sit on the floor with their backs to the dummies, pulling off and throwing away superfluous articles of finery. In taking off her head-gear, CLARA'S hair falls over her shoulders.*)

Clara. (*Rising.*) These flowing locks, me Isadore, once so praised by — by —

Helen. (*Aside.*) Your grandmamima.

Clara. Yes; by my venerable grandmamma, shall no more minister to my vanity, but be shorn and thrown to the winds.

Helen. (*Still sitting, and taking out a great many hair pins, unrolls a long mass of false hair, while her own falls over her shoulders.*) Nor shall these cheating locks minister again to my vanity. Like you, me sweet sufferer, I cast them to the winds. (*Flings it across the room.*) These locks, which haply I may call my own (*shaking out her hair*), I will sell and give to the poor. (*She rises, and they embrace.*)

Clara. Me Isadore, bind this fillet across my brow (*giving her a pocket handkerchief*), and fasten this veil above. I will do the same to thee, and thus, like Sisters of Charity, we can go unhurt through the world.

(*They arrange each other as much like nuns as possible, spurning their finery with their feet. A groan is heard.*)

Clara. Methought I heard a groan! (*They turn round.*) Again! from yonder shrouded object.

Helen. I heard it also. Perchance it is some sufferer whom it is our mission to relieve. What shall I call thee, now thou art a nun?

Clara. Call me Sister Agatha.

Helen. Call me St. Isadora.

Clara. But, perchance, these may be the Brigand horrors!

Helen. Our dress is armor. I feel like Una, "The heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb." But, alas! I have not even my darling poodle.

Clara. And I, like the Lady in Comus,

"Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud

Turn forth her silver lining on the night?"

(*Looking up.* Another groan.)

Helen. Sister Agatha, suspense is worse than death. I will solve this mystery

Clara. St. Isadora, I will die with thee.

(*They go towards the dummies hesitatingly, see the gun and sword protruding from the cloaks, draw them forth, and shoulder them.*)

Helen. Thus are we doubly panoplied, in innocence and arms!

(*They assume heroic attitudes. At this moment FRANK and JOE rise on each side of the dummies, with masks and speaking trumpets.*)

Frank. (*Through the trumpet.*) I am Jock of the Den!

Joe. (*Through the trumpet.*) I am Furioso the Brigand!

(*MISS PRIMROSE starts from her seat; the girls rush to her for protection, and POLLY clings to her dress. All scream, Murder! After a little pause FRANK and JOE remove their masks, and come forward, making low bows.*)

Helen. You wicked Joe!

Clara. You horrid Frank!

Miss Primrose. You bad boys! Did not your sisters know that you were concealed?

Frank and Joe. No, upon our honor.

Polly. I know'd it, though, and I most bust for telling nobody!

(*JOE kneels before MISS PRIMROSE, laughing. FRANK clasps his hands entreatingly.*)

Joe. You will forgive us our fun, auntie. You know your uncle, Deacon Forster, unbent, sometimes, to let the young folks be merry.

(*She shakes her finger at them, and then, smiling, taps them kindly on the shoulder or arm.*)

Polly. (*Jumping up and down.*) Goody gracious! she ain't wexed with the two live mens, after all! and I was so scared for nothing! (*They form in a line, courtesy and bow.*)

Curtain falls.

NOTE. — The acting of Helen and Clara must be very exaggerated rant, but very slow pronunciation. They will retain their simple morning dresses; and in their rehearsing costumes they will add articles that can be removed to make themselves nuns — a slight gay bodice, or scarf, sashes, feathers, &c. One of them, a roll of false hair. A shawl or veil, thrown on fantastically, will be used afterwards for the nuns' veils. Feathers, jewelry, &c., in abundance, without any regard to fitness. The pronunciation of *my* must be very affected, and the whole scene in the most ultra stage rant. Pronunciation distinct and slow throughout.

— THE true theory of the Milky Way was given by Democritus, born about 460 B. C., namely, that it is a congeries of small stars close to one another.

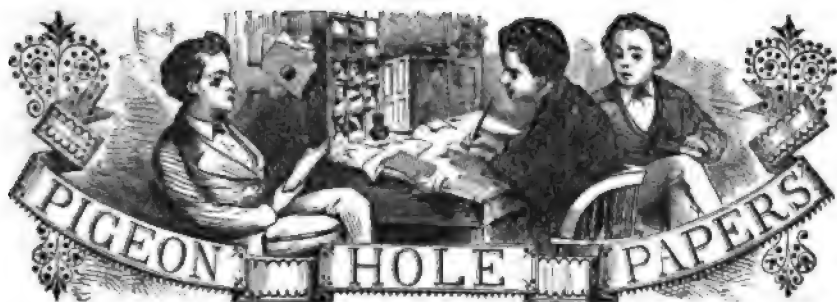


THE OLD CENTURY AND THE NEW.

[EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF HON. SAMUEL C. COBB,
MAYOR OF BOSTON, DELIVERED JUNE 16, 1875.]

AND now, fellow-citizens, while we solemnly ring out the old century, let us hopefully ring in the new. It belongs to the men of to-day to inaugurate the second century of our country's life. The omens are propitious. The prospects of our national polity are brighter to-day, I think, than at any previous period. It has safely undergone all the tests that could be crowded into a century. It still stands, and may now be said to have almost passed the experimental stage — at least as far as that can be said of any earthly polity. We have experienced all the trials and dangers by which the permanence of nations is put to the test. We have had the severe test of unexampled prosperity and rapid expansion, and have survived it. We have had commercial crises and industrial depressions of the severest character. We have had bitter political and sectional strifes. We have had foreign wars; and, like all nations that have attained to greatness, we have had civil war, — and still we live. This last and supremest peril has passed away just in time to enable the country to enter upon the second century of its history with confidence and good cheer. We could not have said so, at least not so confidently, fifteen years ago, nor ten, nor even five years ago. But now not only is the war closed, but the animosities which have accompanied and followed it are fading out. They are dying; nay, they are as good as dead, and awaiting their burial! To-morrow we will dig their grave; at the greater Centennial in Philadelphia, next year, we will heap up a mound over them high as the Alleghanies; and before the day of Yorktown comes round we shall have forgotten that they ever existed. In this benign work of reconciliation the soldiers on both sides have taken the lead. This was to be expected. True heroism harbors no resentments, and is incapable of a sullen and persistent hatred.

True soldiers, worthy of the name, give and take hard blows in all honor and duty; and when the work is done, are ready to embrace as brothers in arms, and to let by-gones be by-gones, in all things except to preserve the memory and decorate the graves of their heroic dead — ay, and of one another's dead. Brave men love brave men, with the magnanimity that knows how to honor each other's courage and respect each other's motives. Foemen in war, brothers in peace; that is the history of chivalry here, as everywhere. And all classes must needs follow the lead of their noble champions, and could not stand out against it if they would. Even the weak and cowardly, and the political adventurers who live on the garbage of sectional jealousies and partisan embitterments have to give in, at last, from very shame. Indications of the spreading and deepening of this sentiment of restored amity are coming in from all quarters. Here in Boston I do not happen to know a single voice at variance with it; and that it is shared by yourselves, gentlemen of the south, is evidenced by your presence here to-night. You may have desired the issue of the war to have been other than it is, and may have felt, for a time, that all was lost save honor. I respect your convictions; but I believe you are wise enough and magnanimous enough to acquiesce loyally now, and in the end cheerfully, in the arbitrament of the God of battles, assured, as you must be, that the overruling Providence is wiser than our wishes, and knows how to bestow richer benefits than those it withholds: assured, too, that whatever was right and good in the lost cause which you loved is not finally lost, and that whatever was false or wrong in the winning cause cannot permanently triumph. The Almighty reigns, and shapes results more beneficently and more righteously than man can. All things considered, I believe, fellow-citizens, that the nation is prepared at this moment to enter upon its second century with better auguries than at any time during the last fifty years, and with a better hope of peace and happiness.



A VETERAN. — In these centennial days, when the old soldiers are held in the highest respect, we find it rather pleasant to look out for our own veterans, though they do not exactly come down to us from a hundred years ago. We have a letter from one of these which will interest many of our readers. In ye ancient time the writer subscribed himself as "Oliver Optic, Jr.;" and there has been a considerable crop of puzzlers bearing this name since his time, so that we feel like the head of a very large family.

"Dear Uncle: It is a long time — about six years — since I wrote to you last, though I have not forgotten you, but have religiously purchased every Magazine and every book written by you since No. I. Since I have become a married man — which happy event occurred on April 12, 1871 — I have not written much for the papers, although I occasionally get out an edition of 'The Sunnyside' as an advertising sheet. I mail you a copy of the last number, which contains a cut of my store on the first page, and one of my church on the second." (Not received.) "I guess 'The Sunnyside' is the only one of the many amateurs, started about six years ago, that still survives."

Since our correspondent was married in 1871, and is comfortably settled down, it does not appear that he has been damaged by exciting stories or by his connection with the amateur press. We congratulate him, even at this late hour, and wish him all manner of prosperity. He would like to hear from all or any of his old friends who were present with him at the Amateur Press Convention, held at the St. James Hotel, Boston, in 1870. — Address him at Jersey City, N. J.

ANOTHER POET. — Mr. Timothy Tulip is the one this time; and he seems to have it bad. He appears to have a proper respect for the memory of General Stonewall Jackson. He was, possibly, a soldier of the Union army,

and as such yields his tribute to the prowess of the brave and vigorous fighter of the Confederate army. We confess that it is a little rough to perpetuate the memory of so brave a man with such lines, but we hope the author and the editor will be forgiven.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Yes, my readers, it was a sin,
But he was fond of discipline.
He was among my bitterest foes;
So when he was near we dared not repose;
And when we heard that he was shot,
We all felt bad, or I've forgot;
Though when he died we all felt relieved;
We also felt that we were grieved.
And then we thought no more of him
Who lost his life for discipline.
But when we stop and look way back
Upon our long and laborious track,
And say to ourselves, "We have done as well
As could be expected, out of such a spell,"
And when we think of that fatal day,
And think of the rebel who could not stay,
But had to surrender to death that day,
To see if his orders they did obey,—
We say to ourselves, "All is not well;
We ought to be preparing for the duties of
H-ll!"

But now I must leave you for I am scared,
By thinking of him who was snared.

OUT WEST. — One can hardly apply this term to a state no farther west than Michigan at the present time, unless by the force of habit, for the "Great West" is now beyond the Mississippi. We were in Buffalo the other day, looking for a steamer bound up the lake. but we could not find one. Nearly thirty years ago, we traversed Lake Erie in magnificent steamers, which carried bands of music, and made their trips so many pleasure excursions; but there appear to be no boats of this kind left — at least we saw none. About the same time, we had to go from Pittsburg to

Cleveland in a stage—thirty-six hours we made of it; and the journey from Cincinnati to Sandusky had to be done, in part, by the same slow conveyance. Now, Ohio and Michigan are covered with a network of railroads; the palatial steamers are things of the past; and stage-coaches are banished from all the great lines of travel. Michigan is regarded as an old state, for parts of it were settled before the war of 1812. It is a beautiful region, immensely productive of animal, vegetable, and mineral wealth; and with the great lakes all around it, its possibilities of prosperity have not yet been measured. We visited several towns in the eastern part of the state, as we had before in the western part, and everything was so like New England that we felt quite at home.

SOME AMATEURS.—Detroit is one of the most beautiful cities we ever visited in any country. To a Bostonian, its streets seem to be absurdly wide and straight, though we wish we had them in our New England metropolis. At our hotel we had the pleasure of meeting a few of the prominent western amateurs, with whom we passed a very agreeable afternoon. For a considerable time we have known them well, and we found them to be very intelligent, modest, and gentlemanly young men, who will hereafter adorn any stations in life in which they may be placed. If we ever had any doubts in regard to the influence of the amateur press upon those engaged upon it, it was the fear that they might be "puffed up," and come to the conclusion that they were bigger men than their fathers before them. The judges at the Vienna Exposition would not countenance or encourage amateur journalism, evidently believing, in the true old-fogy spirit, that it placed the boys in a false position; that it tended to anticipate their manhood. The more of the true man we get into the boy, the better. Modesty in the boy, as in the man, is one of his crowning glories. We have met hundreds of amateurs, and we never found "a swell" among them. We believe that, while they are more manly and dignified, they are also more modest and gentlemanly, than the average of young men. Nothing can more effectually take the conceit out of a boy than grappling with the real difficulties of life, and the amateur has a foretaste of it in his miniature world of journalism, which has a tendency to make a man of him. We were strongly impressed with the truth of what we have said by the manly bearing of the Detroit amateurs. The four we met were Otto

Starck, Jr., of "The Wolverine Messenger;" James E. Pilcher, of "The Capitol;" and Clarence H. Leonard and Oliver M. Leonard, of "The Boy of the Period." These three papers, as we have said before, belong to the highest class of amateurs, and are very creditable to their conductors, whom we hope to meet again.

A CHEAP EXCURSION.—While we were in Detroit, we made an excursion up and down Lake St. Clair in the steamers of the star line. The distance was about sixty miles, and the price of the excursion ticket was fifty cents. We went up in the Milton D. Ward. Very comfortable boat, and fast enough for any reasonable traveller. The run across the lake is delightful, for the water is as smooth as a mill-pond. We passed through the canal on the St. Clair flats, which was excavated with much labor and skill by the United States government. With an excellent appetite, we dined on this steamer, at a charge of fifty cents; and we have eaten many a worse dinner at double, and even triple the price. Though we were the only excursionist on board, the Ward made a connection, in the middle of the river, with the Evening Star—the other steamer of the line, on her way from White Rock to Detroit,—and we were transferred to her. We wonder that the Detroiters do not spend most of their time on this line of steamers, for certainly it is cheaper, and in warm weather more comfortable, than staying at home.

—THE Arabs of Abyssinia make one learned profession take the place of two. Whatever an Arab's complaint is, he applies to his Faky, or priest. The Faky brings out his Koran, hunts up the passage that appears to suit the case best, rubs on a smooth board lime enough to make a perfectly white surface, and then writes out the verse or verses selected. This passage from the sacred book is at once the prescription and the medicine. For the Faky washes it off, adds a little water, and then it is swallowed by the patient, in perfect faith that it will work a cure. Of course, the patient pays the Faky, as we might pay any other physician, and returns for a second dose if the first does not effect a cure.

—THE time when the seven wise men, or seven sages, of Greece flourished, was about 586 years before our era.



ANSWERS FOR JULY.

126. Ararat. 127. (Prison) (500 = D in A)
(pea) (R) (50 = L o'er SNUG) (hands) (mall)
(ell) (eye) (key) (bottled wasps) (UP on A)
(south) (urn) (wall) —

Prisoned in a parlor snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall.

128. Tulip. 129. R
D A M
C O V E R
T E N
N

130. Fortune dreads the brave, and is only terrible to the coward. 131. (L o'er i £ i s = i guinea) — Lower Guinea. 132. (Men) (closet) (her) (doors) (A G A) (inn) (STT) (he) (setting sun) — Men close their doors against the setting sun. 133. Longfellow. 134. Bittern. 135. (T) (he) (S) (9 = IX) (TH) (age) (shift) (S in tooth) (heel) (AN AN) (500 = D) (slipper) (D) (pea) (ant) (A) (loon) —

The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slippered pantaloons.

136. Daniel Webster Bryant. 137. A deed without a name.

138. G O N E 139. M A R K
O B E D A G U E
N E E D R U S E
E D D Y K E E P

140. 1. Peter Paul Rubens. 2. Francesco Albani. 3. David Teniers. 4. Bartolomeo Uteban Murillo. 5. Guido Reni. 6. Raphael Sangio. 141. (Board O) — Bordeaux.

142. Q 143. D
S U P C I D
S P A S M C L A R A
Q U A H A U G D I A M O N D
P S A L M D R O W N
M U M A N N
G D

144. In at one ear and out at the other.

145.

H I N D O O
I D I O T
P A R A
P A L M
O A H U
P O P L A R S

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

146. 1. A consonant. 2. A sharp sound.
3. A compartment. 4. One who admonishes.
5. Small. 6. A distinct parcel. 7. A consonant.
JOHN HALIFAX.

ANAGRAMS.

147. 1. Go real lies. 2. Six geese. 3. I care not. 4. Venice drop. 5. City ants. 6. Sure vine.
LEONORA.

ANAGRAMMATICAL REBUS.

The answer is a Latin motto of thirteen letters.

148. No. 1 + W. FERAMORZ.

WORD SQUARE.

149. 1. A head worker. 2. A flower. 3. Another head worker. 4. A runner. 5. Harsh to the taste.
SPHINX.

CHARADE.

150. My first is a river. My second is to bury. My whole is a variety of dog.

TYPO.

CROSS WORDS.

151. The firsts are in custard, but not in pie. The seconds are in suit, but not in please. The thirds are in grasp, but not in seize. The fourths are in hive, but not in bees. The fifths are in question, but not in why.

Wholes.

The first is to crook, to bend, or inflect. The second is proper, upright, or correct. The third is a blemish, a fault, or defect.

LYCHOPINAX.

152. SHAKESPEARIAN REBUS.



ENIGMA.

153. I am composed of twenty-five letters. My 3, 25, 11, 8, 14, 18, 22, 16, 19, is an insect. My 13, 5, 6, 24, 17, is a dramatical composition. My 10, 23, 9, 12, 15, is a plant. My 4, 7, 20, 21, 2, 1, is disembarked. My whole is an important American event.

PHIL. A. DELPHIAN.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

154. 1. 1000 E 10 I 100 O. 2. 100 O 50 O-RA 500 O.

ARCHITECT.

155. REBUS.



CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

156. My first is in man, but not in boy.
My second is in grief, but not in joy.
My third is in gold, but not in brass.
My fourth is in grain, but not in grass.
My fifth is in table, but not in chair.
My sixth is in earth, but not in air.
My seventh is in run, but not in walk.
My eighth is in work, but not in balk.
My ninth is in crane, but not in stork.
My tenth is in knife, but not in fork.

My eleventh is in pen, but not in ink.
My twelfth is in eat, but not in drink.
My thirteenth is in bean, but not in pea.
My whole is the name of a very large sea.

C. Y. RUS.

157. GEOGRAPHICAL.



DOUBLE DIAMOND.

158. Down: 1. A consonant. 2. To disfigure. 3. Mortal. 4. Worldly. 5. Betimes. 6. Manner. 7. Fifty. Across: 1. A consonant. 2. To hire. 3. A bird. 4. According to Nature. 5. To deride. 6. A song. 7. A consonant.

JAPETUS.

ENIGMA.

159. I am composed of fifty-four letters. My 10, 30, 49, 22, 9, 37, is a boy's name. My 8, 32, 53, 27, 42, 6, is a household article. My 40, 14, 23, 38, 24, 16, 50, 11, 47, is something that has passed. My 41, 28, 2, 17, 45, 39, 5, is rich. My 4, 20, 33, 1, is solitary. My 25, 54, 43, 12, is what a great many people are. My 3, 7, 15, 13, is a highway. My 46, 36, 52, 44, is congealed rain. My 19, 21, 48, 18, is a salver. My 29, 26, 31, 35, is identical. My 34, 42, 51, is to chop. My whole is a proverb.

MARRION.

160. REBUS.



161. REBUS.



162. DECAPITATED AND CURTAILED DOUBLE SQUARE.

Behead and curtail words of the following meaning, and the remainders will leave a complete three-word square.

Across: 1. Superfluous. 2. Wild or fierce. 3. Realities. Downwards: 1. To utter. 2. To walk. 3. To chatter. NUNEDUD.

CROSS WORD.

163. My first is in gambol, but not in play.
My second's in jolly, but not in gay.
My third is in silver, but not in gold.
My fourth is in aged, but not in old.
My fifth is in repulse, but not in beat.
My sixth is in bench, but not in seat.

My seventh is in yellow, but not in red.
My eighth is in house, but not in shed.
My ninth is in munch, but not in chew.
My tenth is in numerous, but not in few.
My eleventh is in little, but not in big.
My twelfth is in pear, but not in fig.
My thirteenth is in glimpse, but not in sight.
My fourteenth is in proper, but not in right.
My fifteenth is in earnest, but not in fun.
My sixteenth is in rifle, but not in gun.
No matter whatever happens to you,
My whole you should always strive to do.
MACACHERN.

164. REBUS.



ENIGMA.

165. I am composed of twenty-three letters.
My 15, 3, 9, and 17, is a covering for the face. My 4, 16, 21, and 14, is a subterranean cavity out of which minerals are dug. My 18,

19, 20, 7, and 22, is to meditate. My 23, 12, 13, and 11, is to exhibit to view. My 1, 2, 5, and 10, was a son of Noah. My 8, and 6, is an exclamation. My whole is a very good saying. XERXES.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

BUNKER HILL is not exactly a Boston institution, if we may judge from the procession we saw yesterday, for New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, and about all the New England states were represented by military organizations; Mississippi and Michigan by their governors; Texas by the mayor of its principal city; and, indeed, all parts of the nation by some of their distinguished citizens. General Sherman was a "sight to see," and so was General Burnside; and both of them were lustily cheered wherever they went, from morn till midnight. General Fitz Hugh Lee received an ovation at every point along the line; and he could not have been more heartily applauded if he had fought on the other side. But we are "shaking hands over the bloody chasm," and all these things were as they should be. We rejoice to see the heroes of the south and of the north joining heart and hand on Bunker Hill under the old flag, and we were glad to participate in the ovation to Fitz Hugh Lee.

But we did not intend to describe the Bunker Hill procession in this place; we only meant to suggest that our readers must be deeply interested in the patriotic events of the season, for we find that our pile of letters is not as thick as usual this month. We are willing to excuse our correspondents, for it is well to encourage these patriotic gushings, within reasonable limits, and we trust the centennials which have been and are to be celebrated will properly impress the rising generation, so that the next centennial, in 1975, will still find our country a free, united, and happy people. We hope the boys and girls will celebrate, even if they have to stop writing letters and making puzzles in order to do

so. But our pile of letters is only small by comparison, and we have quite enough for all practical purposes.

Buckshot fires from Omaha, and has just "seen the Black Hills chiefs, and 'shook' with one of them." We hope they were better satisfied with him than they were with the "Great Father" at Washington; though we don't believe Buckshot agrees very well with their constitutions; but we take the square word. — Typo's puzzles, as usual, are sufficiently brilliant to warrant us in accepting them, but they came too late for the July number. — Seiferth "and a host of others" ask for a young contributors' department. He desires to know "why the boys should not have a chance to fulfil their ambitions of becoming authors?" We had something to say on this subject last month, and we will insert any article from the boys which is worthy of an insertion; but we do not think it is fair to allow the boys to make themselves ridiculous. — Forest does not give a full answer to his rebus, and the last line of the cross word does not rhyme with any other line. — Lychopinax sends a triple cross word, which we shall endeavor to use, as it seems to be a new thing. — McGill, it is not absolutely necessary to draw rebuses, but we get the idea better from a drawing than from a description. Other head work should be written out just as it is to be printed.

M. M. J. can get into the Military Academy at West Point only on the recommendation of the member of Congress of his district, or of the President of the United States. — The name of Sphinx belongs to a Boston boy, and Marion must not use it; after tinkering some of the definitions, we accept the enigma, for it took a long time to go through it. — Sphinx hands in a square which is good enough. There is certainly nothing of the nature of a "fraud" in using two puzzles in the same number when one is a rebus, accepted the month before; we adhere strictly to our rule, and we

do not see how we can avoid the difficulty. — C. Y. Rus's cross word will do. — Architect is evidently a good judge of stories, and does not like them when it takes over six months to read them; we save his geographical. — Phil. A. Delphian's enigma will pass muster. — Xerxes is not aware that he made Romeo take "cold pizen;" if he had intended to do it, he would have given it warm. Xerxes made Romeo the husband of Juliet—that's all. The drop letter is too thin.

Throttle Valve's rebus is a very good one, and is well drawn. — John Halifax forwards a diamond among other things, which is all right. — We do not believe Percy Vere would say "hewin'" for "hewing," and we think it is hardly admissible in a rebus; and the letter is G flat, rather than G low. We like the bear rebus better, and we cling to it. — We have read F. A. Fynes, Jr.'s letter with exuberant delight, laughed at its witticisms, and digested its puns; we give him a hearty welcome to our ranks, and shall be glad to consider whatever he sends in the shape of puzzles; but he gives no answer to his pictorial truth, and we have not the least idea what it is all about. By the way, musical symbols are not allowable, except in musical rebuses, for some of us don't know what they mean. — Waverley neglects to inform us who he is, though we suppose he hails from the city and county hall, Buffalo, which is certainly a very fine building.

Japetus writes a very pleasant letter, and he never "slops over." We have his suggestion in mind, and when we prepare for a new year, we shall faithfully consider his plan. We think Jap is wrong in regard to Rusticus; at least, in part, though we do not care to discuss these matters much in the Magazine. We take the double diamond, and we think the ear rebus was very good. — Seaver's rebus may be a very fair one, but he does not send the analysis, and we have no idea what those snakes mean, or whether they will bite or not. — Leonora's anagrams are too good to be used in roasting a turkey; besides, anagrams do not brown the bird as well as some other kinds of fuel. We shall be happy to consider whatever our correspondent may send. — Feramorz has been sick — fearfully sick; and the doctor says, "Too much study killed poor Feramorz." But he is worth a dozen dead men yet. He is by far the youngest student in the law school, where he is studying his profession, and hopes to graduate next spring, and then go to Europe. We can't tell till the time comes whether or not we can attend the Amateur Convention at the St. Nicholas, in New York, on the 15th

of July; but we should be very glad to do so, if it is possible. We accept the rebus.

Typo comes a second time this month, and sends no answer; but we print the charade as a specimen, and we don't believe any heads will be burst in the attempt to guess it: —

"My first is in Niagara, Darkness, and Vigilax;
My second is in Clara, Algol, and Lychopinax;
My third is in Hyperion, Italian Boy, and Frisco:

My fourth is in Tecumseh, Rusticus, and Brisco.

My fifth is found in College, Neptune, and Laurie Lance;

My whole is a Young Lady, whose puzzles all entrance."

We do not offer any prize for the solution of this, though we should be very glad to know who the young lady is whose puzzles are so entrancing. — Wm. Low is not the "poor Indian," for the latter has no Bill; neither is he the Bill Low of the ocean, for he lives out in Pittsburg, where there is no salt in the water; but the artist shall see what can be done with one of his rebuses. — Nunedud's square will do, though the definitions needed a deal of tinkering. — Only one of Caxton's four points is well taken, in our opinion, though, of course, every one thinks just what he pleases. We insist that the grater in No. 99 is a very good one, just like the one in our kitchen. In No. 82, the cup is broken, and will pass for a break; and Abyssinia is happier than rebuses average. The answers to 84 and 85 were transposed, which was certainly a mistake. We give our readers credit for a good deal of intelligence, and in guessing rebuses one will need all he has, for things are not always what they seem. Caxton's State, in his letter, looks like "Audiaua," but we know he means "Indiana." We do not expect a rebus to read just like exact language, even after we have rejected three fourths of all that are sent to us.

OUR LETTER WRITERS.

[For the use of subscribers and regular purchasers only, who should state that they are such. Addresses on postal cards are not inserted, and only one name from each letter. No advertisements admitted here.]

H. S. Hart, 666 North Eighth Street, Phila., Penn. (stamps and foreign correspondents). — Winfield H. Brock, Box 118, Athol, Mass. — D. A. Peeler, Athol, Mass. (amusement). — Charles E. Coles, Marshall, Calhoun Co., Mich. (birds' eggs). — Arthur Bruce, Greenwich, Conn. (amateur theatricals). — Henry P. White, Belfast, Maine (birds' eggs).

EDITORIAL.

A YOUNG ASTRONOMER.

MOST of our readers will recollect how much was said about the Transit of Venus that took place last December. A transit of Venus — that is to say, the passage of this planet between the earth and the sun, so that it appears like a black spot on the sun's disk — happens very rarely. There is to be another in about eight years, and then astronomers will have to wait, we are told, till the twenty-first century of our era before they can see another. And so one of these transits always attracts a great deal of attention; and expeditions are sent out to distant parts of the world to observe it.

Then, too, by watching a transit of Venus, astronomers are able to find out certain truths which help them to calculate the distance from the earth to the sun, and other distances among the heavenly bodies, with greater accuracy than can be reached by any other known method.

The passage of Venus over the disk of the sun had never been witnessed by mortal eye before the year 1639, and would have passed unperceived at that time, if it had not been for the wonderful efforts of a young man of Lancashire, England, Jeremiah Horrox, who worked up the subject with a great deal of perseverance and talent.

Jeremiah Horrox lived in a little village near Liverpool. From infancy he had shown a decided taste for mathematics and astronomy, a taste which his father, an obscure Protestant minister, had encouraged by furnishing the young man with the principal scientific books existing at that time. While studying the problems of the German astronomer Kepler, young Horrox discovered the calculations of a transit of Venus across the disk of the sun, which, according to these figures, had taken place in 1631. It was now 1635; but our young astronomer, then eighteen years old, went over the calculations of Kepler, and found them erroneous. He then calculated for himself the precise time when the apparent contact of the two heavenly bodies should take place, and found that it would not be till 1639.

And now the desire seized him to observe

this curious phenomenon, which was to afford results so important to the science of astronomy.

He planned to point a telescope towards the sun, and thus to reflect the image of the sun's disk into a dark room, on a piece of paper. On this paper he traced a circle six inches in diameter; this he divided into three hundred and sixty degrees. He also drew some other lines upon the paper to facilitate his observations.

The year before the transit took place, Jeremiah, notwithstanding his youth, took the place of his father, who had died, and began to preach.

The day announced, by his calculations, for the transit, was the 24th of November (December 4, New Style). On the 23d he took his position, and commenced operations; these he renewed the next day, which was Sunday.

Early in the morning he took his place in his darkened room, his eyes fixed with feverish anxiety upon the solar disk, where he expected at every instant to see the black point appear.

The morning went by and no black point appeared; the days were very short at this season of the year, and the transit could be waited for only a little while longer.

Suddenly the young minister heard the sound of the chapel bell that called the faithful to the evening service. For a moment he hesitated between his duty and the fear of losing the fruits of all his studies; but his hesitation was soon over. He went to the chapel and performed his religious duties without any undue haste.

When the service was over, he ran to his observatory. At the moment when he entered, the dark shadow of Venus touched the disk of the sun. It was a quarter past three; and the young astronomer could now continue his observation without an obstacle, and measure the progress of the transit till a quarter past four, when the sun disappeared behind the horizon. Thus Jeremiah Horrox was the first and only observer of a transit of Venus during the seventeenth century. At this time Kepler had been dead nine years, and Newton was not yet born.

THE TOUR OF THE WORLD.

MANY of our readers, we suppose, have read Jules Verne's imaginary Tour of the World in Eighty Days, in which Mr. Phileas Fogg wins twenty thousand pounds; and some readers may have doubted the possibility of making such a tour in so short a time. This comes partly from the fact that we get a very clear idea of how much time eighty days represent, while we have but a very vague notion of the length of the route.

Let us try to gain an idea of a distance that corresponds to the tour of the world. We may consider the earth as a perfect globe or sphere, though this is not quite the fact, because the earth is slightly flattened at the poles. But of these slight inequalities we will take no notice. Within a hundred years the dimensions of the earth have been determined with a good degree of exactness. Its diameter we may reckon, in round numbers, at eight thousand miles, and its circumference at twenty-five thousand.

Now, a distance of twenty-five thousand miles is not easily comprehended, unless we compare it with shorter distances that are more familiar.

We know, for example, that the distance by railroad from New York city to Springfield, Illinois, is one thousand and eighty miles, or in a straight line it would be just about one thousand miles. If we should take this distance as a unit of measure, and apply it along the whole circumference of the earth, twenty-five of these distances would measure the entire circle.

Let us take another term of comparison. The distance from Boston to New York city by railroad is two hundred and thirty-two miles. The circumference of the earth is, therefore, nearly a hundred and eight times the distance between Boston and New York; and one would have to make the trip between these two cities a hundred and eight times to go a distance equal to the tour of the world.

Should we surprise some of our readers if we should tell them that each one of them makes the tour of the world daily? At any rate, such is the fact. The earth turns upon its axis, and, as it makes a complete revolution in twenty-four hours, the inhabitants are carried along in its movement, and make the grand tour in one day. But they do not change places with regard to each other, and see only the little corner of the earth on which they are fixed.

All, however, are not carried along with equal rapidity. The earth being a globe, and turning round one of its diameters, every point of its surface describes a circle, which is called a *parallel*, and these circles grow smaller from the equator, which is the largest, to the pole, where there is no circle at all.

People who live on the equator pass over the whole circumference of the globe in a day, or a little more than one thousand miles an hour, while one living at the pole would be immovable.

About three quarters of the earth's surface is covered with water; but let us suppose it to be entirely covered with a solid shell, and we can easily estimate the time it would require for a man, a horse, or a locomotive to go over the whole distance. In the year VII. of the first French republic, the victor in a foot-race in the *Champ de Mars*, at Paris, ran two hundred and fifty-one metres in thirty-two seconds, about eight metres a second, or at the rate of about eighteen miles an hour. This rate, if a man could keep it up day and night, would take him round the world in about fifty-six days.

Flying Childers, an English racer, that died in 1741, was able, according to the opinion of the best judges of that time, to run a mile within one minute of time, and, at that rate, could have made the round trip in about seventeen days.

A very fast express train would come round in nearly the same time. A cannon ball going at the rate of five hundred yards a second would come home in about three fourths of a day.

Everybody knows that light and sound do not travel at the same rate. Light travels much faster than sound. We have a striking illustration of this in a thunder-storm, when the lightning is seen sometimes several seconds before the thunder is heard, though the noise and flash are produced at the same time; for in one second of time, while sound is going eleven hundred feet, light travels over a distance of about one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles! Now, a sound produced at one pole of the earth would require about thirty hours to go to the other pole and return, or to go round the world, while light would go round it nearly eight times in one second.

Electricity does not always travel equally fast; its rate depends on the medium through which it passes. But, at its best rate, it would make the tour of the world in less than one eleventh of a second.

But to return to the point we started at: a rate of thirteen miles an hour would enable one to make the Tour of the World in Eighty Days.

SPINNING AT HER WHEEL.

L. B. SHATTUCK.

1. Pretty little maiden, Spin - ning at her wheel, On lips with roses laden,
2. Busy little housewife, Spin - ning at her wheel, No time is spent in dreaming,

See dimpling smiles reveals, That tho' hands are busy work - ing,
She labors now with zeal, For daylight fast is fad - ing.

Rit.

Fond tho'ts are far away Hiding to the meadow, Where Ned is making hay.
And work will soon be done, And from the lowland meadow To supper Ned will come.

INTERLUDE. Vivace.

3.
Kindly, smiling matron
Spinning at her wheel,
Though time has dimmed her blushes,
Her joys it cannot steal.
The troop of rosy children,
That cluster round her chair
With merry ringing voices
Make music in the air.

4.
Patient loving grandma,
Sitting by the wheel,
To eager youthful workers
Its mysteries to reveal,
While memory recalleth
The happy days of yore,
When she sat gaily spinning
Beside the cottage door.



IN A HAMMOCK.
BY MISS F. B. HOPKINS.

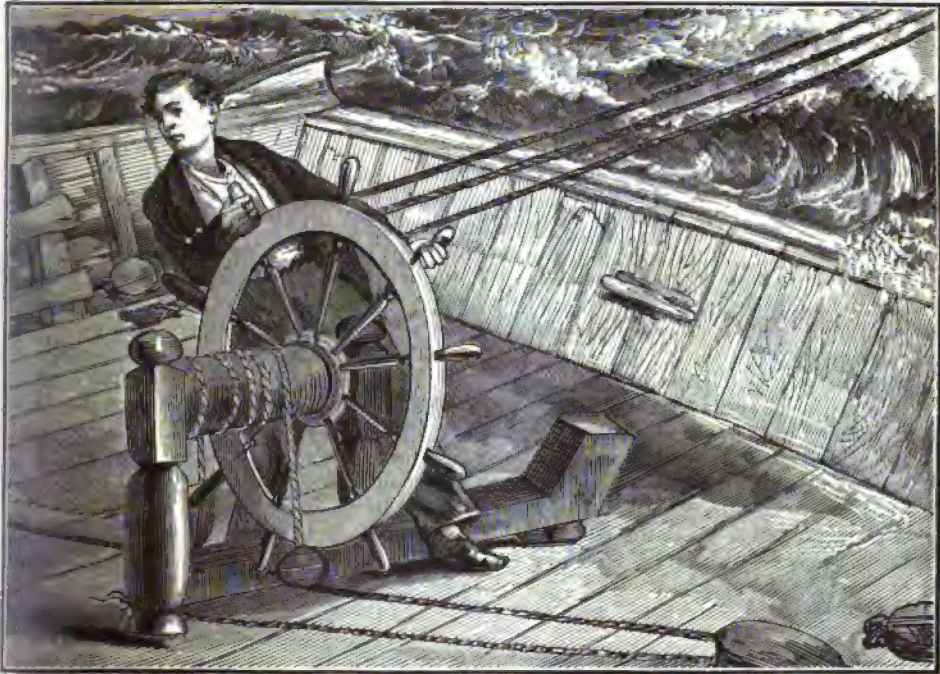
OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

No. 266.



SANDY AT THE WHEEL. Page 648.

GOING WEST; OR, THE PERILS OF A POOR BOY.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XI. SHORT-HANDED.

I HEARD footsteps on the barrels, near the forward part of the vessel. It was not easy to walk while the schooner was pitching so heavily, and the person who was approaching me did not "make very good weather" of it.

I could just distinguish a form in the gloom, but I could not determine who it was. Just as I was about to seek safety in my lower den, the person spoke, and recognizing the voice, I waited his coming.

"Sandy," called Dick, — for it was he, — "where are you?"

"Here I am," I replied.

"Where?" demanded he. "I can't see a thing down here. It's darker than ten thousand black cats."

"You will be able to see in a few minutes, when you get a little used to it."

"I don't think I should like to live down here more than a week," added Dick, grop-

ing his way towards the place where I was seated.

"I like it better than being pounded with a rope's end. What's the news on deck, Dick?" I asked, wondering that no search had yet been made for me, though I thought it possible that the heavy weather had prevented it.

"Great news, Sandy," chuckled Dick. "The old man thinks you have tumbled overboard, or committed suicide, because he used you so bad. He looks as blue as a red herring."

"What makes him think I fell overboard?"

"I guess the mate told him so; at any rate, Barnes is as much tickled as any of us. He hates the old man worse than poison, and he would fight your battle, if it were safe for him to do so."

"Barnes is a good fellow, and I don't want him to hurt himself for my sake."

"He knows enough to take care of himself," laughed Dick. "We have all told lies enough to load a schooner, if every one was a barrel of mackerel."

"I don't want you to do that," I added, not wishing to have these falsehoods on my conscience, for just then it seemed to me that I was responsible for them.

"What *do* you want, Sandy? Shall we tell him you are in the hold?" asked my confederate, apparently not pleased with my remark.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Dick, for all you have done; and I shall never forget it," I continued, warmly; "and I'm only sorry to oblige you to tell so many lies for me."

"Don't worry about them; it's nothing but fun to cheat the old man."

"Do all the men know where I am?"

"Every one of them."

"Where did you get such a lot of grub?"

"The doctor boiled a double quantity this morning, on purpose for you."

"I didn't think he liked me well enough to do that," I answered, astonished to find that I had so many friends, and especially to learn that the cook was one of them, for he had been rather noted, in former voyages, for taking sides with the captain against me, when there was any trouble.

"You are the bottom dog just now, Sandy; and all the men are on your side; so that it was not exactly safe for him to do any other way."

"He will tell the captain where I am."

"I should like to see him do it."

"I shouldn't."

"He won't dare to do it."

"Well, I hope he won't."

"Don't you worry about that, Sandy," said

Dick, confidently. "The doctor is more afraid of Barnes than he is of the old man; and he won't go back on him, if he does on you."

"Hasn't the captain asked about me, or tried to find me?" I asked, beginning to think I was a person of even less consequence than I had supposed.

"Asked about you!" exclaimed Dick. "I'll bet he has."

"When did he first miss me?" I inquired.

"The old man must have turned in as soon as he ate his supper," replied Dick, "for he did not come on deck till eight bells, when our watch went below. Then Barnes told him you hadn't been on deck all the evening, and he couldn't find anything of you. The old man seemed to be a good deal struck up, and wanted to know what had become of you. Barnes didn't know, and of course I didn't; but I said I had heard a splash in the water. He wanted to know why I hadn't given the alarm, or said something about it. I told him I didn't think anything of it at the time, or till I found that you were missing. I said that I didn't know but that Sandy might be in the cabin, as he was a member of the skipper's family."

"That was rather thin, Dick," I suggested.

"I don't know but it was," laughed Dick; "at any rate, the old man was scared; and that was all I wanted."

"But what's to come of all this, Dick?" I asked, anxiously.

"When we get to New York, you can go ashore as soon as the old man is out of sight. Then you can take care of yourself—can't you?"

"If I can get anything to do, I can."

"O, well, you can get enough to do," said Dick, cheerfully; and as the case was mine, and not his, he could afford to be cheerful.

"Is the captain on deck this morning?"

"Yes; it's his watch now, you know, or I couldn't get off. It's blowing pretty heavy, but we're logging over ten knots, and we shall make a short run of it at this rate."

"The shorter the better."

"The old man says we are going to have a big gale—a reg'lar muzzler; and it looks like it, I can tell you."

"Don't the captain say anything about me this morning?" I asked, curiously.

"I haven't heard him say anything; but he was talking to Barnes for a long time after breakfast," answered Dick, rising to go.

"If anything turns up, let me know—will you, Dick?"

"I will, Sandy," he replied, going forward to the scuttle.

I followed him as far as the foremast, and saw him raise the door. As he did so, a huge wave boarded the forward part of the vessel, and poured down the aperture into the hold. The scuttle seemed to be wrenched from Dick's grasp, and I heard a sharp cry from him, as though the sea had carried him violently down to leeward. For aught I knew he might have washed overboard. I felt that I had a duty to perform, whether I was seen by the captain or not. I leaped up through the scuttle-hole, covered the opening, and hastened to the assistance of my companion. The sea had carried him very rudely against the bulwarks, and disabled him; at least for the moment, though I hoped that he was not seriously injured. I picked him up, and dragged him into the house on deck, the door of which was just abaft the foremast. Though the captain was on the quarter-deck, I was confident that he did not see me, because the house was between him and me. By this time Dick appeared to be able to help himself, and I assisted him to get into his bunk.

"Are you hurt, Dick?" I asked, anxiously.

"Not much, I guess," he replied, somewhat feebly. "I got a hard crack on the head—that's all, I believe."

Before he or I had time to say any more, the mate and a seaman rushed into the forecabin; but as the captain did not come with them, I concluded that he had not observed the accident.

"What's the matter?" demanded Barnes.

"A sea took me off my legs, and spilled me over to leeward," groaned Dick, evidently in great pain.

"Where are you hurt?" continued the mate, with much feeling.

"My head feels better; but I believe my ribs are stove in," answered the sufferer, with an effort.

"On deck, there!" yelled the captain from the waist.

"Tumble into a bunk, and keep out of sight for a while," said Barnes, turning to me. "Don't let the captain see you just yet; but I don't think we can get along without you much longer, for it's beginning to blow great guns, and Dick's used up."

"I'll do anything you say, Mr. Barnes," I responded. "I suppose the captain will kill me when he sees me."

"No, he won't. Don't you be alarmed."

I hastened to obey the mate, in substance, though, instead of tumbling into one of the bunks, where the skipper might discover me if he came into the forecabin, I crawled under

one of the spare berths, where he could not see me without placing his head quite near the deck.

"What are you about here?" demanded Captain Boomsby, angrily, as he confronted the mate at the door of the forecabin.

"Attending to the wounded," replied Barnes, coldly. "Dick Blister was knocked against the bulwarks by that sea, which boarded us forward just now; and I'm afraid he's badly hurt."

"Another hand lost!" exclaimed the captain, evidently troubled by this reduction of the working force of the vessel. "Sandy lost overboard, and Blister disabled!"

"That's just how we stand," added the mate: "only Jones and Gillfield are left."

"The gale is freshening every moment, and we ought to have shortened sail before, as I should have done if I had supposed we were short-handed; but it is time we were about it," said Captain Boomsby.

I noticed that the schooner was still carrying all sail, when I was on deck, and she was making very heavy weather of it. It was clear to me that the storm was increasing in violence more rapidly than the captain had anticipated. And now the vessel was laboring badly in the heavy sea. I had noticed, when I was on deck, that the top-gallant sail had not been furled, and it occurred to me that I should not have been surprised if the captain had lost his topmast. I judged by the tones of the skipper that he was somewhat worried by the situation, as I thought he had good reason to be, for Jones and Gillfield, though they were able seamen, were too old to be very efficient, and were seldom required to go aloft. Captain Boomsby believed in cheap help, and Dick and I were depended upon to do all the light work above the deck.

"Let go the top-gallant sheets!" I heard the captain yell, a moment later, in the waist. "Clew up!"

As Gillfield was at the helm, I concluded that Jones had executed this order, if it was executed at all. He was stiff and heavy with rheumatism, and no more fit to go to sea than he was to "walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours." Presently I judged, by the feeling of the vessel under me, that the helm had been put down, and then I heard a roaring sea break in over the weather bow, which was followed by a fearful yell from the captain.

"Sandy!" shouted the mate.

I crawled out of my hiding-place, and hastened on deck.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MATE EXPRESSES HIMSELF.

As I had suspected, the captain had ordered the helm to be put down, when a heavy flaw came, and as the Great West threw her head up into the wind, a big wave had spilled itself on the forecastle, and knocked poor old Jones off his pins, while he was trying to clew up the top-gallant sail. Barnes had gone to his assistance, and I instantly joined him. We bore the old man to the forecastle, and placed him in his bunk. He groaned heavily, but complained of no particular injury, only of a general shaking up of his bones. As he was in the habit of groaning a great deal, on even a small provocation, we formed no judgment of his case from the noise he made.

"Come, Sandy; we must get those topsails in, or the masts will be taken out of her," said Barnes, hastening on deck.

I followed him, and together we clew up the topsails. By this time Captain Boomsby had taken the helm, and sent Gillfield forward.

"Now, Sandy, can you go aloft and furl the to'-gallant sail?" asked the mate.

"Certainly I can," I replied, cheerfully; "that's what I'm for."

I ran up the fore rigging with all the haste I could make, and Barnes followed me, instead of sending Gillfield, to furl the topsail. I was quite at home on the yard, even when it was blowing very fresh, and in a few minutes I had carefully secured the sail for the coming storm. Sliding down the halyard to the topsail-yard, I helped the mate furl the topsail. It was not an easy job for a man and a boy; but in time we accomplished it. While we were thus engaged, Gillfield, by the order of the captain, had hauled down the flying-jib; and the vessel, thus relieved, went along considerably easier. We laid down from aloft, and both of us went into the forecastle to ascertain the condition of the sufferers. Gillfield was called to the helm again, and presently the captain joined us.

"Where have you been, Sandy?" demanded he, as savagely as though he had been under no apprehension concerning me; and I am not sure that he had suffered any anxiety on my account.

"In the hold, sir," I replied, placing myself in such a position that I could escape in case he attempted to flog me.

"Skulking from your duty," growled he, scowling at me. "All these things have got to be settled up before I've done with you."

He and the mate examined into the condition of Jones and Dick Blister. It was not thought that either of them was seriously injured, though both declared they were unfit for duty.

"Ain't Dick shamming?" suggested Captain Boomsby, as we all left the forecastle.

"I don't think he is," answered the mate.

"It's just like him; he's smart when he's half full of rum, but he's a lazy dog when he's sober."

"Dick's better than they average; but Sandy's worth two of him," added the mate, maliciously, I thought.

"Humph!" grunted the captain, scowling at me, as though I had praised myself, instead of another praising me. "Do you want to spoil the boy, Barnes? Don't get off any such talk before him if you don't."

"I'm inclined to think he isn't fed with much of that kind of talk; and a little on't won't hurt a boy, especially if he's as smart as Sandy is."

"You keep it a-going! I tell you, I don't want such talk before the boy. It ain't true. The boy isn't smart, only when he's a mind to be. He skulked off last night, and didn't show himself again till this morning. Who said he was lost overboard?"

"Nobody said so. Dick said he heard a splash in the water; and I think it's very likely he did," replied the mate, indifferently.

"Sandy," said the skipper, turning sharply to me.

"Sir."

"Did the hands know you were in the hold?"

I made no reply.

"Do you hear me?"

"I hear you," I replied, in a respectful tone.

"Answer me, then."

I was still silent.

"Have you lost your tongue, you villain?" roared the captain, looking about him, apparently for a rope to enforce his authority.

The one he had used the day before was unfortunately at hand, and he picked it up. I began to retreat, but my tyrant was too quick for me this time, and before I could get out of the way I felt the rope on my back and shoulders, cutting into my flesh just where it had lacerated me before. At the same time he seized me by the collar, and held me so that I could not escape.

I felt that I was to receive a brutal pounding; but sometimes things turn out differently from what we expect, as it happened in this instance, very much to my satisfaction.

"Hold on, Captain Boomsby!" yelled Barnes, shaking his clinched fist in the face of my persecutor. "Hit that boy again, and I'll hit you, if I have to hang for it."

There could be no doubt that the mate was in earnest; and the captain suspended operations. He looked at Barnes, and I saw that his lip quivered with fear or some other emotion.

"This is mutiny!" gasped the captain.

"I don't care what it is," replied Barnes. "If you touch him again, I'll knock you into the middle of next month, and take the consequences, whatever they may be."

"This is mutiny," repeated the captain, apparently because he had nothing else to say.

"You said that before," added the mate, quietly. "Don't you strike that boy again."

"Do you command this vessel, or do I?"

"That depends upon circumstances. If you give that boy another blow, you will not command anything more than five seconds longer. I can't stand this thing any longer, and I won't. The boy has done better than nine out of ten would do; and I won't stand by and see him abused."

"This case must be settled in court," said Captain Boomsby, releasing his hold of me, in evident disgust.

"I don't care a straw where it's settled; but as long as I stand on my pins, this thing shall go no further."

"Will you justify that boy in hiding in the hold, skulking from his duty?" demanded the captain, who seemed disposed to argue the matter.

"Yes, I will," answered the mate, squarely and doggedly. "You chased him with your gun, and he hid in the hold, to keep from being shot. You know as well as I do that the master of a vessel has no right to shoot one of his crew."

"I told you at the time of it that the gun was not loaded," pleaded the captain; and he answered more like a culprit than as the superior officer, for guilt "makes cowards of us all."

"Sandy didn't know that the gun was not loaded, so that it was all the same to him."

"You know very well that I didn't intend to shoot him."

"It was an assault with a deadly weapon; and you told the boy you would shoot him. He had a right to suppose you meant just what you said; and if this case is going into court, every man on board will testify that you flogged the boy for nothing, and abused him badly. I think Sandy has the best case."

"I suppose he has, if you all mean to side with him," growled the captain; but not a little of the bully spirit seemed to be taken out of him.

"All we want is the truth and fair play," added the mate.

"You don't know the boy as well as I do."

"You licked him for nothing yesterday, and that was enough to place the men on his side. I can swear that Sandy obeyed every order that was given to him, promptly, and did his work well; and if we are going to court, I should like to swear to it."

"You haven't seen as much of him as I have."

"I have seen enough of him to convince me that, with any sort of fair play, he will be a good and smart fellow."

"Captain Boomsby, I'm willing to do my work, and obey all orders," I ventured to interpose, for I desired to set myself right before the mate, though I did not believe that anything I might say would have any influence upon my tyrant.

"I don't care what you are willing to do," retorted the master of the *Great West*, in the most ungracious of tones, and in the most surly manner. "You will do what you're told to do, whether you are willing or not."

After this rebuff I did not deem it prudent to say anything more. Turning on my heel, I started to walk forward.

"Stop, Sandy!" sternly called the captain, perhaps hoping that I would not obey, and thus proving what he had said.

"Sir," I replied, returning to the place where he stood.

"If you think you have seen the end of this, you were never more mistaken in your life," growled the skipper. "As near as I can make it out, you have got on the right side of the mate and the men, and you have hatched up a conspiracy against me. I don't know how you've done it, and I don't care. But if we ever get into port, things will be different, I can tell you! There will be a new deal about that time."

"I shall do my duty as well as I know how," I answered.

"Go forward, you villain!" he replied, pointing towards the bow, with as much vim as though I had actually refused to obey him.

I walked forward. That was the kind of a man Captain Boomsby was. He seemed to be angry because I would give him no provocation for abusing me — or, at least, except that of escaping when he struck me and threatened to shoot me. Barnes talked with him a while

longer, but the conversation did not seem to be very animated, and I thought it likely they were patching up a peace, for the captain was wily enough to keep on the right side of a man whom he feared. I was satisfied that the case would never go into the courts; the captain had law enough in the trial of my case in the court in Glossenbury. He would punish the mate by cheating him out of his wages, or by some other mean trick, and me by beating or starving me at some convenient time, when no powerful friend was at hand to take my part.

I assure my sympathizing reader that my only fault or sin was in turning the tables upon his son Nick in self-defence. I had done absolutely nothing to deserve a blow, or even a word of reproach. My tyrant was punishing me for proving that Nick was a thief, though his son had confessed the crime. Presently the mate came forward, and I spoke to him about the matter, for I wanted his advice.

"What can I do, Mr. Barnes?" I asked.

"I don't see that you can do anything, Sandy," he replied. "You have behaved very well, but if you had shied a belaying-pin at his head, I don't know as I should have blamed you very much, though I don't think that's always the best way to do in such cases."

"I wouldn't do that," I added. "I don't think I've done anything to deserve a whipping or a jawing."

"I guess he won't meddle with you again on this voyage; and as soon as the vessel gets to New York, why, all you've got to do is to look out for yourself," said the mate, significantly. "If you are ever caught in such a scrape again, it will be your own fault — that's all."

I understood him perfectly, and his words gave me new strength and courage. I thought if I did not know what to do when I got to New York, it would not be the mate's fault.

CHAPTER XIII.

A HEAVY BLOW.

THE gale increased in violence every moment, till the Great West labored as badly as before her topsails had been furled; and the captain gave the order to take in the foresail. By calling in the doctor, who is liable to do duty on deck when occasion requires, and luffing up the vessel, we got the sail in without difficulty. I visited the sufferers in the fore-castle, and found them both more comfortable, though they were in great pain. As the schooner was going along tolerably easy now, Barnes

brought some liniment from the cabin, and while he attended to the case of Jones, I rubbed the aching bones of Dick Blister. But neither of them was able to leave his bunk that day. The mate told me that the captain asked him several times if the sufferers were not shamming.

"That man has no more soul in his carcass than there is in a brickbat," added Barnes, with disgust apparent on his honest face. "He believes that all the rest of the folks in the world live for the sole purpose of cheating him."

"I know it; and he don't give anybody credit for honesty," I replied. "I have heard him tell his wife that he didn't believe there was an honest man in the world except himself."

"Except himself!" exclaimed the mate, smiling at the absurdity of the proposition. "That's the biggest fraud of the whole."

"That's so; but his wife's worse than he is himself, if that's possible."

"Hardly possible, I should say."

"There is more vinegar in her, any way."

"Sandy!" shouted Captain Boomsby, at this point of the conversation.

I hastened aft at the call. I think that the captain, seeing Barnes and me talking together, suspected that our conversation related to him.

"Here, sir," I answered, reporting to him.

"Take the helm," said the skipper, crustily.

"That boy?" said old Gillfield, interrogatively. "I don't believe he's stout enough to handle the wheel while it blows as hard as it does now."

"Give him the wheel, you old fool!" roared the captain. "I believe this crew's in a state of mutiny. If I give an order, somebody has something to say, or wants to dispute it."

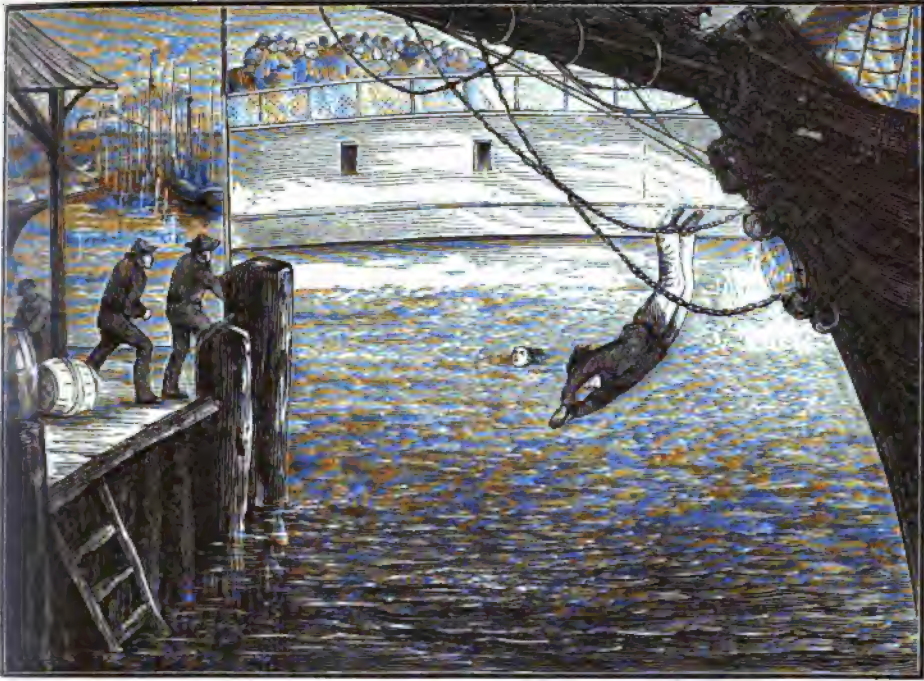
"I don't want to dispute you, Captain Boomsby, or make any talk; but I didn't think you knew just how hard the vessel steers, in this gale — that's all," answered the old man, giving the wheel to me.

"Mind what you're about, Sandy," added the captain.

"I'll do the best I can," I replied, struggling to throw the wheel over, so as to keep the vessel from coming up into the wind.

"If you let her come to, I'll give you the rope's end!" stormed the tyrant.

With wind in the quarter, blowing a gale, the Great West carried a strong weather helm. I exerted my utmost strength, but it was not enough; and when the craft once got the better of me, it was utterly impossible for me to hold her. Suddenly the wheel flew over,



I LEAPED INTO THE WATER. Page 653.

and knocked me down to leeward. The vessel broached to, the jib and mainsail shaking in the furious blast. She worked very lively in the gale; and when she got to swinging she did not seem to be inclined to stop, but turned till she took the wind on the starboard side, so that her jib filled on the other tack, which helped her around at a rapid rate. Just as I was trying to pick myself up, the mainsail went over with tremendous force. The captain had been talking for some time of having a new main sheet, for the old one was rotten and shaky. He now received the penalty of his neglect, — or mine, as he would certainly insist, — for the rope snapped as though it had been a piece of woollen yarn, when the boom bore upon it. The helm was hard up, and the schooner continued to swing, till she was on the other tack, and then the boom went over again.

The captain was evidently alarmed, and did not know what to do. The wheel spun around as though it were geared to a steam engine. Barnes came running aft, but it was as much as his life was worth to touch the wheel before it was entirely over; and the mate, keeping himself in a safe position, awaited the captain's orders. None were given, however; and again

the vessel whirled about, and the boom banged over against the main rigging.

"What's to be done?" screamed the mate, in order to make himself heard above the noise of the thrashing sail.

This seemed to be a conundrum which Captain Boomsby was not able to answer, and he made no reply. In the mean time the situation was becoming worse and worse. The blasts of wind came more fiercely than ever; and when, for the fourth time, the boom went over, the mainsail was split, up and down, in the middle, for a distance of twenty feet.

"Why don't you do something, Barnes?" asked the captain, trembling with terror, and entirely upset by the calamity to the mainsail.

"You told me you were the master of this vessel," replied the mate, coolly. "I'm ready to obey orders."

"What's best to be done?" demanded the skipper, desperately. "Do anything you think best," he added, as a fierce blast completed the ruin of the mainsail, and carried more than half of it out of the bolt-ropes.

"Here, Gillfield," called the mate; and at a favorable moment the two men seized the wheel, and threw it over till they obtained control of the schooner.

Before anything could be done with the mainsail, the rest of it had been blown away. As soon as the canvas was all gone, — and it could hardly have been removed any cleaner with a knife, — the savage tossing of the boom parted the topping-lift, and the end of the spar dropped into the water. It was only the work of another moment to finish it; and at the next roll of the vessel it went by the board.

"You'll have no more trouble with that stick," said the mate, as coolly as though he had been in his own house on shore. "Now take the helm, Captain Boomsby."

"Who put you in command of this vessel?" demanded the skipper, haughtily enough, now that all immediate danger was passed.

"Well, I thought you did," replied the mate. "But it's no matter. I'm ready to obey orders."

"What's best to be done, Barnes?" asked the captain, when he had vindicated his dignity.

"As you are the master of this vessel, I'm willing to leave that to you," answered the mate.

"I only asked your opinion," added Captain Boomsby.

"I think we had better put a reef in the foresail, and set it."

"She will carry the whole of it."

"It will make too much head sail; besides, it's going to blow harder than it has yet," said Barnes, coldly. "But I'll do just what you say."

"Put a reef in the foresail, then," replied the skipper, thus proving that he placed more confidence in his subordinate's judgment than in his own.

"Come, Sandy," called the mate to me; "we'll get the foresail up, if we can."

I had stowed myself away under the lee of the trunk of the cabin, in order to avoid the thrashing of the broken sheet, and I limped out to obey the order of the mate. My shoulder was quite lame from the effect of being thrown against the bulwarks, and I was not in the best condition for duty.

"Do you see what you have done?" growled the captain, as I passed the wheel in crawling up to windward.

"I couldn't help it," I answered, with becoming humility. "I did the best I could."

"No, you didn't, you villain; you let her broach to on purpose; and I'll pay you off for it as soon as I have time," snarled the old man, shaking his head at me to emphasize the threat; and I had no doubt he would attempt to do all he said, at a favorable opportunity; and I had

no more doubt that I should resist, for I had begun to feel that I had some rights that ought to be respected.

"Don't you be alarmed, Sandy," said the mate, kindly. "I've got my hand in, and I may as well be hung for an old sheep as for a lamb. I'll stand by you as long as there's anything left of me."

"Thank you, Mr. Barnes. I mean to do my duty as well as I can; but I couldn't help the vessel's coming to," I replied.

"Of course he couldn't," added Gillfield: "it was just all I could do to hold her, and I was just thinking of asking the cap'n for a hand to help me. I should have done so afore if we hadn't been so short-handed."

"It wasn't your fault, Sandy. It was stupid in the old man to send a boy a dozen years old to the helm in such a blow as this," added the mate; "and if Boomsby's owners don't break him for this, they deserve to lose their property."

We took off the stops, and put a single reef in the foresail. After exercising a while, I got some of the stiffness out of my bones, but I was rather sore for several days. When the sail was ready, we attempted to hoist it, but without success, for the Great West was going almost before the wind, and the sail got jammed in the fore rigging.

"The old man's trying to make it as hard as he can," said Barnes. "It's no use for us to attempt to get this sail up while he does so; and I'm not going to wear myself out for nothing;" and the mate suspended his labors.

We followed his example, and left the sail banging against the fore rigging. It was impossible to accomplish anything, as Barnes had said.

"Come, lively there!" shouted the captain. "Up with that sail."

"Luff her up, Captain Boomsby!" cried the mate, impatiently.

"Up with the sail!" repeated the skipper, imperatively. "There's no need of luffing."

"The sail is jammed, and forty men couldn't hoist it," retorted Barnes. "If you don't luff her up, you'll lose your foresail; that's all I've got to say about it."

This announcement brought the captain to his senses, and seemed, for the time, to neutralize the ugliness in him. He put the helm down, and we hoisted the sail without any further difficulty.

"All right now!" shouted the mate.

We trimmed the sail, as the captain filled away again. She worked very well under the jib and foresail, as our course was nearly be-

fore the gale. Both Gillfield and I were ordered to take the helm, though the vessel did not steer so hard as when the whole mainsail was set, my companion at the wheel said.

"Make him do his share of the work, Gillfield," said the captain.

"He's doing it now, sir," replied my shipmate.

"He'll shirk all he can," added the tyrant, as he went down into the cabin.

"I guess he feels considerable sore about losing that mainsail, and I should think he would," added Gillfield.

"I suppose I shall have to bear the blame for that," said I, thinking of the probable consequences of the affair.

"It was no more your fault than it was mine. No boy could have done a thing with the wheel, as it was then. Reckon he did it on purpose to git you into a scrape. But, Sandy, you needn't steer none now. I can handle her without any help."

"The captain told me to help steer, and I'm going to do it as long as I can stand up," I answered, stoutly. "He shall have no fault to find with me for not minding him."

"I guess you are about right, Sandy."

We saw nothing more of the captain till after dinner, and he probably slept off the forenoon. In the mean time the gale increased in fury; and Barnes, without consulting his superior officer, took the bonnet off the jib. I helped do this, and then returned to the helm.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

THE mate relieved the helm while Gillfield and I ate our dinners; but we took our places at the wheel again after the meal. In the afternoon Barnes declared that he was strong enough to steer alone, and wanted to take our place; but Captain Boomsby would not permit him to do so. We kept the wheel—relieved only at supper—till eight bells in the evening, when the captain came on deck to take the first watch. The gale had moderated somewhat, but the rain poured down in torrents. As Gillfield and I were the only hands able to do duty, we both wondered whether we were to be kept at the helm all night or not. For my part, I was so tired I could hardly stand, and my veteran companion was not in much better condition.

We had spoken to Barnes on this interesting question; but he was no wiser than we were, though he said one hand could steer very well, since the gale had diminished. Gillfield was

in the captain's watch, and I was in the mate's, so that, by right, I ought to be permitted to turn in; but it was bad weather, and my tyrant could make this an excuse for keeping all hands on deck all night—if he thought it worth his while to resort to an excuse.

"Well, Captain Boomsby, how are we to manage to-night?" asked Barnes, as the skipper came on deck.

"Just as we have all day," answered the captain, glancing at me.

"One hand can steer well enough now; there's no need of keeping two at the wheel," added the mate.

"I don't think so," said the tyrant, scowling at me. "If you'll attend to your business, Barnes, and obey orders, I'll take care of the vessel."

"The weather is moderating."

"I s'pose I can see that as well as you can."

"Gillfield and Sandy have been at the helm all day," suggested the mate.

"Well, what if they have?" growled the captain.

"Men can't stand everything, let alone boys."

"I guess they won't give out just yet," sneered the master.

"We don't want them to give out at all, especially when there's no need of working them so hard."

"You have said enough, Barnes," added the captain, turning on his heel, and showing his back to the mate.

"No, I haven't, and I'm going to say one thing more: and that is this: if you lose this vessel, it will be your own fault."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the skipper, apparently a little startled by the remark.

"I mean that no vessel was ever handled any worse; and if she is lost, I shall not make no bones of saying so," replied Barnes, emphatically. "You lost the mainsail when there wasn't the least need of doing so, as I shall be ready to swear in any court."

"It was that boy's fault," pleaded the captain.

"That's all nonsense; and you know it is, as well as I do," said Barnes, as decidedly as though he had been master, and not mate. "Now you are trying to work up what hands you have left, out of mere spite; and if we have any more bad weather, you'll lose the vessel, in my opinion. That's all I've got to say;" and Barnes turned on his heel, and walked forward.

I was astonished at the freedom of the mate,

and more astonished at the manner in which the captain received this plain talk. Doubtless the truth of the remarks impressed him; and this was the only explanation I could imagine. Captain Boomsby walked the deck for a time, thinking of the lesson he had received, I suppose. Presently he called the mate, and said something to him which I did not hear. A moment later, Barnes came to me and told me to turn in. I was too glad to do so to ask any questions. I was soon sound asleep, and knew nothing more till I was called at eight bells for the morning watch.

The mate was at the wheel when I went on deck, and I met Gillfield on his way to the fore-castle. The weather was still cloudy, but the wind had come around to the southward, and was blowing very fresh again. The Great West was close-hauled, and making very little progress through the water, under her short canvas.

"We haven't seen the worst of it yet, Sandy," said Barnes, rather anxiously for him, I thought. "The wind has chopped round to the south'ard, and it looks nasty ahead."

"What does the captain say, Mr. Barnes?" I asked.

"He hasn't said anything. I don't believe he has any idea that it's going to blow again."

In less than an hour the prediction of the mate was fully verified; the wind began to come in sharp squalls, and the first one nearly knocked the schooner over. I took hold of the wheel with the mate. With so much head sail, she steered badly.

"Do you think you can get the jib down alone, Sandy?" asked Barnes.

"I don't know; I'll do the best I can," I replied.

"I don't want to call Gillfield if I can help it, for the old man is about used up. He has been at the wheel sixteen hours on a stretch; and the captain was crazy to keep him there so long."

"I guess I can get the jib down alone," I added, willing, at least, to break my back in the attempt.

"You may try it; and if you don't make out, we must call the captain."

I went forward, and let go the jib halyards. At this moment a heavy flaw struck the schooner. I grasped the downhaul, but I could do nothing. The vessel heeled down till her rail was submerged; and I thought the jib would be blown out of the bolt-ropes. But the squall lasted only a moment.

"Now, luff her up, Mr. Barnes," I shouted to the mate.

He complied with my request; and as the pressure was removed, I succeeded in hauling down the sail. The water poured in over the bow when I went out on the bowsprit to secure the wet canvas; but I did the job, and I was very well satisfied with myself, for it was a big thing for a boy to do. I went aft, and reported to the mate.

"You did well, Sandy," said he. "I was afraid, when that puff came, that you wouldn't be able to fetch it."

"I couldn't till the flaw was over. I watched my time."

"She's all right now, and goes along easier. She works very well under a reefed foresail; and we've got just slant enough to lay her course. Things look better than they did."

"Can't I take the helm, Mr. Barnes?" I asked.

"I think not; it's rather too much for you."

"I'm pretty strong, sir."

"I think I won't risk it, Sandy. I'll tell you what you may do: stow yourself away under the lee of the trunk, and go to sleep," laughed he.

"I'm not sleepy."

"It's best for youngsters to sleep when they can, on board of this vessel, for there's no knowing when they'll get another chance. Stow yourself away, Sandy."

I did not very strongly object to this arrangement, and I stretched myself on the wet deck. Though I was not sleepy, I went to sleep in a little while. I had been to sea enough to take my nap as I had the opportunity. When I woke, it was daylight, and Captain Boomsby stood over me. In fact it was a kick from him that had waked me.

"Let him alone!" were the first words I heard; and it was the mate who uttered them.

"That's just like him," exclaimed the captain: "asleep on his watch!"

"Let him alone. If you want to kick anybody, kick me, for I told him to go to sleep," added Barnes.

By this time I was on my feet, and out of the way of any more kicking. The skipper jawed for a while, but the mate did not make any answer after I was in a safe place. He ordered me to call Gillfield, and I did so. The weather continued as it was when I went to sleep, but the sea was a great deal heavier, and the Great West jumped wildly on the waves. Still, it was nothing worse than I had seen many times before, and I was not at all disturbed by it. After breakfast, Dick Blister came on deck, and reported for duty, though he was still quite sore. Jones was not able to leave his bunk during the rest of the voyage.

I do not purpose to follow out, in detail, the incidents of the remainder of the trip to New York. I think I have related enough to justify the course I adopted after the arrival of the *Great West*. On account of the loss of the mainsail, we were another week in reaching our destination. We hauled in at a pier on the North River, ready to discharge the cargo.

"My cruise is up," said Barnes, as soon as the vessel was secured at the pier. "I have had enough of this craft."

"Didn't you ship for the trip out and home?" demanded the captain.

"I did; but I shouldn't have any soul left if I should go back in her."

"I won't pay you, if you don't carry out your agreement."

"Wages are no object to me to go in that vessel. I'm willing to throw up what's due me rather than have anything more to do with such a man as you are, Captain Boomsby. Them's my sentiments, and I express them freely."

"I don't think it's just the thing to leave me here, without any mate," growled the master of the *Great West*. "I don't know as I've done you any harm."

"Captain Boomsby, I don't think it's safe to sail with a man that lets his spite get the better of his judgment, as you do. You lost your mainsail in trying to grind Sandy. You have used him worse than a dog; and I won't sail with such a man. It's no use to talk about it. I shall take the next steamer for home."

The mate went below, but presently came up with his valise and coat. He shook hands with me and the other hands who were on deck, and then left the vessel.

"You have made all this trouble, Sandy, and you shall pay for it yet," said the captain, grating his teeth with wrath, as he dived down the companion-way into the cabin.

I had no doubt that I should have to pay for it, if I remained on board of the *Great West*, which I did not intend to do. While I was considering what I should do, a large steamer, which had just started from the next pier, was crowded in upon the schooner by a ferry-boat. I have no idea how it happened, but one of the boats struck the other, and at the instant of the collision I saw a young girl deliberately leap from the large steamer into the water.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HUDSON RIVER STEAMER.

WHY the young lady had jumped overboard I could not tell; and it seemed to me the most

foolish act that ever came under my notice. I am older and wiser now than I was at the time this act occurred, and I know that even full-grown men and women will do the strangest and most foolish things possible when they are frightened. I suppose this girl was insane with terror, and did not know what she was about. At any rate, she leaped into the water when there was not the least need of her doing so. Perhaps she thought the two steamers were to be blown up, sunk, or smashed by the collision, and believed that her only safety was in the water.

I only knew that she was in the water. She went over just astern of the *Great West*, and I saw her floundering in the waves which the steamer had created. I was a good swimmer, and there seemed to be no excuse for my keeping a dry shirt on my back. I was not romantic, or anything of that sort; but, without considering the matter then as I have now, I leaped into the water, and swam to the young lady. In a moment I had her in my arms. Though she did her best to sink us both, my pluck and strength enabled me to overcome her obstinate resistance to being saved. I got hold of her in such a way that she could do nothing. I should think she was not more than ten years old; at any rate, she was a child, and I have only called her a young lady because the people on the steamer called her so.

In order to prevent any misapprehension, I wish, at this early stage of the case, to state that I did not marry this girl in after years, and that she is not the heroine of my story. I never even saw her again after she was recovered by her friends, though I do know that she expressed a desire to see her deliverer. There was really no romance at all in the affair. I think I had not held her up in the water more than half a minute, before a boat came to our aid from the steamer, and my burden was taken from my arms. I noticed a woman on the deck wringing her hands, and occasionally screaming. I supposed she was the mother of the girl; but I did not see her again. By her side was a gentleman who seemed to be very much disturbed, though he was trying to quiet the lady.

The boat which had picked us up conveyed us to the steamer. The girl was seized by the eager crowd, as though each one of them wanted to have a hand in the rescue, while very little attention was paid to me. I leaped upon the deck as soon as the people got out of the way and swarmed aft with the heroine of the occasion. I was not thinking much about the girl, or the event which had just transpired.

I was as wet as a drowned rat, and I began to shiver with the cold; but even my frigid condition did not prevent me from walking to a point on the steamer where I could see the Great West. The huge boat appeared to be drifting in towards the dock, and Captain Boomsby was holding a fender over the taffrail, to save the stern of the schooner from being smashed.

"Where's that boy?" shouted he, vigorously.

"What boy?" I heard some one on the deck above me ask.

"The boy that got the gal out of the water," replied the captain.

"On the main deck," added the man above me.

"Send him back — will you?" said my tyrant, anxiously.

"We must go ahead now, or run into you; but we make a landing at Twenty-Third Street, and he can come down in the horse-car," replied the person on the upper deck; and, as I heard the big gong in the engine-room sound at this moment, I concluded he was the captain of the boat.

The great wheels of the steamer splashed in the water, and the boat went ahead. I did not believe, just then, that I should go down in the horse-car to the Great West. It seemed to me that the affair I have described had given me a good start; and I did not intend to be sent back if I could help it. I meant that it should be my fault if I went back.

"Stop, stop!" yelled Captain Boomsby.

"We can't stop," answered the captain.

"Don't carry that boy off!"

"He will be all right; he can come down in half an hour," added the captain, as the steamer passed out of hailing distance.

I saw Captain Boomsby through the window of the starboard fire-room; but I took care that he should not see me. As soon as the boat had passed the pier where the Great West lay, I went into the fire-room, seeking the warmth which my wet condition rendered so agreeable. I walked up to one of the open doors of the glowing furnaces — for they had been opened when the boat stopped. I had on only my trousers and a woollen shirt, besides my stockings; I had kicked off my shoes before I leaped into the water. My old hat was gone, and my wardrobe, always meagre, was very much reduced, for a young man about to set out on his travels.

"No loafers allowed in here!" said one of firemen, gruffly, as I took my place in front of the furnace. "Out of here!"

"Won't you let me dry myself?" I asked, humbly, and shivering with cold.

"We don't allow loafers in the fire-rooms. Out with you!" he added, in the most unpromising of tones.

"I'll keep out of the way, if you'll let me stay a little while," I pleaded. "I'm wet, and shaking with the cold."

"What makes you so wet?" he asked, bestowing upon me a good look for the first time.

"I was overboard just now."

"How came you overboard?"

"I went over after that girl," I replied, with a heavy shiver.

"O! are you the lad that saved that girl?" he inquired, opening his eyes very wide.

"I am; and that's what makes me so wet and cold."

"All right! Then you may stay here all day, and get into the furnaces, if you want to," he added, with a smile on his smutty face.

"I don't care about getting into the furnace; it is rather too warm in there."

"I should say so," laughed he. "You were a smart boy to pick that girl up."

"It wasn't much of a job."

"It was a good job for the girl, any how; and it ought to be a good job for you, if her father and mother have any souls. It was a brave act."

"I don't know's it was. I would have gone over any time for five cents; at least, when the weather isn't quite so chilly as it is this morning."

"Do you belong to that schooner?"

"Yes; I did belong to her; but I don't care about going back to her," I answered, frankly.

"Don't you? Wasn't the man who was yelling after you your father?"

"No; no relation to me, I'm glad to say."

"Don't he use you well?" asked my new friend, who seemed to be a very intelligent man.

He was not a fireman, as I first supposed, but an oiler, or greaser, as they are sometimes called. I explained to him, as briefly as I could, my relations with the Great West and her captain.

"I wish Mr. Barnes were here; he could tell you what sort of a fellow I am," I added.

"Who's Mr. Barnes?"

"He was the mate of the schooner; but he left her as soon as she hauled in at the pier. He wouldn't even make the trip home in the vessel, the skipper was so mean."

At this moment the great gong in the engine-room sounded again, and the wheels stopped. I supposed the boat was going to

make her landing at Twenty-Third Street, as I had heard the captain say.

"I don't want to go ashore here," I said to the oiler. "I shall freeze to death in the cold wind."

"Don't go ashore, then," replied he. "You can go up the river, and come down with us to-morrow."

"Thank you; I should like to go up, ever so much," I added, delighted with the idea, though I doubted whether I should come down in the steamer, if I once got to Albany, whither she was bound.

"Where's the boy that saved the girl?" shouted some one on the main deck; and the inquiry was repeated several times by different persons, as I judged by the voices.

I was afraid the captain of the boat would consider it his duty to send me back to the Great West; and in order to save him all trouble of this kind on my account, I dodged out of the fire-room, while the oiler was engaged in doing the work which had called him into the place. Those who were looking for me had gone forward. I saw several doors on each side of me, and I opened one of them. It was the lamp-room, hardly larger than a closet, and full of lamps and lanterns. I went in and shut the door. It was so near the boiler that it was intensely hot, when closed, so that I did not suffer from the cold. The call for the boy who had saved the girl was continually repeated; but at last I heard some one say that he must have gone ashore.

"But the father of the girl wants to see him," I heard a man say, near the door of the lamp-room.

"We can't find him anywhere," added another. "If the girl's father wants to see him, he will find him on board of that schooner."

I thought not; but I did not care to take a part in the discussion; so I did not open the door to dispute the point. The steamer did not stop over five minutes; and as soon as I heard the splashing of the great wheels, which followed the stroke of the gong, I left my oily den, and returned to the fire-room. My friend was no longer there; and the firemen told me he had returned to the engine-room, where he belonged. I did not care to see him again at once; so I attended to the drying process upon my scanty apparel. The room was so hot, in spite of the open window, that the perspiration poured from the faces of the firemen. In this atmosphere my clothes were soon dry, and I was quite comfortable.

I must pause to say that I was a very hard-looking boy, at that particular moment when

I began to feel like myself again. My trousers, which were well worn out when they came into my possession, and had fallen into a state of hopeless dilapidation from long use, had suffered badly while I was in the water, struggling with the girl, or in the process of being hauled into the boat. They were terribly tattered and torn, and scarcely answered the purpose required of such a garment. My woollen shirt was in no better condition, and had also been badly shattered in the struggle with the little maid in the water. In a fragment of looking-glass, nailed up in the fire-room, I had a chance to see my face. It was covered with "real estate," and streaked by the action of the dirty water of the dock, which, at the place where I went in, was black with filth. My hair was matted with dirt and salt water; and even among the "wharf-rats" of New York it would have been difficult to find a more unpromising specimen of humanity. I did not like the looks of myself at all.

I asked one of the Irish firemen if I could not have a chance to "clean up" a little. He drew a bucket of water from the river, and gave me a piece of soap, with which I thoroughly washed my face and head. I felt better then; and, with two or three pins the firemen gave me, I closed up as many of the worst rents of my trousers as I could. Still I was far from being in presentable condition, though I wished to call upon the oiler in the engine-room. Some of the hands had told him where I was, and he had sent word for me to come to him as soon as my clothes were dry. I had done all I could to improve my personal appearance; and, hatless and shoeless, I went to the engine-room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHEERFULNESS WILL CONQUER YET.

BY WILLIAM BRNTON.

HOW foolish all this jar and strife,
To darken and bewilder life!
How silly all this care and pout,
That we so well may do without!
Our friends at times may seem untrue,
And things perform they after rue;
But yet, the way to meet it all,
Is still to smile, whate'er befall;
To smile as does the sun at morn,
To smile away the mists forlorn,
To smile the light and peace to men,
Till rosy day shall beam again:
So night will die, and dawn will rise,
And beauty fill the earth and skies!

THE ADMIRAL GUARINOS.

BY ROTH.

IN the battle of Roncesvalles, we are told in an old Spanish ballad that one of the most distinguished captives taken by the Moors was Guarinos, King Charles's admiral. He was eagerly claimed by seven Moorish kings, who cast lots for the noble prisoner; but seven times King Marlotès won the throw, and joyfully declared that all the wealth of Araby would not purchase his release. He invited his prisoner to a sumptuous banquet, and afterwards made every effort to induce him to abjure his faith, and become a Moslem. Besides the offer of lands and wealth, he gave him the choice between his two daughters, one of whom was endowed with every personal charm. The Christian captive took no time for deliberation, but answered, clearly and quickly, that, being a firm believer in Christ, and having a wife already, he would neither change his faith nor break his vow "for courtesy or gain."

The Moslem king was transported with rage at this bold rejection of all his proffered favors, and commanded the admiral to be led away in chains to the lowest dungeon, where, in fetters and utter darkness, he might expiate his fault.

Three times in the year he was to be brought forth, like Samson of old, to make sport for his captors; thus embittering, to his high spirit, these rare glimpses of sun and sky.

So passed seven long and weary years of gloom and misery, until, on the festival of St. John the Baptist, the Moslems and Christians united in tilts and jousts to celebrate the day. Marlotès, in his joy and pride, raised a target, below which the knights must ride, and pierce it with their lances. But the prize was too high for any of the competitors to reach with spear or lance.

The haughty monarch grew pale with rage, and ordered proclamation to be made that neither man, woman, nor child should taste food until the mark was stricken down.

The din of proclamation, made by heralds through the town, sent an echo even to the vault where the admiral lay in chains; and he asked its cause, fearing that one of the hateful days had come, when he was led forth, to the sound of drums and trumpets, for the people's sport.

The jailer answered that it was John the Baptist's day, when Moors and Christians alike kept high festival, but that the king had

forbidden any feasting until the spearman's prize was won by strength or skill.

Without a moment's hesitation, the knight declared that, if his limbs were freed from fetters, and his horse and lance restored to him, he would win the prize, or gladly yield his life in forfeiture.

The jailer wondered that seven long years of chains and captivity had not broken the prisoner's spirit, but volunteered to bear his message to the king. Being admitted to the royal presence, he told Marlotès that the admiral had vowed to win the prize or forfeit his life, if he were but once more mounted on his gallant gray steed, and armed with the lance he bore on the day of Roncesvalles.

In great amazement, the king assented to the proposition, bidding his attendants bring out the horse, long since debased to heavy labor; to seek the arms, now rusted on the wall from long disuse; and, lastly, to lead forth the enfeebled knight himself.

They girded on his armor; and when the heathen monarch and his court saw their captive mounted on his ragged steed, they laughed and shouted in derision, saying that he well deserved to die, after such vain boasting.

Slowly and proudly the knight rode down the line, and halted before the king, who insultingly told him to do his best, as he longed to see his life-blood flow, and doubted not his failure to win the prize.

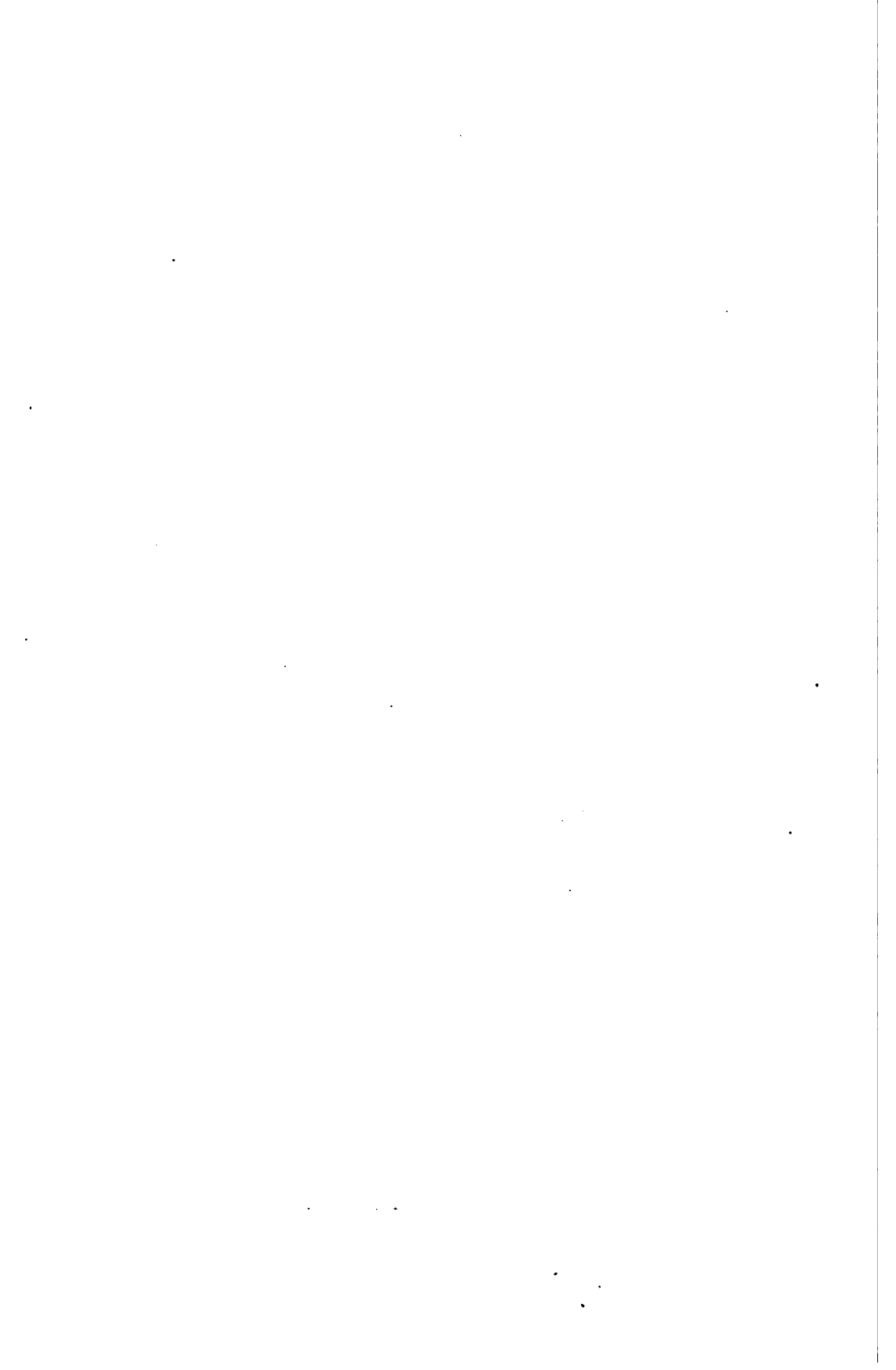
With his lance in rest, the admiral rode full against the king, piercing his heart; and then, forcing his horse to its utmost speed, fled, before the astonished courtiers could attempt a pursuit.

So ends the ballad, founded on old Spanish tradition.

— Some readers of this Magazine may recollect the times—before lucifer matches came into use—when it was no uncommon thing for children to be sent to a neighbor's house to borrow fire. Once, as the story goes, a philosopher asked a boy how he could carry the fire, as he appeared to have nothing to carry it with, and was surprised to see him take a handful of cold ashes, and place the live coals on these. This story, a little changed, is told of the philosopher Diogenes. On one occasion he saw a child drinking out of its hands; and so he threw away his cup, which belonged to his wallet, saying, "That child has beaten me in simplicity." He also threw away his spoon, after seeing a boy, when he had broken his dish, take up his lentils with a crust of bread.



MIDSUMMER SKETCHES.
THROUGH THE BROOK.





WILLIE RAISED HER HAND RESPECTFULLY AND TENDERLY TO HIS LIPS. Page 662.

NATURE'S SCHOLAR.

CHAPTER V.

WILLIE GRAHAM.

SOME days went by before I again made an attempt to draw. I helped mother, and between us we finished numbers of glittering epaulets. I could work as fast as she, though not so continuously, and when Saturday night came we had earned twenty dollars, which we were to receive on Monday, with another supply of work.

"You shall have a pretty dress for Sundays," said mother; "and I, too, must get some clothes; but to-morrow we will go to early service, for God looks only at the heart."

I dared not object; but how I felt the next morning, as we walked through the glare of daylight in our dingy working clothes to a church near by, where the only pleasant emotion I experienced was, that no one knew us! But mother enjoyed the service; how fervently she prayed! And when we walked home, the pure and sweet humility of her face rebuked me more than any words could have done, and benefited me far more than any sermon in all my life. So, when we were at home I begged her to sit down and rest, and I prepared some food and waited on her, with a feeling that I was serving an angel, and that I could weary myself out and die for her.

I know that many people may think this exaggerated. All my life I have been accused of romance, and extravagance in expression;

but my feelings are very intense; my ardent emotions are real; and however strongly I may speak, I can then but faintly give utterance to my passionate enthusiasm. I had never been trusted to servants; my mother had kept me constantly with her, and she was the only person whom I had known long enough to love.

After dinner I walked about the studio, examining everything, and paused long before the "Athena."

"O," I sighed, "if it is ever possible for me to do work as worthy as that, I will not think a lifetime of labor too long!"

By and by mother laid down her book, and I took a low seat at her side, questioning, —

"Mamma, when I first recovered my senses, and asked you how we came here, you promised to tell me some day, but you have never done so."

"Willie Graham brought us here."

"What — Willie! O, I am so glad! Dear Willie! But how could he?"

"When Mrs. O'Brien saw us stricken down by her hasty work, she ran for a Sister of Charity, and then for Willie Graham, knowing his sincere friendship for us. He is always at study, as you know, in his office, and she found him at once. Then he brought their family physician, and they agreed that we must have comfortable rooms before night. Willie knew that Miss Adamsen — the artist who lives here — was soon going with her invalid sister to the sea-side; and on calling, he found that she would like to go that day, and that his friends might come."

"Every one likes Willie!"

"Yes. I nursed you all day in a bedroom of the family who lived below us, and when evening came the doctor brought us both here in his carriage."

"How kind everybody has been!"

"So kind, my love, that now we must prove worthy of their good opinion. You must not give up your purpose; you must study in earnest and work hard, if you mean to be an artist."

"I must, mamma! I cannot give up art! I should be miserable!"

"I know you would, because you are born to that calling."

"But who will teach me?" And my heart felt like lead, for there were then no drawing-schools.

"Nature will teach you, Emma. You have only to be patient while you cultivate the powers you possess. Here is a book which I have been reading to-day — 'Biographies of Famous

Artists;' from it you will learn how others have struggled, and persevered, and succeeded!"

Next to art I loved literature; and of all books, the most fascinating to me were biographies — histories of real people. Mother walked away, and I was soon absorbed. I had read through the story of Michael Angelo with throbbing heart and crimsoning cheeks when I heard mother saying, —

"Good evening, Willie!"

Looking up, I saw Willie Graham coming in through the open door, and sprang to meet him, exclaiming, —

"O, Willie, I am so glad to see you! Where have you been so long?"

"I was obliged to go into the country a few days on business for the office."

"O, how I wish I could go to the beautiful country!" I sighed.

"And give up the studio, your models, your opportunities of art-study?" inquired mother, with a half-reproving smile.

"O, no! no! I will not think of the country; especially since we have such a delightful home here!"

"How long may we stay, Willie?" asked mother.

"I wrote to Miss Adamsen about that, and found this letter awaiting my return. She says, 'Tell Mrs. Bulwer that my sister is stronger since we came to the sea-side, and we mean to remain till autumn. I hope she will stay in my rooms until then, and —' and so on. The rest is addressed to me. Miss Adamsen wrote me where to find the key of her cabinet, that I might get out her books and models for your use."

"O, Willie! Now I know you wrote for it. How good you are!"

I felt like dancing for joy. I wanted to give Willie a "good hug," but feared he would not like it. He went to the figure of the laughing child, and gently raising it from the pedestal, took out a key, and unlocked the doors of a tall cabinet which I had fancied to contain clothing. I uttered a little involuntary scream, for on the shelves were ranged plaster models of hands and feet, many of them casts from life, some bones of a skeleton, and several small plaster figures, in groups and singly.

"She has made her money by these simple things," said Willie. "That magnificent Athena, though universally admired, has not yet found a purchaser."

"But these little groups are charming!"

"O, yes, especially the 'Good Baby' and the 'Naughty Baby.' The merit of these is,

that the artist can afford to sell them cheaply, and most people cannot afford to spend much money on ornament. Besides that, these little things can be set on a mantle-shelf, and in our small houses we cannot make room for large statues."

"How wise you are, Willie, as well as good! O, how I wish you were my brother!"

I was about to place my arm round his neck, but he turned red at my words, and hastily replied, —

"I'm very glad that I'm not! But come, Emma, don't spoon! I want you to be in earnest now about studying art, since here you have every chance. Since you was a tiny girl you have been telling me that you meant to grow so great and famous — to paint such glorious pictures! It will take you many years to do that, but I want you to persevere. I know you will for my sake and your mother's; and O, how proud of you I shall be!"

I smiled on him with an effort; for I felt hurt that my caress should be repelled, and I feared Willie was offended with me. His good advice sounded very like a lecture just then! He did not notice my mood, but went on showing me the contents of the cabinet; and mother came to us, and talked to him about the various studies, engravings, and books, and the order in which they should be used.

This was very interesting to me, and I forgot my wounded pride for a while, and joined with enthusiasm in the talk about art and artists. They left me at the cabinet absorbed in its contents, and going to the sofa at the other side of the room, talked in low tones until the blue twilight deepened all about us. Then I closed the cabinet doors, and going towards them, heard mother ask, —

"How long will you remain in California?"

"I cannot tell; at least three years; perhaps much longer. The firm have shown so much confidence in me, that I must not allow their project to fail, and it may require years to develop it."

"Willie," I exclaimed, "are you going to California?"

"Yes," he replied, very gayly and merrily. "I am truly going to California, to make my fortune."

I could not speak for a few minutes, but mother replied for me, and kept up the conversation while I sat beside her, thinking, —

"If Willie cared for me he would not go so far away; he *could not*! O, how different boys are from girls! Not all the fortunes in the world could tempt me so far away — and for so long — from a friend whom I liked

as well as Willie has always seemed to like me!"

I wanted to be alone a while, that I might cry; but I could not leave them without being noticed; so my pride struggled with my grief, and conquering, I was able to say a few words in a natural manner before Willie bade us "good night."

"I am so tired," said mother, "that I must go to sleep at once. Don't sit up late, my child." For I had seated myself by the window, and was gazing upon the moon. Mother kissed me, and went into the bedroom, softly closing the door. Ah, what delicate tact she had! I know now, since I have grown-up daughters of my own; but then I did not think of anything but that I was alone, and might freely indulge my sorrow.

After weeping until no more tears would come, and I was faint and weak, I crept into bed very quietly, not wishing to disturb mother, who appeared to be sleeping; and I soon slumbered heavily, from exhaustion. But after a while I dreamed, or thought I did, that my mother was leaning over me with a sad and anxious face. I struggled to awake, but could not, and slumbered off again.

But in the middle of the night I opened my eyes, and saw mother kneeling beside the bed, softly whispering an earnest prayer that the God in whom she so fully believed and confided would mercifully sustain her darling, now just entering upon the sorrows and hardships of womanhood. I hardly could understand her, but felt strangely comforted.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LADY ARTIST. MORE TROUBLE.

"I wish you to draw for an hour or two every morning, before you begin to sew," said mother the next day, as I took some gold wire and began another epaulet. I looked up with a sigh, replying, —

"If I was in Europe I might study in the life-schools, as Miss Adamsen has done. What *can* I do, mother, without even a teacher?"

"Take Nature for your life-school and your teacher, Emma. I will be your critic, and perhaps I can teach you to observe."

Then mother rose up and placed a sheet of white paper on an easel, and having plucked a large ivy leaf from Miss Adamsen's vine, she pinned it to the paper, and then set another easel near, with drawing-board and sketching-paper on it, and said, —

"Now, when you can correctly draw that ivy leaf, with its shadow, on the paper, I shall

know that you are indeed an artist. Begin now, and do your best."

It was hard work, and mother was a keen-eyed, exacting critic. When I thought my drawing quite good, she pointed out so many errors that I could have cried. But day by day I learned a little, and at last had completed a small cluster of leaves and grasses, which mother with pride showed to Willie, who warmly congratulated me. I was secretly dissatisfied; I felt that I had attained very little after so much hard work.

But my thoughts on that evening were given up to Willie, who had come to say "good by," for he would start for California in the morning. How glad he was to go — how hopeful and confident of the future! Mother was telling him, as she had often done before, of her brother James, or Jimmie (as she always called him), who had gone some years before to live on a farm in the San Joaquin Valley.

"We shall be prospecting and engineering near the Tejon Pass," said Willie, "and I will inquire about your brother. I am surprised that he has not written to you for so long a time."

"It is not his fault, but Harry's," said mother, hastily, as her eyelids dropped and a look of pain overspread her face. Willie raised her hand respectfully and tenderly to his lips. He soon left us. O, I can never forget the anguish of that parting; all the deeper because I smothered it, and would not shed a tear till he was gone. Then I mourned in my mother's arms, and she comforted me.

"He will never return," I cried; "something will happen to him in that far, new country. He will die, and I shall never see him more."

"No, no," said mother, as she caressed me; "I believe this a good step. He would have got on very slowly here. I believe you will presently perceive that this is all for the best. Willie will write to us. And now, while he is gone, let us work, and save our money, that we may get a studio of our own when Miss Adamson wants hers again. Perhaps, if my poor Harry find himself once more in a studio, he might accomplish something!"

"O," I exclaimed in affright, "will my father live with us again when he — when he — comes out?"

"Surely. His home is with me," replied mother, in grave, stern tones.

I could not speak; all pleasure, and now all hope of comfort, seemed taken from my life. Willie was gone, and my father would soon return!

After this I tried to forget my troubles in hard work. I made a business and a toil of drawing; studying in my mind when I sat sewing, observing the form, actual and apparent, of every object; its light and shadow, reflected lights, and chiar-oscuro; the modifying and softening effects of the atmosphere that came between us. I put a vase of antique shape in a strong light, and, standing very near, impressed it deeply on my mind, then, retiring to the other side of the room, studied it from a distance. Afterwards I made outline and shaded drawings of it, and found that my mental studies greatly helped my mechanical powers.

But I was not happy; I was, indeed, quite miserable. To rise in the early morning, and coming into the spacious studio, with its picturesque and refined effects, enjoy the cool, clear north light of the great window overhead; to sit there an hour alone, drawing (for mother slept later than I; she sat up very late at night); to realize the infinite blessedness and peace of such a life, and reflect that by giving six hours a day to our pretty needlework, mother and I could earn the rent and all other needful expenses of just such a pleasant little home, — this inspired me with transient hope and happiness.

But when I remembered that we were saving nearly all our money to get our studio home, and that my father would then inevitably come to destroy it, — to spend our money, and waste our substance, and make our lives wretched, — this was misery. But in spite of it, and because of it, I worked harder than ever.

One morning, when mother had gone to visit father, and had said that I must not sew that day, but have a holiday like herself, and spend it in art-study, I stood again, for the hundredth time, contemplating that wonderful Athena, with a half-despairing hope that some day I might be able to make a correct study of her head, — when I heard a light tap at the open door, and turned to meet a lady entering.

She was about fifty years old, her black hair threaded with silver, but her eyebrows still black and strong. Under them a pair of earnest, observing eyes looked out, and a firm, clear-cut mouth smiled at me. Her forehead was rather low and broad, her nose large and homely, her chin sweetly and finely modelled. A face that reminded me of my own, so many contrary elements were blended in it.

"Is this Miss Emma Bulwer?" she asked, advancing towards me.

"Yes, madam. Please take this chair," I

replied, thinking that hers was the deepest and sweetest voice I had ever heard a woman use.

"I am Margaret Adamsen —"

"O! is it possible! How glad I am to meet you! how sorry that mamma is not in!"

"Why, I am sorry for that. But I will lay off my bonnet, and look at my statue."

She had soon unwrapped it, and found no injury. It was a figure of Faith, kneeling, chained to a stake, and with fagots piled about, but with clasped hands, and upraised, undaunted eyes, triumphing over pain and death.

"Ah, my mother should sit for that!" I exclaimed.

This awakened Miss Adamsen's interest, and we spent a delightful morning. She examined my drawings, and gave me some simple, infallible rules of art, which proved afterwards a mine of gold to me.

Finally, sitting down before the Athena, she instructed me in "blocking out" a head, or any object, in the rules of proportion, and the use and modification of geometrical angles and curves.

That one day's lesson was so well given, and so thoroughly learned, that I never after needed or had any other teaching but what I got from books and Nature.

We were all absorbed, when mother came in and found us. I was surprised to see her back so soon; but, observing a look of disappointment on her patient face, I forbore any questions until Miss Adamsen had left us. Then I went to mother, and, with a kiss, inquired, —

"Is my father well?"

"He is well; but —" Her lips closed in pain.

"Never mind, mamma. Do not tell me, if it grieves you."

"He is well, but he refused to see me," she answered, speaking rapidly. Then, laying her face against my shoulder, she sobbed, crying out, "O, my child! if only I dared beseech of God that you may never love and marry any man!"

"I love a man!" I exclaimed, in scorn and surprise. "That will never be. Mamma, I intend to live with you always. I will never leave you."

I caressed her fondly, meaning all I said, and more, for I meant to work for mother, and provide her with a beautiful home. She controlled herself soon, and after that we went on as before.

Now I took pleasure in drawing, for I knew

what to do. Applying the rules Miss Adamsen had given, I worked hard and perseveringly. I made outline drawings of all her models, even of the bones and the architectural ornaments in the cabinet.

During leisure moments I contemplated the Athena, studying the minutely-varied and highly-wrought modelling of the face, with its imperceptible gradation of expression and shading; and one day I boldly ventured on a drawing of it. After three hours of most intense and wearying labor, I started up in glad excitement, and running to mamma, brought her before my easel.

"See! see!" I exclaimed, laughing wildly; "I *can* draw! O, mamma, I am an artist!"

"Why, yes, my love, you have indeed done well this time. This is *very* good; her very spirit and expression!"

We embraced each other, and I ran about and danced about the room. I sang the Marseillaise; I returned again and again to caress my dear mother. She would not reprove me, she would not dampen my enthusiasm; but she knew well what dangers await such impetuous natures as mine, and her face grew sad.

That calmed me. I realized that I was very weary, and began to put away my drawing materials. Just then a man came with a letter for mamma, which I gave to her, and she opened. It was from the warden of the penitentiary, announcing to her that my father, a few days before, had, in a fit of rage, nearly killed his keeper, and, in consequence, had been sentenced to seven years' hard labor in the State Prison.

Mother uttered one heart-rending cry of agony; then, with head dropped forward on her breast, and nerveless hands falling beside her, she remained mute, tearless, and unconscious of my despairing attempts at consolation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

— In old Greek times one was never too poor to be a student. Cleanthes, a philosopher of Zeno's school, was so poor that he used to write down all that he heard from Zeno, it is said, on oyster-shells, and on the shoulder-blades of oxen, from want of money to buy any better writing-material.

— DIOGENES THE CYNIC, when some one asked him what he would take to let a man give him a blow on the head, replied, "A helmet." This answer, varied to suit the question, has been in almost steady use ever since.



FODEY RUSHED FROM BEHIND THE BUSHES, CUTLASS IN HAND. Page 665.

REMINISCENCES OF WEST AFRICAN LIFE.

BY EDWARD DUSSEAULT.

NO. 2. FRIGHTENED BY A BOA CON- STRICTOR.

IN the first of these papers I passed over the journey I was obliged to make to attend the king's court at Medina, in order to exclude everything not connected with its purpose, which was, to give the reader some idea of the manner in which justice is meted out by the uncivilized inhabitants of the Upper Gambia. But as some of the incidents of that little journey were not devoid of interest, I shall endeavor to narrate them in such a manner as to make them interesting. I shall relate how I got frightened by a boa constrictor, but I shall not relate marvellous stories of hair-breadth escapes; and, if I attempt to describe anything, I shall endeavor to paint it as I saw it, and not as others have. In my experience I have not failed to learn that the truth is always more wonderful than the fabrications of a diseased imagination; and although it has been my privilege to be in positions where

one would naturally expect to see, at least, some of the marvels which I used to read about when I was a boy, I have never yet seen any of them. I have never seen a boa constrictor swallow an ox — no one could ever persuade me that such an absurd thing is possible, my Charlestown schoolmaster's big yarns about them notwithstanding. And I have never yet seen many other marvels, such as are, but too often, related even in school books. I can hardly resist the temptation to give the authors of these big, marvellous stories a piece of my mind; for the young have a right to expect that everything contained in their school books shall be strictly true: they believe everything which they contain; and thus very often these marvellous stories create false impressions which it is very hard to remove.

It was on the 14th of May, 1865, that I left Yabu-Tenda on my way to Medina, accompanied by a servant named *Fodey*, who bore an important part in what I am about to relate, and four *Siréré* laborers. Thus accompanied, well armed, well mounted, and taking with me all I should require for the journey, I took the road for Samé-Tenda at daybreak, and travelled slowly, till ten o'clock A. M., when we halted to breakfast on Kunubilly Hill,

about half way from Yabu-Tenda to Samé-Tenda. Here our road led along the bank of the river, which, for about a mile up and down from this place, is precipitous, and more than one hundred feet above high-water mark. (The spring tides rise and fall here two feet six inches.) It was near this precipitous bank that we halted and sat down, while Fodey prepared the breakfast by making coffee and roasting a Guinea fowl, three quails, and a partridge, which I had shot on our way.

A large tree shaded us, where we sat, about ten yards from a clump of thick bushes. Another tree shaded my horse, where he was tied and had been fed. A cool breeze fanned us, refreshed us after our ride, sharpened our appetites, and thus conspired to enable us to do justice to the game we had killed. At length Fodey served the breakfast, and we commenced in good earnest to partake of it. The Guinea fowl soon disappeared, and we were discussing the quails, when we all noticed that my horse appeared to be most thoroughly frightened, as, with ears pricked forward and dilated nostrils, he pawed the ground and snuffed the air. He shook in every limb; and at length, gathering himself up, he sprang forward, and breaking the rope with which he had been tied, he wheeled round and galloped off to the woods near by. He had been looking in the direction of the clump of bushes mentioned above; and now that he had galloped away, we all turned towards those bushes. As we did so, we heard a peculiar hissing sound, which sent our hearts leaping into our mouths, and which, once heard, is never forgotten. Peering through the bushes was the head of a large boa constrictor, its mouth wide open, and seeming to us to be preparing to dart in our direction. The laborers were motionless, paralyzed by fear; and as for myself, I do not know how I felt. The appearance of this monster, evidently hungry, was so sudden as to most thoroughly surprise us; and there was one, at least, present — let me say it at once — whom it most thoroughly frightened. After a few moments, which appeared an age, and during which we were almost breathless, we heard the report of a rifle, when the boa made a slight spring forward, and its head dropped to the ground. The next instant Fodey rushed from behind the bushes, cutlass in hand, and cut off its head.

Fodey had seen it while we were eating the Guinea fowl, had quietly crept round the bushes, watched for a favorable opportunity, and shot it. The laborers then quickly darted

forward, and dragged it out of the bushes. I measured it, and found it to be nineteen feet eight inches long, sixteen inches in circumference a foot below the head, and eighteen inches round the body about half way between the head and tail — large enough to make short work of either of us. I then sent the laborers off to catch my horse, which they succeeded in doing without much trouble. In the mean time, Fodey, who, for the moment, was the hero of the party, had skinned the boa, and was busy cutting it in pieces about two feet long. I asked what he was doing; and he replied that he was going to *cook* a part of it, and make the laborers carry the rest to our next stopping-place, to be cooked for another meal. I allowed him, of course, to have his own way. For was he not the hero of that day? I ever after called him *Danso* (serpent-killer), and shall hereafter in this narrative of African life. Well, the boa, or rather a large piece of it, was at last well done. Danso served it up, inviting the laborers to join him in his repast; and they all washed their mouths out, that they might the better be able to appreciate so daintily a morsel. They then "dipped in" most ravenously, eating so rapidly as to make me fear that they would injure themselves. At last they finished their snake dinner and commenced clearing away the remains, previously loosening their waistbands. Danso had, in vain, endeavored to make me taste some, and for a moment my refusal lowered me in his estimation. He could not understand how any one, with a particle of common sense, could help being fond of a nice, tender snake-steak, cut off of the best part of a fat boa.

Everything having been packed up, I sent the laborers on ahead to Samé-Tenda, with a message to my trader there to have quarters prepared for me and my people to pass the night in, while I remained behind with Danso, my serpent-killer, till it became a little cooler. They had no sooner gone than the latter commenced a long harangue upon the virtues of snake-steak generally, and boa-steak particularly, for my especial edification. In fact, according to him, snake-steak was a never-failing and universal panacea for all the ills which flesh is heir to. An old woman, in his town, had once had the leprosy, and had been cured by snake-steak. And this was only one out of many astonishing cures which he assured me had been effected by this great remedy. Evening drew near; I mounted and we started, Danso ahead with a large piece of boa slung

over his shoulder, and at eight o'clock we were at Samé-Tenda.

This ends my snake adventure; and, had I the space, I would give the reader an account (the result of my observations in the Sénégal and Gambia) of some of the reptiles which abound in this region. I have now before me my African diary; and, in referring to it, I gather the following, which I hope will not be considered out of place if introduced here. The largest boa I ever measured was twenty-four feet long and eight inches in diameter when hungry. The head is then small in proportion to its size, but very elastic, and capable of stretching enough to swallow a good-sized sheep, after it has been crushed in its folds. I had one in my possession five months, and I often, during this time, put a dog in its cage, which it did not touch; and it never, to my knowledge, ate or drank anything until the eve of my parting with it. I finally disposed of it to the agent of an American house, trading at Gorée; and it is now in this country.

Boas, when not hungry, are not dangerous, but generally lie coiled up, head in centre, in a sort of torpid state, and can be handled then with impunity. The one now referred to lay thus for fully five months, and I frequently handled it during that time. At length, when ready to ship it, a live sheep, weighing fifty-eight pounds, was put into the cage with it. The moment it was in, the boa raised its head, ran out its fangs, and hissed. It then slowly, and even lazily, uncoiled itself, while the poor sheep, overcome with terror, sank down on the bottom of the cage. Finally, as quick as a flash, the boa wound itself round and round its resistless victim, crushing it into a mass of inert matter; and I distinctly heard its bones crack, as, without a moan, it expired. The boa then, stretching open its mouth, did not suck in its victim, but seemed rather to push its head forward under and over it until it was out of sight, and its mouth had closed over it. Who has not seen a small striped snake, here at home, swallow a good-sized toad or frog? All who have seen this—a small snake in the act of swallowing a toad—can form a good idea of the manner in which a boa constrictor swallows a sheep after it has crushed it to a jelly. In this case it took the boa about four hours to get the sheep in far enough to close its mouth over it. The imprint of the sheep was now seen, forming a huge bunch just below the head; and day after day, for three days, it seemed to move farther and farther down. This is the last I saw of it, as it was then shipped for New York.

DELUSION.

BY ARTHUR WILLIAM AUSTIN.

THE maiden saith her lover brave
Hath gone to strive with wind and
wave;

While round his bark they fiercely rave,
She prayeth God to guard and save.

"And I shall wed

My sailor bold,

Whose vow to me was given;

Nor deem him dead

While I behold

Our love-star shine in heaven."

Over her soul true love was king;
No other thought could memory bring
So dear as of that evening

When promise and betrothal ring

He came to give;

And pointing first

Where Hesper shone afar:

"For thee I live,

Through best and worst,

True as yon eve-throned star."

And when, with hopes sublimely bright,

He went to dare old ocean's might,

To her the herald-star of night

Became a tender, still delight;

For well she deemed

That lovely ray

No distance rendered dim;

And sweet it seemed,

At eve, to stray,

And watch the star with him.

Amid the angry tempest's roar,

His ship crashed on the rocky shore;

The storm raged fiercer than before,

And every hope to fragments tore;

Then clamored long

For other spoil

Than Orient climes could give,

Nor lulled the strong

And wild turmoil

Till all had ceased to live!

And yet she saith not, "He has died

Beseeming one so true and tried;

He strives no more with storm and tide,

And rests serenely glorified;"

But, "I shall wed

My sailor bold,

Whose vow to me was given;

Nor deem him dead

While I behold

Our love-star shine in heaven."

BUFFALO, 1875.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR HELEN.

BY E. B. GAY.

"SO to-morrow you are going away to leave us, Harry; and I suppose you'll forget all about your old playmate. Well, I envy you! I only wish I was a boy myself, and could take my satchel and follow you, instead of being an unlucky girl, whom nobody but you ever cared for!" and Helen Archer said these words sadly, as she looked up with tearful eyes at the handsome boy sitting opposite her, in the little row-boat, and gently dipping the oars in the water, as they glided smoothly along.

They had grown up together, — these two children, — loving each other from the days when Harry, the only child of a widowed mother, and the constant companion and playmate of the little Helen, four years younger than himself, had guided her willing steps into all kinds of mischief. Together they played "Hide and Seek" in the haymows, and climbed the tallest trees in search of birds' nests; and hand in hand they scrambled through thicket and brier, to the detriment of the delicate dresses in which the unfortunate Helen was doomed to be clothed.

But their greatest delight was in the fine old woods, which, stretching far and wide, were the pride of the village. For they were both children of Nature, and dearly loved this spot from the first melting of the snow which hid the green buds of the May-flowers, till it came to cover them again. They knew where to find every little flower, and when it came its turn to blossom; they knew the favorite haunts of the birds, and the hiding-places of the squirrels. Every little brook and stream were familiar to them, and they were never weary of rambling together in the full enjoyment of the fresh breezes and sweet scents of the woods.

But those happy days were over; for, as my story opens, the time had come for the two friends to be separated; and Harry, who was now seventeen years old, was to leave home, and fit himself for the stern duties of manhood.

As Helen spoke, he answered gayly, though the smile which parted his handsome lips was half sorrowful, —

"Forget you! My little sister! The only one I have ever known! No, indeed. That can never be! Now let me see you smile again, for there is the prettiest nest of water-

lilies we have seen yet;" and he pointed to a knot of green leaves which floated upon the water, bearing upon their broad surface the starry, fragrant blossoms, which glistened in the sunlight.

"O, Harry, wait a moment;" and the old, merry voice had come back again, as, quickly turning up the dainty muslin sleeve, the little dimpled hand went down into the water, and came back again filled with its precious freight.

"See, Harry. How lovely! It does seem as if they were never so fresh and sweet! O, there is no flower in the world like a water-lily!" and selecting one of the prettiest, she leaned forward, and drew it through his button-hole.

"There! Keep that to remember me by. And now we must really go home, for mamma will be angry with me if we are late. O, dear!" she added, with a sigh, "I wish I could ever please mamma. It takes away half my comfort to know that I am always doing things I shouldn't do, and never hitting upon the right ones. It would have been a little different if I had been a boy. I shouldn't have had to worry myself with the care of *these* things, at any rate!" and she ruefully held up the wet and soiled skirt of her pretty white dress, into which she had thoughtlessly thrown the dripping lilies.

"Some how or other I am the most unlucky girl! I mean to do well, but I can't. I am always tearing and soiling my clothes. Mamma says I am 'rude and careless, and not at all like my little sister Mary.' I know it is so. But I can't help it. We are made differently. She is gentle and quiet, and likes to play with her doll, and wear pretty dresses, and I never could bear either. I have always dreaded Sunday as far back as I can remember, to this day, because I hate the feeling of my best clothes!"

Here Helen's confessions were interrupted by a merry burst of laughter from Harry, who, as the little boat at this moment lightly touched the shore, sprang from it, and took her hand, saying, —

"Never mind, Helen! It takes all sorts of people to make up a world; and for my part, I like your sort best. Now see how far you can jump!" and with one bound Helen reached the sandy beach.

A large Newfoundland dog came joyfully forward to meet her, barking wildly with delight, as he danced about his young mistress.

"Come, Harry, let's have one last race with Neptune! One, two, three!" and away they all started towards the house. Helen soon took

the lead, and reached the piazza, panting and breathless, while she waved her handkerchief to Harry, who stood laughing and fanning his flushed cheeks with his straw hat.

"O, Helen, my child! How can you run so this evening, when one can hardly be comfortable by keeping quiet?"

Helen turned quickly at these words to meet the reproving glance of her mother, who was sitting upon the broad veranda with her father and a gentleman entirely a stranger to her. She went towards them, blushing in her confusion, and nervously pulling at the wet and tumbled sleeve of her dress, while her father introduced her to his friend, saying gravely, —

"This is our oldest daughter."

The poor child received submissively the rebuke which was intentionally conveyed in her father's tone, but, controlling herself at once, bowed quietly and passed into the house. Little did her parents know the suffering of the sensitive nature which felt so keenly the reproaches which she was doomed continually to hear, and which was ever longing for words of approbation which so seldom came. For, strange as it may seem, these parents had never understood their own child, and mistook the overflowing of her healthy young life, and the buoyancy and spirit of freedom, which were the cause of half her childish mishaps, for carelessness and wilful disobedience. They did not know that under it all was a loving heart, which craved their affection and confidence, and needed the caresses which were lavished so freely upon the "good," quiet little sister.

Time passed on, and six years, with all the changes of youth, had come and gone, since the day when Harry bade good by to his tearful little playmate; and they had never seen each other since. Not that they had forgotten those golden days when they were all in all to each other, for the occasional letters which passed between them for some time after their separation were full of happy reminiscences; but gradually these interchanges had ceased, and, as often happens even among dear friends, they lost sight of each other in the busy world.

Helen was now nineteen years old; but alas for the seriousness which her mother vainly hoped these added years would bring! She was the same thoughtless, light-hearted girl as ever; as ready now for a frolic and race, and still preserving the old animosity towards her "best clothes." It was not through selfishness, nor did it seem like wilful disregard

of those about her; but she was naturally heedless and forgetful, and never took upon herself the cares which young ladies of that age often take pleasure in assuming, and which would have been a great comfort and assistance to her mother, who was in delicate health. It was very irksome to her to sit down quietly with her sewing, which, from a child, she had always thoroughly hated, and it made her quite unhappy to be charged with any domestic responsibility, even while she never failed to fulfil it conscientiously. Her books and studies were her dearest companions, and a ramble in the woods still her greatest delight.

It was not strange that Mrs. Archer, with her strict conventional ideas of propriety, should be discouraged at the result of the careful education which she had vainly endeavored to instil into her daughter; for it must be confessed that our heroine was far from perfection, and a cause of great anxiety to her sensitive mother. It was even whispered among the village gossipers, that "Helen Archer was a very strange kind of a girl, and a great disappointment to her folks; everybody knows!"

At last the time came when the bitter truth forced itself upon poor Helen in quite an accidental way. She was reading, one evening, in her own room, when she overheard the voices of her father and mother, who were walking up and down the garden walk, directly under her window, and she could hardly help listening to their conversation.

"It seems to me a perfectly simple arrangement," said her father. "We have only to shut up the house, and send the children to Mrs. Johnson's for a few weeks, and take for ourselves the recreation we both need. I find that their old nurse would be delighted to receive them. Helen is certainly old enough now to take charge of little Mary, and if they should happen to be sick, they could not be in better hands, as the village physician, who is an excellent one, Mrs. Johnson writes me, is a boarder in the same house."

"Yes," said Mrs. Archer, hesitatingly, "I suppose it might do." Then sighing, she added wearily, in a tone which sank deep into the heart of the listener, "If it weren't for Helen!"

The poor child heard no more, but burying her face in her hands, sobbed aloud, as with broken words she murmured to herself, —

"O, has it come to this! Have I lived all these years to find myself a burden to my parents, when I should be a comfort! But it shall not be! From this time I will try to be a better daughter, and I will yet find the place

in my dear mother's heart which I know is waiting for me!"

And the mother never knew the sorrow her words had caused, nor the brave resolutions which went up then and there from the grieved heart of her child. But she could not help noticing the gradual change which came over the young girl — the watchful anticipation of her every wish, and the constant anxiety to meet her approval; and as the time came for the children to go away, she was touched by her earnestness as she said at parting, —

"I promise you, mamma, I will watch carefully over little Mary;" and then added in a whisper, "and myself."

It was a lovely evening, just at sunset, when the lumbering stage-coach, in which our young travellers were seated, drove up through the little avenue of trees, and came suddenly upon the broad meadow-land, where, under the shade of two noble elms, stood the cottage of "farmer Johnson." Helen's heart bounded with delight at the sight of the pretty spot which was to be their home for the present; and as Mrs. Johnson, with her cheery welcome and motherly face, radiant with good-nature, lifted little Mary to the ground, the homesickness, which had been creeping over the child with every mile of the long journey, vanished at once.

A gentleman sat reading at the window of the cool, shady parlor, who rose as the little party entered the room, and went forward to meet them.

"Allow me to introduce you to Miss Archer and her sister, Dr. Lyman," said Mrs. Johnson, dropping a low, provincial courtesy as she spoke, and smiling blandly. But the smile changed to wonder, as she saw the surprised look of recognition upon the doctor's face.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, taking Helen's hand, and fixing upon her face a pair of handsome dark eyes, whose expression was singularly familiar to her,—"is it possible that this is my little playmate Helen! This is indeed a delightful surprise!"

And the well-known voice, and the smile with which he said these words, could surely belong to no other than the Harry of old.

Helen's face flushed alternately with pleasure and embarrassment, for, after all, the dignified, manly figure before her was not the same Harry who had romped with her in the days of torn frocks and pinafores.

"Yes," she faltered, confusedly, "I am certainly the same Helen Archer whom you remember. I am sorry to say I haven't changed any for the better, either, in all these years."

"That is good," answered Dr. Lyman, mischievously. "I should be sorry enough if you had, for I never saw a face so little altered as yours. I can see this minute the old, roguish look hiding under those lashes, the very sight of which is associated with a thousand charming little peccadilloes which we have shared together. Do you know I am really indebted to you for all the spice of my boyhood?"

"Well," said Helen, "I am fortunately of a most lenient disposition, or I could never forgive you for setting such a miserable example to a poor, innocent child. If you are indebted to me for the 'spice,' I am certainly indebted to you for all the censure and scoldings which I was forced to bear in consequence. You never had your share! I don't think, on the whole, I can quite make up my mind to forgive that injustice."

"O, pray let us be friends now," he answered, "and I promise you that my example shall henceforth be a 'bright and shining light.' But come; Mrs. Johnson's tea is waiting for us, and you must need it after your long ride;" and taking his pretty companion gayly upon his arm, he walked with her into the dining-room.

Dr. Lyman's quiet, easy manner soon reassured Helen, who, before the social meal was over, quite forgot herself in the delight of renewing the old acquaintance, and they were soon chatting as merrily as when they were children together. Helen never forgot that eventful evening, nor all the pleasant ones that followed, while in Dr. Lyman's society she lived her childhood over again. And in his turn, there came back to him in these days the light-heartedness of his boyhood, which he had almost forgotten. He saw in Helen the same traits of character which attracted him then, and yet he noted at times a gentle seriousness, which added to its charms. He watched the almost motherly care which she exercised over her little sister, and admired her unselfish devotion to the child. One evening, as they were walking together, he ventured to express this to her, and was surprised at the pleasure with which she received his praise.

"O, I am so glad if you can see anything in me that is good!" she exclaimed, earnestly. "Do you know, my conscience has told me lately, that I have been a very selfish girl all my life, and not half considerate enough for poor mamma? You will remember I used to feel, long ago, that I was a disappointment both to her and papa, and wish I could be

different; but I never realized it fully until one evening I accidentally overheard part of a conversation in which they were speaking together of me, and mamma said, 'If it weren't for Helen,' in a tone which I can never forget, for it was as if it would have been better if I had died in my cradle! And indeed I should wish I had," she added, passionately, "if I thought mamma would ever feel so again towards me! But you see, I am trying to be better," she resumed cheerfully, and with a bright smile which lighted up her beautiful face.

Dr. Lyman was about to answer, but checked himself, and changed the conversation abruptly, saying, —

"Come, Helen, it is a lovely evening for a sail. Why shouldn't we have one?"

"It is just what I should like above all things," she answered gleefully, and jumping up, ran towards the shore of the little lake where the boat was moored. The white sails were soon unfurled, and the gentle breeze carried them smoothly over the water, while they chatted merrily together, recalling many a little incident of their childhood, interesting only to themselves.

"This takes me back to the last row we had together, the evening before I went away from home," said Dr. Lyman. "It doesn't require a great stretch of imagination to travel back over the last few years, and fancy ourselves the same troublesome pair of children who never seemed to please any one — except each other," he added, laughingly.

"And see," said Helen, interrupting him; "there are the same lilies, I do believe, and they have blossomed on purpose for us!" and selecting with her eyes the most beautiful one within her reach, the little white hand dexterously caught it by its slender stem, and triumphantly secured the fair captive.

"It is yours," she said, placing it still wet and dripping in his hand.

He drew the fragrant blossom through his button-hole, looking at it lovingly as he did so. For he thought of the lily she had playfully given him, so many years ago, as a pledge of their childish affection, and whose faded and yellow petals lay still folded away among the priceless treasures of his boyhood. He knew that all these years his heart had been ever constant to his little playmate, and now in the happy days of their renewed intimacy, while he had watched with delight the gradual unfolding of her beautiful womanly character, he knew again that she was very dear to him; and with this knowledge a smile of happiness

shone all unconsciously upon his face. Helen saw it, but in her innocence little dreamed that she had any part in it.

Both were silent for a while, as they glided swiftly and more swiftly over the lake.

"O, how exhilarating this fresh breeze is!" exclaimed Helen at length, "and how fast we are moving! Isn't this glorious! The water must be very deep here, and yet it is so clear, that I can see far, far down!" And as she spoke she leaned thoughtlessly over the side of the boat.

"O, be careful, Helen!" he cried in a terrified voice, as he saw the slight form totter; but the warning came too late! The words had hardly passed his lips before she had lost her balance, and was gone from his sight! Only the fluttering of her garments, and the look of appeal from her upturned eyes, and the dark, cruel water had closed over the beautiful head!

In an instant, and with a groan of agony, Dr. Lyman had thrown off his coat, and sprung to her rescue; but already the boat had passed twice its length, and the drowning girl, with a faint cry, rose to the surface, at some distance from him, and disappeared again before he could reach her. With that heart-rending cry yet ringing in his ears, the moments which followed seemed like an eternity; but at length the strong arm is about her, and already he has gained the shore with his precious burden!

Gently he laid her down upon the grass, and the sunlight fell upon the golden hair and the pale face, so strangely beautiful in its calm repose, that death might already have claimed her for its own. Eagerly he listened for the throbbing of the heart, but in vain. It had ceased to beat! Was it forever? God only could tell! But with the strength which is born of despair, he never for a moment lost his self-possession, or ceased in his efforts for her resuscitation. And now the first faint flush began to appear upon the face and lips of the unconscious girl, and he knew that his prayer had been answered — that the dear life had been spared. It was only then that the strong man felt his powers give way at last, and consented reluctantly to leave her in the hands of the many friends who by this time had gathered together, anxiously offering their services.

They carried her home, and laid her upon her own bed, while every care and attention that kind hearts could suggest were lavished upon her. But the shock had been too much for the delicate nervous system; and although

consciousness returned occasionally, for a short time, in the fever which followed, there were many days when her reason wandered, and life trembled in the balance. All through these weary hours, the sick girl tossed restlessly upon the pillow, moaning inarticulately, while the anxious watchers listened to catch the words that came feebly from the parched lips of the sufferer. Sometimes she would throw up her arms wildly, and seem to be going through with that dreadful scene again — struggling with the water, and calling upon them in piteous tones to "save her."

Again she would cry imploringly, —

"Mamma! dear mamma! Only let me see her *once* more! She does not know how I loved her!"

It was sad indeed for the poor mother — who had been sent for at once, and who had never left the bedside of her child — to hear those words so beseechingly uttered, and she was almost heart-broken when she could not make her understand that she was "close by her darling, and that it was mamma's own hand that she was holding."

The father, too, bowed down with grief, tried in vain to make her recognize him. He looked upon her as she lay, the bright fever-flush upon her cheek heightening the loveliness of her face. His daughter! Never so dear to him as now, while the dreaded shadow hung over the frail young life! And with the anguish of both these parents at this hour, there was mingled, as so often happens, the bitterness of regret that they had not sufficiently prized and reciprocated the wealth of affection which they saw in the loving heart of their child.

The weary days of watching and anxiety passed slowly on; but at length, thanks to a kind Father and the unremitting devotion of Dr. Lyman, who was physician and nurse at once, Helen passed safely through the crisis, and with heart full of joy and gratitude he pronounced her out of danger.

It was upon this morning, which had dawned so brightly to them all, that she had fallen, after one of those periods of unconsciousness, into a refreshing sleep, from which he augured most favorable results, and watched eagerly for her awakening. A fresh water-lily lay upon the pillow of the sick girl, and as she opened her eyes, now lighted with intelligence, they rested upon it with a faint smile; then the pale fingers closed over it, and she drew it towards her, while her lips feebly moved, though there came from them no sound. But never was a smile so eagerly

watched and treasured, for it was a harbinger of life to the anxious hearts which welcomed and blessed God for it!

From this time Helen's improvement was very rapid, and her joy, upon first recognizing her father and mother, was most touching. Even Mrs. Johnson, whose stout heart had never once suffered itself to give way all through these trying hours, held the corner of her white apron to her eyes, and fairly broke down at last, when she saw the look of ineffable happiness on Helen's face, as with outstretched arms she held them, one after the other, in her close embrace.

"God willing, we shall soon see our young lady well and hearty as ever," said the kind old nurse, smiling through her tears.

And Mrs. Archer, taking Dr. Lyman's hand, placed it in Helen's, saying, in a voice tremulous with emotion, —

"You must thank him, Helen; I cannot."

But the silent pressure of the hand was the only answer, and none other was needed.

All through the days of the convalescence, as her health and strength gradually returned, none but the most cheerful subjects were ever introduced into the sick-room. She frequently referred to her illness, in talking with her friends; but it was noticeable that she never once alluded to its frightful cause, and it was many weeks before she could trust herself to speak of it, even to Dr. Lyman, in their most familiar conversations. But one evening, as they were walking home in the twilight, he noticed that there was something upon her mind which troubled her, and which she seemed timid to approach.

"What is it, Helen?" he said, smilingly, at last; and encouraged by the kindness of his manner, she ventured to speak.

"I have been so afraid that you have thought me a strange, ungrateful girl, never to have spoken to you all this time of what was, after all, nearest my heart; but I do want you to know that I am not really so. For even if I could make you understand all I feel, my words would have seemed so feeble that I have shrunk from it. It is enough, then, to say that I owe my life to you, and so long as it lasts, I shall never, never cease to be grateful; for, indeed, it is all the return I can ever make to you."

"Helen," he answered, earnestly, "do not say so. If I have saved your precious life, there is one way in which you can repay me tenfold. Will you give it back into my care, dearest?"

For a moment there was no reply. But a

flush of surprise and joy mantled the cheek of the young girl, and as she timidly raised her eyes to his, those beautiful eyes, in which the shadow of her recent illness lent a new loveliness, he saw the answer written there, even before the words were spoken.

"You know it all," she said, laying her little hand in his; and with a sweet, arch smile, "can you really take me, Harry, with all my faults, and love me still?"

"God bless you, darling! It is my only hope of happiness, for this would be a dreary world indeed to me, — *'if it weren't for Helen!'*"

A SAILOR'S SONG.

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

SAIL away before the wind,
And sail away forever;
The world is selfish and unkind,
And truest hearts must sever.

One hope was all the world to me:
That hope, alas! is vanished;
And now I roam the trackless sea,
From home and comfort banished.

I cleave the deep with steady prow;
And, though the way is cheerless,
The worst has happened to me now,
And so I wander fearless.

A face is leaning from yon cloud:
No sign; no word is spoken;
That face lay sleeping in a shroud
When all my life was broken!

And yet remains, through all regret,
The hope above estrang'd,
The true love I have lost may yet
Be found by me an angel.

But rough must be the sailor's way,
Amid the roaring surges.
'Tis well for me that I must stray
Where danger fiercely urges.

Sail away before the wind,
And sail away forever:
The world is selfish and unkind,
And truest hearts must sever.

— THE story of Columbus and the egg seems intended to show how much easier it is at times to follow than it is to point out the way. We have another illustration of this truth in the history of the study of grammar. Almost anybody can get along with the study of grammar nowadays. But the invention of the science of grammar was quite another affair; and so difficult was it found to be, that two nations only, the Greeks and the Hindus, succeeded. Other nations wrote as best they could, when they wrote at all, till they learned grammar from the inventors of it. The Romans learned it from the Greeks, the Germans from the Romans, the Arabs from the Greeks, the Jews from the Arabs, and so the knowledge of this science was spread.

Logic, or the science of reasoning, was also invented twice; once by the Greeks, and once by the Hindus. Men have written and reasoned, more or less, in many parts of the world; but with these two exceptions, no people has ever been found keen enough to reduce writing and reasoning to a science.

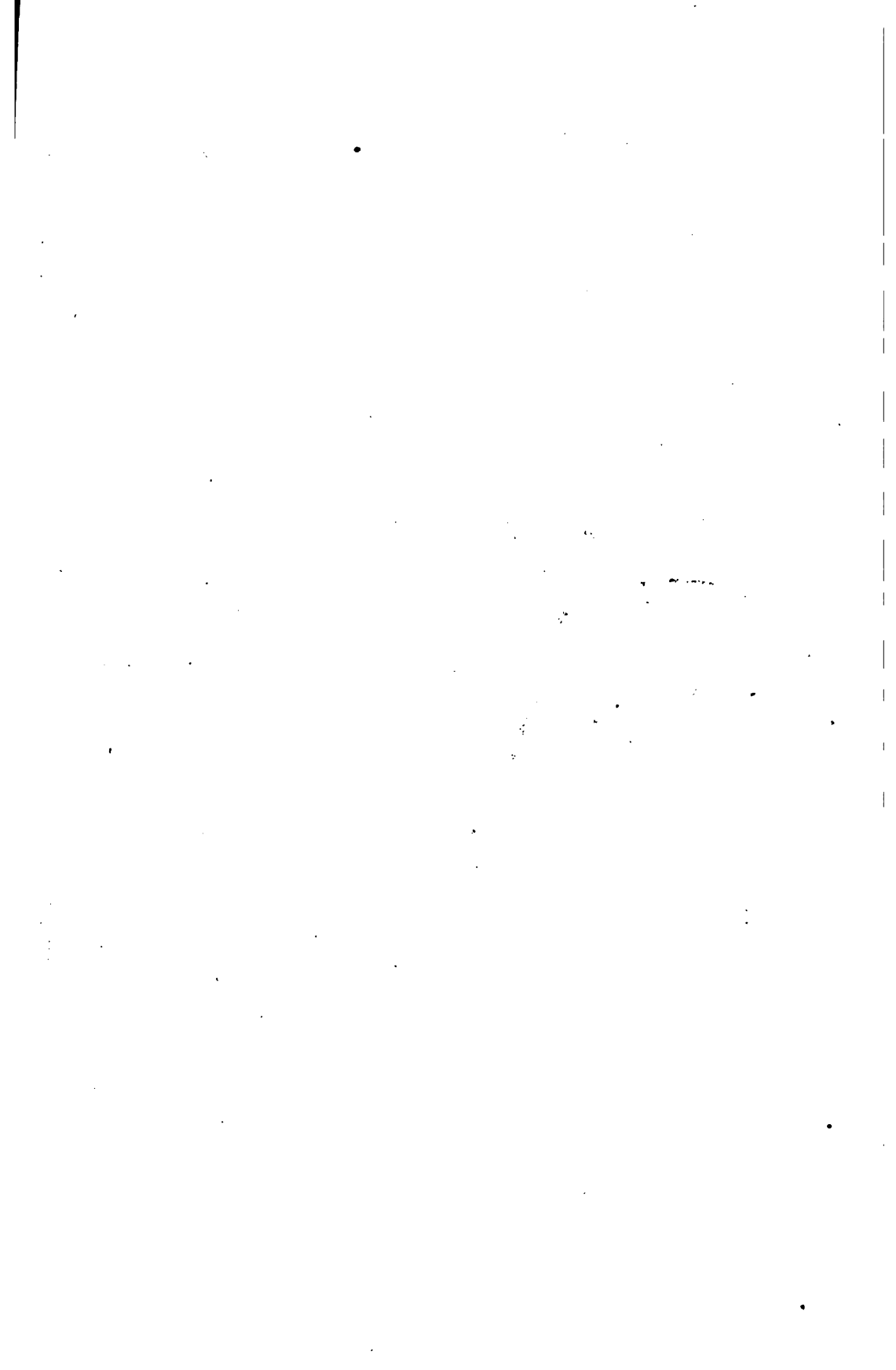
— EVERYBODY has read Irving's story, so beautifully told, of Rip Van Winkle. The oldest story of this kind, perhaps, is that of Epimenides, one of the seven sages of Greece. He was a Cretan by birth, and lived in the city of Gnosus. Once, when he was sent by his father into the fields to look for a sheep, says old Diogenes Laertius, he turned out of the road at midday, and lay down in a certain cave, and fell asleep, and slept there fifty-seven years: after that, when he awoke, he went on looking for the sheep, thinking he had been taking a short nap; but, as he could not find it, he went on to the field, and there he found everything changed, and the estate in another person's possession. And so he came back again to the city in great perplexity; and as he was going into his own house, he met some people who asked him who he was. Finally he found his younger brother, who had now become an old man, and from him he learned all the truth. According to the Cretans, Epimenides lived two hundred and ninety-nine years; but other reports make him about a hundred and fifty years old when he died.

— THE influence of example sometimes lasts for ages. When Diogenes, the cynic, was reproached with ignorance of geometry, he replied that it was permitted to be ignorant of a subject which not even Chiron taught to Achilles.



MIDSUMMER SKETCHES.

THE SHADY WALK.



BROUGHT TO THE FRONT;

OR,

THE YOUNG DEFENDERS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONFLICT.

LET us now return to Harry and his company, who found the woods quite open, clear of underbrush, and, for the first hour, marched in Indian file and leisurely; but, as they went on, Harry gradually increased the pace, till his followers were compelled to exert themselves to the utmost: sweat bathed their limbs, the straps of the packs cut their shoulders, and some of them, less accustomed to long marches than the rest, began to feel that scouting was all that Holdness had forewarned them it would prove.

Apparently insensible to fatigue, Harry maintained the same pace. A glance at the sun, or the directions of the numerous brooks that crossed their path, without a moment's hesitation, was all that their leader required to direct his course.

The sun had disappeared behind the mountains, when, for the first time since setting out, Harry ordered a halt upon the banks of a brook. Packs were now unslung, they partook hastily of food, drank from the brook, and resumed their march. As the twilight deepened, the moon rose above the horizon, and lent them her light.

Onward they went, hour after hour, through the forest. The distant howl of wolves, the hooting of owls, or the sudden rush of some large animal disturbed by their approach, alone broke the solemn silence of the night.

They now entered upon a space destitute of forest, and before them lay a wide gorge, with lofty precipices and mountain summits rising on either hand, the entrance lying, black as a wolf's mouth, in the shadow.

Enoch now began to show signs of fatigue, and there were long gaps in the line of march, Cal Holdness, Ned Armstrong, and Hugh Crawford only keeping close to Harry's heels. Observing this, Harry said, —

"Knuck, you're most beat out; hadn't you better stop here? When we come back I'll find you."

"No; I'll die first," replied the high-spirited lad.

Harry took his rifle, Cal Holdness his pack, and they pushed on. The lad, much younger

than any of the others, relieved from these burdens, was able to keep up.

An old Indian war-path led through this gap, worn into the soil to the depth of nearly two feet by the tread of generations of savage warriors, in their marches either for war, hunting, or traffic.

This path Harry carefully avoided; leaving it far on his left hand, and shunning the open ground, he approached the pass in the shadow of the woods, and upon one side, till he had gained the base of the mountain range. Silently as spectres, and guided by the light of the moon, they wormed their way amid bushes and over cliffs, often crawling on their hands and knees, clinging to bushes that thrust their roots into the interstices of the rocks, and wading through rivulets that gushed from the mountains, till they had penetrated far within the pass, making no use of the path, nor leaving any trail that might indicate to the keen eye of the savage that an enemy was in their front.

They had reached a point in their journey where the stream curved towards the mountain, rising in a sheer precipice, the cliffs piled in mighty layers, in whose great seams, filled with moss, shrubs of various kinds had taken root, the rocky rampart bristling with jaggy points.

The flat beneath was covered with forest, while the path, in order to avoid the great rocks and bodies of trees that had fallen from the cliffs above, inclined to the banks of the stream, approaching it within short rifle range.

In the bend of the stream, and piled against its steep banks, was a vast quantity of drift-wood, brought down by the freshet, and left when the waters subsided: whole trunks of trees uprooted by winds, and borne by the floods, at different times, from the clearings, were lying, piled upon the top of and across one another, having been held by the trees, when the water drained away, intermingled with brush, mud, and rushes, affording an excellent cover.

"Here's the spot," said Harry, as he caught sight of the lofty cliffs of the mountain, whose projecting points the moonbeams were silvering.

To Harry, Cal, Ned Armstrong, and Con Stiefel every part of this section was familiar; they had hunted and trapped along the main stream and a creek that, crossing the path a few rods beyond them, entered it. Harry and George Holdness had spent an entire winter and spring in this section, comprising a range

of thirty miles, on which they hunted bears and moose, and trapped otters, foxes, and some few beavers, that, even at that early day, were becoming scarce to the eastward of the Ohio.

Harry divided his force, placing part of it, under the command of Cal, behind some large rocks and in the shadow of the mountain and woods, on the opposite side of the path, somewhat farther on, while he, with the rest, took post behind the tree-trunks and logs.

Cal and his command were in a position to rake the path along which Harry knew, if the savages came at all, they would come in Indian file. The signal to fire was, for Harry's force, the hooting of an owl in the night, in the daytime the chatter of a squirrel.

The orders were for those under the command of Cal to hold their fire till Harry's squad had fired, and then deliver it. All were then to reload in their cover, and afterwards take trees, if possible in such a manner that one might cover the other while loading; thus firing by turns.

Harry's object in dividing his command was to render his fire as effective as possible. If his whole force had been ranged along the path, firing across a thin line, two or three might have fired at the same Indian. Whereas by separating them the chance of this was lessened.

Moreover, if, as was anticipated, the Indians were surprised, a number of them killed by the fire from behind the drift-wood, and — as is usual with them when losing men — they ran, it would bring them more directly under the fire of those behind the rocks.

The rifles were now examined, flints picked, priming freshened, food partaken of, and, wrapped in their blankets, all, save Cal and Andrew M'Clure on the one side and Harry and Ned Armstrong on the other, stretched themselves on the ground, with their packs for pillows, and were soon asleep. The pressure of responsibility kept these four thoroughly awake. They were prime movers in the matter of forming the company, had got up the whole thing, and brought the others into it.

No wonder, then, they were wakeful and anxious; for if this their first attempt proved successful, they would win golden opinions; if disastrous, they might reckon on being considered accessory to the destruction of their companions.

More especially was this the case with Harry, who, when told by Holdness to go with his command on a scout, had conceived this plan, and stirred up all the rest to embark in it.

With their backs against a tree, Harry and Ned Armstrong held the watch, listening for the stealthy tread of the Indian, and occasionally conversing in whispers.

The abrupt summons to action, that so thrilled their blood, had now spent its force. The fierce excitement begotten by the forced march and the hasty preparations for ambush and conflict, had subsided, and been replaced by the lassitude resulting from fatigue.

Many considerations and circumstances that seemed of little moment, and scarce worth a passing thought, while their minds were wrought up to a white heat, their blood hot, and spirits high, now, when everything adapted to feed presumptuous hopes and stimulate rash action was withdrawn, presented themselves to the minds of both, that it would have been well to have considered before the die was cast.

All the knowledge possessed by these fledgling warriors in respect to Indian character and prowess had been gained either from the lips of others, from visits to their wigwams in time of peace, or from what they had observed when, as frequently happened, the savages came to the houses of their parents to traffic or grind their hatchets.

Not one of them had ever met an Indian in his war-paint, in the woods, and in act to strike; for even the conflict in which Harry and his brothers had been engaged occurred on their own premises, and where re-enforcements were near at hand. But now they were in a vast wilderness, pierced only by that narrow path, deep worn by the foot of the red man on his errands of blood, and succor was out of the question.

Reflections of this nature would force themselves upon the attention of Harry, as he sat in the black shadow of the gorge, listening to the sound of the night wind among the trees, and the hoarse murmur of the neighboring stream. Similar thoughts were passing through the mind of Armstrong.

"Harry," he whispered, "everything depends upon the first fire. Do you think the boys will stand, and be cool enough to shoot when it comes to the scratch?"

"They won't need to shoot very well to hit a mark as big as a man at that distance. I know Cal and our boys will shoot as straight as they would at home; and so will Andrew M'Clure and Hugh Crawford, for it's in the blood of them two. As for the others, I ain't so clear; their hearts may be in their mouths when they come ter see an Injun."

The day at length began to break, and Harry said, —

"Ned, I'm goin' to crawl up on the mountain, where I kin see along the path; but first I'm goin' to wake the boys: they've had sleep enough."

After performing this duty, and putting them under the command of Armstrong, Harry commenced ascending the mountain at a point where he was concealed by bushes and forest, till he had attained a height where he could view, over the forest, the clear spot beyond the mouth of the pass.

It seemed an age to those waiting below, till Harry returned

"They're comin'," he said, "right through the open place, one arter t'other, just as kereless; and they act tired. They don't jealous a thing; they're only thinkin' of what's behind 'em. It'll be half an hour afore they git here. Freshen your primin', but don't throw the old away; put it in your bullet pouches."

"How many is there?" said Stiefel.

"I couldn't zactly count, comin' eend on; but I reckon there's as many of 'em as there is of us."

"Boys," said Harry, "these ere are the Injuns what killed Elick McDonald, — our Elick, what we thought so much of, an' that was with us when we chose our officers, and has been with us ever since we begun, — and killed his father and mother, and sisters, and the little dear baby. They are going to carry their scalps home, and have a great jollification, and then come back, and creep round, and see if they can't kill some more of us. And now's the chance ter give it ter 'em. It's no use to finch, 'cause there ain't anybody to help us, and there isn't any sich thing as running from an Injun. They've thrown Mr. Holdness and Honeywood off the trail, — them ere old trappers, — and M'Clure; and now, if we fix 'em, 'twill be told and talked about forever, and the day arter that.

"Take good sight, don't git flustered, and don't leave the kiver till you load."

Harry now took his station at that end of the line farthest from the approaching foe, and not a sound broke the deep silence of the woods, save the light tapping of a woodpecker and the murmur of the stream.

At length the cracking of a dry stick was heard, a slight rustle, and the boys beheld, from their covers, the grim forms of their foes.

The foremost Indian wore, tied around his neck, the long locks of Mr. McDonald, slightly tinged with gray, while the scalp rested on his naked breast; from the scalp-lock of the sec-

ond depended a length of blue ribbon, spattered with blood.

Harry did not think it would be good policy to permit his boys to know they were outnumbered by the enemy, and the leading man was abreast of his position. The chattering of a squirrel now mingled with the notes of the woodpecker, instantly followed by the crack of rifles and the death-shrieks of Indians. But two of those exposed to this murderous fire escaped; and they and two more in the rear were swept away by a volley from the front. Armstrong's rifle missed fire, and Stiefel wounded, but failed to touch the life.

Never was surprise more complete. The Indians, though ignorant of the number and character of their foes, and finding they were attacked in front as well as on one side, instantly took trees, raised the war-whoop, and returned the fire.

But the boys' blood was up; the war-whoop had lost its terrors, and Harry found it no easy matter to prevent his command from exposing themselves unnecessarily.

They were now eight to eleven, the advantage of numbers being on the side of the whites, who, in response to a signal given by Harry with a conch-shell, also took trees, and the action became general.

For some time no injury was done on either side, both parties sheltering themselves as much as possible. In the surprise occasioned by the first attack, an Indian had stepped behind a tree barely large enough to cover his person, and in endeavoring to get a shot at Biel Holt he thrust his right leg and thigh beyond the tree; it caught the quick eye of Harry, his rifle cracked, and the Indian, sinking on his broken thigh, and clasp ing the tree for support, exposed his shoulder. Armstrong, who was watching the effect of Harry's shot, fired; the bark flew from the tree, and the savage, shot through the shoulder, sank to the ground.

"Don't waste any more powder on him," shouted Harry.

The contest went on, the boys striving to outflank the Indians in virtue of superior numbers, while the latter manifested wonderful skill in preventing them.

"I wish Holdness was here," said Harry to Armstrong, who was behind the next tree: "we can't gain a mite on these Injuns, and I'm afraid, when it comes dark, they'll play us a trick."

"Look out, Knuck; that Indian'll shoot you!" shouted Grant.

The warning came too late; Enoch fell to

his knees, but, clasping the tree, supported himself, and, sliding backwards, remained behind its trunk.

"Hurt bad, Knuck?" said Harry.

"No; the bullet's gone inter my shoulder, but the bone isn't broke."

Harry, tomahawk in hand, instantly ran to the tree behind which the Indian who had wounded Enoch lay, and tomahawked him. As he did so, two shots were fired at him; one struck his cap from his head, the other passed through his clothes. The Indian who fired the second shot, in doing it exposed himself to the aim of Armstrong, and was shot through the head. The resolute savage, unable to stand, and with his left shoulder broken, had managed to creep — unnoticed till it was too late to prevent his act — in the rear of Enoch, and, resting a gun over a log, discharged it, and was trying to load again.

"Ned," shouted Enoch, "if you could get ter this tree without being hit, you could have two guns: my rifle's loaded; you kin fire, and I kin load for you: the tree's big enough for both, 'cause I have ter lay on the ground."

"There's an Indian behind that big sugar-tree watchin' me, but I'll try it. I wouldn't if 'twas Harry or Cal that was there; but they can't shoot flyin' like we kin."

He made the experiment, and escaped unharmed, the Indian's bullet passing behind him. The fact that Harry and Armstrong had now two rifles each, and Armstrong had Enoch to load for him, was not observed by the Indians opposed to them, who could not venture to expose themselves in the least, so liberal were they of their bullets.

The Indians, by a preconcerted signal, at the same instant ran to trees near by. Harry, Armstrong, Holt, Alex, and Grant, all fired, thinking they were taking to flight, the movement was so sudden and unexpected.

While their guns were empty, the Indians ran up, shot down Holt, put a bullet through Grant's hand, and wounded Stewart slightly in the breast. The Indian who had shot Holt attempted to scalp him, had cut the skin, and was about to pull off the scalp, when he was shot by Harry with his spare gun, and another by Armstrong, before they could regain their cover.

It was now nine whites to four Indians (as Enoch was disabled), and they were numerous enough to outflank their foes. Cal and those with him occupied the attention of the Indians, and confined them to one place and particular trees, while Harry and the rest prepared to gain their rear.

The situation of the Indians now grew desperate, as their relentless foes began to close in upon them.

"Remember Elick McDonald!" cried Armstrong; and the sentiment was responded to with vengeful shouts.

There now occurred one of those incidents so illustrative of Indian character in the early days. With rifle in hand, and a shout of defiance, the leader of the savages rushed between the two lines that were closing, and making directly for Alex Sumerford, fired at him, the bullet breaking his left arm, and, the next moment, fell riddled with bullets. While the attention of all was turned in this direction, Enoch, who lay where he was wounded, shouted, —

"They're runnin'! the Injuns are runnin'!"

The chieftain had sacrificed himself to give his companions a chance of escape.

"There they go!" shouted Harry; and, followed by Cal and Armstrong, the three best runners, dashed on in hot pursuit. Both parties had flung away their rifles, but Cal and Armstrong had at their backs a bow and quiver of arrows, — the bows ready bent. They were brought to kill game on the march, if provisions should fail, and the boys took them into action, thinking they might be of use if the rifles were empty.

At first the whites gained very fast on the Indians, Harry being almost near enough to fling a tomahawk, Cal close to his heels, and Armstrong behind. As the pursuit continued, the Indians proved to have the better wind; they drew nearer together, and away from their foes, while there was a larger gap between Harry and Cal, and still more space between Cal and Armstrong. It seemed that the Indians would tire out and distance their pursuers, when suddenly the foremost savage uttered a yell, stopped, turned, and the three, with uplifted tomahawks, rushed towards Harry, who, so far from retreating in the direction of his friends, darted forward to where a birch, uprooted by the wind, had fallen, and lodged against a wide-spreading oak, and, running along the body of the birch, was in a moment out of the reach of his foes, among the lower limbs of the oak. They uttered yells of rage, and, while endeavoring to discover the position of Harry among the mass of leaves and limbs pertaining to both trees, one of them received an arrow in his right eye, from the bow of Cal, and a tomahawk flung by Harry buried itself in the skull of another, stretching him dead at the foot of the tree.

The wounded savage endeavored to fly, but

made little progress, running against the trees, and unable to pull out the arrow. Leaving him to be dealt with by Cal, Harry and Armstrong continued the pursuit of the remaining Indian, who made every effort to escape. The pursuers, as they ran, sent several arrows after him; but though two of them pierced, they neither crippled him nor diminished his speed.

"Give me the bow and a couple of steel heads, Ned."

"I haven't got but one steel head."

"Give me that."

Exerting himself to the utmost, Harry diminished the distance between them nearly one half, and fastened the keen shaft in the thigh of his foe, just below the hip. The effect was instantaneous; the Indian began to limp, turned, and ran directly for the river.

He was almost at the bank when Harry planted another arrow in his back between the shoulder-blades. He staggered, but kept on, and disappeared over the bank.

When his pursuers came up, nothing was to be seen but a blood-stain and some air-bubbles on the surface of the water.

"He did that," said Harry, "'cause he thought we'd take his scalp; they think nothin' of losin' their life to what they do ter lose their scalp. They think it's a master disgrace ter be scalped, and that it's a big thing ter take one."

"These fellers never'll take any more."

"No; but what a pity we hadn't killed 'em two days sooner!"

CHAPTER X.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

THE TWO now retraced their steps, chatting as they went.

"How strange it is," said Harry, "that we three boys, who have always been so much together, and set so much by one another, should get up this scouting matter, and do so well the first going off, and kill these three Indians!"

"But we shouldn't have killed 'em," said Armstrong, "if it hadn't been for the bows and arrows; they'd a got away from us, and perhaps killed us; at any rate, killed you afore we could have got up to help him."

"Don't know 'bout that," said Harry; "they couldn't have got up that ere tree, and me on it with a hatchet."

They proceeded to the point where the last encounter took place, and found Cal sitting at the foot of the oak, between the dead bodies of the two Indians, and sound asleep, — worn out with the march, want of sleep the previous

night, and the fatigue and excitement of the race and conflict.

They stripped the bodies of powder, lead, tomahawks, and knives, roused Cal, and went on. No sooner had they rejoined their companions, and made known the result of the chase, than Con Stiefel and Crawford set off to take the scalps of the Indians.

They were all provided with rags and lint, carried in their packs. Andrew M'Clure had dressed the wound of Alex with a poultice made of alder bark, chewed fine, and also that of Enoch; but it passed his skill to do anything more for Alex, whose arm was broken by the ball.

The body of Biel Holt lay on a little hillock beneath a tree, where his companions had placed it, covered with a blanket, and his knapsack under his head.

"Poor Biel," said Harry; "it will be hard news to carry home ter his father and mother; but 'twas too much ter expect ter go through what we have and not meet with some loss. It's well it's no worse. Can we carry him home? I s'pose it would be a great comfort ter his folks."

All said that, in their present wearied state, to carry the body through the woods so great a distance, would be impossible.

"Let's eat," said Harry, — "we've not had a mouthful since last night, — and then we must dig a grave with our hands and scalpin'-knives for poor Biel, as well as we kin."

They all now seated themselves on the ground, and opening their packs, began to eat, and converse in respect to their future proceedings, and in respect to getting Alex home on account of his wounded arm.

"Hist!" whispered Harry, whose ears were always open.

All grasped their rifles and sprang to their feet, ready to take trees, when, over the top of a large windfall, rose the earnest face of M'Clure, and over his shoulder that of Wood.

"You keep good watch here!" said Holdness. "We could have shot you if we'd been so minded. But how come you here?"

"We thought we'd try and find the trail of the Injuns what killed McDonald's folks," said Harry.

"Did you find it?"

"Reckon we have."

"Where are they?"

"One on 'em's in the bottom of the river, two on 'em's layin' under a big oak, with their scalps off; some's in one place and some's in another; but there's sixteen on 'em scattered round in the woods."

"Harry," exclaimed Honeywood, who now came up with Maccoy, Grant, and several more, "this is no matter to jest about; tell us what you mean; if you know where the Indians are, and if they are within reach, say so."

"Well, Mr. Honeywood, we've ambushed sixteen Injuns, and killed 'em, not ten rods from here; and I kin show 'em to you, if you can't believe me; they say 'seein' is believin'."

"When I see the carcasses, I'll believe it," said John Wood.

"There's two of the scalps," cried Hugh Crawford, holding them up; "you kin see 'em, and handle 'em, if you like."

"And here's six more," said Andrew McClure.

"I don't know whether I'm asleep or awake," said Wood. "I'm in a kind of maze. Where or how could you strike their trail, to get ahead of us old, experienced men in the woods? Did you come on 'em by chance, asleep round a fire?"

"We didn't come on 'em round no fire; 'twas this way: while I was goin' home ter git my pack ter scout round the Run, as Mr. Holdness told us ter, I thought ter myself, 'These ere Injuns have got ter go through the Gap ter git where they belong.' I says to the boys, 'We'll make a short cut for the Gap, and way-lay the path; if we kin git there fust, we'll give 'em some; if we don't, we'll only lose our labor.' There was more on 'em than I spected, but I thought I wouldn't tell the rest. We killed eight the fust fire."

"How many was they?" said Holdness.

"Sixteen; the rest on 'em took trees, and we took trees, and arter a while we got the better on 'em."

"Haven't you lost anybody?" said Proctor.

"Yes, sir; Biel Holt lays just beyond here, dead; and our Elick, and Knuck, and Will Grant are wounded. We was jest goin' to try ter put Biel in the ground; thought we couldn't carry him home."

"We kin all carry him," said Holdness; "but let us look at the wounded first."

After looking at the wound of Enoch, he drew his scalping-knife, and cut out the ball, that was just beneath the skin, on the back part of the shoulder. He did not disturb the poultice that had been put on Grant's hand, but said, the moment he saw the wound of Alex,—

"That arm hasn't begun to swell, and it must be set right off; 'twill never do for him to travel home with that arm a-swingin'. I don't pretend to be a doctor; but there's only

one bone; the lad must have help; I'll do the best I kin."

The inhabitants of the frontiers were often compelled to act the part of surgeons; and when we see that frequently mistakes in setting bones are made by the regular practitioner, with all the appliances furnished by art at hand, it is wonderful how well they, for the most part, succeeded.

"It's in a good place," said Holdness, "half way 'twixt the shoulder and the elbow. Harry, go and git me some strips of bass bark, eighteen inches long and as wide as your hand; there's some trees side the crick" (creek).

"Will it run, this time of year?"

"Yes; bass bark'll run any time."

Holdness washed the wound with water and lint, probed it with his finger, extracted some pieces of bone and bits of the hunting-shirt, and then, applying his lips, sucked the wound.

He then took the bark, shaved down the rough side somewhat, and after replacing the bone, applied the splints, reaching from the elbow to the shoulder, on both sides. A hunting-shirt supplied bandages, that were carried not only round the arm, but the chest. A bunch of dry moss was placed beneath the armpit, and the limb thus confined firmly to the side, and the fore-arm placed in a sling.

"Will my arm be stiff so I can't use it, Mr. Holdness?"

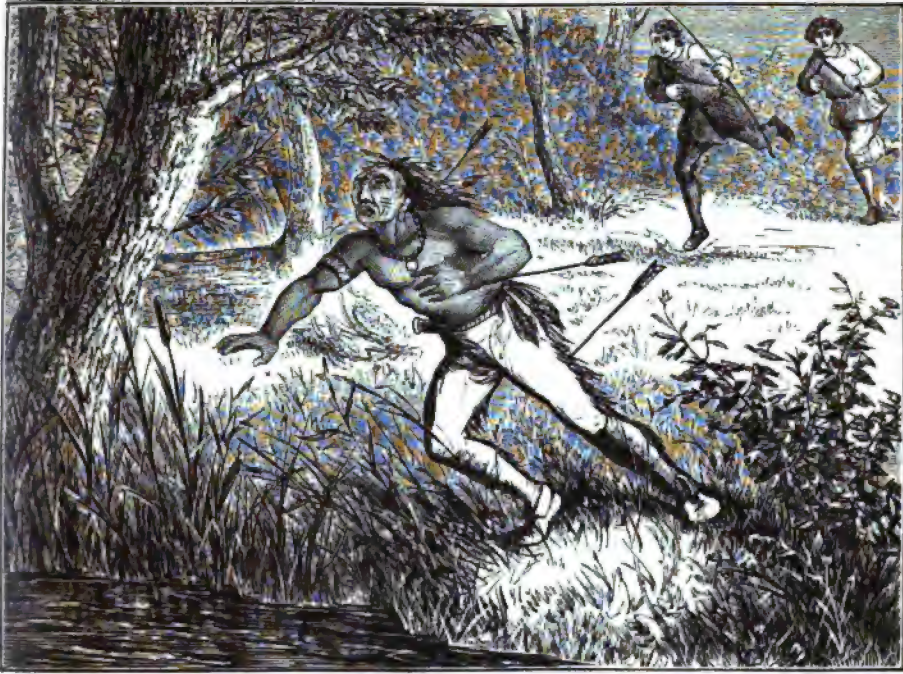
"Stiff! no, my boy; the bone ain't ground up, as fur as I kin feel; there seems to be a piece chipped off the side. Did you fall?"

"Yes, sir; I see him comin' right at me, and stepped back and tumbled right off a knoll."

"Well, I reckon the ball chipped the bone, and you broke it when you fell. A good, rugged boy like you, 'twill knit, and be firm, in a fortnight."

The guns taken from the Indians were secreted in a hollow log, as they could not be carried, there being two wounded men to be attended to on the march, and the body of Holt also was to be conveyed home. Arrangements for the latter purpose were now made. They cut two poles, ten feet long, lashed three others across them with withes, fastened a blanket beneath the poles, and placed the body on the blanket.

They then took up their line of march; two of them carried the litter, on which were placed their rifles, relieving each other frequently, and four more walked with Alex and Enoch, carrying in their hands a light, stiff pole, the wounded boys holding to the middle of each pole to steady themselves.



HE STAGGERED, BUT KEPT ON, AND DISAPPEARED OVER THE BANK. Page 679.

In this manner they travelled till midnight, when they lay down to rest.

CHAPTER XI.

RETURN OF THE VICTORS.

A FEW hours' sleep sufficed to recruit these hardy pioneers, and at break of day they resumed their march.

When they reached the bank of the river, Harry was sent forward to inform the parents of Biel Holt of their son's death, while the remainder followed with the body to the garri-son.

The sad prediction of Israel Blanchard had been realized, and he immediately set about making another coffin.

"Neighbors," said the heart-broken father, "it is a bitter thing to lose a child; children are very near. Biel has been a good son to us, and he died in the way of his duty. We must all come to our end in some way; if our children don't leave us, we must leave them. Harry tells me he was killed in a moment — never spoke or suffered anything; and when I think how many, within the last three months, have fallen into the hands of the Indians, and been tortured so horribly, I can't feel to murmur, though it is heart-rending;

and I give you thanks for bringing the poor child's body home, such a great distance, when you were fatigued."

"We couldn't bear," said M'Clure, "to leave him in the woods; we knew it would be a great comfort to you to have him brought home, and follow him to the grave: it would be a great comfort to me and Holdness if we could have had our boys put where we could visit the spot."

"There's sixteen of the vagabonds killed, and the very ones that killed Biel and did the murders at the McDonalds; that's some satisfaction," said Holdness. "I'm sorry I couldn't have a hand in it; though I honor the boys for what they've done, and I feel paid, a hundred times over, for what little I've tried to do for 'em. There's no kind of reason for being discouraged when the boys what are coming up go ahead of the men."

Harry now brought forward, and laid on the table in the block-house, the scalps of the McDonald family, taken from the slain Indians.

Harry arranged them in order, — first those of the parents, then those of Alex, Jean, Maggie, and the baby, and three of the blacks. The scalps of Grace and Mose were missing.

"One of the Injuns," said Harry, "jumped

into the river, when we was most up with him, and drowned hisself, so we needn't git his scalp. I spect he had the scalps of Mose and Grace at his belt."

"What an awful sight for neighbors to look at!" said Mrs. Blanchard. "Only last Monday afternoon Mrs. McDonald was over to our house, and helped me draw in a web of cloth into the loom, and stopped to supper; and Mr. McDonald and Alexander came over, with their guns, to see her home, and spent the evening; and we were talking about going into garrison. I told them Mr. Holdness and some others thought we ought to go into garrison, but I dreaded it; 'twas an awful way of living, — all huddled up, children crying and wanting to get out, cooking by a common fire, and having to wait for turns; nothing handy, — and I thought 'twas the next thing to being killed by the Indians."

"You don't think so now? — that it's 'the next thing to being killed by the Indians,'" said Mrs. Holt.

"No, I don't. I see I was wrong, and Mr. Holdness was right. My husband felt a good deal as I did; and Mr. McDonald said it was about as hard for the men as for the women folks; they had to go a great ways, back and forth, to their work, and drive the cows back and forth, eat in the fields, and when they come home at night it was no home — all confusion, like going to a tavern; that he had some work he must finish, and didn't want to go into garrison except in the last extremity; and now, only look on that table, and see what's come of it. I never saw 'em again alive after we parted that night."

"Look here," said Harry, taking from the pocket of his hunting-shirt a piece of blue ribbon, spotted with blood. "I got that in Baltimore, for Jean, and she used ter wear it in her hair; got it when I went ter git Mr. Blanchard's things. One of them Indians had it tied on ter his scalp-lock."

It was too great a labor for the settlers, with the tools at their command, to dig so many separate graves. The McDonalds, therefore, and also the blacks, were buried in a large trench, to which the bodies were hauled on two sleds, Honeywood reading the Scriptures, and offering prayer. A separate grave was dug to receive the body of Biel Holt, and the entire day was occupied in preparation for and performance of funeral rites, — the McDonalds and blacks being buried in the forenoon, and Holt in the afternoon. The very evening of the funeral, Harry and Hugh Crawford set out, just as twilight came on, to bring to the

garrison the guns taken from the Indians, which, together with the ammunition, knives, and tomahawks found upon their persons, had been secreted in a hollow log.

The guns, and especially the powder and lead, were a precious boon to the settlers, and all haste was made, that neither arms nor ammunition might become injured by exposure to the damps of the forest.

The attempt involved much risk, as they rode on pack-horses, thus leaving a broad trail, and the place where the arms were hid being near the Indian thoroughfare. They nevertheless went and returned in safety, bringing, besides the guns (mostly smooth-bores), ammunition, and other arms, eight bows and a bunch of arrows, the Indians having expended the greater part of their shafts in the attack upon the McDonalds. They likewise brought with them several Indian paint-bags, brushes, and a jewsharp that Harry Sumerford gave to Sam.

It was necessary to fill up the ranks of the Young Defenders. David and James Blanchard supplied the places of Alex and Enoch, Albert Rogers and Richard Proctor of Armstrong and Holt.

Things now moved along more quietly. The two scouting parties of men and boys went out on different sides of the settlement, and the men who were left at home were occupied in gathering in the remainder of their harvest, husking corn, and threshing grain. The women, in the mean while, were occupied in the domestic labors within the walls of the garrison.

When that fortress was erected, a large yard was fenced in, connected with the stockade, into which the cattle were now driven at night, and where the cows were milked. No one was in favor of life in the fortress; the women abhorred it. The block-houses were dark and uncomfortable; as they were all together, it deprived them of a woman's most valued enjoyment — going a-visiting. The boys did not like it, because they were deprived of the opportunity of escorting the girls from house to house with their rifles. It also destroyed that privacy which is the charm of home.

The men, whatever they might have felt, made no complaint, because they deemed it needful, were less quick in their feelings and sympathies, and, moreover, were not compelled to do their work amid so many disadvantages. They were out in the open air all day, came in at night tired, and the garrison was to them merely a place of shelter and safety, to sleep in; and when they had been

for several days and nights tramping through the woods, exposed to the rifle of the lurking Indian, it was a relief to lie down within the walls of a fortress. There was another portion of the little community, to whom, after the first few days, garrison life became intolerably irksome, and, in their opinion, destitute of all redeeming features. This portion comprised the children, both boys and girls, especially the boys represented by Tony and Sam.

So long as garrison life and the garrison itself were novelties, and during the period the excitement connected with the interment of the dead continued, and while they were occupied in listening to the stories of massacres that had been, within the last few months, perpetrated by the Indians in the great and little coves at Turkey Foot, Logstown, and even on the Susquehanna, which the late murder of the McDonalds called up afresh, and prompted their elders to relate, it was all very well. They were also well content until such time as they had seen the scalps of the McDonald family, and talked it all over among themselves, recalled all the virtues of Alex and Maggie, Grace and Jean, their playmates, spit on the scalps of the Indians, doubled up their little fists at them, and told what they would do when they "come to be big men," brandishing their wooden tomahawks, and working themselves into a towering passion, till their faces were red as the combs of their own roosters; until they had mounted the roofs of the block-houses, explored the flankers, looked over the guns, powder-horns, bullet-pouches, tomahawks, and scalping-knives taken from the Indians, seen the big gun, run their arms into the muzzle, and counted the balls, estimated its range, how much powder it would take to charge the gun, and every mother's son of them got astride of it.

Then, after the strong excitement of the past week arose a lack the little fellows were at a loss in what manner to supply. Huddled together in the sun under the south wall of the block-house, they looked at one another, and Sam said to Tony, —

"What shall we do next?"

For once in his life, Tony was at fault — had no suggestions to make.

"Let's have a war post," said Grant, "and coax 'em ter let us have the tomahawks what the Injuns what was killed had, ter throw at it."

This proposition was received with rapture, and it was forthwith resolved "ter coax 'em."

They could not now for a moment think of putting up with any such tame business as playing horse, hunting hen's nests, pitching quoits, or making mud puddings at the spring; not they.

It was, however, thought best to do one thing at a time, and first to obtain the war post. Mr. Seth Blanchard was generally considered an old back; not a crusty, but a very kindly one, and so fond of children, that it was often said by the good wives, —

"What a pity Mr. Seth couldn't have some children of his own, he's so fond of 'em!"

They concluded to go in a body to Mr. Seth, "'cause," said Ike Proctor, "he likes boys, and, with course, the more on us goes, the better he'll like it, and be more like ter make it for us." So they all went to entreat for the war post, and the war post they got. Mr. Seth asked Harry Sumerford to take his rifle, and guard him while he cut a suitable pole, then planted, painted it red, and received his reward in the embraces and gratitude of the boys.

"Ain't Mr. Seth the goodest man ever was?" said Tommy Rogers. "What should we do if the Injuns killed him?"

"They won't kill him, 'tain't like," said Jim Grant, "'cause he don't go nowhere; if they did we'd kill them, when we growed up."

Now came the tug of war to obtain the loan of the tomahawks, in which they anticipated more difficulty.

"It ain't a bit of use ter ask the men folks," said Archie Crawford; "'cause they'll say, 'you shan't,' right off. We must git our mothers ter ask for us."

"Whose mother shall we git?" said Tony.

"Git Sammy's mother, 'cause she's good, and lets Sammy do most anything he wants ter; and 'cause she ain't got no husband, folks will do things for her; when we all git inter garrison to-night, if we kin git her ter ask 'em, our mothers'll help her, and then the men'll let us have 'em," said Fred Stiefel.

Sammy went in search of his mother, whom he found in the bedroom, dressing Alex's wound. Sleeping-rooms were parted off in the garrison for the different families, but the kitchen was in common. They all cooked at one fire, and ate at one long table, cooking and eating by turns. The kitchen, likewise, was the common sitting-room: our readers will thus perceive why old settlers were loath to go into garrison, and clung to their homes, sometimes at the risk of their scalps.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SCREECHING CATAMOUNTS.

"MOTHER," said Sammy, "ain't I been a good boy?"

"Yes, you've been a real good boy, ever since we've been in the garrison; and I hope you'll always be as good a boy as you've been lately, and not worry your mother, 'cause you know how much your mother has had to try her, — Mr. McDonald's folks all killed, and your brothers both wounded, and poor Enoch suffering so much with his arm."

"Yes, ma'am; I'm goin' ter be good. Will you do somethin' for me? Will you, ma'am?"

"Ain't your mother always doing something for you, Sammy? Didn't I work ever so long, when I was in a hurry, this morning, and when your brother was waiting for me to dress his shoulder, making you a belt?"

"I don't mean them kind of things; somethin' a-purpose, will you, ma'am?"

"What is it you want me to do?"

"Well, will you, ma'am?"

"I guess so, if it's anything I can."

"I want you, when all the men folks come in ter night, to ax 'em ter let me, and Tony, and Grant, and our company have the tomahawks what's in the block-house, and what the Injuns had, ter train with and throw at our war post what Mr. Seth made for us."

"O, child, what put that in your head? Why, I never heard of such a thing in all my born days. The men folks think a great deal of these tomahawks; they want 'em for themselves to fight with, if they should lose theirs. Besides, you'd lose 'em and cut yourselves with 'em; the wooden ones you've got are a great deal better for you. I'm sure I think they're nice ones."

"How kin we lose 'em in the yard? They won't let us go out of the stockade; and we won't cut ourselves; we'll be kereful; and every time when we're done, we'll carry 'em and put 'em in the flanker, where they keep 'em."

"They're too big for you; you can't throw 'em," said Alex.

"Yes, we kin, if we stand close ter the war post; 'cause I throwed one clear 'cross the flanker, and stuck it inter the wall. Will you, ma'am, ax 'em?"

"O, I can't, child. What would the men folks think?"

"You said you would."

"I said I would if I could; but I don't feel as though I could do such a thing."

Sam now began to cry, and whine, and say,

"I don't want an old wooden tomahawk; 'tain't good for nothin'. Harry, and Elick, and Knuck go way off in the woods, and have good times, and I can't have no good time, and can't do nothin'. They shet us up in the stockade; we can't go fishin', nor acornin', nor hazel-nuttin', nor beech-nuttin'; we can't do nothin' — booh! booh!"

"Well, ask the men folks yourselves."

"That won't do no good. If you told 'em, they'd let us. You said you would."

"Well, I *can't*; so don't tease any more."

Sammy now went back to report progress, and found his mates collected at the door, and, with downcast looks, informed them of the ill success of his mission.

"You didn't *coax* her," said Tony.

"Yes, I did."

"You didn't *tease*."

"I did *tease*, too, ever so long."

"Then, why didn't you *cry*?"

"I did *cry*."

"Did she say right up and down she *wouldn't*?"

"No; she said she *couldn't*, and for me not to tease no more."

"Then, zuckers, if you go in agin, and ax her, and if she says she can't, you cry, and screech, and bawl; she'll do it, 'cause they allers will when they say they can't, or they'll see 'bout it, or they don't want ter."

Sammy went back, found his mother carding wool, and getting up in her lap, he put his arms round her neck, and commenced again.

"Mother, won't you ax 'em for us? 'cause you know you said I'd been a good boy."

"Don't tease, child; I can't do it."

Sammy, bursting into a flood of tears, kicked himself out of his mother's lap, and embracing her knees, set up such a screeching as completely justified the expectations of Tony, and went straight to his mother's heart.

"Mother," shouted Enoch, "take the broom-handle ter him, or I will."

"O, Enoch! how can you be so hard-hearted? The poor child's heart is broken. I know it's hard for 'em to be shut up here, when they've been so used to running about everywhere."

Sammy abated not one jot of his shrieks till his mother said, —

"There, there, Sammy, don't cry so; you'll drive your poor mother distracted. I'll *ask* 'em; but I don't believe 'twill be one mite of use."

When Sammy came out, and, smiling through his tears, announced the result, they went in

a body to Mr. Seth, and told him what Mrs. Sumerford was going to do, and obtained a partial promise from their friend to the intent that if she made the request he would speak in favor of granting it. The object, however, was too important in their eyes to permit them to overlook or neglect anything that promised to afford them aid.

They knew very well that the opinion of Mr. Holdness would have great influence in such a matter; that beneath a rough exterior he concealed a kind heart; and not a boy in the Run felt in the least afraid of him.

He was then away on the scout, but would return at four o'clock, when the garrison gate would be opened to admit the scouts. They kept close watch, and the moment the gate was opened, seized Mr. Holdness by the hands and the folds of his hunting-frock, and took him to see their war post, the great rough man looking like a giant among pygmies.

There they told him all their hearts, and besought his aid in a manner that so much amused and interested Holdness, that he also promised to help the matter along whenever it came up.

No political party, on the eve of a hotly-contested election, were ever more excited and anxious than the "Screeching Catamounts," when, supper being despatched, the men lighted their pipes, and drew together to talk and listen to the report of the scouting party.

Sammy was at his mother's side, both hands buried in her gown, every now and then giving her a nudge, and whispering, —

"Mother, *now* ax 'em."

Just as Mrs. Sumerford, having knit to the middle of her needle, was about to open her lips, James Blanchard rushed into the midst of the company, shouting, —

"Mr. Honeywood's Kate's got nine puppies."

The announcement caused a general commotion: the men rose to their feet at once, expressed their gratification in no measured terms, and several of them — Holdness, M'Clure, and Honeywood, among the rest — left the room to verify the report, and returning, averred it was even so.

If our readers are surprised and puzzled to understand why this matter produced such general and extreme gratification, they must look to Holdness for an explanation.

"This is what I call a great blessin' — an uncommon blessin', just as we're placed now. The fact is, we hain't got any dogs wuth callin' dogs at this time; they're all old, and lost their teeth, or got 'em broken, or got their ribs broken and their paws chawed up with the

wolves, or fightin' with one another. I take the boys ter blame for that same, a-settin' 'em on the wolves and bears."

"If we hadn't, father," said Cal, "we shouldn't have had any sheep, or corn either."

"Well, perhaps so; but that critter of Mr. Honeywood's, O, she's a choice breed; worth her weight in goold (gold), and on the other side the blood's nearly as good — one quarter bloodhound. One of them ere dogs of that breed, why, they'll take an Injun's track where a man can't see a sign, and they'll scent one in the wind; and they're sharp biters, too, and real resolute ter tackle a bear, wolf, or man. The Injuns dread 'em, too, 'cause they sleep with both ears and one eye open, and they're wide awake in the night, and kin see in the dark."

"O, Mr. Holdness," said Harry, "what if Mr. McDonald had only had sich a dog as our old Hunter, what the bear killed last fall. Think the Injuns could have been skulkin' behind his house, and amongst the corn, and they never know it?"

"No, Harry; every hair on his back would have been stannin' upon eend, and he'd a roared so there'd been no sleep in that house, and our neighbor and his family would have been settin' here with us this blessed minute."

"There's Heinrich Stiefel's Fanny," said Hugh Crawford; "there'll be some there afore long."

There was now a pause in the conversation. Sammy gave his mother a vigorous nudge, and feeling that it was a favorable moment, as all were in good spirits, she broached the matter, though with some trepidation. To her great surprise, Holdness thought it was well enough to let the children have them to play with; and so did Mr. Seth. Nobody objected, and Honeywood said the Indians made little bows and arrows for their children almost as soon as they could handle them.

Honeywood went on to say that it was impossible to tell how long the war might last; that the good results of putting weapons in the hands of the large boys had been seen, and the sooner the children learned to handle arrows and fit themselves to be of some use in case of great necessity, the better; that a boy ten years of age might learn to sight a gun, and, firing from a rest, might kill an Indian.

It is impossible to do justice to the martial air with which the "Screeching Catamounts" (as the small fry, less modest than the larger boys, styled themselves) wore at their belts

the real Indian tomahawks, that had killed folks; or with what merciless blows they splintered the war-post; and as for the *screeching*, the savages themselves could not have improved upon that. They had long been provided with bows adapted to their strength, and shot arrows with a precision that often excited the wonder of their elders.

"I tell you what it is," said M'Clure to Holdness and Grant, who, in company with him, were one day looking on when the children were shooting at a mark — "I couldn't, to save me, shoot as well as these little tots. All they want is strength, and they're gittin' that every day."

"That isn't all," said Holdness; "it prepares them ter shoot with the rifle, when they git big enough ter hold one out. Jist see how quick an Injun'll lay down a bow an arrow, and take up a gun, and learn ter shoot with it."

After a while Holdness would put the guns captured from the Indians into the children's hands, though it was all that the most of them could do to shoulder them for a short time, and even then their faces grew very red, and they staggered as they marched.

"Only see the little things," said Holdness; "see 'em try ter keep the breech of the gun clear of the ground; it makes 'em grit their teeth, and it's just all they kin do. If we could only spare the powder and lead, if I wouldn't load up a smooth-bore, and let 'em shoot all round, jist to see what they'd do!"

Thus the settlement had become almost a military camp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLLEGE DAYS.

BY NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

AH, Tom, old friend, full forty years
Have passed since you and I were boys,
Since you and I, fast friends and true,
Together shared youth's transient joys.
I met you, Tom, when first we stood
Beneath the grand old elms at Yale:
Then you were slender, fair, and shy,
But I was ruddy, bold, and hale.

From freshman to the senior class
We kept together, side by side;
And, when near through our college course,
Sought the same maiden as a bride, —
Professor Willard's daughter Jane, —
As sweet a girl as ever smiled:
She captured both our hearts at once,
When you and I were young and wild.

Methinks I might have won her heart:

She knew not which she loved the best.
You claimed the right to ask her first;

And, ah! well, 'Tom, you know the rest.
I gave my darling up to you;

I gave her with a free good will;

And she has been your wife for years;

But I, your friend, am single still.

You say she's changed; but still I think
I'd know her should we meet again.

I saw your son the other day —

A handsome chap; he looks like Jane.
Just out of college, did you say?

Dear me, how swift the years pass on!
Seems but a day since we were lads,

Just twenty-three and twenty-one, —

And smoked the farewell pipe of peace,

Murmured the good byes o'er and o'er

For the last time, hand clasped in hand;

Stood in our *Alma Mater's* door,

As we looked down the coming years:

Our hearts were strong and hopeful then.

We knew we left our youth behind;

The world henceforth would call us men.

We wandered forth to seek through life

For our fair castles built in Spain.

Ah, Tom, of all those boyish hopes

How many proved but false and vain!

When, dreaming by my lonely hearth,

I take the dead years by the hand,

I see how different life has proved

From that which oft in youth I planned.

The classmates of our early days,

The college friends we loved the best,

Are parted now by sea and land,

And some beneath the daisies rest.

Good by, dear Tom; I'm going now;

On earth we may not meet again;

But you'll remember your old chum,

And give my love to little Jane

— In earlier times most men had less time for reading than they have now: books were fewer, too. So, instead of great histories, it was the fashion to have books containing the lives of such men as were then thought best worth studying. Among these lives, the most popular were those of the nine worthies. There were three from *Israel*; namely, Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus; three from *Heathenesse*, Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; and three from *Christendom*, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey de Bouillon.

A GOODLY CHARITY AND A PRETTY WIFE.

BY VERE DE VERE.

MR. GEORGE GERMAIN, a good-looking, wealthy young man of twenty-five, or thereabouts, stepped into a street car one pleasant afternoon, gave a hasty glance around, drew a paper from his pocket, and settled himself to read the evening news. A block farther on, the car stopped again, and in stepped a young lady, neatly dressed in black, a little bow of blue ribbon under her dainty chin, and a blue feather in her hat, the only ornaments or color about her. At the same time from the opposite side of the street came in a woman with a child in her arms, and carrying a heavy carpet-bag.

The new comers took the only remaining vacant seats side by side, and directly opposite Mr. George Germain, who gave one careless glance, and then resumed his reading. A few minutes later the conductor made his round, collecting his fares. Coming to the poor woman, he held out his hand, and she dropped into it a five-cent piece.

"Six cents is the fare on these cars," said he, shortly.

"Six cents?" echoed the woman, with a startled look. "I thought it was five;" and hastily pulling a worn pocket-book from her pocket, she began searching it through for another penny. Alas! it was empty; and with a deep blush of mortification she said, "I thought it was five cents, sir. I haven't got another penny!"

"Well, take your five cents back, and get out. You can't ride in these cars for less than six," growled the conductor, with a jerk at the bell.

The woman took the money, and with a mortified look on her face rose to go. Instantly a hand was on her arm, and a voice said, "Sit down." Then turning to the conductor and proffering him a coin, the young lady said, with a look and voice of scorn impossible to describe, —

"There is your penny, sir; now drive on."

The conductor again rang the bell, took the money from the woman, finished collecting the fares, and stepped out on the platform with an uncomfortable expression on his face. He tried to whistle it off, and busied himself unusually by looking out for passengers, and assiduously helping them on and off the platform.

All this time the look of scorn for one and compassion for the other rested on the young girl's face, and Mr. Germain, who had noticed

the whole affair, grew quite interested in studying the play of emotions so plainly visible. After a while the woman rose to go. The young lady suddenly sprang up and followed her, and the gentleman, looking from the car window, could see her stop the woman, speak a moment, and put something in her hand.

The car passed on, and the two were lost to his sight, but not to his memory, for he still sat gazing out into the street, his mind busy with the image of the impulsive, generous young lady who had crossed his pathway but a moment, but in that short time had gained his admiration and respect.

A week later, while strolling down a fashionable promenade, he saw a sight that caused a start of amazement, and then a stare of genuine surprise.

An elegantly-dressed lady was walking side by side with a dirty, ragged boy of twelve, or thereabouts, said boy having in one hand a basket of cold victuals, and in the other a dirty rag, which he frequently applied to his eyes as he walked along.

"Some snivelling hypocrite come it over some lady, I suppose," quoth Mr. Germain to himself. "Think I'll step ahead and take a look at them." Suiting the action to the word, a few paces brought him alongside. One glance, and he knew her for the lady of the car episode. He walked on to the corner of the block, and then stood still, as if waiting for a stage.

The strange couple passed on. "I'll follow them," said he, instantly interested in the doings of this charitable young lady.

"She is going into some horrible place with that boy, and I'll just walk along to see that she gets into no trouble. Not that I would be mean enough to follow any one, but I feel it my duty to see that no harm comes to her. She has undoubtedly picked up that boy in the street, and is going home with him to find out the truth of some horrible story he has been telling. These beggars ought to be suppressed as a nuisance. But at any rate, I'll follow and protect her."

On they walked through one street and another, till at length they stopped before a dirty tenement house. The boy entered, and the lady, giving one hasty glance around, heroically gathered up her elegant dress in her hands, and boldly followed him.

A few minutes later, the boy, with a tin kettle in his hand, rushed out, nearly knocking against the gentleman, who stood at one side of the doorway, flew down the street, and disappeared in an oyster saloon near the corner.

Presently he re-appeared, carefully holding the kettle, from which issued an appetizing fragrance of oyster soup. Up stairs he rushed, bearing the precious burden. Again he appeared, and ran in an opposite direction, and soon returned bearing a bottle of wine. At this proceeding the interest of the gentleman grew unbounded, and he accosted the boy with, —

"What is the matter up stairs? Is anybody sick?"

"Yes, my mother is," hurriedly answered the boy, turning to go in.

"May I come in?" said the gentleman; and from half way up the stairs the boy called out, —

"Yes, if you want to."

In an instant he was ascending those dirty and broken stairs. At the top of the house the lad pushed open a door, and his companion stood on the threshold, gazing on a scene such as he had never before witnessed — a scene to make Pity weep, but Hope rejoice. On a bed drawn near the broken window lay a woman, pale, thin, and emaciated, partly bolstered up by pillows, and partly resting on the arm of the lady who sat on the side of the bed, feeding her from a bowl that rested on the bed. As the boy entered, without turning her head, she said, —

"Open the bottle quickly and pour out some wine."

The boy seized a broken fork and tried to pick the cork from the bottle.

"Here, let me do that?" said the gentleman, stepping into the room, drawing a corkscrew from his pocket.

The lady glanced round, but showed no surprise at the new visitor. Taking the proffered wine from the hand that held it, she said, —

"Thank you. I am glad you happened to come just at this time."

"What can I do next?" said he, anxiously, quite affected by the sight of that almost starving woman, and desiring to appear well in the eyes of the lady. A mixed motive, truly, but none the less acceptable.

"Well, please hold on to that bowl of soup, so it won't turn over," replied she, just as the invalid was seized with a violent fit of coughing, from the unaccustomed fumes of the wine.

Quickly he seized the bowl and then the cup of wine, while the ministering angel held the invalid in her arms till she had recovered from the exhaustion produced by the cough. A little more of the soup and an occasional sip of the wine, and the sick woman, greatly refreshed, desired to be laid down to rest.

Making her as comfortable as possible for the moment, she turned, and pouring the re-

mainder of the soup into the bowl, she bade the boy eat. Gladly he seized the spoon, and in a few minutes the bowl was empty.

While the boy was eating, Mr. Germain, now thoroughly interested, offered his money right generously to aid the sufferer. Without hesitation the lady accepted it, and began to discuss how it had better be used. At length they decided to hire some one of the neighbors to take charge of the invalid and keep the room in order, and sufficient money was given to the boy to pay for the necessary expenses for several days. In a few minutes a neighbor was called, a bargain made, certain orders given, and the young lady started to go, promising to call again the next day.

"It is getting late, miss: will you allow me to escort you home?" said Mr. Germain, desperately; for, now that the business of the moment was over, the young lady had suddenly become very formal in her tone, and seemed to bid the stranger keep his distance.

Glancing out the window and seeing it was growing dark apace, she replied, —

"If you will be kind enough to escort me to the stage, I will thank you. I will not require your services further."

"Certainly, with great pleasure," answered he, with a dignity equal to her own; and then bidding the patient good night, they passed down stairs and into the open street. A few remarks, courteous on his side, grateful to hers, were exchanged during the short walk, and then, handing the lady into a stage, Mr. Germain gracefully lifted his hat and turned away. This time the lady gazed after the gentleman till he was out of sight.

"I wonder who she can be!" mused Mr. Germain, as he slowly walked onward. "A perfect lady in her manner, and an angel in her feeling. It must be natural to her to be kind to the poor, for both times her actions seem to be the result of an impulsive, generous nature. It certainly was in the case, and in this case I dare say she found the boy crying in the street, spoke to him, and, as well with him to learn the truth of his story, and it is lucky she did, too, for that poor woman was actually starving to death. I felt for her. It is dreadful how much suffering there is in this world. I'll go and see that poor woman again myself. I actually felt ashamed of myself to stand there with a pocket full of money, and that poor woman dying for want of a few dollars!"

After a few moments he smiled and said to himself, —

"By Jove! I wonder what the fellows at



MIDSUMMER SKETCHES.
AMONG THE HILLS.

the club would say if they knew I had turned philanthropist, and visited sick beggars in tenement houses! But the chance of a sight of a face like that angel's is worth a dozen tenement house visits. I'll go again to-morrow, sure, and I'll know more of that young lady too."

So, between the slight interest in the poor woman and the strong interest in the young lady, Mr. Germain was about to take a step that was to color his whole future life.

The next afternoon our hero might have been seen slowly pacing up and down the street in which the poor woman lived. Sauntering here and there, lingering on this corner and on that, suddenly he caught sight of a figure some distance down the street.

"It is she. She is coming; now I'll go in. I thought she would come to-day. Bless her. For her sake, if not for anything else, will I help this poor woman. I am not very good myself, but I can appreciate goodness in others, and in a woman it is heavenly!"

So saying, he entered the room, and kindly inquired of the invalid "how she felt herself."

"O, much better to-day in my heart, but very weak indeed."

"You look so. You look very weak; but you must not worry any more now, but try to get well and strong. You may depend on me for all you need," said he, struck with a feeling of compunction as he gazed at the shadowy form, worn out with consumption and starvation.

"Thank you, sir. I shall not need your care long; but my poor little Henry—" and a wistful gaze through eyes filled with tears completed the sentence.

Answering tears came into the man's eyes, and he impulsively clasped her hand, saying,—

"Don't grieve for him. I will look out for the boy."

"Thank you for that. I thank you for that, and shall always remember it of you," said a clear, girlish voice from the doorway; and the next instant they were clasping hands as cordially as if they were old friends, instead of being unacquainted with each other's names. Then, turning to the invalid, she made kindly inquiries as to how she had passed the night, and whether the nurse had been able to relieve her sufferings any. A few necessary directions were given to the nurse, and she turned to speak to little Henry, who sat by his mother, looking so different from the weeping, dirty boy of the day before—his face and hands clean, his hair neatly brushed, and

with such a look of gratitude in his eyes, that the gentleman was moved to place his hand on his head and say,—

"Remember, boy, take good care of your mother, and I will take care of you."

"Indeed, he does, sir," said the mother.

"He is the only comfort I have in the world. I could not wish for a better boy. For years he has been the only pleasure I have had in life, and all that I have had to love. I pray constantly that God will protect him and keep him from sin; and if you will look after him when I am gone, I shall die content."

"Do not fear on that account," spoke up the lady. "This gentleman has promised to take care of him, and I am sure he will keep his word; but even if he did not, I would do so. So rest in peace."

"God bless you for your kindness," said the invalid, in a faint voice.

"Let us go now; she is tired and must sleep," said the lady. "We will come again to-morrow;" and bidding them good by, the young couple left the room.

On reaching the street, a slight shade of reserve again showed itself in the lady's manner; something intangible, scarcely perceptible, but yet enough to check the impulse to ask her name. Kindly remarks relative to the patient were exchanged; wishes for her welfare, thanks from the lady for the promise regarding the boy's welfare, and a stage was signalled; the gentleman handing his companion courteously to the door, a deferential lifting of the hat in response to a polite little nod from the lady, and again they separated.

"I almost wish I had gone in the stage," said Mr. Germain to himself, as he proceeded slowly along. "But somehow I couldn't do it. 'Twould have seemed like forcing myself on her, and I would not do that, for she is undoubtedly a lady. But who can she be? She acts like a Sister of Charity, and looks like a fashionable woman. I never before met the two characters combined in one person. She is a splendid woman, whoever she is, and I admire her more than any person I ever met. I'll find out who she is before long; and what is more, I'll continue the acquaintance."

Then the thought flashed across him for the first time,—

"Suppose she is married!"

A sudden sinking of the heart and a feeling of dismay at this possibility showed how earnest he was; and he pressed his lips together to suppress the words that might escape in spite of him.

"O, I hope she is not!" he groaned; and a

slowly half-formed wish crept into his heart that she might yet be his wife. She was good; she was beautiful; and she was a lady. What more could he ask? Nothing! and he would win her if possible.

The next day, and the next they met beside the invalid's couch, each striving to cheer her lonely journey, and breathing words of hope and cheer to the sorrowful mother's heart, — and then, one day, they stood beside the rigid corpse of the one who, in life far beneath them, suddenly had risen above them, and now commanded their respect and awe; who was no longer a poor, miserable recipient of charity, but as one of the angels in heaven.

This time the gentleman had loitered, as usual, around the door; but instead of entering when he saw the lady approaching, he had walked forward to meet her. She greeted him not unkindly, and thanked him for coming again. Together they ascended the stairs, and stood in the presence of death. It was a shock to both of them thus suddenly to stand face to face with the lifeless clay, although they had known death was inevitable.

"When did she die?" inquired the lady, when she had recovered from the first surprise.

"Last night, mum, about twelve," responded the nurse. "I noticed she were looking worse than usual; and so, mum, I didn't go out of the room after nine o'clock. I thought as how she would die about twelve (folks mostly do die about that time), and so I thought as how I'd sit up. Not as I consider I am very able to sit up, mum, but seeing as how you took such an interest in her, I thought I'd oblige ye, mum, knowing as I wouldn't be forgotten by you, mum, for it. Mrs. McGinnis laid her out, mum, and she was nothing but skin and bones. She was a dear good creature after you got acquainted with her, so patient-like —" and here the corner of the speaker's apron went up to her eye.

"I wonder if she had any friends," said Mr. Germain. "Some one ought to be here to attend to matters. Boy, did your mother have any relatives or friends?"

"None that I know of," said the boy, who had been sobbing quietly at the foot of the bed.

"But do you know nothing of your mother's history? She looks as if she might have had friends when she was younger, even if she has none now."

"She used to have friends when she lived in England, I believe, but I don't know who they were, for I was born on shipboard when she

was coming here; and when I was three years old my father died or ran away, I don't exactly know which. My mother never would speak of him, and she used to work at sewing and washing till she got too sick, and then I took care of her."

"Poor boy," said the lady, resting her hand on the boy's head, "you have had a hard lot in life."

The tears burst forth again at this sympathetic speech, and he sobbed as if his heart would break. His kind friend comforted him as well as she was able, and the gentleman said, —

"Well, I suppose the authorities ought to be notified." Turning to the nurse, he said, "Let your husband attend to having this woman decently and properly buried. I will be responsible for all the necessary expenses. Of course, he will have to report to the police. She must have a certificate from the city authorities, as she has had no physician lately. I wish now I had insisted on her having a doctor when I first proposed it."

The nurse's husband coming in at that moment, the directions were repeated to him, and he willingly undertook to see them carried out. The funeral was appointed for the next day, and all preliminaries settled. Then, handing his card to the boy, he said, —

"Here, Henry, keep this card safe, and day after to-morrow come to me, and I'll see what I can do for you."

As they started to leave, the lady turned, and said, —

"If you find you need any more money, go to the Phoenix Bank and inquire for the president. Tell him who you are, and he will give you what is necessary."

"Thank you, mum. God bless you. You are a real lady; that is what you are," said the nurse, with an awkward courtesy, and rubbing her eyes with her apron. "Good morning, mum, and may you be happy forever."

"Did I understand you to say Mr. Walker, the president of the Phoenix Bank, was your father?" inquired Mr. Germain, a few minutes later, when they had walked a block or so. "I am well acquainted with him."

"Are you, indeed?" said the lady, quite non-committal. "How long have you known him?"

"About three years — ever since my return from Europe. I have business arrangements with that house. Perhaps you may have heard my name mentioned at some time — George Watson Germain."

"No, I never heard of it," said the lady.

coolly. "Will you have the kindness to stop that stage for me?"

"Certainly, madam, with great pleasure;" and he handed his tormentor into the stage, feeling a good deal piqued at her manner, and pronouncing himself a blockhead that he could not find out her name after meeting her so many times under such peculiar circumstances.

He was walking on quite disconsolately, when Charley Howard tapped him on the shoulder, and said, —

"Hello, George! glad I've met you. Got an invite for you in my pocket. Have just left home, and Gussie asked me to hand it to you at the club to-night. Three hundred invitations out; just enough to make a nice crush. Be on hand?"

"I don't know whether I will or not. I'm getting tired of parties and all such nonsense," glumly answered George, not particularly grateful for the dainty invitation he held in his hand. Looking it over a minute, he suddenly burst out with, "By Jove! I'll go. Old Walker lives in your block — don't he?"

"Yes; but what has Old Walker to do with your coming to my sister's party?" responded the indignant brother.

"Never mind, my boy. I'll be sure to go, and will send your sister the handsomest bouquet I can find. I am ever so much obliged for this invitation;" and with a grasp of the hand that made his friend wince, he bade him good by in a tone that sounded like a benediction.

"Well, I wonder what is up now. I'll bet Old Walker's daughter has had a hand in that some how," quoth Charley Howard, sagaciously. "I never saw George act like that before. First he wouldn't go at all, and then he was ready to embrace me because I handed him the cards. I'll just keep an eye on him, and find out the trouble."

The invited walked on a happy man. He saw a way out of his annoyance — a way to become formally introduced to the lady who had interested him so much, and he determined to take advantage of the good fortune that had so luckily turned up at the right moment.

The eventful evening arrived. Mirth, music, and a crowd of fashionables filled the parlors of the Howards' brown stone mansion, when, in the most formal and decorous manner, Mr. Germain and Miss Lily Walker were introduced by a mutual friend.

They walked, talked, flirted, and danced just as the other young folks around them were doing; and no one, to look at them, would have supposed they had stood united by pity

and sympathy beside the death-bed of a poor, starving woman, or that those delicately-gloved hands had smoothed her thorny pathway to the tomb.

Do you want to know what became of that introduction? Well, I am not sure, but last week I saw her looking at some white satin at Stewart's; and I have seen them three times at the opera within a month. Those things, added to the fact that she wears a large solitaire diamond on her finger, make me think that something is going to come of that meeting.

CAN YOU TELL?

BY M. L. RICKER.

TELL me, careless, happy throng,

As you listen to the song

Of the feathered warblers sweet,

While you play

All the way

Down the cool and shady street, —

Do you heed the gentle warning

Sent you in life's early morning?

Can you tell who feeds them all?

Watches e'en the sparrow's fall?

Hears each liquid note so clear,

Trilling soft,

As aloft

Glide they swiftly through the air?

For they neither sow nor, reaping,

Ever garner full are keeping.

Fed each day by One above

From the storehouse of his love,

Each day's gifts they thankful take;

Merrily,

Cheerily,

Does their grateful music wake,

Sending back for all that's given

Glad thanksgiving up to Heaven.

While the birds on every tree

Sing so glad and joyfully,

Are *you* always good and true?

Does a smile

All the while

Shine your every action through?

Do your bright and happy faces

Make your homes-sunshiny places?

O, forget not, as you play,

Who it is hath made the day:

'Tis He keeps each little bird,

Sheltered warm,

Safe from harm,

In the nest by rough winds stirred,

And a faithful watch is keeping

O'er *your* waking and *your* sleeping.

MRS. JUDGE TYSIEN'S PARTY.

BY MRS. NELLIE EYSTER.

"BLUE blood in her veins! I think she looks perfectly healthy."

"O, you stupid Bess! I mean, simply, she has royal ancestors; and that is the way people describe such descent. I guess her *real* blood is as crimson in color as that of common folks."

"Like us, for instance, whose great-double-great-grandfather got rich by selling crows' scalps. I heard his story, for the first time, yesterday, girls; and he *was* a sire to be proud of, I can tell you."

Saucy Bess! into what a mine of good-natured fun her deep-brown eyes seemed to open, as she laughingly continued, —

"Away back, a little after the flood, grandpa Arents Klincken, then an industrious young Hollander, was one day ploughing up his native earth, in order to make a cabbage-bed, when, sinking his ploughshare too deep in the soil, it struck a rock, which split and parted. So great was the concussion, that our grandpa was thrown miles up in the air, during which time he saw the steeples of Philadelphia on the other side of the wide ocean. Excited by this vision of foreign loveliness, he at once decided to seek his fortune there.

"As this occurred before there was any ocean navigation, his ingenuity was taxed how to cross the big water. Filling a mill-bag half and half with *pretzels* and *switzer kase*, he saddled with it a large turkey; and, shouldering his father's German *yager*, — the best shooting-gun in the world, — he mounted his feathered steed, and in two days landed at Cape May, then a dense American forest. Here he lived for many years, a mighty, but lonely, hunter, until he had used up all his ammunition.

"The berry season being over, he was nearly driven to desperation one day from hunger; when, seeing a young deer in the thicket, he loaded his *yager* with a peach-stone, and fired it off. The stone, entering the deer's side, interrupted his dinner. Frightened, he fled; and grandpa never set eyes upon him until long afterwards, when he appeared with a huge peach tree, laden with ripe fruit, growing out of his back. He surrendered himself to grandpa, who, cutting down the tree, got enough plank out of it with which to build the first *two-story* house ever raised in Pennsylvania. The peaches he *snitzed* and dried; then,

taking them to Philadelphia, — the nearest market-town, — he traded them for a wife — our grandma Sibella, after whom you were named, dear."

"Who on earth told you such ridiculous stuff, Bess?" said Sybil Le Bran, her round cheeks aflame with haughty indignation.

"I am not through yet," continued the laughing mischief. "All this occurred between 1682 and 1700. Marriage did not tame his out-door habits; on the contrary, he ate so much wild game, and endured such hardships in midwinters to kill it, that finally he got the rheumatism or gout; the flesh on his knuckles ossified, and at the age of eighty-two he could scrape chalk from them."

"Bessie Arnold! you are an insult to our race," said Sybil, impulsively, springing to her feet. "I have heard, girls, that one of our ancestors suffered from gout in his last days, like most aristocratic old gentlemen; Henry the Eighth, for instance, and Cardinal Richelieu. But that was because, like them, he could afford to be an epicure. You know our family too well, girls, to believe such nonsense possible. Where in the world did you get it, Bess?" looking at her cousin like an angry goddess.

"On this planet, dear, in Mrs. Graceham's parlor, just before they moved. Fanny told me," replied Bess, meekly.

"Which just reminds me," exclaimed May Atherton, who had quietly listened to Bessie's story. "What *do* you think was found in the Graceham's *old* garret the day they moved into their new house up town."

"Spiders, cobwebs, and rats," suggested Bess.

"Two old spinning-wheels, a reel, and some wire things to card tow on. And, what is worse than all," — here her voice sank to a whisper, — "her mother's mother actually spun with them, to get stuff for her own clothes."

A dead silence fell over the group, broken only by sundry "O's," and "Ahs," which went off with the suddenness of hot corn in a popper.

"And the Gracehams hold their heads so high!" said Bell Gordon, whose father was a wealthy director of the same bank of which Colonel Le Bran, Sybil's father, was president. "What a shame!"

"Thank fortune, there are no such skeletons in our garret. My great-great-grandmother was a baroness, a high-bred lady; and, for proof of it, we still have her silver tankard." chirped Sue Leonard.

"And, for centuries back, my American ancestors were *distinguished* physicians; and you all know, girls, how elegantly doctors live."

This declaration came from the ripe lips of a pretty little blonde, aptly named Fay Frailey.

"And, notwithstanding Bessie's absurd story," said Sybil, "*my* papa's grandfather—for she and I are cousins only through our mothers—must have dwelt in magnificence. He was a nobleman in his own country of Bavaria; and when he came to America to live, he brought his own golden ink with him, and servants in livery, and his own building materials in two ships. But, finding himself surrounded by vulgar farmers and working people, he had a splendid tower erected, in which he spent his leisure studying the stars. Yes, I believe in blood—"

"Which brings us back to where we started, Lady Lofty," interrupted Bessie, making her a low *salaam*. "Jenny Tysien would be a lady, if her blood was black as ink, and her ancestors had been apes; for she's a Christian;" and having fired her bomb-shell, she drew a long breath.

"Whew! But her grandfather was a supreme judge," said one.

"And his father was a minister to the court of King James," added another.

"And in what princely style the family live now!" chimed a third.

And soon all six of Madame Murang's most select day-scholars were trying who could most surely establish the claim of Jenny Tysien to be some of the very cream of the cream of Pennsylvania's aristocracy, without having the least connection with its skim-milk and bonny-clabber.

So they talked and talked, until long after sundown; and the Four Willows, beneath whose tasselled branches they had made such revelations of foolish pride, wept very gently over them—perhaps it was only the falling dew; while sweet Jenny, the unconscious inspirer of their animated chat, played a game of battledoor in her grandmother's "marble hall," as indifferent to her genealogy as was the fresh daisy to the soil from which it sprang.

A week from that Thursday, and twelve of Madame Murang's Juniors were thrown into a state of excitement for which the past fifteen years of each individual's whole life furnished no parallel.

Mrs. Judge Tysien—O for some of Sybil's ancestral golden ink, with which to write a name so honored,—Mrs. widowed Judge Ty-

sien, the richest, oldest, most learned, most exclusive, most travelled lady in the city of —, who had personally invited Queen Victoria to "spend some time" with her, if she ever came to Pennsylvania, whose house and park were palatial in their size and beauty, who entertained presidents and princes with as much ease as though they were only preachers and printers, and to deserve and receive whose pleasant smile was enough distinction for one day—had left an invitation, from her own lips, with the mothers of these twelve misses, to a party at her residence, at three o'clock of the following Saturday afternoon. This, in itself, was without a precedent; and, as if to make it more mysterious, Jenny, who had lately come from San Francisco to spend the summer with her grandma, and only recently entered the Junior Class, had neither been seen nor heard of by her mates since the preceding Monday. So there was no way of ascertaining whether the party was to be for dancing, dining, full dress, evening dress, or *undress*, which latter Bessie defined as "something real comfortable, that we can wear without remembering we have it on."

Nevertheless, as carriage after carriage, in quick succession, landed each its dainty burden inside the Gothic gateway of Shadeland Park, there appeared as many elegantly flounced, ringleted, and panniered misses, as though they had just stepped from out Madame Fandango's plate of spring fashions.

"Dis way, dis way, ladies, if you please. Ole missus 'll be monsus glad to see you," said a gray-haired servant, politely waving them from the marble steps they were about ascending into a path running several hundred yards in the rear of the east wing of the mansion. It terminated before a small one-story house, with a high, peaked gable, and eaves so low that any man of six feet could have touched them. It was built of logs, the interstices filled with grass and clay, and now so completely covered with luxuriant ivy, that in the distance it looked like a grotto or fantastic bower.

Lifting the wooden latch of a door which had never been either planed or painted, he politely bade them enter. Was the old woman in blue cotton short gown, linsey-woolsey petticoat, high mob cap, and wooden shoes, the elegant Mrs. Judge Tysien, whose taste in dress was undisputed. And then the room into which they were so cordially welcomed! Where were they? No wonder they stood, staring blankly at wooden dolls at what they saw. The low ceiling and sides had been plastered, two hun-

dred years ago, with straw and clay intermixed, over which was a thin coat of yellow lime. The bare floor was thickly sprinkled with silver sand, through which numberless swirls and odd figures had been made with a sweeping-brush. A long, uncushioned settee of white pine, with a very high back of plain boards, — not unlike the pews still found in old-fashioned country churches, — stood against one wall, supported right and left by large rush-bottomed chairs, made of maple posts and slats, with high backs, as perpendicular as that of the settee. A short, narrow looking-glass, in two plates, or pieces, framed in scalloped mahogany, painted white, with here and there a dash of gilt, hung at the far end of the room, but so high up that not the tallest girl present, even on extremest tiptoe, could have seen more than the crown of her head. In the middle of the wall to their right, and occupying nearly two thirds of it, was an immense fireplace, piled up with split logs, four feet long, lying upon iron andirons. Around the top and sides of it were ornamentations of China-Dutch tile, on which David killing Goliath, Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, and Moses receiving the Ten Commandments, were coarsely pictured in red, blue, green, and yellow. In one recess, between the fireplace and farthest gable-end of the house, stood a quaintly-carved chest of drawers, of wild cherry, built in there. It reached almost to the ceiling, and each of the ten drawers had heavy iron loops for handles, instead of knobs. A great clock-case, as high as the chest, occupied another corner, while near it, upon a little rough shelf, stood three copper and three brass candlesticks, each one containing its home-made tallow dip, ready for being lighted.

Around the room hung eight small pictures, uniform in size, painted upon glass, with black mouldings for frames, and a scanty touch of gold leaf in the corners. They represented scenes in the life of the Prodigal Son. There were but two windows in this room, which were really small doors opening inwards, and set in leaden frames, with outside ones of wood.

"Remove your wraps, my dears, and lay them in the bunk," said Mrs. Tysien, pulling out what at first seemed the lower drawer of the chest, but which proved only a falling lid, with space enough back of it to hold two Saratoga trunks, or form a bed for two children.

Then, seating them like so many puppets, she drew from out her ample pocket a coarse woollen stocking, on which she began to knit,

while she politely inquired about their several mothers and various studies.

The poor girls looked from one to another in a dismay very funny to all but themselves. Too much in awe of their venerable hostess to be familiar, yet bewildered by their novel surroundings, what were they to do? Finally Bess the Brave, forcing back a lump in her throat, timidly asked, —

"How is Jenny, and where has she gone?"

"Only in the next room, dear. She has been spinning right hard to-day."

And, as if to prove the words true, a prolonged whirr-r-r, buzz-uz-uz, was distinctly heard. Jenny Tysien spinning like old-time common people! What next? The next was her own clear voice, saying, "Please, grandma, I have done six cuts, and supper is ready," followed by herself in a striped cotton dress, buttoned up in the back, and a white flaxen apron tied around her neck, and reaching to her feet. First dropping a low courtesy, she advanced and shook hands with each of her class, while the dimples, which always followed her smiles, seemed nearly frantic to be in full exercise.

"Walk out, my dears," said the old lady. "Early suppers are always best for children; and you and Jenny can play afterwards."

The dining-room contained a bit of carpet twelve feet square, and, of course, was under the round pine table, which, covered with a plain cloth of homespun linen, had bright pewter plates laid for fourteen. A mahogany tea-board held tiny cups and saucers of real china, in bright colors. The coffee and tea pots, also of china, had silver nozzles, while a great china punch-bowl, filled with curds and whey, occupied the centre of the table. There were no napkins, nor any of to-day's table equipage: The steel knives and forks had heavy horn handles. The brown bread, cut in thick slices, was on a wooden trencher, and the nicely-fried hominy-cakes, and mould of fresh butter, were alike on pewter dishes.

A large spinning-wheel and two smaller ones stood at one end of the room, and in an opposite corner, a closet with a glass door preserved whatever of spoons, bowls, and delft-ware that was not in use on the table.

The girls never knew how they got through their unusual and frugal meal; but at length Bessie, whose eyes had for some time been fastened upon various long tassels of onions, red peppers, dried pumpkins, and sour apples, which dangled from nails driven in the wall, suddenly exclaimed, —

"Dear Mrs. Tysien, what does this queer

way mean? I know you are after something." After a hearty laugh, in which the very crown of the mob cap seemed to participate, she replied, —

"Once upon a time, nearly two hundred years ago, a company of intelligent Germans, who wanted to serve God the way their own consciences pointed out, left their native land and came here, by invitation of William Penn. Their passports were written on parchment, *with golden ink*, Sybil, my child; and there used to be one of them in your family. They were sober, industrious, and poor people. My great-grandfather, Francis Pastorius, was one of the number, and built this very house in which we now are. He owned nearly half of this town land then; but it only cost him one shilling an acre; so that was not much to boast of. Another good old man had a son named Anthony Klincken, who was a wonderful hunter, and lived next door to my people; but he had not the extraordinary imagination of one of his interesting descendants named Bessie Arnold."

"O, Mrs. Tysien! where did you —"

"Sh! I am not through. There was a witty old Dr. Frailey among them, living also in a log house, who used to cure children and horses when they got bewitched. On each side of his house he painted lines of German poetry, in oil colors. I can remember one couplet: —

'Las neider neiden, las hasser hassen,
Was Gott, mier gibt. Mus man hier lassen.'

Perhaps our Fay 'will try to translate it,' looking archly at the blushing blonde.

"There was a pious Mr. Leonard and his wife, Quakers, who were never known to miss First Day's Meeting. He went there without his coat in summer, wore striped cotton trousers, a white cap, and was barefooted. His wife, like many others of her neighbors, always carried her basket on her head, if it was heavy; and when she went to market, — six miles off, — rode a mule, with two panniers slung on each side of him. She owned a coffee pot with a solid silver nozzle, just like this; but I never heard that she thought herself any the better morally for owning it, nor worse because it wasn't a silver tankard.

"There was a farmer also, named Rittenhouse, whose youngest son David used to cover the plough-handles and fence-rails with mathematical figures, for he had very few books and but little education. He made a clock when seventeen years old, without ever having seen one before; and finally, by reason of his God-

given genius, perseverance, and good sense, became one of the most distinguished astronomers of the world. He built, with his own hands, I guess, an observatory, from which to study the motion of the stars, and aid in developing science; but, when hungry or sleepy, he came down from it to just such a home as this, *for he knew no better one.*"

"And had he, positively, no servants, nor carriages, nor livery?" asked Sybil, anxiously.

"Tut, tut! No. It would have been thought a disgrace to so insult the use for which the Creator had made sturdy legs and strong feet. I have heard grandfather tell of a sick man, who owned, as a curiosity, a one-horse chair, set on leather bands, without springs, and a few brass rings and buckles on the harness; but he was an object of compassion for having to use it, not envy. Why, the first carpet ever seen here was sent over from England as a present to May Atherton's treble-great-grandfather. Like this, it was kept in the middle of the floor, and everybody walked around it on tiptoe. He had the honor of building the first mill in the state; and the men — my folks also — used to bring the grist to it on their backs, except one, — an aristocratic ancestor of our Sybil's, here, — who had a tame bull perform that labor. On one occasion, however, the beast got badly scared; so did his master, who afterwards thus described it to his wife: —

'My dearest wife, in all my life
Ich neber was so fritened;
De bull did snort, and Ich did run,
Like tunder after lightning.'"

"Were such kind of people our ancestors, after all?" exclaimed Belle Gordon."

"Indeed they were; and the proudest and best in our land sprang from just that grand, healthy old stock, who knew, literally, every one of them, what it meant to earn their brown bread and corn-cakes by the sweat of their brow. Talk about blue blood. —"

"Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Tysien, I never knew —"

"That I was sitting in my garden-chair, Sybil, at the far end of my park, on a certain evening, and overheard your conversation? Of course you did not, my darlings; and I only then realized the false impressions you were cultivating. This old house is, to me, the most valuable thing I own. I have tried hard to preserve it unchanged, as a truthful history of how the brave German pioneers of *my* family lived; and I thought it would benefit you, in after years, to know that your-

patriotic and sensible forefathers shared the simple, modest fortunes of mine. A wise poet once said, —

'Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part — there all the honor lies.'

But I do not mean to tire you longer with my shady talk."

Nodding a signal to old Dirk, who stood grinning in the doorway, a band of music, concealed somewhere in the groups of shrubbery studding the lawn, was soon heard; and, following their laughing hostess, they went back to her beautiful parlors.

There, amid the rarest that was modern in art and culture, they had "the merriest, maddest" time, promising themselves that night, as each pair of sleepy eyelids closed, never to forget the lesson so kindly taught by Mrs. Judge Tysien's Party.

PETER'S COMPOSITION.

BY M. R. GILKESON.

THE State House clock gave three sharp strokes, and almost instantly the gates of the Academy yard were thrown open by the janitor, and out rushed one hundred and seventy boys, of all sizes, from eighteen years to eight, shouting, laughing, and jostling one another, as they dispersed in different directions.

A queer-looking little boy, with a very big head, tumbled along after the others, "stumbling" his toes at nearly every step, receiving a knock from first one and then another, and finally, as a gust of wind threatened his hat, letting books and slate fall to the pavement, with a crash, as he raised his hands to save his head ornament.

"Hallo, there!" exclaimed one of a group just ahead, turning, at the noise, and coming to his assistance. "It's little Bokhara! Peter, I thought you were kept in! Here, Harry Erskine, help us gather up these books. My stars! Peter, your slate is in atoms. Had you done your examples? Well, you'll catch it to-morrow, or my name is not Arthur Mason!"

The boy addressed only shook his head in silence, jammed still flatter his queer-looking hat, and, the books being again in his possession, walked on with the two who had helped him.

"Harry and I were just talking of our compositions for next Monday," continued little

Mason. "What are you going to write on, Peter?"

"I dun't know; I find cummissions so hard!" he replied, rather dolefully. "The felly's lochel at me, when I reads them!"

"Well, it's no wonder they laugh, Peter," said his friend, "you talk so odd!"

"And you look so queer!" burst out the other boy. "What is it ails you, any way? It's because you're Dutch, though — isn't it?"

"I dun't know," he again replied. "I isn't Dutch, I dunt guess!"

"Why, yes you are! What are you, then?" exclaimed both boys at once.

"I dunt know! Maybe's *nothing*!" he replied, with decision.

"Well, I always heard you were Dutch, and I believe you are," laughed Mason. "Didn't you come from Amsterdam to Philadelphia?"

"Ya," he replied; "but I isn't there not lang; three, four years. I is in China three, four years, not lang. I is in Lapland country three, four years. I is in India three, four years. I is in the land of Spain three, four years —"

"Good gracious!" here interrupted little Mason, while Erskine leaned against a convenient tree box, laughing fit to kill himself.

"Why, Peter! I'm sure I never heard anything to beat that in my life! How old are you? a hundred?"

"Three, four years, I guess," gasped Erskine.

"I dunt know," he replied, hastily, averting his head. He raised his hand to his face, thereby letting all his books drop again; and as Arthur again helped him gather them up, he observed that his eyes were glistening with tears. He linked his arm within that of Peter, but without saying anything, until Erskine, still shouting with laughter, had left them at the next corner.

"Why can't you come home with me to tea, Peter?" he then said, kindly. "Shall we go ask your mother? Where do you live?"

"Mutter! O, I dun't have any!" answered Peter, as unconcerned as if he were talking about a school-book, or an article of clothing. "Yes, I go 'long you!"

Arthur's mother was dead, too; but he had a very kind father, who was always pleased to welcome any friend he might bring home with him. He had taught his son to select his company with care; and he knew that an unprincipled boy, or a rowdyish, unrefined one, would be no more likely to find favor with Arthur than with himself.

Arthur had told him something of Peter;

but he was scarcely prepared to find the oddity, in dress, manners, and language, which met him at his own tea table that evening.

He asked him a great many questions, and seemed to find as much amusement in some of Peter's answers as did his son; who, in spite of his polite intentions, could not always command his countenance.

Peter has evidently been a great traveller; but he talks such a polyglot of languages as at times baffle the very closest attention.

His English had been acquired from three Chinamen, merchants, whom he had met in some vessel, and who had lived in San Francisco just six months. This — Pigeon English — with Dutch, Russian, a good many Spanish expletives, and the dialect of the Laps — helped to make up his conversation.

By his own account, he had a father living, whose habit it was to leave him in some city or town for an indefinite time — entirely alone — until he saw fit to send after him, or bring him away.

"I say, papa," suddenly exclaimed Arthur, in the midst of the conversation, "wouldn't Peter's travels make a good composition? Write about what you've seen, for next Monday, Peter. You couldn't do better. Could he, papa?"

"He might try," said Mr. Mason, "if he thinks he could make himself understood."

"O, he can't make it any worse than the two he has written — can you, Peter? Mr. Russel will not excuse him. He says he must speak and write all the English he can, in order to learn rapidly. So I move he writes about his travels."

It made very little difference to poor Peter; all subjects were equally difficult to him. So he at once agreed to the proposition; and when he left Arthur, he had promised to return on Saturday, and submit to his inspection and correction the result of his very best efforts.

He kept his word, and on Saturday evening, at the tea-table, Arthur, with an odd grimace, handed the composition to his father to read.

It was partly written, and partly printed — and in a language that appeared to be anything but English. The paper might have been covered with the hieroglyphics of Egypt, for anything Mr. Mason knew to the contrary.

"I dare say it is a very fine composition, my boy," said he, handing it back to Peter, "but, I am afraid, rather too learned for me. Suppose you translate it; or shall Arthur?" — as Peter took the paper with a doubtful look.

"Well, I couldn't do that, to save my life, papa," said Arthur. "It is just as much as I can do to understand Peter read it — so let him try."

Which Peter accordingly did; and at the conclusion of the last queer word, Mr. Mason sat back in his chair, and perfectly roared with laughter, in which he was heartily joined by his son, and little Peter too, who was not in the least offended.

"Do excuse me, Peter," said Mr. Mason, finally; "but that is certainly the most remarkable production I ever heard read in my life. Take my advice, however, and read it in school on Monday, just as you did to me. I think Mr. Russel will attend to your case after hearing that composition!"

Well, on Monday morning Peter stood up in his place before the school, and, in stentorian tones, read the following — which, of course, I must translate, as I never could write it as he read it, and you couldn't understand it if I did.

MINE COMMISITION ON MINE TRAYVELS.

I been a many places. I been in the States not lung. Here, you have Horse to pull you. Horse-Elephants pull, too. So do Horse-Dogs, and so do Horse-Camels. Horse-Camels often rode me.

In India country I had a great many birds. Birds is differ from a horse — because a birds has fedders in its tail, and a States horse has hairs in its tail.

I been a many places. Camel-Horses has lumps. I likes cheese and a red hat. Dragoman in Egypt gib me fine silk one. On ship I had Kats, and sixteen Kattens. Kats isn't like peoples. Kats has tails — peoples don't has tails. Monkeys is the thing, and a long tailed Zebra.

I seen so much — I believe I be's a hundred years old. This is all mine cummission: I dunt like cummission — it be's so hart — but I try my *werry best!* Don't lochel!

PETER LOEP BOHKARA.

But you may depend they did "lochel," and Mr. Russel laughed too; seeing which, the boys became uproarious, and one of them proposed "three cheers and a tiger for Peter Bohkara and his cummission." It was responded to with "vim," and Mr. Russel had some difficulty in restoring order in his classroom.

Peter had laughed at first, but at the cheers his face reddened, and doubling his fists, he squared off in a threatening attitude. His

fat cheeks were bulged out, and his queer, ugly little face and person only appeared more ridiculous than ever. As Arthur afterwards observed, he looked exactly like an exceedingly angry rat.

Before he could become dangerous, however, Mr. Russel stepped forward, and laying a hand upon his shoulder, said, —

"Boys, it has been my intention, for some time, to tell you all something about this little stranger, lately come among us; but various matters have crowded it from my mind. I do not believe any of you know what a thorough traveller stands before you in the person of this little boy. As he truly says, he has seen many places. He is a native of Lapland, — which accounts for his small stature, — and of singular appearance; and I believe he is about fourteen years of age — although he looks, as you see, about seven. He has been in nearly every habitable country on the globe, and he has acquired no one language, simply because his life has been so roving. And the greater part of his journeying has been performed entirely alone — sent from place to place, like a bale of goods, as his adopted father happened to think of his existence. I have noticed that he seems forlorn and alone among you all; and now that you know something of his history, I want to know if you think this right!"

Shouts of "No, indeed!" "Shake hands, Peter!" "We'll soon teach you to talk!" rang out from the boys, who came crowding around him. Peter had only partly understood Mr. Russel, but he smiled complacently upon them all, and turned to his seat by Arthur Mason, the friend who had sought him out, pitied his loneliness, and done what he could to serve him.

QUICK TELEGRAPHING. — Messages are sent from New York to London, and answers received in New York, even without any unusual haste, in thirty minutes actual time. To appreciate this wonderful achievement, we must consider that the distance from New York to the cable station at Heart's Content, N. F., is about thirteen hundred miles; that of the cable about two thousand miles, and of the land lines, and cable from Valentia to London, about three hundred miles more. Each message, therefore, is transmitted about thirty-six hundred miles, and passes through the hands of eighteen persons; consequently the message and reply, in each case, passes through the hands of thirty-six persons, and travels over seven thousand miles, in thirty minutes. *

THE NAIAD OF THE HIDDEN BROOK.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

THE Greek, who knew and loved me well,
Baptized me Nymph or Naiad;
In fairer nooks he bade me dwell
Than ever woodland Fay had.
My home is in the glen of moss,
Where even the squirrels slumber,
Where flecks of sun and shadow cross
On wings of gold and umber.

I tumble round my oaken knurls,
And twisted knees of willows;
And with the wild grape's straying curls
Coquet my mimic billows.
The dainty Fairy of the Fern
To prank his plumage lingers,
And stooping, in my pebbled urn
Dips all his dimpled fingers.

In mossy beds of gold and green
My scarlet twin-berry nestles,
And graceful alders o'er me lean
And shake their golden tassels.
Below my banks the freckled trout,
With all his fins a-quiver,
Among the fern-roots, in and out,
Glides slowly towards the river.

Brown-cheeked, brown-eyed, the barefoot
girl
Comes wading up for cresses,
And round her shining ankles curl
My ripples' cool caresses.
All day I sing a gurgled song
Among the reeds and sedges;
Or, where my timid waves get strong,
Slip, laughing, down the ledges.

The poet wins a mellow note
From lapse of bubbling waters,
And steals from every Naiad's throat
The tunes Apollo taught us.
My russet oaks, with knotted thews,
The gray-gold of my sallows,
The artist sets in living hues,
O'er smooth or wrinkled shallows.

I cannot love the brawling mill;
I shun the glaring meadows,
And gayly lead my frolic rill
'Mid mossy rocks and shadows.
My lovers, all, are all things shy,
Song-filled, or blossom-laden,
The glad, pure lives of earth and sky,
From midge to musing maiden.

HOW I LEFT THE NORTH LIGHT.

BY AN OLD SALT.

"WE'LL get something from the nor'ard before long," remarked the captain to Mr. Plump, stopping in his usual evening walk on deck; and turning his eyes for a moment in that direction.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the mate's reply; "and most likely it will come with a spurt."

"Give them watch-and-watch, Mr. Plump, and make things snug before dark."

"Ay, ay, sir;" and, with his usual promptness in executing the captain's orders, it was hardly a moment before the mate had all hands engaged in reefing and stowing the sails.

We were upon the New Zealand coast, about one hundred miles distant from the land, a little to southward of East Cape. It had been calm all day; and, as it was midsummer there, — being in December, — the day had been uncomfortably warm; though, of course, the heat was not excessive. But for months we had felt nothing like it; and but for one reason I would have welcomed a breeze from any quarter. That reason I will explain very briefly.

Ever since we had been on the New Zealand coast, where we had been cruising for some weeks, Scamp and I had entertained a design of escaping to the shore. Scamp had conceived the idea, and had persuaded me to join him; not a very difficult matter, by the way, as I was determined to escape from the ship somewhere; and we had enlisted four others — enough for a full boat's crew — in the same enterprise. We had only been waiting till we should be nearly up with East Cape, at which point we were to leave the coast and steer for Pitcairn's Island, to put our plan in execution.

Every night while cruising, the ship had been hove to under short sail, and only a boat's crew kept on deck at a time, — standing quarter watches, as it was termed, — which made the matter of leaving the ship in one of the boats comparatively an easy one. Everything had been made ready. A supply of bread and pork had been secured and stowed between decks, forward, where it could be readily transferred to the bow boat, and each of us had a bag or bundle of clothes stowed there also.

Our purpose had been to leave the ship that very night. Therefore it will be seen that a continuance of the calm would be more favorable to our purpose than a breeze; especially if of such a character as the threatening sky now indicated.

"We'll have to wait," said Scamp to me, as I followed him out on one of the fore-topsail yard-arms; "we can't go to-night, any how."

"That's so," I replied, with such a feeling of disappointment as I had not before experienced since leaving St. Paul.

"Never mind, Eph: there's another night coming."

"I hope so," said I, as we began to haul out; and then, for a time, our whole attention was given to the sail.

Everything above the topsails was furled, and those we close-reefed. The jib and main-course were stowed; and when all had been made snug, the watch was set for the night. Instead of a boat's crew, the whole starboard watch was kept on deck.

Then darkness came, and clouds crept upwards across the sky. Yet, for a time, the reefed sails slatted against the masts, as the ship rose and fell, and no breath of air stirred the waters.

At last there was a souging, sighing sound; a stray waif had filled the sails, causing the ship to surge slightly forward; but it was gone almost as soon as felt. Then came other waifs, growing in strength, succeeding each other quickly and more quickly, till finally old Æolus burst upon us in all his strength. Within one short half hour from that first puff, the force of the gale was terrific. We had again been ordered aloft, and with some difficulty had succeeded in getting in all the remaining sail but close-reefed main-topsail and fore-topmast staysail. When eight bells struck, and our watch was ended, Tom remarked that there was nothing to do but let it blow.

During the next four hours I knew little of the gale or of disappointment. I could always sleep my allotted time, blow high or low. But when the four hours had passed, and we again went on deck, it seemed as if the gale exceeded in severity, if possible, that fearful gale we encountered off Van Diemen's Land. I heard Mr. Bowlegs say to the fourth mate, however, that it would not last long. These New Zealanders, as he expressed it, soon blew themselves out.

In a couple of hours daylight came, and already there were signs that the gale was abating. But the ship was rearing and plunging fearfully. Almost with the first light, it was discovered that the jib had been imperfectly stowed, and there was danger of its getting clear of the gaskets altogether. After watching it for a time, unwilling, perhaps, to risk any of the men on the boom to secure it, Mr. Bowlegs told Tanner and myself, who happened

to be nearest him, to go out and make it snug again.

It becomes a habit with seamen to obey, and they seldom stop to think what the result will be to themselves, when an order is given. Of course we sprang out at once, and began to gather in the loose folds of the sail. I was several times near losing my hold when the ship's head pitched into the seas; but we had nearly accomplished our purpose, when I heard what seemed a note of warning coming from Mr. Bowlegs on deck. Of course we could hear nothing from on deck plainly; and the cry caused me to look towards Mr. Bowlegs, to see what he meant. At that instant the ship pitched, and went down so swiftly that again I almost lost my hold. Before I could recover myself, or the ship had again risen, a great wave rolled down and covered me. Almost unconsciously, and resistlessly, I was borne away.

For a moment I was almost unconscious; my whole soul was in a whirl; but then I felt that I was lost; that I must sink and die. I must have been struggling desperately, though I hardly knew it. I rose upon the sea, and saw the ship, and men pointing towards me. And then I sank out of sight, and felt that I must die. And yet I do not remember that I feared death. My thoughts were in one wild whirl. It must have been merely an instinctive desire to live that led me to struggle so wildly; for there was no hope; I could not be saved.

The ship was far away; I could see her but dimly through the salty spray. My struggles would soon be over, and the waves would cover me. With a feeling that can only come when death is near, I turned my eyes upward, and said again, what I had said a hundred times before,—

"God help me!"

Even while my eyes were raised, some hard substance met my extended hands. I was unable to grasp it, for it was large, and there was no projecting point; but there was a flat, hard surface, rising and sinking, upon which I placed my arms, and, after a brief rest, succeeded in drawing upon it my whole body. Whatever it was, it had sufficient buoyancy to keep me above water; but I was in constant danger of being washed off again by the sea. I was so exhausted that I could scarce make the effort that would enable me to retain my place; but I turned my eyes towards the ship, fading out of sight, and stretched towards it my hands. A few more glimpses, as the waves bore me high up, and the ship was gone. I was in that vast, stormy sea, alone.

I recognized the object upon which I was floating. It was the wooden cover of the ship's try-works, which had been left off since the beginning of the cruise. They must have thrown it over in hope that I might reach it, — though the possibility was so slight, — and by its means prolong my life. It was a frail support, and I felt every moment that I might in the next instant be struggling again helplessly in the sea. I clung to it despairingly. If I could but remain upon it till the gale should be over, the ship might return, and I might be saved. That was my only hope.

At last the sun shone through the opening clouds, and the wind seemed abating. The warmth of the sun was cheering, and its rays encouraged me. It was not long till the wind was almost gone, and the clouds were fast disappearing from the sky. And the seas soon ceased to break over me as they had done, allowing me to retain my place with far less exertion.

At last, nothing but the clear light-blue of heaven was above me, with the beaming sun in its midst; and the sea was growing calm. But the ship was not in sight. I was alone; and it seemed as if I had only escaped drowning to die of hunger and thirst. For want of water I was already suffering, and the rays of the midday sun beat fiercely upon my bare head. Indeed, I wished that clouds might come again, to intercept those fiercely-beating rays. And a breeze, too; for while that calm should last, I could have no hope of being found.

But I endured through the day; and when I had watched the slow-setting sun till it was out of sight, it seemed as if every ray of hope had gone with it. The sea was almost as quiet as it had been at that hour the evening before; and the serene blue depths above me gave no promise of a coming breeze. As the shade of night deepened, the light of a million orbs came down, revealing glories which only the darkness of night can disclose, and which, in that hour of peril, I could not but contemplate with a feeling of deepest reverence for Him who created all. It was a lovely night; and yet a lingering death seemed all that was left to me here.

I could not have slept, even had my mind been more composed; for, though I was no longer in any immediate danger of being washed from my raft, my weight kept it always partly covered with water, making my situation the more uncomfortable. Gradually my thoughts became confused and wild. I was conscious that I was losing the power of rea-

soning, and felt that when that should be gone, the end would quickly come.

The night seemed an endless one. In my longing for daylight, I feared the sun would never rise, or that the sea had quenched its fires so that it could give no light. The moon came up, and in my wild imaginings, I thought it a fragment of the sun, with its fires put out; and yet it gave a light that showed the swells of the sea more plainly than before. For a time I had forgotten the ship; but now I remembered her, and strained my eyes in every direction, to see if she might not possibly be near. But there was only a dark, silent waste of waters all around me. Even the frail support that bore me was almost hid from sight.

I was relapsing into my wild state of thought, when I heard sounds like the voices of men. In an instant my mind was clear, and every sense alive. Such power has hope. I looked eagerly towards the point whence the sounds had come, but saw nothing. It was only of my own imagining, I thought, yielding again to despondency. But hardly had I come to this conclusion, when there were other sounds, so familiar, and reaching me so distinctly, that I could not mistake them. It was the regular roll of oars in a boat's rowlocks; and I was sure a boat was approaching me. Another look showed me the boat, on a swell of the sea not far distant, with the forms of those in it.

And yet for a moment I was paralyzed with fear; for the boat was *passing*, not *approaching*, me. I could make no effort, for an instant, to attract attention. But recovering quickly, I gave a shout that must have had a startling effect on those who heard it. I could only see the boat as it rose on the swells; but I saw that my shout had been heard, for the men had stopped pulling. Again I called, with all my strength, and in a moment more saw the boat coming towards me. I was so overcome that I had hardly strength to call again; but had I remained silent, the boat might have still passed within twenty yards, and those in it not have seen me. Indeed, it seemed as if it would do so, till I called a third time; and then it came directly towards me, and I distinctly heard some one say, —

"That's Eph's hail, true as you live!"

"Ahoy, Eph! Be ye alive or dead now?"

It was Tanner who called; but I could make no reply till he had drawn me into the boat, and rubbed and chafed me for a while. Till then I hardly recognized any one else; but then I saw Scamp, and the others who had agreed to desert the ship with us, — and it was all clear to me how they happened to be there.

"You're worth a dozen dead men yet," said Tanner. "All you need now is some dry clothes, and it's mighty fortunate we brought your bag along. I say, Eph, there's many a twist in turn in this life that we don't think of!"

"The old try-cover served you a good turn this time, Eph!" said Scamp; "but who would have thought of our falling in with you in this way?"

The cover had risen, relieved of my weight, so that it was plainly seen.

"I had a hand in puttin' it over myself," said Shanks, "but I'd no idee 'twould do ye any good!"

"Ay, Shanks! we do lots of good without knowin' it," said Tanner; "that's allers the way with sech chaps as you!"

"I'll be hanged," exclaimed Chips, "if this ain't about the queerest! I didn't never expect to see anything more of you, Eph; that's a fact!"

Dave, the fifth man, also expressed surprise, in his peculiar way, suggesting that I must have had a jolly good time, all by myself. Indeed, the greetings showed very well the character of each from whom they came. It was Tanner who drew me into the boat and brought me back to life, as it were, and I could not but feel more grateful to him than to any of the others. Remembering that he had been with me on the jib-boom, as soon as I was somewhat revived, I asked him how it was that he, too, had not been swept away.

"Why, bless ye, Eph," was his reply, "don't you know there's no drownin' a man that's born to be hung? You'd oughter been holdin' on, Eph, and then you wouldn't gone yerself. If Bowlegs had only let ye alone, you'd been all right."

There was some truth in the last part of Tanner's reply. It had occurred to me more than once, while drifting on my frail support, that if my attention had not been drawn to Mr. Bowlegs, I should have seen the wave that swept me away, and guarded against it. But believing that his intention had been to warn me, I could not blame him.

"I say, Eph, what d'ye have for supper?" asked Tanner, in a kindly way, when I had exchanged my wet clothes for some of the dry ones that were in my bag.

I was neither so hungry or thirsty as I had been a few hours before; but I admitted that a drink of water, and anything they had to eat, would be acceptable.

"Ay, ay, Eph! you shall have your share;" and Tanner produced the pork and

hard-tack, while Dave poured some water from a keg into a wooden mug, and gave me to drink. They were all surprised, as indeed I was myself, at the small quantity it took to satisfy me. But I was greatly refreshed by what I took, and shortly after began to feel like myself again. Yet I could not help expressing regret that my preservers were not going towards the ship, instead of from it.

"Why, bless ye, Eph! don't you want'er go ashore?"

"I would rather go on board," I replied; "but of course I don't suppose you will go back to please me."

"Of course 'not, course not, Eph; and 'twouldn't do no good if ye did. We ain't goin' back now, you bet! You'd oughter heard the old man take on, Eph, when he found we's goin'. If there'd only been time, he'd hev got out one of the old stumpies on the quarter-deck, most like, and plumped a whole bucket of old iron right at us. Course we ain't goin' back now!"

Chips took it upon himself to confirm Tanner's statement, and added, as an interesting fact, that the captain had turned out in his shirt-tails, in his haste to stop them.

"Nothin' very remarkable about that, Chips," said Tanner; "'tain't everybody that turns in with his breeches on, as you do! Now, Eph, if you could only give us the stroke—but of course you can't, till you've got rested a little."

I had little heart then to pull away from the ship that for months I had so longed to leave, but which, during the last few hours, I had yearned a thousand times more intensely to return to. But, as Tanner said, I was hardly yet able to pull an oar, and therefore sat idle, while my escaping shipmates continued their way westward.

They had left the ship a little past midnight, they said, and had been pulling the best they could ever since; and daylight was already appearing. They congratulated themselves that the night had been so favorable. So long as it should continue calm, they were in no danger of being followed; but even should a breeze now come, there was little probability that they would see the ship again. They judged that they had come at least twenty miles, before falling in with me.

Everything that had been secreted in the fore hold was in the boat, and Scamp had found opportunity to transfer the water-keg from the waist-boat, so that they had two full kegs of fresh water to start with. He had also secured four muskets, from the dozen or

more that stood in a rack in the house, and he had enough ammunition to enable them to fire several rounds.

As Scamp told the story, — guiding the boat with the steering-oar, while I sat near him, — they had got everything into the boat without being detected. Then, having hoisted it carefully from the cranes and got all clear, they had let it go down by the run, following so closely that they were all in and ready to shove off, when Mr. Sharp, who had charge of the deck, reached the rail above them.

"What are you about, Scamp?" was that officer's sharp inquiry.

"Going to have a little practice, sir; it's all right."

"Come back, you villain! Come back!"

At the same instant the captain's voice was heard, — the rattling of the tackle-blocks having probably aroused him, — and immediately he appeared above the rail, attired in his shirt, — simply that, and nothing more, — and demanded, fiercely, "Who's in that boat?"

"*Nobody*, in particular," was the unsatisfying reply.

"You villains! What are you about? — where are you going?"

"To Donnybrook Fair! and we're afraid we'll be late. Good by, captain!"

"Come back, you Scamp! — you Satan! — come back! I'll load the guns and fire into ye!" shouted the captain, powerless to stop them.

"That's right, cap! fire away!" was the last exasperating reply.

They were pulling swiftly away, and the captain's voice, if he continued to call, was drowned by the noise of their oars. In a few moments the ship had faded out of sight in the darkness. "And it's a mighty lucky thing for you, Eph," said Scamp, in conclusion, "that we didn't go back."

— THE INVENTION OF THE WHEELBARROW. — Leonardo di Vinci, who was a famous poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist, and inventor, all in one, excelled in many arts, and was a practical worker besides. This great man invented the wheelbarrow. It takes a great man, sometimes, to do a little thing. He lived in the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy. Our youthful readers must all have seen at least an engraving of "The Last Supper." It was Leonardo di Vinci who painted the original picture, which is considered one of the grandest paintings in the world. *



A HAPPY MARPLOT.

BY UNCLE BEN.

CHARACTERS. — JASPER PROUDFOOT, foreign travelling partner of the New York house of Martin, Brooks, & Co., too proud to acknowledge his poor parentage to his new foreign wife. MRS. PROUDFOOT, a sensible little woman, whom he does not understand. JOHN PLUMMER, the marplot. Old Mr. and Mrs. PROUDFOOT, parents of the aforesaid JASPER, brought together by the aforesaid marplot.

SCENE I. — MR. and MRS. PROUDFOOT at breakfast. Dress indicating wealth. PLUMMER in attendance.

Mrs. Proudfoot. How strange it is, Jasper, that, during the months passed since we were married, your parents have not written to you one word of congratulation!

Mr. Proudfoot. Yes, Julia, it is a little strange; but I think we can live without it.

Mrs. Proudfoot. One little word from them would be so kind! Do you think that they are pleased that you should have married abroad?

Mr. Proudfoot. Well, as they do not write to us, I don't see that we are likely to know.

Mrs. Proudfoot. But it is very disagreeable to think that I have come into a family that may be hostile to me. It really makes me feel unpleasantly.

Mr. Proudfoot. Don't be uneasy, my dear Julia. I dare say their letters have miscarried, these foreign mails are so irregular.

Mrs. Proudfoot. (With a sigh.) Well, I suppose we must wait till time clears up the mystery. What sort of people are they, Jasper? Are they wealthy? I believe I never asked the question before.

Mr. Proudfoot. Yes, dear; they live in the old family mansion — (aside) the old barn! — and enjoy a competency — (aside) ten dollars a week, which I send them, — their declining years cheered by the consciousness of having nobly discharged their duty — (aside) in giv-

ing me to the world. The little sister, of whom you have heard me speak — (aside), the freckle-faced little imp, — is with them; and, though they live obscurely, and don't mingle much in society, they are nevertheless regarded as very excellent people. — (Aside.) Go to church regularly, and sit in the free seats. — We shall doubtless hear from them by and by.

Mrs. Proudfoot. (Pensively.) I trust that we shall. (Bell rings. Exit PLUMMER, who returns with a letter on a salver.)

Mr. Proudfoot. (Silently reads.)

"MR. JASPER PROUDFOOT. Dear Sir: The trouble regarding our invoices renders it necessary that you return instantly, in order that the integrity of our firm may be vindicated. Please take the next steamer for Boston, and come immediately to New York by rail.

"Yours truly,

"MARTIN, BROOKS, & Co."

Mrs. Proudfoot. (Eagerly.) Well, Jasper, have they written to you? — our parents, I mean.

Mr. Proudfoot. No, Julia; but I have a sudden call home. The house of which I am travelling partner has got in some little muddle, and I have been sent for to clear it up — which I can do very easily.

Mrs. Proudfoot. (Clapping her hands.) O, that will be nice! for, if we go to Boston, we shall be so near the family mansion, — as you have said it was near Boston, — that we certainly can spend a few hours there, on arriving, and marry before we come back.

Mr. Proudfoot. (Confusedly.) I hardly know about taking you. This call is of an exclusively business character; and it seems to me better that you should remain here till my return, which will be within a few weeks.

Mrs. Proudfoot. (Earnestly.) I cannot think of staying here alone; and, more than that, I will not.

Mr. Proudfoot. (Aside.) Well, if she goes, I think I can prevent her meeting with the old folks; and if she stays she may receive and open some of those stupid letters from father,

that he will insist on sending me by every mail. Such writing and such spelling, describing such poverty, would drive her from me forever. — (*Addressing her.*) Well, Julia, pack your trunk, and we'll be off by next steamer.

Mrs. Proudfoot. There's a dear! And now we will see the old folks, and the little sister, and the homestead, and have the happiest time in the world, — if it is all right about the invoices, Jasper.

Mr. Proudfoot. Never fear about that. (*Exit MRS. PROUDFOOT.*) Could anything be more unfortunate? Here I have kept from her the secret of my humble parentage, and hidden these letters for so many months, that she might not see the ignorance of the writer; and here I shall have to carry her within twenty-five miles of the object of my dread. Ashamed of my parents and sister! Well, it isn't exactly that, either; but she will despise them and me, I know, if she meets with them. But I shall remain in Boston as short a time as possible; and once from there, it will be well enough, because we can return direct from New York. That is the programme. [*Exit.*]

Plummer. (*Who has heard all.*) The upstart! Well, if I don't spoil his little plan, then my name isn't Plummer. Ashamed of his parents! I must be a good deal richer than I am now before I am ashamed of mine; and if my wife doesn't choose to honor them, she doesn't honor her husband. That's my way of looking at it. I know where they live, — for what is a servant good for if he doesn't find out everything? — and I'll write to them as soon as I can find out what hotel he will stop at, and have them there to receive them. That will be a prime joke. I'll do it; blame me if I don't. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — Room in Revere House, Boston, overlooking Bowdoin Square. MR. and MRS. PROUDFOOT.

Mr. Proudfoot. Well, Julia, here we are at last in Boston, after that tedious voyage. It is so late in the day that it will be impossible to go out to the manse, and see the old folks; and we shall have to leave too early in the morning to admit of it; therefore we shall have to wait our return to Boston in order to accomplish it.

Mrs. Proudfoot. But, Jasper, only think! coming so near them, and not seeing them! Why can't you leave me here, and let me seek them alone? I believe they would receive me civilly, and give me an apartment in the old

homestead for a little while. What say you, Jasper?

Mr. Proudfoot. Well, there is so much uncertainty about it, that I think you should not try it. Therefore we will defer the visit till our return.

Mrs. Proudfoot. (*Sadly.*) Well, just as you please; but I do so want to meet with them at the manor house!

Mr. Proudfoot. (*Aside.*) Manor house! Three rooms and a shed! O, 'twould break her heart to see the reality.

Plummer. (*At the door.*) I hope they got my letter. If they did, they'll surely be round here before long. It was a funny thought to sign the letter with his own name, as if it was written by himself. Well, I'm a great villain, — no doubt about that, — and I dare say I may get into the penitentiary some time for forgery, or taking counterfeit money, or something; but I don't care; I've blocked his game in this matter, sure, if things work. [*Withdraws.*]

Mr. Proudfoot. Well, Julia, how shall we spend the evening? Will you go to the theatre?

Mrs. Proudfoot. No, Jasper; I think I will stay at home.

Mr. Proudfoot. Then, as I have a few friends here whom I would like to see, I will leave you, for an hour or two, to look out on the square and see life in the street, or read, or lounge, and enjoy yourself as you please. John Plummer is here in the corridor to wait on you. Good by. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Proudfoot. And now what shall I do? O, if I had the fabled shoe of swiftness, I would put it on and go to Fairdale, where his parents live, and see them. Or if I had the power of conjuration, I would draw the magic circle (*describes a circle on the carpet with her sunshade*), and compel their presence. I'll try; and here I put on my conjuring cap. (*Puts on her hat.*) Now, in the name of filial love, I summon you, the parents of my husband, to come to me!

Enter PLUMMER.

Plummer. People to see you, madam.

Mrs. Proudfoot. (*Surprised.*) People to see me, John!

Plummer. Yes'm. Old people. Asked for Mr. Proudfoot; and when I told 'em he was out, but that you were in, they asked to see you, ma'am.

Mrs. Proudfoot. This is very strange! You may admit them, John. What if I am a conjurer, and this a token of my power! The hope must prove vain.

Enter a venerable, neat, country-looking couple, who look eagerly at the lady, without speaking.

Mrs. Proudfoot. Well, my good people, and what do you wish?

The Old Man. We was expecting, mum, to find our son here,—our Jasper,—who we haven't seen for many years, and who writ to us as he was coming here to Boston, and wanted us to come here and meet him. We beg pardon, mum, for intruding, and hope you'll excuse us.

The Old Lady. Yes'm, and the young man out there in the entry told us that this was Mr. Proudfoot's room, and we made bold to come in. I am sorry we have made such a mistake. Perhaps he is in some other room in the tavern. We will go and try to find him. Good by, mum. Bless you! We are plain people, and don't want to give no offence, and I know by your pleasant look that you won't think hard of us.

Mrs. Proudfoot. Stay, please. Did you say your son's name was Jasper Proudfoot?

Both. Yes'm.

Mrs. Proudfoot. And he wrote to you to meet him here?

Both. Yes'm.

Mrs. Proudfoot. Then please sit down, and perhaps he may come in here by and by. My name is Proudfoot, and that is why the servant told you as he did.

Old Lady. Really, now, how strange that is! We will set down, thankee, for I feel a little tired, and father has been sick with the janders, and isn't very strong. Do you know our Jasper, mum?

Mrs. Proudfoot. Not quite so well as I thought I did. But do you live far from here?

Old Man. At Fairdale, mum, an hour's ride from here; and when Jasper wrote us that he should be here about to-day, we came to our cousin's, Mrs. Shute, she that was Betsy Page, and if the dear boy does come, it will make our hearts glad.

Mrs. Proudfoot. Do you hear from your son often?

Old Lady. O, yes; he sends us money every month. He is a good boy, and does well for his old parents.

Mrs. Proudfoot. Did you hear that he was married?

Old Lady. Lord bless you, no! Is he?

Old Man. Is he married?

Mrs. Proudfoot. Yes, indeed. He has married a foreign lady, and when you see him, she will be with him. Now tell me about your home, and Mr. Proudfoot's sister. I have heard that he has a sister.

Old Lady. What! do you know about our Jessie? Why, she is the dearest little creetur that ever you see. I don't know what we could do without her.

Old Man. Our home, mum, isn't much; but it's comfortable, and enough for us. We are contented with it. The little that Jasper sends us is sufficient for our wants, and we eat our humble bread with thankful hearts. We sometimes wish we could do something more for our dear Jessie; but, as we cannot, we submit with patience to the will of Providence.

Mrs. Proudfoot. Do you ever write to your son?

Old Lady. O, yes, father does; but then he isn't much of a scholar, and he don't write any great things; but Jasper likes to hear from his old home and his old neighbors, and so he writes by almost every mail.

Mrs. Proudfoot. And what is Jessie like? Is she pretty?

Old Man. As pretty as a pink, and she sings like a bird. She leads in the singing seats, and is a great favorite with the other sect.

Mrs. Proudfoot. Indeed! I should like to see her and sing with her, for I sing myself, sometimes. Should you like to hear me?

Both. Certainly.

Mrs. Proudfoot. Well, then, I will try to please you. Now you must tell me if I sing as well as Jessie. Tell me just as if I were *your own daughter*. Will you?

Both. We will.

Mrs. Proudfoot. (*Sings.*)

My love possesses all my heart,
My love so fair to view;
My love has wealth and polished art,
But more than these have won my heart—
My love is always true.

My love is rich in wisdom's lore,
Its paths he doth pursue;
But not for this my love I pour—
For learning's worth or wisdom's lore—
My love is always true.

The truth doth ever crown my love,
Its gems his path bestrew;
And, beauty, wealth, and fame above,
My heart draws closer to my love
Because my love is true.

Old Man. Well, I declare, mum, Jessie herself could not have sung better.

Old Lady. (*With much feeling, taking Mrs. PROUDFOOT'S hand.*) I wish from my heart that you were my daughter.

Mrs. Proudfoot. Do you? Well, then, I am all ready to become so. Jasper!

JASPER, who has entered while she was singing, comes forward, not recognizing his parents.

Mr. Proudfoot. (Aside to her.) Well, Julia, so you have visitors; and I declare I never heard you sing better. I was highly flattered by the words of your song.

Mrs. Proudfoot. It was gross flattery in view of the facts. Let me introduce my friends. *(They turn round, and JASPER starts.)* Mr. Jasper Proudfoot, I take great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. and Mrs. Proudfoot, your father and mother.

Both. Jasper! *(Seizing him by the hand.)*

Mr. Proudfoot. Yes, it is Jasper; but he is unworthy of your love, or thought. He proved a coward in withholding his humble origin from this best of women, — not properly estimating her true character, — and lying and misrepresenting, to keep the facts from her; for which I ask her forgiveness and yours.

Old Man. Well, but Jasper, I don't know what we have got to forgive. You were very considerable to send us that letter telling us that you were to be here.

Jasper. But I did not send you such a letter.

Old Man. See here. *(Presenting paper.)*

Jasper. That is John Plummer's writing, and there he is grinning by the door. *(PLUMMER disappears, and JASPER rushes for him, bringing him in.)* Here is the genius that has wrought this little drama. Confess, you scamp.

Plummer. Well, I am pretty good at seeing through crooked things, and so I wanted to straighten you all out. I knowed if I got you all together, everything would all work clear, like new cider; and I didn't care pretty much how I did it. I don't s'pose you want me any longer after this trick.

Jasper. Of course we do. You shan't go. Father, mother, we shall return from New York as soon as possible, or Julia shall stay here now if she pleases, and we will stay a month at the manse, mansion, manor, or homestead. I mean to build a new house on the spot, and Jessie shall receive an education like a lady.

Both. Bless you, Jasper.

Julia. Amen. And, Jasper, for the future be true.

Jasper. Depend upon it, I will; this is a lasting lesson.

Plummer. Never did a marplot succeed so well in pleasing everybody as I have done.

[Curtain.]

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

"Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers:
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers."

AMONG the popular saints of the middle ages were seven youths of Ephesus, who concealed themselves in a cavern near the city, when the Roman Emperor Decius was persecuting the Christians. The tyrant gave orders that the entrance to the cavern should be firmly closed with a pile of huge stones.

The youths immediately fell asleep, and slept during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time, a slave of the man to whom the inheritance had descended, removed the stones to supply materials for some building; and when the light of the sun darted in, the sleepers awoke. Supposing they had slept but a few hours, and feeling somewhat hungry, they sent one of their number to the city to buy some bread. But everything looked strange to him; and what surprised him most of all, was to see a large cross erected over the principal gate of Ephesus.

His singular dress surprised the baker to whom he applied for bread. The language, too, had changed so that the two could hardly understand each other; and, to add to the baker's confusion, this antiquated youth offered to pay for his bread with an ancient medal of Decius, supposing it to be the current coin of the empire. Upon this, Jamblichus — for this was the name of the sleeper — was dragged before the judge, on the suspicion that he had found a secret treasure.

After many inquiries on both sides, however, the amazing discovery was made that almost two centuries had elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a pagan tyrant. The Bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and, as it is said, the Emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers, who related their story, bestowed their benediction, and then peaceably expired.

This story can be traced back to within fifty years of the supposed miracle; and the reputation of those sleeping saints has reached beyond the Christian world. Mohammed tells their story in the Koran, as a divine revelation; and thus it has gone over a large part of Asia and Africa. But Mohammed has paid little attention to dates, and makes the duration of their sleep three or four hundred years. This leaves Rip Van Winkle entirely in the shade.



ODE.

BY GEORGE SENNOTT.

(READ ON BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1875.)

HEROES of Greek renown!
 Ye who with floods of Persian gore
 Purpled Cychreia's * sounding shore!
 Strong wielders of the Dorian spear,
 And ye, dear children of the Dear,
 The Holy Violet Crown,†
 Ye live to-day. Distance and time
 Vanish before our longing eyes,
 And, fresh in their eternal prime,
 The demigods arise.

Fierce breed of iron Rome!
 Ye whose relentless eagles' wings
 O'ershadowing subjugated kings,
 With death and black destruction fraught,
 To every hateful tyrant brought
 His own cursed lesson home!
 Smile sternly now; a free-born race
 Here draw your proudest maxims in,
 And eagerly, in ampler space,
 A mightier Rome begin.

Savage, yet dauntless crew!
 Who broke, with grim, unflinching zeal,
 The mighty Spaniard's heart of steel;
 When ye, with patriotic hands,
 Bursting the dikes that kept your lands,
 Let Death and Freedom through! —
 Arise in glory! Angry floods
 And haughty bigots all are tame,
 But ye, like liberating gods,
 Have everlasting fame!

Ye few rock-nurtured men! —
 Suliote or Swiss, — whose crags defied
 Burgundian power and Turkish pride!
 Whose deeds, so dear to freemen, still
 Make every Alp a holy hill,
 A shrine each Suliote glen!

* A very ancient name of Salamis.

† A favorite title of the city of Athens.

Rejoice to-day! No little bands
 Face here th' exulting despot's horde,
 But Freedom sways with giant hands
 Her ocean-sweeping sword.

Chiefs of our own blest land,
 To whom turned long oppressed mankind
 A sacred refuge here to find!
 Of every race the pride and boast,
 From wild Atlantic's stormy coast
 To far Pacific's strand!
 Millions on millions here maintain
 Your generous aims with steady will,
 And make our vast imperial reign
 The world's asylum still!

— **WHEN** the long-bow was the favorite weapon with the English, they were so proud of their superiority in its use, that foreigners were forbidden to use it, while every able-bodied Englishman, unless he was an ecclesiastic or a judge, was compelled by law to practise shooting with it. In the reign of Richard III., bow-staves above six and one half feet long were imported into England duty free. In the reign of Edward IV. it was enacted that every Englishman, and every Irishman living with an Englishman, should have an English bow of his own length.

The long-bow remained a favorite weapon of the English army more than two hundred years after fire-arms were in use. There was some reason for this, too, for the range of a good bow was some four hundred yards; and an archer could shoot six arrows in the time required to discharge a musket once.

— **THERE** was an outcry at Athens, a popular demonstration, when a philosopher promulgated the idea that fire produced by lightning was nothing but common fire, instead of being the thunderbolts of Jupiter. Natural philosophy could not progress rapidly amid such surroundings.



OUR YOUNG WRITERS. — We have a couple of contributions this month for this department, and we insert them as they come. We shall not correct them, for we wish to have the young authors see their work just as they do it; and the composition should be theirs, not ours. In writing for the press, the matter should be prepared just as it is to appear in print. If an article comes to us in which the spelling is bad, the proper use of capitals neglected, or with the sentences badly constructed, we conclude that the author has missed his calling, and we decline his production without even a reading. In other words, we treat him precisely as we should any other unskilful workman. The fact that almost everybody seeks to be an author, without any knowledge of the business, does not alter the case. If our boys and girls are going to write for the press, they should learn the business, as they would to be tinkers or dress-makers. We do not believe in fixing up their matter, and then calling it theirs. A young lady in New Hampshire sends us this letter, which explains itself: —

MR. EDITOR: I write to tell you how much I like your Magazine. I am a little girl nine years of age and live in Plymouth, N. H. I send you some of one of my story's and would like to have you put a little of it in your Magazine, I want to see some of it in print so much, if you do, call me Blanche not my true name I cannot help if your Magazine has more story's for boy's than for girl's it is all the better for that.

BLANCHE.

THE PRIM FAMILY.

Mr. Moses Prim and Mrs. Dorothy Prim were the primeest of the prim, their grandfather's their great grandfather's and their great-greatgrandfather's and grandmother's were prim before them. they lived in a little cramped up Village called Prim Town and that is what made them so prim I guess every morning at

break-fast they had the toughest steak that could be obtained at the butcher's.

Blanche can see just how it looks in print. Not very well, she will agree with us, and we hope she will do a great deal better next time.

The next specimen is a poem, which has some good points, though it has the inevitable crudeness of juvenile efforts.

A HELPING HAND.

In this world while struggling fiercely,
Do not be a selfish man;
Learn to love and help each other,
Learn to lend a helping hand.

To the feeble give protection,
For the poor do all you can:
God has put you here for others —
And to lend a *helping hand*,

Your inflictors! you have none!
Let them toil their scanty land;
Do not take! but give to others!
Love to lend a helping hand.

To the sick be kind and gentle,
Nurse them like a heartful man;
Then will God be pleased to see you,
When you've lent a **HELPING HAND.** G. W. K.

SHINING LIGHT. — We think our readers will be as much interested in the following letter as we were, for it relates to the part of a story we published in July. It is an honest, boy-like gush.

WASHINGTON, June 22, 1875.

Did you read that story of mine, without your glasses? You must have done it, Sir, for I never made so foolish a mistake, as to spell 'continued' with a W. And I hope I know enough to spell Author, with a U, and an O, and not with a W, and an E. (r.) As to me being a shining light as an Author! the idea is ridiculous in the extreme. I never made any such pretensions. No doubt it was very charitable, and kind in you not to print my name, of course I am duly thankful. How could I give the price of a story, when I have no more idea what story writers get for their

productions, than a Baby, that being the first story, that I ever gave to any one to read, I mean of my own making up. I have often written stories for my own private, individual amusement. Not daring to let any one see them, knowing that those who have made their own reputation, seem to care very little about that of others. (2.) And that those who have made their way up in the World, grow proud, and insolent to those who are struggling to gain one upward step. These reasons combined with the novel, and disagreeable feeling of every thing inside of me swelling when I show any thing of my own production, have always made me keep my own stories in the dark. I am not "mad" because you did not print my real or assumed name, I am glad you did not, for private reasons. I did not suppose that story was the greatest ever written, or would instantly beget me a great name as an Author, but I wrote it simply for amusement,—for when that was written, I was not thinking of sending it to you, but when the Young Writers question was started, I sent to you, to take its chance, (and told you then) and to see what would become of it.

But I have said all I have to say, and so will close with many thanks to you for your kindness.

(1.) We did not copy our young author's story, but the compositor set it up from the writer's manuscript. Our glasses were not at fault, for we had nothing to do with the spelling. The rule in a printing office is to "follow copy, if you follow it out the window," though minor mistakes are corrected. (2.) We grant that it is wicked for those who have made their own reputation to be so unfeeling in regard to that of others; but the trouble with those "others" is, that they do not seem to be at all careful in regard to their own reputations; if they were, they would not rush into print when they are utterly incapable of writing even a simple sentence. We are more careful of the reputations of these young writers than they are themselves; and this is the reason why we advise them not to print their crudities. Those who are ambitious to shine in print should submit their work to the judgment of some discreet friend before they send it to any publication.

MUSIC.—Many of our subscribers look upon the Musical Department of our Magazine as the most important feature, and it pleases us to know that our efforts to secure attractive pieces are so successful. The selection of

our July number particularly seems to have made quite an impression among our readers, and is growing decidedly popular; but it is especially admired by our military visitors of the memorable "Seventeenth," who were at first attracted by the appropriate title "The March of the Blues and Grays," and subsequently by the really beautiful melody.

The composer is in receipt of several southern letters, expressive of extreme gratification, the writers also indulging in the hope that the music may tend to strengthen the bonds of the recently renewed union.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.—We have often been astonished, in reading matter sent to us for publication, to observe how heedless the writers were of the rules of composition. Some who can write very well, so far as ideas and language are concerned, make a terrific jumble of it in the merely mechanical part of the work—no paragraphs, punctuation, or tasteful arrangement of the matter. Everything ought to be put on the paper just as it is to appear on the printed page. We have seen a conversation "run in," page after page, without even the quotation marks to separate the different speeches. In writing out a conversation, each speech should be a distinct paragraph, though it consist of only a single word. Our young writers ought to learn the art of inditing their composition properly and tastefully. The best way to do so is to copy from the printed page, especially conversation matter, with careful reference to the paragraphs, indentations, and punctuation. A little of this practice will make the learner perfect.

BEANS.—The bean (*Vicia Faba*) was cultivated at an early date in Egypt and Palestine. It is supposed to be a native of the Caspian Sea. The Moors probably introduced it into Spain, thence into other countries of modern Europe. About the year 1599 they found their way to England. Beans are very nutritious, containing, when ripe, about thirty-six per cent. of starch and twenty-three per cent of legume. In Barbary, where it is largely cultivated, the seeds are full grown by the end of February; and one plant has been known to bear one hundred and twenty-six pods, containing three hundred and ninety-nine perfect seeds. *

— **GOOD MAXIMS.**— "Make not a fool of thyself to make others merry."

"Friends for the cheerful, none for the tearful." *



ANSWERS FOR AUGUST.

146.

M
P O P
P A N E L
M O N I T O R
P E T I T
L O T
R

147. 1. Allegories. 2. Exegesis. 3. Creation.
4. Providence. 5. Sanctity. 6. Universe.
148. Number I. plus W (= u u) — E Pluri-
bus Unum.

149.

C L A R A
L I L A C
A L I C E
R A C E R
A C E R B

150. Po. Inter — Pointer. 151. 1. Curve.
2. Right. 3. Stain. 152. (T) (hat) (sleeve)
(IS) (mine) (T) (hat) (heel) (bear) (ON
HIS) (helm) (W) (ear) (ITA) (casque) (com-
posed) (by) (VUL) (cans) (SKILLMY)
(sword) (S) (hood) (bit) (e) (IT) —

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it. 153. Words are, Cen-
tipede, Farce, Onion, and Landed. Whole:
Declaration of Independence. 154. 1. Mex-
ico. 2. Colorado. 155. (Hoe) (pea) (S)
(ring) (seat) (urn) (awl in t) (he) (HU)
(man) (B rest) —

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.
156. Mediterranean. 157. (Dove) (ring) (L)
(&) — Dover, England.

158.

S
F E E
M A C A W
N A T U R A L
R A L L Y
L A Y
R

159. Early to bed and early to rise, makes a
man healthy, wealthy, and wise. 160. (No)

(P A in S) (No) (G A in S) — No pains, no
gains. 161. (Inn) (tea) (heel on E) (church-
yard) (So = a t) (knight) (eye) (5 = V) (sea)
(NB) (eye) (G) (50 = L) (imps) (EOF)
(moonshine) (check E) (ring through T) (he)
(trees) (T) (he) (school-boy with his satchel
in his hand) —

In the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine checkering through
the trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand.

162.

S M P
S P A R E
F E R A L
F A C T S
K H E

163. Govern your temper.

164.

F O W L
A N G L E
L L A M A
(Fifty-Five =) L V

E N V E L O P E
N A M E S

165. Shame on him who evil thinks.

COMPOUND SQUARE WORD.

166. 1. A male name. 2. A female name.
3. A male name. 4. An incident. 5. Sup-
ports. On the last column of the above square
build another, as follows: 1. Supports. 2. A
female name. 3. Land hard by the water. 4.
Very concise. 5. Needed rest. On the bot-
tom line of the first square, build another, as
follows: 1. Supports. 2. To exceed. 3. An
exhibition. 4. Strained tight. 5. Needed rest.
The compound is to be completed by, 1. Profit.
2. Applause. 3. To scour away. 4. A male
name. JOHN G. WILSON.

CHARADE.

167. My first is a species of fruit. My second
is a valise. My third is an exclamation. My
whole is a metal. TYNIDES.

168. REBUS.



DOUBLE DIAGONAL — DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

169. Initials, the main root of a tree or plant. Finals, polished. First diagonal, conveyance. Second diagonal, animated.

1. Twisted. 2. The attainment of an object by agreement. 3. A large tract of land, covered with coarse grass only. 4. Controlling. 5. Foreign. 6. A town of Poland. 7. A striped silk.

ACHERON.

CHARADE.

170. In every hedge my second is,
As well as every tree;
And when poor school-boys act amiss,
It often is their fee.
My first, likewise, is always wicked;
Yet ne'er committed sin:
My total for my first is fitted,
Composed of brass or tin.

THOMAS J. CARTER.

ENIGMA.

171. I am composed of thirty-two letters.
My 21, 26, 7, 10, is to boast. My 27, 28, 18,
16, is a musical instrument. My 14, 22, 23, 19,
is a bird. My 6, 15, 1, 30, is one of the cardinal
points. My 3, 12, 11, belongs to certain
fish. My 24, 25, 32, 5, is to go. My 4, 8, 17,
29, 31, is one of the Muses. My 13, 20, 2, 9,
is a writer of juveniles. My whole is an author
of world-wide fame.

JUANITO.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals name a distinguished person of America.

172. 1. Three ancient goddesses. 2. Era. 3. A title. 4. Always. 5. To ransom. 6. A girl's name. 7. A plain. ED. V. N.

METAGRAM.

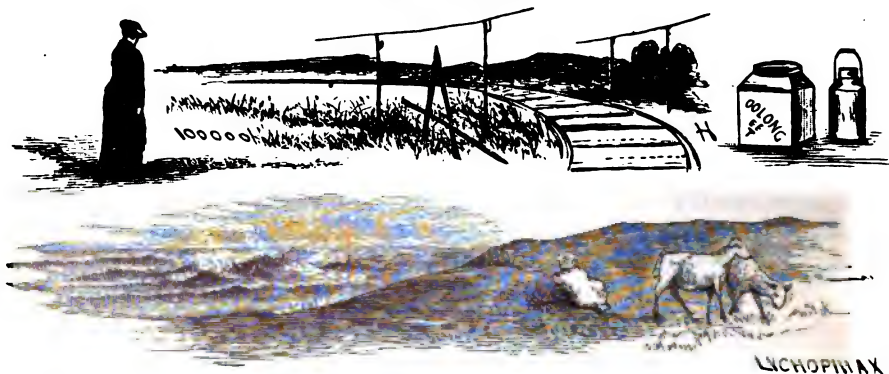
173. Whole, I am a place of business. Behead me, and I am the fruit of a vine. Change my head, and I am a household utensil. Again, and I am a dandy. Again, and I am a boy's toy. Restore me, behead, and change my final, and I am what we are in summer. Change my head, and I am a drunkard. Again, and I am a piece of ground. Again, and I am a kettle. Again, and I am a spot. Again, and I am a small bed. Again, and I am a small child. Again, and I am to decay. Again, and I am to mark down. Change my final, and I am a piece of work. Again, and I am to ride slowly. Change my head, and I am an animal. Again, and I am a stick of wood. Again, and I am a marshy place. Again, and I am an animal.

H. B. H.

WORD SQUARE.

174. 1. A fish. 2. Banishment. 3. Severe. 4. To hold. 5. A fence. MACACHERN.

175. REBUS.



A letter was thus addressed, and finally reached its destination:—

176. FRANK
TON MASS

L. DORADO.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials and finals form the name of an Indian prince and a noted lawyer.

177. 1. A large city in Europe. 2. A river in South America. 3. A fish. 4. A chemical found in Mexico and South America. 5. An evil.
IVENHO.

178. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

179. My first is in jest, but not in fun.
My second is in gallon, but not in tun.
My third is in cat, but not in kitten.
My fourth is in struck, but not in smitten.
My fifth is in swerve, but not in turn.
My sixth is in school, but not in learn.
My seventh is in many, but not in several.
My whole is the name of a celebrated general.
AMATEUR.

HOLLOW SQUARE.

180. Top, the climax of light and heat.

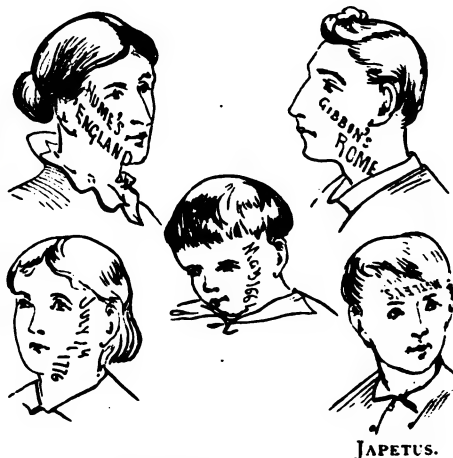
Bottom, a schoolmistress. Left, to lack.
Right, a title.
A: B. C.

CHARACTER PUZZLE.

181. One fourth of a square, that meets a semicircle; and a circle complete. A whole right angle. One half of an angle. Three fourths of a cross, and one upright, with a semicircle.

Join these together right,
And "prudent" will come to light.
SYPHAX.

182. REBUS.



DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

183. -y-y-y. CAPTAIN HUSSY.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

184. My first is in cook, but not in maid.
My second's in shovel, but not in spade.
My third is in woman, but not in man.
My fourth is in pitcher, but not in can.
My fifth is in erring, but not in wrong.
My sixth is in riddle, but not in song.
My whole is a novelist who is noted,
And I think is often quoted. THUNDER.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

AFTER mature and careful deliberation we have come to the conclusion that vacation is a very beneficent institution, not only for girls and boys, but for hard-working editors and literary men and women. We have a very strong feeling that we could endure a little vacation, and possibly enjoy it. At any rate, we intend to try it, and we are hurrying up our work, in order to get away for two or three weeks. We shall travel a little this summer, and as we go along we shall be very apt to think of our friends who have made themselves known to us. Our route is rather a long one, if we follow it out as we have laid it down. It takes in New York, the Hudson, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Montreal, the St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario, Toronto, Lake Superior, the Upper Mississippi, and the great lakes not before mentioned. Lake Superior is the principal objective point of the trip, and all the rest of it is simply an attempt to get there and back with the least possible fatigue.

But we have a Letter Bag to write before we go; and when there is any work to do, the first thing to do is to begin it. This is often the hardest part of the job, and "well begun is half done." — John G. Wilson's compound square is a new thing to us, though we have not examined all the different kinds of puzzles that have been printed. It is rather long, but we accept it, and hope the printer will be able to find a place for it. — Junior's rebus may be a very good one, for aught we know, but he gives us neither answer nor analysis; and we print puzzles, but don't guess them. — Lychopinax sends a rebus which he thinks is hard without any part of it being "far-fetched;" and it shall go to the artist. We do not think

the difficulty of guessing a rebus is its chief merit; and our experience has taught us that not more than one half of the rebuses are guessed at all. — E. H. G.'s drawings shall be submitted to the artist; but the August number is printed and ready to be published.

L. Dorado sends a post-office puzzle which is a modification of one that has had a wide circulation; but, as it may be new to some, we save it. — Eddy presents two answers to the July Head Work; we acknowledge them; but there is hardly enough of them to compete for the prizes. — We have not time now to look up the coin articles to which W. S. K. refers; and we do not care to republish them simply because one subscriber has lost his numbers. — Ivenho's double acrostic goes to the printer; but we can't help wondering where he got that name, and whether he did not mean to make it "Ivanhoe." — We do not think much of drop letters as a rule; but Captain Hussy's has a point to it. — Rudolph Matz hands in a diamond which will pass, after a little tinkering of the definitions. — Bodine's cross word is good enough. — Ed. V. N. graciously pardons all mistakes, and sends some puzzles; in his acrostic he has "nane," a title, which is a mistake; and we should have been blamed for it if we had failed to see it. We accept it, corrected.

Leclair asks our opinion of "Keeley's new motive power;" but we know so little about it — in common with the rest of mankind — that we are not prepared to give an opinion. — Syphax sends a character puzzle, as we should call it, which will pass muster, as all the rest of his matter would, if we had the space for it. — Japetus hands in a rebus which we like, and we send it, with his letter, to the artist. — Hyperion's rebus is first class in every respect; we are very much obliged to him for the information he gives us, and we shall investigate the case as soon as we return from our vacation. — Puck's knight's spring comes

bars." All this is the critic's fiction and sensationalism, for it does not appear in the books that the hero ever saw the president, or ever even spoke to a general in command of any army. He fought through the war, and was gradually promoted, attaining to the rank of major at the close of the struggle.

After a string of misrepresentations, Will speaks: "'Well, the fellows in these books are mighty lucky, and very smart, I must say,' answered Will, surveying an illustration on the open page before him, where a small but virtuous youth is upsetting a tipsy giant in a bar-room, and under it the elegant inscription, 'Dick Dauntless punches the head of Sam Soaker.'" This is not in any Optic book, as the critic evidently wishes her readers to believe it is, for it is in the book in Will's hand. What book was it? The critic, on the same page, kindly gives us the means of settling this question when "Mrs. Jessie read the following paragraph from the book she had taken from Will's hand:—

"'In this place we saw a tooth of John the Baptist. Ben said he could see locust and wild honey sticking to it. I couldn't. Perhaps John used a piece of the true cross for a tooth-pick!'"

This, or something like it, was taken from "Sunny Shores." This was the book in Will's hand, and in which he saw the bar-room illustration. Certainly Will found no such picture in it, or in any other Optic book. The mother in the story seems to be in league with the critic, for she read what is not in the book. She lied to the poor little innocent boy, who skipped this part of the story when he read it. There is nothing about using "a piece of the true cross for a tooth-pick." The critic invented that; made it out of whole cloth. Here is the sentence about the tooth-pick, as our readers may find it on page 209 of the book: "Perhaps St. John the Baptist used a tooth-pick." A period before and a period after the sentence, and not a word about the "true cross" in it.

Then the critic quotes a nautical paragraph, but spoils it by using the word "have" for "haul." The point is, that the boys don't understand it; but the writer fails to state that this very nautical paragraph was used for a purpose, for the next one is as follows:—

"'Very well,' answered the acting vice-principal, confounded, as *Wainwright intended he should be*, by this avalanche of nautical phraseology, not a word of which he comprehended," &c. Neither does she state that the

nautical phrases and manoeuvres are explained in the series, so that even her Will might understand them, if he is half as bright as the average boy. We wonder if the same boys will understand this, taken from "Eight Cousins:—" "A bunch of folds was gathered up just below the waist behind, and a great bow rode a-top. . . . Heavy fringes, bows, puffs, ruffles, and *revers* finished off the dress."

The critic mildly objects to the "nautical lingo," which Will thinks may be all wrong; but we assure him it is nearer right than his mother is, "on any tack;" though it is not so bad as slang. Yet this story is full of slang, of the milder type; as, "A high velvet hat was cocked over one ear;" Will calls his mother "Mum;" "make a helpless guy of her;" "scuttling out of sight;" "revolve, my Hebe;" "take that chit home;" "I'll be hanged if I do;" "extra whackers;" "broken his blessed old neck;" "gallivanting;" "'fire away,' said Geordie;" "click the pricks;" "the little Amazon pelting down the hill;" "when I thrash you, old Worm." &c. We don't believe this is any better than the "screamer," "buster," "bully," and "let her rip," and other words and phrases that are roundly condemned, though we do not consider any of them as very wicked.

Miss Alcott's criticisms are extremely sensational, as we have shown. She seems to have deliberately misrepresented the books she writes about. Her citations indicate that she had the book in her hand from which she quoted, and we hardly think she could have made a tooth-pick out of a piece of the true cross without intending to do so. She could not have put that bar-room illustration into "Sunny Shores" without meaning to be untruthful. In a word, she has said enough to identify the Optic books, and then charged them with the faults of all the juvenile books published, her own included.

Ah, Louise, you are very smart, and you have become rich. Your success mocks that of the juvenile heroes you despise. Even the author of "Dick Dauntless" and "Sam Soaker," whoever he may be, would not dare to write up a heroine who rose so rapidly from poverty and obscurity to riches and fame as you did; but in view of the wholesale perversion of the truth we have pointed out, we must ask you to adopt the motto you recommend for others—"Be honest and you will be happy," instead of the one you seem to have chosen: "Be smart and you will be rich."

VERDANT SHADES OF SUMMER.

Words by ANNETTE CORLISS.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

Inst.

The instrumental introduction is written for piano. It features a treble and bass staff in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

1. O, the ver - dant shades of summer, With their silver waters sing - ing,
 2. O, the sing - ing birds of summer, Copse and woodland wild are ring - ing,
 3. O, the dream - y life of summer, When the soul with joy is fill - ing,

The musical score for the first three verses consists of a vocal line in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The melody is simple and lyrical, with the lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern as the introduction.

Boughs that yield to ev - 'ry comer, Varied gifts of Na - ture's bring - ing;
 Black - birds in the tree-tops clam - or, Swallows swift their flight are wing - ing;
 And the bliss rolls in up - on her, O'er the cup that holds it spill - ing;

The concluding lines of the song are set to the same musical notation as the previous verses, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The melody concludes with a final note on the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment ends with a few final chords.

With the moss - es rank and pearly, In the maz - es you are tread - ing,
 Roh - ins too, their notes are linking, And the thrush's songs are la - den,
 All things liv - ing bring love honor, Poems sweet all hearts are say - ing.

Whose clear green the spring touched early, Where the stream's pure feet are tread - ing.
 With a glad - ness, I am thinking, He learned on life's tree in E - den.
 O, thou blest life of the summer, Would thy spell knew no de - cay - ing.

Chorus.

TENOR.

O, the verdant shades of summer, With their sil - ver wa - ters sing - ing.

SOP. & ALTO.

O, the verdant shades of summer, With their sil - ver wa - ters sing - ing,

BASS.

Boughs that yield to ev - 'ry comer, Varied gifts of Na - ture's bring - ing.

Boughs that yield to ev - 'ry comer, Varied gifts of Na - ture's bring - ing.



ENGLISH GIRLS OUT FOR A WALK.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1875.

No. 267.



A BLACK WAITER STOOD BEHIND MY CHAIR. Page 726.

GOING WEST;

OR,

THE PERILS OF A POOR BOY.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. BUCKMINSTER AND OTHERS.

"WHAT'S this, Locke?" said the engineer on duty, as I entered the room, addressing the oiler who had befriended me.

"That's the boy that saved the girl," replied the greaser, placing his oil-can in the rack in front of the machinery.

"When did he escape from the rag-bag?" laughed the engineer.

"He's a good boy, Bennett, in spite of his looks. The man he lived with used him badly, and didn't half clothe or feed him," added Locke.

"He certainly didn't half clothe him."

"And I know what it is to be hungry," I said.

"Where have you been, my lad? I heard them say you had gone on shore," inquired Locke.

"I didn't go ashore. I was afraid the captain might want to send me back to the schooner; so I stowed myself away in the lamp-room,"

I replied. "I don't intend to sail in that vessel any more, if I can help it."

Locke and the engineer asked me a great many questions relating to my history, all of which I answered frankly and truthfully, till they knew my whole story.

"What's your name?" inquired the oiler.

"Alexander Duddleton."

"Duddleton!" exclaimed Bennett.

"I don't like the name any better than you do," I added; "and I mean to change it some time."

"I would," laughed the engineer: "such a name as that is enough to ruin a boy."

"I think it's very likely it did ruin one man, for the old Scotch doctor they borrowed it from, for my use, died drunk," I explained.

"Captain!" called Bennett to a gentleman who passed the door of the engine-room at this moment.

"What have you got there?" asked the captain, stopping at the door of the engine-room, and bestowing a scrutinizing glance upon me.

"This is the boy that saved the girl," answered the engineer. "He's like a singed cat—better than he looks."

"That?" queried the captain; and he seemed to me to be so great a man that I ought to tremble in his presence, though I did not shake, unless it was with the cold, for out of the fire-room I felt the need of my razeed jacket, which I had left on the deck of the Great West.

"He's the very one," added Locke. "I was in the fire-room when he first showed himself, and he was as wet as a drowned rat."

"He behaved like a good fellow in the water," said the captain, bestowing a patronizing smile upon me. "But how happens he to be here? I thought he went ashore at Twenty-Third Street."

Locke told him how it was I happened to be there, and added some particulars of my former story.

"Who was the old man that hailed me from the schooner?" asked the captain.

"That was Captain Boomsby," I replied.

"I should judge by the looks of him that he was capable of ill-using a boy. He was very much opposed to my carrying you off, even as far as Twenty-Third Street."

"Perhaps he was afraid I should run away," I suggested.

"Very likely."

"I don't want to go back to him," I continued, rolling up the sleeve of my shirt, and showing him where the captain of the Great West had hit me with the rope's end.

"What did he flog you for?"

I told the story of the last voyage of the Great West; but I was careful not to make Captain Boomsby's treatment of me any worse than it was, for the simple truth was bad enough.

"Didn't you have any shoes?" asked the captain, glancing at my feet, the toes of which were sticking out through my socks.

"Yes, sir; I had some, but I kicked them off when I went into the water, so that I could swim," I replied.

"Can't you raise a pair of shoes for him, Locke?" asked the captain.

"Locke on the Understanding," chuckled the engineer, who seemed to enjoy his little joke. "He ought to be able to get an understanding for this boy, if anybody can."

"I'll see what can be done," replied the oiler. "His foot is almost as big as Bennett's, but I hope I shall find a pair large enough for him."

"But Mr. Buckminster wants to see you, my boy," added Captain Rowe.

"Who, sir?" I inquired.

"Mr. Buckminster; he's the father of the girl you saved. I told him you went ashore at Twenty-Third Street."

"Where is he, sir?"

"He has a drawing-room on the saloon deck; but, my lad, you are hardly in condition to go up among the passengers," added the captain, glancing at the scantiness and the filthiness of my dress.

"I don't want to go up, sir," I protested, not wishing to be stared at, and perhaps made fun of, by the elegant people I had seen on the promenade deck, before I jumped into the water.

"He can come down and see you; and that will do just as well. He was very much concerned about you, and was afraid you would think he had not treated you very handsomely, because he did not see you before you left the boat, as he supposed. He was so busy attending to his daughter, that he thought of nothing else till the boat made her landing. I gave him the name of the schooner—the Great West—and the number of the pier where she lay, and he was going back to New York by train to-night, in order to see you and your father, as he called the master of the vessel."

"I'm thankful that Captain Boomsby isn't my father," I added. "I don't care about seeing this Mr. Buckminster."

"You don't care about it! Why not?"

"I am afraid he'll send me back to the Great West."

"Perhaps he will be able to do something

for you," replied Captain Rowe. "He's very grateful to you for what you did, as he ought to be, for the girl might have sunk before the boat reached her. Mr. Buckminster is a very wealthy man, though he has the reputation of being not a very open-fisted man."

"I don't know's I want anything of him," I added, indifferently.

"He wants something of you," laughed the captain, as he left the engine-room; and I saw him go up the stairs to the upper deck.

"Very likely you have made your fortune, my lad," said the engineer. "You have saved the daughter of a rich man from a watery grave, and a very muddy one at the same time; and he ought to come down handsomely."

"Down from the upper deck?" I queried.

"Shell out, I mean," laughed Bennett.

"Is he in the shagbark business?"

"Not exactly."

"What's he going to shell out, then?"

"You are a harmless infant — aren't you, Alexander Duddleton?"

"I never hurt anybody, if I can help it," I replied. "We shell out walnuts and shagbarks down at Glossenbury, where I came from; but I don't know what Mr. Buckminster is going to shell out."

"Money, my lad! He ought to pay you well for what you've done; and if he isn't a heathen, he will do so."

"I don't ask anything; but if he has a mind to give me another jacket to keep me warm, I won't say anything against it."

"He will do more than that; but here he comes."

I looked out of the window of the engine-room, and saw Captain Rowe approaching, with a gentleman of about fifty, who looked something like a Quaker. It was the one I had seen trying to quiet the mother of the girl, when the child was struggling in the water.

"This is the boy," said the captain, making a gesture towards me.

"I am very glad to see you, my young friend," added Mr. Buckminster, grasping my hand. "You have done me a very great service, and I shall never forget it."

"I don't mind that," I answered, looking on the floor.

"I mind it, for we might have lost poor Rosalie if you had waited even a moment before you jumped into the water. I saw it all, and it was a very noble deed, whatever you may say of it. I am very sorry to learn from Captain Rowe that you have not led a very happy life."

"Not very happy, sir," I answered. "When a fellow don't have enough to eat, and not clothes enough to keep him warm, to say nothing of being licked half to death, he isn't always happy."

"Poor boy!" sighed the rich man. "But I shall do all I can for you."

"Take him into my room, Mr. Buckminster," interposed the captain. "You can talk it over with him there till you get to Newburgh."

Captain Rowe showed us to his state-room, which was fitted up handsomer than the minister's parlor in Glossenbury, I thought. Mr. Buckminster sat down, and placed a stool for me, which I took. He wanted to know all about me, and I told him as frankly as I had told Locke what I knew of myself. I showed the manner in which I had been treated by Captain Boomsby and his wife. I dwelt strongly upon the deficiencies of my wardrobe, because I hoped the gentleman who was so thankful to me for what I had done would give me a jacket and a hat or cap. As he was rather a small man in stature, it occurred to me that one of his old coats, with the skirts cut off, would not be a worse fit than the garments I had been accustomed to wear. I intended to suggest this idea to him, if he did not offer to furnish me with a jacket.

"Then you did not wish to go back to Captain Boomsby?" said Mr. Buckminster, when I had finished my narrative.

"No, sir; I did not, and I don't now. I intended to leave him as soon as the vessel got to New York," I replied, very decidedly.

"Run away?" he queried, with a very troubled look.

"Yes, sir, run away: that's the idea."

"But it's bad to run away, Alexander," added Mr. Buckminster, shaking his head.

"It's not half so bad as not doing it, when a fellow is treated like a dog, as I have been," I pleaded. "If Captain Boomsby was my father, or treated me half as well as he does his pigs, I wouldn't run away, any more than I would hang myself."

"Perhaps I can see this Captain Boomsby, and induce him to let you go to a good place, which I will find for you."

"It's no use; he wouldn't let me go; he would keep me, if it was only to grind me down."

"Well, we will consider this matter in the future. I live in Newburgh, where we shall arrive about noon."

"About grub time," I added, remembering that I had not yet been to breakfast, for we had

been at work hauling in the vessel at the dock at the time for the morning meal.

"Dinner time, I suppose you mean," said Mr. Buckminster, with a smile.

"It will be breakfast time with me, for I haven't had anything to eat since four bells in the dog watch yesterday afternoon," I added, laughing.

"Poor boy! Why didn't you say so before?" said my friend, rising from his chair. "I will see that you have something to eat instantly. But I want you to stop with me at Newburgh; and you shall have some clothes as soon as we land."

"Bully for you!" came to my lips, but no farther.

Mr. Buckminster called the steward, ordered the best meal that could be served for me, while Locke was reproaching me for not telling him I had had no breakfast.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SHOPS OF NEWBURGH.

I WAS not as hungry as I had been at times before; but I never saw the time when a nice breakfast or dinner did not taste good; and I was not sorry when a waiter summoned me to the officers' mess-room, where I found a hot beefsteak, potatoes, and hot coffee on the table, awaiting me. It reminded me of that glorious dinner on the day of the trial, which was put on the table for the constable to look at, rather than for me to eat, though I had the pleasure of eating it, as a part of the farce. A black waiter stood behind my chair, and the fellow often treated me to a grin as he saw me make way with the dishes before me. I must add that he treated me very kindly, though there was nothing about me to inspire respect in men of his calling, for he certainly did not expect to get a "quarter" out of me. I ate all I could, as usual; and when I had finished the meal, I was told that the boat was at Newburgh, and that Mr. Buckminster wished to see me.

The engineer and the oiler took me in charge, and told me that my grateful friend would be after me in a few moments. It seemed that he had gone to put his wife and daughter into a carriage which was to take them home, while he attended to my wants. Bennett and Locke bade me a very kind adieu, and told me that if I ever wanted help, to come to them. I thanked them warmly, and assured them that I should do so. While they were shaking hands with me, Mr. Buckminster came after me.

"Well, my young friend, are you ready to go with me?" he asked, as tenderly as though I had not been a ragged and friendless boy.

"Yes, sir; I'm all ready," I replied, warmed by the kindly smile of the benevolent gentleman. "I'm very much obliged to you for the nice breakfast I had. It was the best meal I ever had in my life, except the one that was got up to show off to the constable."

"Indeed; how was that?" he asked, as we walked upon the wharf.

I told him how it was, as he led the way up the street. He listened to me with attention while I told him all about Nick's stealing the quarter, and laying it to me, which had been the beginning of all my later troubles.

"There, I think we will stop here," said Mr. Buckminster, pausing before a clothing store.

We entered the shop, and my friend told the salesman what he wanted—a suit of serviceable clothes for a boy of my size. Mr. Buckminster seemed to know all about the goods, for he promptly rejected several suits that were shown to him, though at last he was pleased with one of dark, mixed cloth. He asked me if I was satisfied with it.

"I never had anything like so nice a suit of clothes in my life," I replied, with the utmost enthusiasm. "I should say those were good enough for any minister in our town. I never had anything but the old clothes of Captain Boomsby and his son."

"Not for Sunday?"

"Sunday! All days were alike to me."

"Didn't you go to Sunday school and to church?"

"No, sir; I never had any clothes fit to wear to meeting, or anywhere else."

"That's too bad!" exclaimed my good friend, shaking his head, with a sad smile.

"I don't know but I've been to meeting two or three times," I added; and I would not have told him a lie for all the world. "I got in behind the stove once; and I stood behind the door another time. That's all I can remember now, though I went to what they called a lecture once in the school-house."

"Your spiritual welfare seems to have been neglected."

I thought so myself, though I was by no means so ignorant of religious matters as, perhaps, he supposed. By this time the bundle of clothes was done up, and it was handed to me. Mr. Buckminster intimated that I was to follow him, which I did. We next visited a dry goods store, where my companion purchased four pairs of socks and two woollen shirts, besides some white collars and a neck-

handkerchief. The latter articles were something I had never worn; and I had always thought they were a foppish luxury.

"See here, Mr. Buckminster; am I going into the dry goods business?" I inquired, amazed at the extravagance with which he was fitting me out.

"Why, no, my lad," he replied, laughing heartily, as he led me into a hat store. "Why do you ask such a question?"

"I never had so many clothes before in my life."

"I'm sure you are not overstocked yet."

"What am I going to do with them? I can't carry them all."

"We will see about that when we have bought all the clothes you need," added Mr. Buckminster.

"I've got all I need now," I protested.

"Don't you want a hat?" laughed he.

"I forgot the hat," I answered.

"If you'll leave it all to me, Alexander, I will see that you have all that you need, but are not overburdened."

"I didn't mean to find any fault; only I didn't want you to buy out all these stores for me."

"We shall not exhaust their stocks just yet, my young friend."

In this store he bought a kind of soft hat, which, he said, would become me well. Before this, I had worn a hat to keep my head warm, and not to "become" me. That was a new idea to me, though I had heard Mrs. Boomsby talk about such trifles. I had never suspected that anything would become such an outcast as I was. I did not suppose that such words had any application to me. While I was considering this new revelation, I saw my princely benefactor looking at some small travelling bags. I wondered if he was going to buy one of them for me. It did not seem quite possible that he could think I needed such a thing. A travelling bag for me! What would Captain Boomsby think of that? Why, he hardly thought such a thing was necessary for himself; and certainly he would think it was utter folly for me to have one.

"How do you like this bag?" asked Mr. Buckminster, holding the article up to me.

"I like it first rate," I replied. "Are you buying one for your own use?"

"No; not for my use, but for your use."

"I never had such a thing in my life, and I don't know as I need it," I answered, doubtfully. "I'm nothing but a poor boy; and I have no idea of setting up for a gentleman just yet; and I suppose none but big folks have travelling bags."

"They are just as necessary for poor folks as for rich ones," laughed my benefactor. "A little while ago you said you couldn't carry these clothes if you had them; and I thought you needed a bag. I really don't think it is a very aristocratic affair, and it seems to me to be a useful, if not a necessary, thing for you to have."

"I always carried my clothes in a bundle, when I had any to carry."

"This is better. Now put your shirts and socks into it; and whenever you find it is an encumbrance, you can, no doubt, give it away."

"Give it away! catch me!" I added, as I proceeded to stow away my goods in the bag. "I think it's the best thing in the world; in fact, too good for such a fellow as me."

"You must learn to think a little more of yourself, my young friend."

"Captain Boomsby licked me because he supposed I thought I was as good as his son; but I didn't think I was."

"Perhaps you were," suggested Mr. Buckminster, as he led the way out of the shop.

I only wondered what Captain Boomsby would have said if he had heard that. I thought he would have been mad enough to pitch into my Quaker-looking friend. Then I tried to imagine what Mr. Buckminster intended to do next. Inflated by the rich store of goods in my bag, it seemed to me that he had pretty much cleaned out the stores of Newburgh, and I wondered if he could think of anything else that I needed. He led me into a shoe store next. Locke had found a pair of old shoes for me, which were better than anything I had worn before for a year, and I thought it a piece of extravagance to invest any money in shoes. It is true, the toes were out, but the soles were not more than half gone, and in my former home they would have stood me for six months, for I should have been obliged to wear them as long as they would stay on my feet. However, I did not think it my duty to object to anything my Samaritan wished to do; and in his present line of conduct I was even willing to let him have his own way.

He did have his own way, and without any protest on my part. I was fitted to a pair of stout shoes, or a pair was fitted to me, and I don't know which, for my toes were considerably pinched before a pair was found which were big enough for me. My friend told me to put them into the bag for the present. I did not believe that my ingenious conductor could think of anything more that I needed, though I wondered if he would not buy me a cane and a pair of kid gloves, such as he had

himself. If he attempted to do anything of this kind, I was determined to protest with all my might, for I well remembered the sentiment of disgust excited by a young fellow who came to Glossenbury to pass the summer. We country boys actually hooted at him, till he found it convenient to leave his gloves in the house. But Mr. Buckminster did not attempt to inflict these articles upon me, and I was spared the pain of protesting. Somewhat to my astonishment, his next visit was to a barber's shop, over the door of which was a sign whereon was painted, in large letters, the word, "Baths." I knew what the barber's pole meant, and I understood the signification of "bath," though in this connection it was a mystery to me. What were we in this place for? Surely, my charitable friend did not intend to have me shaved by the silky man in a white apron, who was rendering this service to an elderly person in the chair. I was conscious that I had a little white down on my upper lip, but I did not dignify it by the name of beard. Possibly I knew that barbers cut hair; if I did, the fact had no application to me, for Jim Bucks, who sheared sheep in the season, sheared the heads of most of the men and boys on the east road, where I lived.

But the object of this visit was speedily apparent, for as soon as the elderly man rose from the chair, the barber bowed obsequiously to my benevolent conductor. Mr. Buckminster told me to seat myself in the chair, which I did, whereat the barber seemed to be dismayed. I confess that I did not blame him, for he might well have been appalled to see such a bundle of rags in his nice, stuffed chair. My friend told him to cut my hair, which was certainly long enough to be improved by such an operation.

"His head was thoroughly washed this forenoon, and he is cleaner than he seems to be," said Mr. Buckminster, with a pleasant smile.

"I was just going to dinner as you came in," added the barber, apparently much embarrassed.

"Were you? Well, I wanted the boy to have a bath; and if you wish to go, we will find another shop," replied my Samaritan.

"O, no, sir! I was only going to say that I would lock the shop door, to prevent any more customers from coming in, if you don't object," pleaded the barber.

"I don't object; though I would rather have you say outright that you do not wish any one to see such a ragged boy in one of your chairs," laughed Mr. Buckminster.

"It would injure my business."

"Then lock the door."

After the barber had cut my hair, a bath was prepared for me, and both he and Mr. Buckminster went away, leaving me, locked into the shop, to make my ablutions in the bath-room.

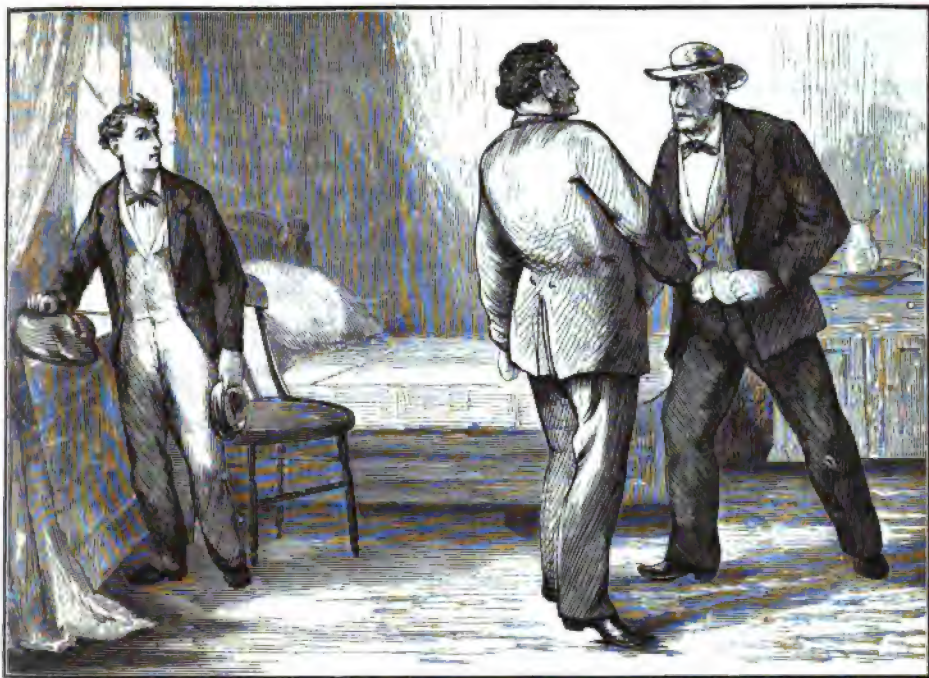
CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BATH AND THE BARBER.

THOUGH I had always been in the habit of going into the water every Sunday in warm weather, a bath, as it was revealed to me in that barber's shop, was a new institution. It seemed to me that rich people, with such appliances as this, ought to keep clean. The water was warm and pleasant, the soap was soft and fragrant, and the long-handled brush was the best thing in the world for reaching the point on the spinal column between the shoulders. I enjoyed the bath hugely, and I was in no hurry to get out of it. I soaped and scrubbed myself to my heart's content; and I don't know that I should have come out till dark, if the pleasure of putting on my new clothes had not been still before me. I dried myself carefully, and felt like a new being.

I put on one of the new woollen shirts, and found that it was a good fit. The trousers could not have been better if they had been made for me. I discarded the old rope-yarns which had served me for suspenders, and put on the gayly-colored ones purchased at the clothing store. Already I began to feel like a dandy; and I thought that it would not be safe for me to walk through Glossenbury in this rig, for all the boys would hoot at me. The socks and shoes were next added to my person, and the effect was entirely satisfactory. The linen collar and the neck-handkerchief gave a finish to my appearance which I had never understood before, for I had not before worn anything on my neck, unless it was a condemned comforter when I went out in the coldest weather.

I put on the vest with a feeling that this garment was a piece of useless extravagance. I had never worn one before, and the wonder was, that I did not get it on upside down, or "hind side afore." I capped the climax when I donned the coat, which was a kind of bob-tailed frock, with the skirts reaching just below the hips. Then I looked in the large looking-glass in the bath-room, and I was quite unwilling to believe that I was Alexander Duddleton, late of the schooner Great West, and formerly of Glossenbury. If I had not recalled the events of the last few hours, I should not have recognized myself in the



"STOP, SIR!" SAID THE LANDLORD. Page 735.

nice-looking fellow before me. I did not believe Captain Boomsby would know me, if he saw me; and this was a great comfort. I even thought it would be safe for me to go back to New York, and walk the streets of that village.

I put the hat on my head; but, somehow, something seemed to be wanting. I took it off again. I had neglected to comb my hair, after the scrubbing I had given it in the tub. The barber had not left much of it for my use, but what there was stood up like the bristles on a pig's back. My hair was not very coarse, and did not naturally seek this position. I combed it down straight, as I had been in the habit of doing, when I did anything to it. I tried the hat again, and the effect seemed to be complete.

"How are you, Sandy?" I said aloud to the figure in the glass, which did not yet seem to belong to me.

While I was examining myself, I heard the door of the shop open, followed by the footsteps of the barber, for they were too rapid to be those of my benefactor.

"Well, my lad, how do you get along?" he asked.

"First rate," I replied, unfastening my door and throwing it open. "I feel as though I was somebody else just now."

"I should think you would," laughed the tonsorial artist, surveying me from head to foot. "You look like another man."

"I feel like one," I added, taking off my hat.

"Here, sit down in the chair, my lad, and let me polish you off a little on the head."

It did not seem to me possible that anything more could be done to improve my personal appearance, even if it were desirable; but I seated myself in the chair. The barber oiled my hair, and squirted fragrant compounds upon it till it seemed to me that an "essence peddler" had been upset upon me. Then he rubbed my head till the bones of my skull cracked under his vigorous operations. I did not exactly understand what he was driving at, but I submitted without a murmur to the discipline. While my head was still snapping, and the stars were twinkling before me, he applied the comb and brush. In the glass before me I saw that the oil and compounds had made my rebellious hair so pliant that it would remain in whatever position the barber placed it. He parted it on one side,—this seemed to me then to be a feminine vanity,—and "topped up" the ends, till I fancied I looked like the dancing-master who came to our town in the winter, to give lessons in his

art to the sons and daughters of the rich people.

At last he finished his operations, and to me the effect was "stunning." I was on the point of asking the barber to introduce me to Mr. Sandy Duddleton, when Mr. Buckminster entered the shop. He looked at me, and gave way to a hearty laugh. I blushed, and wanted to rub the kinks out of my hair. I should have done so if the barber had not been present, for it did not seem to me just the thing to undo the work he had so laboriously accomplished.

"I am delighted to see you looking so well, Alexander," said my kind friend. "You have made a wonderful change in yourself."

"I feel like a cat in a strange garret," I replied, much embarrassed.

"You will get used to it in a few hours. You look like another person; and I don't think your best friends would know you."

"I don't quite know myself in these togs."

"The clothes must feel a little strange to you," laughed Mr. Buckminster, as he looked me over again. "Now, where is your bag?"

"I left it in that room," I replied, pointing to the bath-room. "What shall I do with my old clothes? I can't get them into the bag."

"You don't want to get them in the bag. If you do anything with them, throw them into the river: they are good for nothing."

"You can throw them into the dirt-barrel," said the barber, pointing to the back door of the shop.

I gathered them up and put them into the barrel—everything except the pair of shoes Locke had given me. I put them into the bag with the rest of my extra things, for I thought I might wear them when I obtained a place to work.

Mr. Buckminster paid the barber for the bath and for cutting my hair, and I followed him out into the street, wondering what the next step was to be.

"I should be glad to take you to my house, for my daughter wants to see you very much," said my benevolent friend.

"I don't want to go there," I replied, bluntly.

"You don't? Why not?" asked Mr. Buckminster, with evident surprise.

"I'm not used to going among such nice people, and I should be scared," I pleaded.

"You need not be alarmed, for my wife and daughter will treat you very kindly. We all feel that we owe you a debt we can never pay; and you must let my daughter see the one who saved her."

"O, I'm willing to see her some time; but I don't want to go among any great folks. I shouldn't feel at home," I added.

"I was going to say that I wanted to take you to my home, and have you stay there; but my house is now undergoing repairs, and my family are staying at the residence of a friend of mine for a few days more," continued Mr. Buckminster. "I shall have to lodge you at a hotel until my house is finished, and then you must come and see us. I have engaged a room and board for you."

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind to me, and have done more for me than I deserve."

"I have done nothing for you yet, Alexander, compared with what I intend to do."

"I think you have done enough, sir," I added, glancing at my fine clothes.

"Here is the hotel," he continued, leading the way into a small but neat house not far from the river.

It looked very nice to me, though it was by no means a first-class hotel. The landlord bowed low to Mr. Buckminster, and I had already come to the conclusion that he was a gentleman of considerable dignity and importance in the place. We were conducted up one flight of stairs to a small, neatly-furnished room, whose only window overlooked the Hudson.

"This is your room, Alexander; and you will live at this hotel for a few days," said my friend. "I shall see you every day, and you can amuse yourself by looking over the city, and seeing the various craft in the river."

"I shall do first rate here, sir," I replied, with the feeling that I was quartered in a palace. "I have had to work hard always, and I shall not complain of a rest of a few days."

"Very well; and to-morrow, I hope, my daughter will be able to see you, for to-day she is quite ill from the effects of the affair of this morning," said Mr. Buckminster, seating himself in one of the two chairs the room contained. "Now, as we are alone, I want to talk with you a little about the future. What do you want to do?"

"I don't know, sir. I expect to work and earn my own living," I replied, seating myself at the window in the other chair.

"But what do you desire to do—learn a trade, or go into a store?"

"Go into a store!" I exclaimed. "I don't know enough for that."

"Then perhaps you had better go to school for a while."

"I should like that first rate," I answered, with enthusiasm.

"Can you read and write?"

"Yes, sir; and I have studied arithmetic, geography, and grammar a little. But I can't afford to go to school: I must earn my own living."

"Perhaps we might manage that in some way," said Mr. Buckminster, with a smile. "But before we make any plans for the future, we must consider that your manner of leaving your late employer was not quite regular."

"I meant to leave him, any how," I added.

"Were you bound out to him?"

"Not's I know of."

I could give him no information in regard to my relations with Captain Boomsby, except that I was taken from the poor-house, to work for him for my board and clothes.

"I think he has a claim upon you for your services; and it is better to look the matter fair in the face. Don't you think, if I should pay him a few hundred dollars, he would release you?"

"Perhaps so; but I don't believe he would. If you let Captain Boomsby know where I am, it's all up with me."

We talked for an hour on the subject; and when he left me, I was very much alarmed at the course he intended to pursue, which was, to see my late tyrant, and, for a sum of money, induce him to release me..

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

I HAD no faith in Mr. Buckminster's plan. I had experienced enough of the malice of Captain Boomsby's nature to realize that, if he thought I was living comfortably anywhere, he would not be satisfied. I had resisted him, and this was the most serious offence of which I could be guilty. I had made his son confess that he stole the quarter; and this was laid up against me. I had received the sympathy of Barnes, and all the crew on board of the *Great West*, for which I was held responsible. I had seen the evil in the captain's eye, and I feared that no appeal my friend could make would have any effect upon him. I was well aware that the tyrant loved money, but I had my doubts as to which was the stronger in his nature — avarice or revenge. I could not tell, and being well out of the fangs of the monster, I was determined not to trust him again. While I was thinking of it, Mr. Buckminster returned to my room.

"I forgot something," said he.

"I am sorry to have you take so much trouble on my account," I replied.

"Since I went out, I bought this for you," he added, handing me a very neat yellow wallet.

"What's this for?" I inquired, taking the gift.

"To put your money in, of course."

"I don't think I have any use for it. I never had any money in my life but once; and then only ten cents. I have no more use for a wallet than I have for a razor, though I may want both one of these days."

"I was thinking, as I walked up to the house where my family are staying, that I should not be able to see you again to-day, for I have an engagement which may keep me till a late hour this evening; and I didn't know but you might want this wallet."

"I haven't any use for it, except to remind me how good you have been to me, sir," I replied, "and I don't believe I shall ever need it even for that."

"It seems to me, Alexander, that you talk altogether above your condition. Nothing could be better expressed than the sentiment of your last remark," said he, looking at me with something like astonishment on his face.

If I did speak more fluently or more high-flown than I ought, I either inherited my speech from the parents I had never known, or learned it from the cultivated ladies who used to come to the poor-house to instruct the children. I could not explain it, and no one had ever mentioned it to me before. I had a considerable vocabulary of sea and other slang, which I could not help using at times, and it is more than possible that I do not now accurately report my own speeches, as made at this early period.

"I didn't know that I talked different from others," I replied.

"There is something about you that I don't quite understand," he added. "Do you like the wallet?"

"Yes, sir; very much indeed."

"But you have not looked inside of it; perhaps you will not like it so well when you have examined it more carefully."

Rather because he suggested it, than because I cared very much for the useless toy, I opened the wallet. In one of the pockets there were several bank bills, and in several others a quantity of small money. I blushed — why I have not the least idea. I had been accepting gifts from this gentleman all the afternoon, without hinting at an objection; but somehow the money looked different to me, and I did not feel quite satisfied with myself.

"There is money in it," I said; and I think my embarrassment was apparent to him.

"Yes, I put a little money in it, so that in walking about the town, if you saw anything you wanted, you might buy it," replied Mr. Buckminster.

"I don't like to take any money, sir."

"Don't you, my lad? Why not?"

"Somehow it don't seem to me to be just the thing."

"But I assure you it is just the thing," laughed my friend, as he walked towards the door. "I may not be able to see you till nearly noon to-morrow, and I was not willing to leave you so that you could not buy an apple or a stick of candy, if you wanted such things."

"I want to do something for you, sir, for all these things," I added. "I should like to work for you."

"You have already done ten times as much for me as I can ever do for you. One of these days, when you are older, you will understand me better. I must go now; the money is but a trifle, and I wish you to spend it as freely as you please; and when it is gone, you shall have some more. Of course I mean that you should spend it in a proper manner. I hope you never take any strong drinks."

"Never, sir."

"Any beer or wine?"

"No, sir; I never tasted of anything stronger than coffee, and never mean to," I protested.

"You may spend it freely for nuts, candy, and fruit, and go to any show there is in town. By the way, I believe there is a circus somewhere about here; at least, I saw some handbills of some kind of an exhibition."

I had heard of the circus, but had never been to one, and the prospect of seeing such a show overcame all my scruples about taking the money. I put the wallet in my pocket; and as Mr. Buckminster left the room, I promised not to use one cent of the money for anything bad. Telling me to be at the hotel at eleven the next day, my generous friend took his leave of me.

I got up and walked the room after he had gone. I looked at myself in the looking-glass. I thought my clothes were very fine; but what astonished me most was my hair, parted at the side, and frizzled at the ends. My face was very brown from exposure to the sun and the sea air; but, thus improved by art, I was willing to believe that I was not a bad-looking fellow. Then I walked across the room with my hands in my trousers pockets—a very bad

habit; but then it was not often that I had pockets to put my hands into, and I think I was excusable. Of course I could not help feeling the wallet. I had money in my pocket; and this gave me a sensation I had never before experienced—for the ten cents I had once earned I dared not carry with me for a longer period than thirty minutes.

I did not know how rich I was; and seating myself in my chair at the window, I proceeded to inquire into my financial condition. I had seen at least one bank bill, and I was sure that I had as much as one dollar, besides the small money. I took out the large bills first. I was almost overwhelmed when I saw that one of them was a five-dollar bill. Five dollars was a vast sum to me, and I began to feel as though I was in condition to scrape acquaintance with the New York *millionnaires*, of whom I heard some of the sailors on the wharf tell big stories, on my former voyage to the metropolis. But five dollars was not the total of my worldly wealth, and I continued the investigation. I found a two-dollar bill, and three ones, making up a grand total of ten dollars! Ten dollars! Astor, Vanderbilt, and Drew were beggars compared with me!

In the other pockets of the wallet I found three dollars in halves, quarters, and smaller money. Thirteen dollars! I had heard of such sums, but had never seen anything of the kind before. Surely Mr. Buckminster was made of money, if he could afford to scatter it in this reckless manner. I was not a Poor Boy any longer. The skies had opened and rained down wealth upon me. What would Captain Boomsby say if he could see me at that moment! What would he say if he could look into that wallet! I was very glad he could not see me, and could not look into that wallet.

I am afraid a great many vain and silly thoughts passed through my head, as I sat at the window, occasionally glancing out when a steamer or other craft passed on the river. Then I wondered what Mr. Buckminster was going to do with me. He talked of my going to school, learning a trade, or taking a place in a store. I was willing to be disposed of as he thought best, but the thought that he intended to see my old tyrant, and make a bargain with him to release me from his service, filled me with alarm. I was not willing that it should be done, and I had said so as plainly as I could speak. My new protector—though I can hardly call him a *new* one, for I had never had a protector before—was firm on this point. He was evidently opposed to a boy's

running away under any circumstances; but he had not my experience to enlighten him, and I believed that, under the same conditions, he would do as I had done, or intended to do.

He told me that he could not countenance a runaway; it was wrong for him to do so; but he would pay even a thousand dollars if Captain Boomsby would release me. Though a thousand dollars was a mint of money even to my tyrant, I had heard him speak of such a sum rather coolly, and without manifesting any especial awe or reverence. I was afraid he had not the same respect for a thousand dollars that I had, or that he would not have it if called upon to abandon his anticipated revenge. The hands on the Great West were paid an average of about twenty dollars a month, at the time, and I was the equal of almost any one of them. It would be nine years before I was twenty-one, and at man's wages on the vessel I should save him over two thousand. I went over this calculation several times, for I was much interested in it.

Even at half wages — and I could earn that, besides my board, working on a farm — the captain would make more than the thousand dollars out of me, always providing that I staid with him till I was of age. It did not seem to me that Captain Boomsby would release me, even for the largest sum Mr. Buckminster had named. I was really alarmed as I considered these matters. I was confident that my Newburgh friend would insist upon negotiating with the tyrant, and I was quite as sure that no bargain could be made. I was utterly dissatisfied with the prospect, for it seemed to me almost certain that I should be restored to Captain Boomsby, if I did not take the matter into my own hands.

Mr. Buckminster was conscientious, and intended to do only what he considered right and necessary. Certainly his intentions were highly honorable, but he did not know my tyrant as well as I did. I may as well confess that I had it in my mind to take my bag in my hand, and leave Newburgh at once, without even bidding my good friend adieu. This would save him all trouble on my account. According to his own showing, he had not paid me a tenth of what he owed me, measured by his own standard of gratitude, so that I should not leave in his debt. But going off in this manner seemed to me very mean, and I could not reconcile myself to the step at that time. Still, I was determined not to be made the subject of negotiation with the captain, for that would involve the telling him where I was.

I decided to do nothing till the next day when I met Mr. Buckminster; then I would talk with him again on the subject, and if he persisted in carrying out his plan, why, I must look out for myself. Having come to this conclusion, I thought I would go out to walk. My room seemed to be very warm, or a superabundance of clothing heated me, and I opened the window to let in the fresh air from the river. I had hardly done so before the door of my chamber was suddenly opened by the landlord, and at the same moment Captain Boomsby stalked into the apartment, looking as ugly as when I had last seen him on the deck of the Great West.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TYRANT ON THE OFFENSIVE.

I NEED not say that I was startled at the unexpected appearance of my tyrant. It seemed to me more like an apparition than the real presence of the man whom I had so much reason to dread. Up to this moment I had not doubted that I was entirely clear of him, for I had no suspicion that he would follow and attempt to recover possession of me. How he came here was then a mystery to me, though I was able to solve it a few days afterwards. As this explanation will interest the reader more at this point than at any subsequent time, I give it now. As I did not obtain it from Captain Boomsby, I could only conjecture his motives and movements.

It was not difficult for me to imagine how the master of the Great West felt when he saw the steamer moving off with me on board of her. Doubtless he feared that I might forget to return. He saw what I had done in saving Miss Buckminster from the muddy waters of the dock, and might well suppose that the act would make some friends for me. I can readily imagine that, after waiting a reasonable time for me to come down from Twenty-third Street, he went down into his cabin, "slicked up" a little, and then made his way to the upper landing of the steamer. It is quite possible that he consulted the wharfinger, or other experts at the pier where his vessel lay, and even visited the office of the day-line of boats to Albany.

Prepared by this information for prompt and decided action, doubtless he went to the Twenty-third Street pier, and learned that no ragged, hatless, shoeless fellow like myself had landed there when the steamer stopped. The man in charge of the interests of the line, on the pier, would certainly know it, if I had

landed. His next step was to take the express train on the Hudson River Railroad at half past ten, to Poughkeepsie, the only stopping-place of this train, where he arrived in advance of the boat in which I had taken passage, at ten minutes before one. Of course he was very confident that he should be able to head me off at this point. When the steamer arrived, he hastened on board of her, and confronted the captain. I considered Captain Rowe my friend, and I knew he was interested in me. He understood enough of my story to see that my pursuer was not kindly disposed towards me, and it seemed like treachery for him to tell my tyrant what had become of me.

Captain Rowe looked like an honest man, and I have no doubt he was one; but he must have told Captain Boomsby what had become of me. I was sure that neither Locke nor Bennett would tell if they had been steamed to death in their own boilers for not doing so. I suppose, however, that Captain Rowe believed Mr. Buckminster was fully able to take care of and protect me, and it was possible that my kind friend had explained to him his plans in regard to me, so that the captain supposed he should only help the business along by telling the simple truth. I cannot believe that the noble commander of that magnificent steamer was wilfully guilty of anything like treachery to me, for I know that he would have been glad to administer a little wholesome discipline to Captain Boomsby himself.

It is possible that some other person told my tyrant what had become of me; but, as a matter of fact, Captain Boomsby ascertained that I had landed at Newburgh. If he had not, he would not have gone there, and found me at the hotel. At twenty minutes past three he took the train for Fishkill, which is on the river nearly opposite Newburgh. Crossing by the ferry, he had arrived soon after four. Doubtless the spectacle of an influential gentleman like Mr. Buckminster, conducting a dirty, ragged boy, such as I was when I landed, attracted the attention of all the loafers and hangers-on about the pier; and there was a multitude of them, as I had observed myself. Very likely some of these idlers had taken interest enough in my affairs to follow us to the stores and to the barber's shop. There were enough of them hanging around to collect and put together the different parts of the transaction, if no one or more of them watched it to a conclusion. However this may be, I had abundant proof in the presence of Captain Boomsby to assure me that he

had been able to trace me to my present abode.

As I have remarked before, he looked ugly; but there was also a gleam of triumph in his sunken eye, such as I had often seen before in his expression, when he thought he had me in a particularly tight place. After chasing me all day, and investing several dollars in the search, I have no doubt he experienced a very strong and malignant satisfaction in the act of finding me. It would have been no more than human for him to have such a sensation, though it belonged only to his low type of humanity. He looked at me; he frowned, and a kind of diabolical smile played on his lips.

I did not like the looks of him, and from his ugly face I glanced at the window I had just opened. Beneath it was the roof of a low piazza, which surrounded the hotel, and afforded a very pleasant resort for loafers that smoked, and loafers that did not smoke. My bag lay upon the foot of the bed, within reach of the window—and I was a sailor, used to going aloft, and climbing in all sorts of difficult places. Though I did not immediately jump out at the window, I could not help considering the possibilities of the time and place. Desperate as the situation seemed to be at first, a second thought saved me from despair.

The landlord had shown my tyrant up to my room. As soon as he opened the door, Captain Boomsby, as I have said, stalked into the room. But Mr. Van Eyck, the host, did not seem to be quite satisfied with the movements of the visitor. Perhaps he thought it was a shade too familiar for him to walk into my chamber without an invitation from the occupant thereof. It is probable that the landlord did not suspect anything wrong till the captain unceremoniously pushed by him, and stalked into the room; I say "stalked," because he came into my apartment with a very haughty and offensive air; at least, it must have seemed so to Mr. Van Eyck, who had not seen me in my dirt and rags, and had treated me with respect and consideration. Doubtless he believed the visitor had exceeded the bounds of propriety, and was getting ahead of him. In order to restore the proper relation between himself and the captain, and place himself in a position to command the situation, in case of need, he stepped into the room, and halted between my tyrant and me.

"You are cutting it fat here," said Captain Boomsby, surveying me critically from head to foot as I stood by the window.

I had the opportunity to guess what my ty-

rant thought of my personal appearance in my new rig; and the effect was full as tremendous as I had imagined. By this time I had collected my thoughts, and braced up my nerves, as we used to brace up the yards, to meet the shock of whatever might come. I had learned by hard experience that nothing was to be gained, but much lost, by quailing in the presence of this cowardly tyrant, and I tried not to quail, though I had been "taken all aback" by his sudden appearance.

"I have found some good friends," I replied, commanding myself so as to give an easy, quiet answer.

"That suit of clothes will just fit Nicholas after he has grown another year," continued Captain Boomsby, still studying the material and finish of my new suit.

"It will depend upon how much he grows in a year," I answered.

"I didn't expect to find you all prinked up like this, Sandy; but I don't object," chuckled the tyrant. "Them traps can all be put to a good use. I suppose you have plenty of money in your pocket."

"I have some," I replied, with dangerous candor.

"Perhaps you'd better hand it over to me before you lose any on't," said the captain, extending his hand; whereat the landlord stepped up a little nearer to the scene of action. "I thought whether or no you wouldn't git something for picking up that gal, so I should git enough to pay my expense, if I came up here after you. Fork over, Sandy."

"I think not," I answered.

"Won't do it, eh? Barnes ain't here now," chuckled the captain.

I was painfully conscious of the fact, though I had some hope of the landlord, who was a wiry, if not a large man; and I thought he meant business, as he watched the interview.

"What I have was given me for my own use," I ventured to suggest.

"Sandy, I'm your lawful guarddeen, and what's yours belongs to me. You hain't got no right to a single cent you make, without I give it to you; so hand over the money."

"No, sir; I won't do it," I replied, decidedly, for I knew it was no use to temporize with him.

"Then you are go'n to make me take the money away from you," added Captain Boomsby, pulling up the sleeves of his coat.

I took my bag from the foot of the bed, in readiness for the next movement of the tragedy, of farce, as it might turn out to be. Whether the tyrant thought I had a knife or a

pistol in this bag, I know not, but he stepped back a pace, and looked at me.

"Got a travelling bag — have you, Sandy?" said he, with a sickly grin. "Well, all them things will come handy for my wife or the gals, for that's altogether too fine for a feller like you."

"It will answer for me very well."

"I don't believe it will!" sneered he. "You've got fixed up pretty nice; had your hair 'iled and parted, and smell like an essence peddler! A clean shirt and a white collar! A neck-han'kercher like the bos'n of a man-o'-war! Well, if these things won't fit Nicholas this year, they will next. He'll grow to 'em. I shouldn't wonder if that han'kercher'd go round my neck."

"One made of hemp would suit you better," I replied, incautiously and improperly; but I was stung by the cool expression of his intention to rob me of my new clothes.

"That's sassy," said Captain Boomsby, hardly disturbed by the smile on the face of the landlord. "But no matter; we'll settle all that by and by, with the rest of the reck-nin'. What you done with your old clothes, Sandy?"

"I put them in the dirt barrel, with the rest of the dirt."

"So much the worse for you, for you'll want 'em. You may not be able to git any again as good as them was."

"I shall not be likely to get any worse."

"Now, may be you will; and you was a wasteful critter to throw them trousers away, and it's lucky for you that you left the coat on the deck of the vessel. But I guess we are wastin' time. We shall have to take the train on t'other side of the river about eight o'clock. I suppose we can git some supper here — can't we, landlord?"

"We have supper at six o'clock," replied Mr. Van Eyck, coldly.

"How much money have you got, Sandy?" asked Captain Boomsby, turning to me again.

"What I have belongs to me," I answered, evasively.

"I guess not," said the tyrant, shaking his head. "If you won't tell me, I'll count it for myself;" and he made a movement towards me.

"Stop, sir!" said the landlord, stepping between us, as I was on the point of going out the window. "If you intend to rob this young gentleman in my house, there's going to be a fight before you do it."

Barnes was not there, but Van Eyck was plucky enough for the occasion, and I put my

bag on the chair by the window, in readiness to take a hand in any conflict that might ensue. Captain Boomsby looked at the landlord, and appeared to be surprised at his interference.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FALL FLIGHT.

A SPORTSMAN'S IDYL.

BY CHARLES D. HALL.

ON my right the rattling pebbles tell where shore and surges meet;
To the left the lagoon's ripples break monotonously sweet.
On the verdant ribbon lying thus between the lake and sea,
Sit I in my stand of fir twigs, dog by side and gun on knee.
Damp with gathering storm, the north-winds lash the surges into foam;
O'er the foaming bar each fisher hastes to his Acadian home.

Up and down the coast, the sea-gulls, screaming, wheel along the shore;
For his prey the swooping osprey dives where foaming breakers roar;
From his seaward wanderings flieth the swift black duck to his pool,
Where the alder overhangeeth glassy waters clear and cool.
'Mid the sedge the bittern boometh; and, with stately step and slow,
O'er the shallows stalks the heron, seeking finny prey below.

Through the rifted clouds the sun-god still a flood of radiance leaves
On Acadian fields, where kirtled women bind the falling sheaves,
Gilding with a brighter glory the white chapel's slender spire,
And its sacred symbol blazing 'mid the clouds a cross of fire.
Spreading every inch of canvas, steering for the open sea,
Stand off-shore Maine's sharp-built schooners, from the breakers on their lee.

O'er their reeling decks by midnight many an angry sea shall sweep;
As through surge and gust they battle, few shall close their eyes in sleep.
'Mid the murky hell of waters, watching helm and sail, and stay,

Longing for the dawn, though fearing what may greet the eye with day.
But to me the whistling north wind bears from o'er the troubled sea
All the fleet-winged host of heaven, I have hoped and longed to see.

To my painted lures the curlew swoops with whistle clear and shrill,
Lost in the sharp shot that echoes loud from distant cliff and hill;
From the sea the golden plover, answering my calling, sweep;
Wheeling o'er the foaming breakers, hurry sandpiper and peep.
Nought avails the teal's swift pinions, when the fatal spring I press;
Fallen from heaven, the black duck struggles 'mid the reeds in helplessness.

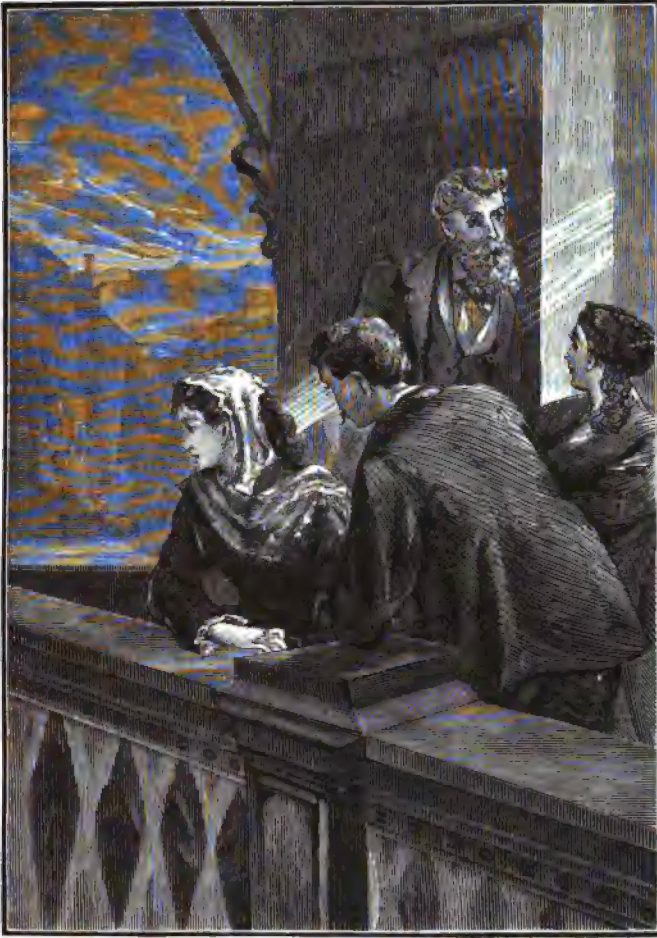
Dear to me the clouded barrels, beautiful the dark-veined stock;
Sweet it is to hear the clicking of each keenly-tempered lock;
Sweet to hear the sharp twin-volley, that for years has carried death
To the vainly-flying quarry of the thicket, sea, and heath;
Dear the faithful black retriever, and the pointer, stanch and sure;
Sweet it is to breathe the zephyrs of the forest, sea, and moor;—

Sweeter still to feel that Nature daily draweth yet more nigh,
Even still more subtly noting change of wind, and sea, and sky;
Drinking in the hot life flowing from the vivifying sun,
In the northern breezes glowing, when his autumn course is run,
Welcoming the sleety rainfall, fearing not the whirling snow;
Light they count the city's pleasures who the sportsman's health-joys know.

Earth to these, her happier children, gives free breath and springy tread,
Restful slumbers, sweet and dreamless, though they lack both roof and bed;
Appetite which craveth only simple food and limpid rill;
Conscious strength, which shuns no danger, seeks no quarrel, fears no ill:
By the great gulf's icy waters, where St. Lawrence meets the sea,
Such the boon, O brother sportsman. I would crave for you and me.



SPANISH GIRLS TEASING PAPA.



AND WHEN WE SAT THAT EVENING ON THE BALCONY. Page 743.

NATURE'S SCHOLAR.

CHAPTER VII.

A STRICKEN MOTHER.

YES, it was true. They sent my father to State Prison for seven years! He—Harry Bulwer—once a flattered, well-known painter, was now—a convict! O, the unutterable shame and grief we suffered! I make no attempt to tell it. Only those who have suffered like us can imagine our sorrow—others would think I raved.

My poor mother sat stricken. Each day she rose from a heavy sleep and moved about mechanically, and often tried to sew. But her hands would fall with the work in her lap,

while she sat crouching, motionless, and brooding—always brooding over her misery. I tried in every way to rouse her, even by perversity and unkindness—but she hardly noticed me. I was broken-hearted.

“O, why have I not a brother!” I mourned. “O, Willie! Willie Graham! How could you go away from me? What shall I do here alone with my mother going crazy!”

Then I redoubled my efforts. I coaxed mother to go with me every evening to a pretty little park, where, indeed, she went, but returned in the same state. I bought little bouquets, though feeling that I could not afford the expense, but she would not notice them; and one day when I had spent a dollar for a great bunch of red roses, and arranged them prettily in a little basket, and placed

them on her lap, she screamed, and put her hands before her eyes.

"Take them away!" she implored; "take them away! O, my Harry brought me once a basket of red roses! Long, long ago, in the time when I was happy!"

Frightened and shocked, I snatched the flowers away, and, unseen by her, threw them out of the window.

Mother was weeping, and her tears fell so fast and continuously, that I was terribly alarmed; but my efforts to soothe her were unavailing. At last, worn out, she threw herself down on the lounge, and slept heavily for hours.

I watched her, and wept softly. She was so sadly altered! she was growing old so fast! What could I do to save her — to keep her with me? "Alas," I thought, "my mother will die before I have earned a pretty, pleasant home for her. O, why does it take so long to accomplish anything! If, now, I were only a boy — her son, instead of her daughter! What can a girl of fifteen do? Well, well, perhaps as much as a boy of only fifteen! Let me think!"

My tears stopped, and I did begin in earnest to think. I thought of Miss Adamsen, and softly rising, went into the little bedroom, and wrote a letter to her, telling of my mother's failing health and despondent mental state, but not alluding to the cause. I thought she might, perhaps, not know, and I would be the last to tell her.

Miss Adamsen replied at once, giving the address of the physician who had attended me, and regretting that, as her sister was very feeble, she could not come to the city, instead of writing, but would call on us soon. Her letter was like her personal presence, refreshing, and inspiring strength.

I was already a little hopeful when it came, for when mother waked out of that long, deep sleep — it lasted twelve hours — she was more like herself; she caressed me fondly, and talked about my drawing. But in a day or two I saw the old gloom, and apathy, and want of sleep at night, returning again, and I went to call on the doctor. He was very wise as well as very good, questioned me closely, and after reflecting a while, told me that this was incipient brain disease, and that the distractions of travel would benefit mother, especially if the journey was ostensibly to visit a dear old friend.

"Have you no relatives living at a distance?" he inquired.

I mentioned uncle James, the only relative I had ever heard of, but told him we had

no money to bear the expenses of the journey."

"That is cruel! that is a hard case! And you are so young and delicate, my child, to bear this heavy burden. Old Homer says,—

'The day in which a boy is fatherless
Makes him companionless.'

That is doubly true of a tender girl."

He took my hand gently, and looked at me with benevolent solicitude. My eyes were dim with tears, but I would not let them fall.

"I will call this evening," said the doctor, "and try if I can aid your mother."

I went home greatly comforted; there was now some one who would help to bear my burden of trouble.

The doctor came that evening, and at first began to talk on indifferent but pleasant subjects; then he told mother that she looked as if she had not slept well of late; and she confessed the truth.

"Have you ever tried mesmerism to induce sleep?" he inquired.

"Never, myself; but I have known others to try it, with benefit."

"Then oblige me to-night by letting me try to put you into a natural sleep. I am writing a book on the brain, and I wish to test all my theories."

After some explanation and urging, mother reluctantly consented, and by his direction went into the bedroom, prepared for the night, and having gpt into bed, called us. We went in, and the doctor held both her hands a while, and looked into her eyes, telling her not to shut them until she felt sleepy. When her eyelids closed, he made magnetic passes from the top of her head down her shoulders and arms to her finger-tips. A few passes sufficed; she was soon sleeping as quietly as a little child. He closed the window and dropped its curtain, put out the light, and took me with him from the room.

"Your mother's brain was overcharged with burning electricity. By my greater nervous strength I have removed it. I thought, when you told me how that excessive weeping relieved her, that she might be restored to health, and she may! Keep her room quiet and dark; let her sleep until she wakes: I will be in to-morrow night. Good by, my child." And the good man was gone. I slept on the hard, narrow lounge in the studio near the clay statue, as if I had been lying on a most luxurious couch; for I was very happy — my dear mother would be soon restored to me!

She was better when she waked the next

day, at a much later hour than usual; and I, anxious to keep her from sinking again into that torpor of grief, imprudently suggested that she should attempt to get some mitigation of my father's sentence. This proved to be bad advice, for acting upon it with all the nervous energy of a forlorn hope, my poor mother went far beyond her strength. I thought her better for several days; she was so eager and untiring. She worked at home with me, and she wrote a vast number of letters to my father, to the officials of the prison, to the governor of the state, to eminent clergymen and lawyers, to everybody everywhere who might possibly be able and willing to help her. I read every letter, and copied some of them for her as her strength failed—and my heart ached for her. Ah, what a book that collection of letters would have made! What a thrilling, pathetic book!

Mother's efforts were in vain. At last, one day when she returned from an interview with my father, she swooned in my arms as she entered our door, and after that was unable, from utter weakness, to leave her bed. I had written several times of late to Willie, telling him all my troubles, and imploring him to think for me and advise. Now, when mother was so ill, a letter came from him, closely followed by another; both had been written before he received any letter from me.

In the last he said he had found my uncle James, who lived near San Bernardino, on a large and thriving farm. Uncle James wanted mother and me to come there and live with him—only us; he did not want my father. "I am afraid you will not come, Mrs. Bulwer," wrote Willie—for his letter was to both of us; "but I beg that you will, for Emma's sake. If you are not ready to come now, you will be welcome at any future time."

Willie's letter was so kind and so welcome that I cried over it, thinking,—

"Why was he vexed when I wished to treat him like a brother? I am sure his conduct is most brotherly and loving!"

I omitted what related to father when I read the letter to mother.

"Do you wish to go to California, Emma?" she asked me. "Would you be happier there?"

"Yes, mamma, if the journey will restore your health."

"I fear that is impossible," she said, sadly; "since my poor Harry hates me, and refuses to see me, I have no desire to live."

"O," I screamed in terror, "do not die! Do not leave me! O, mamma, did I not struggle to live for you? Do not die till I die!"

"If you wish me to live, you must pray for me. I can no longer pray for myself!"

Shocked and terrified, I could only kiss her and weep over her without replying.

I told the doctor that evening all that she had said, and he looked troubled. He advised me to take her to California, to write to my uncle for money. The next day he sent a minister to visit mother.

Just before the minister came, a letter arrived from uncle James, entreating that mother and I would come at once to him. He had more than plenty for us all, he said, and if we preferred to be independent, there was a variety of work to be found in that new country; teachers were in demand. But he did not wish us to work. In proof of his sincerity, he sent an order on a New York banking-house for money enough to pay our expenses out there. My father was not mentioned in his letter, which closed with many expressions of sympathy and brotherly love.

Mother was benefited at once by this unexpected kindness; it seemed to act like a cordial tonic; and as the minister—who called while we were talking it over—was a man of delicate tact as well as sincere piety, his visit left mother in a very tender and hopeful mood. I soon perceived that she could again comfort herself with prayer, and I was glad; for, alas! what other comfort had she!

The matter was soon decided, and I wrote to uncle James when we would leave for San Francisco, where he had promised to meet us. Then I wrote a few words to my father, telling him our plans, and adding that mother and I meant to have a home of our own ready for him by the time he was ready to come.

In reply, he sent the following note:—

"DAUGHTER EMMA: I am glad that you have sense enough to take yourself and your mother off. I will never trouble you.

"YOUR FATHER."

I did not show this to mother. She went away very sadly, because father had refused her a last interview. Miss Adamsen and her beautiful little crippled sister returned to their rooms on the day we left. They bade us farewell with hearty good wishes for the future.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MAN TO LEAN ON.

THE journey to California was much more tedious and wearisome than now. We went by the Isthmus route, which has been so often described that I need not dwell upon it. My dis-

comforts, however, were quite unheeded, as my mother's health improved. The constant change kept her from dwelling on her sorrows, and extreme physical fatigue compelled her to sleep much. For me, when I saw my dear mother returning to a semblance of her natural self—brave, enduring, and hopeful—I was happier than I had ever thought to be. I learned soon the chief cause of her better spirits.

"O, Emma," she often whispered, "is it not delightful to be among strangers! among people who do not know the cruel shame and bitterness of our lives! who treat us like ladies because we dress well and behave with decorum! Indeed, they have no cause to treat us in any other way; but how they would change if the truth was made known! You must never, never speak of your father!"

Then she would sigh heavily, and I would turn away to hide the starting tears, feeling that my mother must have suffered far more than I could even imagine.

I had my own sorrow too. When we had decided to leave New York, I went into the studio and looked about me with pain. I must leave this pleasant place with all my advantages of study, and go into a wild, new country, where I would find no facilities, no opportunities to perfect myself in art. I could carry but few models with me, and expected that those I did take would get broken on the way. Mother and Willie were only keen critics, not teachers. I had meant to save money from my sewing until we could go to Italy, where I might study in the Life Schools—but now—

Perhaps I might paint some landscapes, but I had never had instruction in landscape painting from nature, and fancied it was very hard. How could it be otherwise? I thought now, noting the rapidly-changing sky, the ever-varying ocean waves, the countless distinct objects on every hand; I shrank from attempting to paint a landscape view.

But I had considered well before starting, and felt willing, for my mother's sake, to give up all my beautiful dreams, my aspiring hopes. Yes, I felt able to practise self-denial during my lifetime, if so I might keep my mother with me.

We finally reached San Francisco, and found uncle James waiting. He came forward, a large, bronzed, and heavily-bearded man, who took off his huge sombrero as he approached my mother, and said, —

"Clara! Sister Cla'!"

"Jimmie!" cried out mother, as she threw herself into his arms.

He embraced her tenderly, held her there, and stroked her silver hair with a pitying look, calling her "Sister Cla'! Little Sister! Darling Clara!" over and over again, as one would do to soothe a sobbing child. We were at one side of the crowd, and other reunions were taking place round us, so that not many curious eyes noticed my mother's agitation; but uncle James evidently cared not if they did.

I looked at him as he stood there so strong, and tender, and protecting, and loving, and began to realize what a man may be to a woman; and then the thought rushed into my mind, —

"O, if my mother had really a husband! If I had really a father! —"

It was too much for quiet endurance; I turned aside to hide my emotion. Then mother came to me, and uncle James kissed me, and said I was just the girl he wanted, and how bright his home would be now, with his little Emma in it! Ah, well! those of my readers who have suffered as we had suffered can imagine our happiness; and the others, whose lives have flowed on in serenity and plenty, would not understand, would think me mad, if I try to express myself fully. So I pass over that day.

We remained a week in San Francisco resting, while my uncle bought farm and house-keeping implements to take home. He was now a widower with, two children, little boys of eight and ten, whom he had left in the care of their tutor, an aged Spanish priest.

"My boys are wild, Clara," said he; "but they will love you dearly. A mother might do almost anything with them! Poor little Luis was but a baby when his mother left him. You must remember that."

Mother pressed his hand gently, saying, —

"I love them already, and I need them as much as they need me!"

"As for Emma," continued uncle, "my boys are more than half Spaniards, for they are more like their mother than like me. Little Luis is the image of my pretty Anita — and they will admire Emma with all the chivalry of their race! I must warn you, my dear, that they are excessively jealous, and that you must treat them with strict impartiality."

I smilingly promised, thinking how pleasant it would be to have two gay, venturesome boys for companions. And Willie too! Yes, I would see Willie; he was working with an engineering company whose office was at San Bernardino. My thoughts wandered off to Willie, as I sat looking out over the ocean, —

the Pacific Ocean, — and watching the sea-lions at play on the rocks not far off. For, as the custom is in San Francisco, we had risen before sunrise, and driven over to the Cliff House that morning, to take an early breakfast, and amuse ourselves watching the sea-lions.

What monstrous, uncouth, weird creatures they were! They seemed to fascinate me strangely by their uncanny looks and odd, clumsy gambolings!

That day was to be devoted to sight-seeing; and after breakfast we drove over an excellent wooden road, to the heart of the city, where we spent some hours in the main streets of the Chinese quarter, examining curious and beautiful goods in their shops. Uncle had procured an interpreter; so I was able to buy some beautiful vases and grotesque figures which I meant to use as models. After that we spent an hour at the Chinese theatre, witnessing the strange and extraordinary contortions of the actors, and their astonishing feats of jugglery; and when our ears could no longer endure the torture of their music, we went out for a long ride, which would have been delightful in January, when the country is green and blooming, but then — in September, when the fields were brown and baked hard by the continued dry weather since May, the foliage parched and shrivelled, excepting in small and well-watered gardens, and the roads very dusty — we did not like the country.

We went in a small sailing vessel from San Francisco to San Pedro (they make the trip now in steamers), and found the voyage rather pleasant; especially when we remembered that we could easily, by spending a few days more, go instead to the wonderful lands of China and Japan. It seemed very strange to realize that they were so near to us.

At San Pedro, some covered wagons and extra horses and mules for riding awaited us. They belonged to my uncle, and by their aid we had in a few days reached San Bernardino. We passed through small towns on our way, and made a halt of two days at Los Angeles.

"Well, little girl," inquired uncle James as we strolled through the old Spanish part of that place, "how do you like your adopted state, so far?"

"O, very much! Everything is so strange, and wild, and romantic! If only I could have studied drawing a year longer before I came here! Then —"

"Well, what then?"

"Then what charming pictures I could show you! There is much here for an artist to use.

"Well, that is just what you want, my little artist."

"Ah, if there was a School of Art here, or even one teacher!"

"Nature shall be your Life School, and nature your teacher!" said my mother, confidently and encouragingly.

Surprised, I looked at her. O, my own mother — the brave, wise, patient mother, whom I had missed so long, had come back to me! I could not speak for joy.

After resting at Los Angeles, we reached San Bernardino, which was but sixty miles away, in two days more.

As we drew near the town, Willie came galloping to meet us. What a shock that was — a shock of pleasure! I could not help crying, after my first outburst of gladness, and then Willie bantered me about being sorry to see him; but when I looked up there was something sparkling below his own eyelashes. I cried because I had had so much trouble since Willie and I last parted.

And when we sat that evening on the balcony of the little old hotel where Willie boarded, and I heard him talk of his business, and how that he meant to live in this country all his life, — here, where my own home was to be, — a quiet rest and happiness consoled me for what had been in the past.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

WHITHER, O year, are you flying,
Flying beyond our reach,
Delaying not for our sighing,
More plaintive than speech?

Where are your spring-time flowers,
That bloomed at our feet?
Where are your sunshiny hours,
That made life complete?

Where are your roses, dew-garnished,
With thorns set between?
Where are your lilies, untarnished,
And lustrous of sheen?

Whither has vanished the splendor
Of dawns that are spent,
Of twilights solemn and tender,
With stars eloquent?

Where is the bloom of your clover?
Where is your bird,
From whose nest happy songs bubbled over,
When little wings stirred?

REMINISCENCES OF WEST AFRICAN LIFE.

NO. 3.—I TRADE WITH A CARAVAN, AND AM MADE A MOHAMMEDAN.

BY EDWARD DUSSEAULT.

DURING my journey to Medina, to attend the king's court, two more incidents occurred, which I think ought not to be passed over. They will serve to give one a correct idea of what a caravan is on the Gambia, as well as an equally correct idea of the manner in which unbelievers are made Mohammedans here in this section of Africa.

The prevailing idea of a caravan here in America presupposes a large number of camels as forming a part of it. But in the valley of the Gambia camels are not used, as they would be altogether unsuited to the place. The fact is, that, in the intertropical part of Africa, horses degenerate; and camels cannot live long south of the Sénégal: hence, in the valley of the Gambia caravans make use of asses instead.

Number Two of these Reminiscences brought us to Samé-Tenda, preceded by Danso with his piece of boa. We arrived here at eight o'clock P. M., and I found that good, comfortable quarters had been prepared for us, with abundance of water in calabashes for our bath.

The evening was passed pleasantly, the negroes living on the premises beating tom-toms, dancing, and singing. These amusements were kept up till a late hour; and we all finally retired to enjoy, as I thought, a good night's rest. In this I was doomed to disappointment, for, in looking over my "traps," I found that I had forgotten to bring my mosquito curtain with me. It could not now be helped, however, and my trader had none to spare for my use. He offered me his own, which I refused; and finally, undressing myself, I went to bed. I had no sooner got in bed, and my head had hardly touched the pillow, — which, by the by, was a stick of wood, — when I heard a buzzing in my ears, which made me nervous; and for about an hour I vainly endeavored to sleep. I rolled from side to side in my bed, the perspiration literally flowing from every pore; and I scratched myself raw in many places. I at last got up and dressed, putting on everything save my hat and boots, and lay down again. I had on riding-breeches, and consequently the mosquitos immediately went to work at my legs with a vengeance. I accordingly got up again, put on my boots, and even my hat, and, thus equipped, lay down again.

I was no better off than before: the mosquitos bit me through my trousers, all over my face and hands; and I scratched the skin off of my nose. I even imagined that they bit me through my boots.

At last a breeze sprang up, and I opened the door, to give the air free access into the hut. The mosquitos were soon blown away into corners and from the bed. I therefore took off my boots, and again lay down, expecting this time to succeed in getting a nap. How long I thus lay, I don't know; but I was nearly asleep, when I was roused by the braying of asses, the yelping of dogs, and the yells of negro drivers. A caravan had just arrived, — three o'clock A. M., — with over two hundred asses, laden with hides, beeswax, ivory, and Mandingo pagans.

My trader was up, and having told the headmen of the caravan that his principal was there, they immediately desired to see me, adding that they would barter all they had with me, providing I would give them the kind and quality of goods which they required. I accordingly got up, and told my trader to bring them in. He went out, and returned with three Julahs, who had full charge of the caravan, which here is called a *setto*. These Julahs are the brokers of the country, are by far the principal class amongst the natives of this part of Africa, are shrewd and intelligent traders; and I regret very much that the limits of this paper will not permit me to give a full, or even partial, account of them and their traditions.

The three whom my trader led in were *Foday See-Jubarty*, of Jumalley in Kiani; *Salam Darbo*, of Kanopy in Ouli, and *Alcouman Cora*, of Sénédebou, in Bondou. These were the most influential men amongst the Julahs during the decade ending in 1873; and if our readers desire it, I shall be happy, at some future time, to give them a full and complete account of these Julahs, and particularly of the career, up to 1873, of the three very remarkable Africans whom I have just mentioned, and with whom I always had, and kept up, the most intimate and friendly relations.

After the usual salutations had been interchanged, we went out to examine the articles they had brought to barter. By this time the asses had been unladen, and were picketed about the premises; and the goods they had brought were all piled together. There were also upwards of one hundred slaves, of both sexes, and of various ages, from ten to forty.

After examining the hides, beeswax, and ivory, we again went in, to fix upon our

prices; and I finally agreed to take all except the slaves. We then all retired, the people who came with the caravan lying on the ground in the open air, near and around fires which they had built.

When I again lay down, the breeze was still blowing, and I expected an hour or two's rest. I was again disappointed, for the asses soon began to bray all over the premises. I had read that Rarey had once stopped asses from braying by tying stones to their tails; and I therefore got up, and, rousing Danso, told him to go and collect some stones, and to get some monkey-bread rope — made from the bark of the boabab — from my trader.

He looked at me with astonishment, and I could see by his looks he thought I was out of my mind. I explained what I wanted to do, which confirmed the idea in his mind of my imbecility. He looked at me with pity, and said, —

"What's de matter, master? Suppose you tie all Kunubilly Hill to dem jackass tail, dey go holler all de same; dey go holler more, for dat go make dem holler."

I insisted upon being obeyed; and he at length went and got the stones and the rope, saying as he went, —

"I go do um, master. But what for you no sleep?"

The first ass I approached kicked so much I could not get near enough to attach the stone to his tail. So I went from one to the other, until I got to one which stood still. At last a stone was well fastened to his tail, in such a manner as to prevent him from raising it to bray; and I stood aside to see if my experiment would prove to be a successful one.

Danso stood looking on, astonished, and with his mouth wide open, at this, to him, novel and crazy proceeding; and my trader hurried off to call the Julahs. Just as they arrived, the ass attempted to bray: he tried to raise his tail; he couldn't: he opened his mouth, made desperate efforts to blow; but no sound came forth from his chest. He looked, and evidently was, astonished. The Julahs looked surprised; my trader gaped, and opened his eyes to their utmost, and Danso began to think I was not crazy.

In the mean time the ass again endeavored to bray, and this time made a supreme effort. Not succeeding any better than he did the first time, he got frightened, and began to kick. At last he broke loose, and started, dangling the stone after him, right amongst the sleeping blacks stretched on the ground. Some got kicked in the stomach, others got hit

on the head by the stone; and in a moment all was confusion. The asses brayed in chorus, the dogs yelped, and the negroes yelled and cursed. Still the ass galloped round and round in the midst of the blacks, whose yells and curses frightened him all the more. He almost seemed to enjoy the mischief he was doing, and to enter into the spirit of the scene, for he persistently remained amongst the blacks, kicking furiously at everything within his reach.

The blacks belabored him with sticks, and every time he felt a blow he gave a kick. At last he was secured and retied to his stake; and I considered it best to take the stone off of his tail. As soon as it was off, he cocked his tail up, shook his ears, and gave one long, cheerful bray; and all the other asses joined in the joyful and musical strain.

We were now all so thoroughly awakened that no one thought of lying down again to sleep; and I went round to see if any one had been hurt. Fortunately, none of the women or children had been injured; but a few of the caravan's drivers had been severely bruised, and they had gathered round in knots to wonder who had tied the stone to that jackass's tail.

It was daybreak, and I commenced at once to weigh the hides, beeswax, and ivory, and to count the Mandingo pagns. I then stored all on my trader's premises, and gave the Julahs an order for payment on my clerk at Yabu-Tenda. Then, after making them an appropriate present, I breakfasted, and was soon again in the saddle and on my way to Soutoucou. Nothing transpired on my way to this town, worthy of note; and we arrived there at about ten o'clock A. M.

Soutoucou is a stockaded town, a good four hours' ride, at a fast walk, from Samé-Tenda, in a north-north-west direction, which has since been twice taken and burned by Bourbakah Sardho, king of Bondou. I was on the most intimate terms with its chief, Salum Jarta, who, by the by, was a Mohammedan, but a good friend to the whites, and the most influential and eloquent man connected with the King of Ouli's government, and the deadly enemy of Bourbakah Sardho, mentioned above, by whom he was finally taken and roasted in 1868.

When we arrived, we were met at the gate of the stockade by Salum himself, who had been told that a white friend was in sight. He led us to his house, the cleanest Mandingo house but one I ever saw, and told his wife to prepare a hut for my use. A plentiful supply of both fresh and sour milk was set before me in clean calabashes, and I sat down at once

to breakfast. This meal over, we had a long conversation together, and then passed the remainder of the time up to four o'clock in the afternoon, strolling about amongst the huts of the town. We then remounted and proceeded to Baga-Kounda (slave-town), thus called from the fact of its having been founded by Caramo Darbo as a residence for his slaves. This man was the founder of Kanopy, and the wealthiest Julah of his time. It was now inhabited principally by Serra-oulis, who supported themselves by trading, planting groundnuts, and manufacturing band-cloths and pagns, which they dyed with native indigo, which is of good quality and easily raised. Some of their fabrics rival those of Manchester in England. Remaining here but a short time, we proceeded to Fatta-Tenda, then the largest and most important trading-post in the Upper Gambia. These places, Baga-Kounda and Fatta-Tenda, were also sacked and burned by Bourbakah Sardho at the same time as Soutoucou. When we arrived this time, its stores were heaped up with produce; and I estimated the quantity of groundnuts in store there at upwards of fifty thousand bushels. The traders had also collected an unusually abundant supply of hides; and the most successful trading season I ever witnessed in the Gambia was just drawing to a close. All was bustle, and Julahs were hurrying to and fro, collecting their commissions. Drunken Sonninkee chiefs rode round, armed to the teeth, begging rum, and endeavoring to raise a quarrel with the traders by insulting them. Its one thoroughfare was crowded with a motley throng of men, women, and children of all tribes and conditions, and in all costumes, from stark-nakedness to the costly bouba or gown and turban of the Marabout chief. In no place in Africa could one study the African-at-home better than it could have been done here, at this time.

My trader had quarters prepared for myself and people, and the night was passed with somewhat more comfort than the last at Samé-Tenda. I had a mosquito curtain, no caravan came, and I tied no stone to the tail of an ass. I therefore passed a comfortable night, and arose at daybreak refreshed by a good night's sleep. Water had been brought for my use, and after I had bathed, I at once prepared to proceed, with the intention of sleeping at a Foulah settlement on the road to Medina, the capital. In ten minutes I was in the saddle, and we started.

The road to Medina, after passing Baga-Kounda, is a bridle-path, leading through a

densely-wooded country, which rises, as we proceed, in a succession of table-lands. Reptiles of various kinds abound; and leopards are often killed on this road by the Sonninkees, who sell their skins to the traders. Nothing human is met here, save an occasional band of armed Sonninkees wending their way to Fatta-Tenda in quest of rum, and sometimes a few Foulahs in quest of game. After riding about four hours along this lonely road, we reached a high plateau, nearly in the centre of which we discovered the regularly laid out Foulah village, where we intended to remain until the next day. Its conical straw huts presented a picturesque appearance in the midst of that broad plain; and the large herd of cattle, grazing in its vicinity, gave us an idea of the position of the leading members of the band of shepherds, who had chosen this spot for their temporary residence. Arriving at the settlement, we were welcomed by the head man, who led us to a rather tidy-looking hut, which he told me to consider as mine during my stay as his guest. Our horses were cared for, and I breakfasted on milk and conscons. It was warm and sultry, and my thermometer stood in the shade at 114°. The heat, therefore, prevented me from shooting in the afternoon, as I had intended. Not a breath of air could be felt, and we were all but stifled. I found the bantang to be the coolest place to be in; and I accordingly stretched myself on it, and was soon surrounded by men, women, and children. I was the first white man most of them had ever seen, and I was consequently examined very closely. Some wanted to undress me to see how I looked when stripped. My afternoon was far from proving comfortable, for they gave me no peace, but asked me questions faster than I could answer them; and one woman took a liking to my riding-breeches, and begged and begged of me to take them off and make her a present of them. Towards evening Samba Easer, the trader with whom I had the palaver, arrived, also on his way to Medina. Though apparently surprised, he bore himself in a friendly manner towards me. He evidently had thought to be in Medina before me, and, no doubt, my presence disconcerted him considerably; but, to all appearances, he did not feel annoyed at my coming; and he invited me to dine with him. I, however, declined to do so, and dined alone. As soon as I had finished, Danso wished to speak to me, and I told him to do so at once.

"Master," said he, "me no like for see Samba Easer here; he want to make palaver; and

plenty Marabout on the road. They go come to sleep here to-night — they go be here soon."

I replied that I should be on my guard, and directed him to keep his ears open, and to let me know at once if he overheard anything.

While he was clearing away the remains of the dinner, between twenty and thirty Mohammedans arrived, and amongst them a pilgrim, lately returned from Mecca. They took possession of the bantang, and ordered the Foulahs to give them something to eat. They were obeyed with alacrity; and, before eating, they formed themselves in a line, facing towards the east, to make their evening prayer; and the returned pilgrim seemed to officiate as a priest amongst them. Their meal finished, they assembled in knots, and a lively conversation was kept up by them, while Samba Easer mingled amongst them and seemed excited. I occasionally surprised them staring at me; and it soon became evident to my mind that their conversation had reference to me, and that Samba Easer was trying to get up a palaver between them and me. I therefore decided to be very guarded in my expressions, and, above all, to keep self-possessed. Their animated conversation continued for some time, and finally ceased, when the attention of all seemed riveted upon the pilgrim, who was pacing back and forth in front of the bantang, upon which I was so placed as to have him constantly in view. He was a tall, rather slim man, straight as an arrow, with regular and even handsome features. He had a high and well-developed forehead, a well-formed and rather sharp nose, thin, firmly-compressed lips, and, what is rare in an African, a thick, bushy beard, long and silvery white. His color was black as ebony and shiny; and the expression of his countenance, to an unpractised observer, was calm, benevolent, and resigned. His hair, not very woolly, was long, and, like his beard, silvery; and, as he stood erect before the group seated on the bantang, he looked in all respects their superior. It was evident, however, that he was an enthusiast and fanatic. He had just returned, he said, from Mecca, and would soon make another pilgrimage to the prophet's birthplace. He resumed his walk to and fro before us, and at length stopped, and spoke, in good Mandingo, nearly as follows:—

"Let us, before retiring, devote a few moments to our holy prophet."

"Yes, tell us of Mecca!" exclaimed several at once.

It was his favorite theme. He spoke slowly

and solemnly, his language abounding in extravagant and far-fetched superlatives.

"Yes, Mecca, the holy of holies, *Omm Alcora*, mother of cities, where the most beautiful and noblest creature of God first saw the light; he, whom the trees and animals proclaimed aloud as God's prophet, saying, 'Allah above is God, and Mohammed is his prophet.' And Medina, the twin city, the blessed resting-place of the prophet of the faithful, where he shall rest till the last trump shall sound, when *Issa* (Jesus), also a great prophet, shall come down in a cloud and bear him up to his last home. Here is the miraculous casket in which is encased this noble of nobles, held suspended in mid-air by invisible hands, resting on and touching no visible thing. For God will not permit his chosen one to come in contact with baser earth." He spoke to us of the *Kaaba* (house of God), where all the faithful must pray, and told us that *Zemzem* (the well or spring) had gushed forth in the wilderness for the relief of Hagar and Ishmael; and that it restores health to the sick, imparts strength of memory, and purifies from the effects of sin. He furthermore told us that the Black Stone was brought by the angel Gabriel, and that a part of the moon had once fallen into the sleeve of the prophet, who had hurled it back into heaven.

He did nothing, however, but repeat the stereotyped expressions of all these pilgrims; and he said nothing which I had not heard before. At length he stopped, and seating himself upon a goat-skin, proceeded to count his beads, and occasionally looked at me with glistening eyes. Samba Easer was sitting behind me, and Danso at my right. The latter, turning towards me, said, in English, —

"This a big man, master; he savey (knows) too much."

"He's a big fool," said I.

Samba Easer heard me, and understood me too. He immediately arose, and commenced an excited address to the Mohammedans in the Serra-ouli language, which I did not understand; and in a few moments they were all excited, and apparently in a rage. I had reason to expect violence at their hands, and therefore arose to my feet. I was armed with a good revolver, a Moorish dagger, and I had my rifle with me, well loaded. I had been in a quarrel with Mohammedans more than once before, and knew it was best for me to restrain myself as long as possible, and to harm no one, save strictly in self-defence. As soon as I rose to my feet, they all drew their cutlasses and sprang towards me, yelling like devils in

Serra-ouli, while the old pilgrim, mad with rage, and actually foaming at the mouth, brandished his weapon, and shouted in Mandingo, — "Kill the dog! kill the dog!"

He at length jumped towards me, and raised his cutlass; I raised my revolver, and pointed it at his breast.

"*Dah woro! dah woro!*" (a six moulder! a six moulder!) cried the Mohammedans, and some pulled the pilgrim away, while I had great trouble in restraining Danso, who wished to rush in and cut some of them down with his cutlass. But now there was a lull in the storm, and they all drew back to the bantang. The poor Foulahs could do nothing, as they are looked down upon by all other African races, and are allowed no voice in any affair. They are obliged to implicitly obey all Mandingos. But, nevertheless, the old chief told them that he must insist upon my remaining unharmed, and he immediately despatched men to Medina to apprise the king of the state of affairs in his village. A long discussion then took place among the Mohammedans; and the result was, as the sequel will show, that they decided to make me a good Mohammedan. I had taken the precaution to stand with my back to a tree; but the tree was a small one, and I therefore moved away, and stood against one of the huts, to prevent any one from getting behind me. There was a rope on the ground behind me, which I had not perceived, and the ends extended far enough on each side of me for any one to seize them without my knowing it, and thus trip me up. Two men did catch hold, one on each end; and they both pulled at the same time, and made me measure my length on the ground. Danso, as he turned upon them, was seized from behind, and soon bound. I was also soon bound, and, before I had fairly recovered from the effects of my fall, my arms were firmly bound behind me, and drawn together till my elbows touched. After the rope was well fastened, water was thrown upon it to tighten it still more. The old pilgrim then advanced, with an empty bottle in his hand, and spit at me. At sight of the bottle, I knew at once what these Mohammedans meant to do with me. I had seen the same thing done before upon a Sonninkee. He then broke the bottle, and picking out a piece of it, he *shaved my head with it*. A Koran was then brought and placed before me, and the old fanatic, with a fiendish wink, told me that as I was now a good Mohammedan, I must swear to study that holy book, and to obey all its precepts. I made no answer; and just as the old pilgrim was about to speak again, one of the Moham-

medans called him, and he went towards the group, who seemed to be carrying on a lively discussion. I then missed Danso, who had been bound and placed on the ground near me; and I looked around to see where he was. The moon was shining brightly, which enabled me to see for some distance around. Near a neighboring hut I was astonished to see my horse, saddled and ready for his rider, and, a short distance away, a man leisurely saddling another. It was Danso, who, in some unaccountable manner, had got loose. The second horse was soon saddled, and Danso crouched down and crept in my direction. He at last got close to me, and in less time than it takes to tell it, he cut the rope which bound my arms. The Mohammedans had now got into a dispute as to what they should do with me. I was not therefore watched, and easily got to my horse unperceived. As we mounted, Danso, who knew all the roads, told me to let him go on ahead, and to follow him as quietly as possible. We mounted, and started at a walk to pass the Mohammedans, who were still disputing, and did not perceive that their newly-made Mohammedan was escaping. When abreast of them, both of our horses neighed and startled them; Danso discharged his musket, I let fly two charges of my revolver, and both of us shouted, "*Bourbakah Sardho!*" In a moment the village was all confusion, and that dreaded name was shouted on all sides. The Mohammedans yelled, and ran in all directions, while the poor Foulahs ran to the woods with their terror-stricken women and children. We were thus soon alone; and, lighted by the moon, we went on leisurely towards Medina, and arrived there, as already related, shortly after daybreak.

I have now related all the incidents, which are in any way worthy of note, of my journey to attend the *Sonninke Court of Justice*. The last incident illustrates a very common occurrence in the Upper Gambia, and shows the usual mode in which Mohammedans of that region treat their prisoners — making Mohammedans of them before torturing them. It is very common, when Sonninkees are captured in war, to make Mohammedans of them in the same way as that in which I was made one, and then to "send them to heaven" by cutting their throats, as it would be a pity, say their captors, to let them go, for they would soon become pagans again, and thus lose their chance of salvation.

We shall, in our next, say something about animals, and more particularly about an animal no live specimen of which has ever been seen in this country.

A ROUND TRIP.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE travelled thirty-five hundred and seventy-five miles in seventeen days and a half, sleeping nine nights on steamers, six at hotels, and three in sleeping-cars. We intended to make a flying trip to Europe this summer, just for the sea-voyage; but as the circumstances would not permit us to go across the ocean, we substituted a cruise on the great lakes. It is not pleasant to travel alone, any more than it is to live alone; but it is better to live or travel alone than be yoked to disagreeable companions. We were remarkably fortunate on this journey, for we had two of the most genial companions we could possibly have selected, if we had had the whole population of the globe to choose from. Dr. William P. Leavitt, an old friend and the most neighborly of neighbors, was especially "glad that he came," and certainly the others of the party were made happy by the fact that he did come. Though he expressed his opinion decidedly enough when occasion required, he never grumbled, — a grumbler is the bane of a pleasure party, — had a good appetite, and smiled sweetly, whether things went right or wrong. The third person of the trio was Sol Smith Russell, whom the New York Press calls the "greatest comic artist in the world," and we think so too. But above the artist, he is a gentleman, in the truest sense of the word, high-toned and unselfish, though his humor continually bubbles up. He has a taste for the serious things of life, is earnest in his purposes, and is as fit a companion for the grave as for the gay. We enjoyed him in both moods.

We went to New York by the Fall River line, and were passengers in the Bristol, the finest steamer in the world. The concert in the evening was all that could be desired. The state-rooms were spacious, the beds clean and comfortable, and the supper fair. In the morning we had a fog, and the boat anchored for several hours. We had to breakfast on board, instead of at the Westminster, as we intended; and entire candor compels us to say that it was the meanest breakfast we ever paid for. The coffee was the worst we ever tasted, even on a steamer; and steamboat coffee is proverbially bad, in this country. We spent the day, or what was left of it, in New York, and went up the Hudson at night in the St. John, which is certainly a palatial

steamer, inferior only to the Bristol and Providence on the Sound. It was a delightful trip, and we enjoyed it at night quite as much as by day, for before dark one sees all the picturesque portions of the noble river. At Albany we took the train for the north.

Because only three of our party happened to be human, we had quite forgotten that it consisted of four. The name of the unmentioned one was "Rocks," and he was a dog. He was more intelligent than some men, and, like his master, was a humorist, with a very expressive face. As a rule, canine dogs are not allowed on the cars; and Rocks had evidently read this rule and committed it to memory, for whenever the party entered a car, he darted in like a shot from a gun, and concealed himself under a seat. He seemed to understand the matter as well as though he carried a copy of the rule in his trousers pocket, and occasionally read it. He never protested against the rule, but while he possibly admitted the propriety of the regulation, he was unwilling to be separated from his master, the genial humorist, whose jokes he doubtless had the sagacity to enjoy, as did the more human of the party. He appeared to know the uniform and badge of the conductor, and gave that official "a wide berth." Though Rocks evidently respected him in the faithful discharge of his duty, he was not willing to suffer the inconvenience to which the enforcement of the rule subjected his species. At Albany a brakeman punched the tickets before the passengers were admitted to the cars. Unfortunately, Rocks had no ticket to be punched. Without waiting for this formality, he darted into the car, and concealed himself under a seat; but it was no use, for the official had seen him get into the car. He was inflexible, and poor Rocks meekly submitted to his fate, which was a passage in the baggage car. Generally, however, he escaped this ignominy; but he was not quite equal to the ceremony of having his ticket punched before entering the car. He was a dog of excellent manners, and when he escaped the vigilance of the conductor, he always behaved himself with perfect propriety, never sprawling himself over four seats, never indulging in loud or profane talk, never spitting on the floor, and never staring the ladies out of countenance. We have often had many human companions on the train whom we would gladly have exchanged for Rocks.

At Glens Falls we left the train and took the stage for Lake George. Rocks preferred a place on the top of the coach to one in a bag-

gauge wagon. At the Fort William Henry hotel he protested against his dark quarters in the basement, and his master was obliged to reason with him. Rocks yielded the point, and held his tongue. Then his stern master released him, and he did not protest any more. We voyaged around the lake in the afternoon, and the next morning went down to Ticonderoga. A railroad has been completed from Lake George to Lake Champlain, so that the hard stage ride is avoided. We embarked in the steamer Adirondack, and spent the day on the lake. Two nights before, the pilot of the Champlain, a magnificent boat, attempted to take his craft across a rocky point near Westport. He did not succeed, and we saw the steamer, a total wreck, on the rocks where she had struck. Though the accident happened at midnight, the passengers were all saved.

We arrived at Montreal at eleven o'clock on Saturday night. Three different advertisements had informed us that the steamers left Montreal *every* day for Toronto, but we found that none started on Sunday. The Monday boat would be too late for the steamer at Collingwood, and we were obliged to take the train, though we had gone to Montreal to avoid railroad travel. But there was a cold rain storm on that Sunday, which could not have been very agreeable on the boat, and fourteen hours on a Pullman the next day, which was cool and pleasant, through a delightful country, was not "bad to take."

We left Toronto at noon the next day for Collingwood. We had a parlor car. Whoever wants a seat in it takes possession of one, and holds it by the right of pre-emption. On the way we passed through some thriving towns, and had a good view of Lake Simcoe. Arriving at Collingwood at five in the afternoon, we boarded the steamer Chicora. She was originally the blockade-runner "Let Her Be." But in spite of her name, Uncle Sam did not "let her be," and she was captured one day, though she had made one or two remarkable escapes. She is an iron boat, and very fast. She was reduced in length, and rebuilt, so that she is like other side-wheelers on the western lakes. She was full of passengers, all Canadians, except the human part of our party, for Rocks was a Canadian by birth, though he has been naturalized. We passed through Georgian Bay, inside the Great Manitoulin Island. Our course lay, after the first night, through narrow channels, among a multitude of islands. The country was as wild as nature had made it, and there were hardly any evidences of humanity; not a vessel on

the water, not a human being on the land. It reminded us of the vacuity and silence of the Gulf of Bothnia. Two or three times in the course of the day we made a harbor at some villages, nestled in among the rocks. The population seemed to be chiefly Indians, and "Lo" was as dirty, stupid, and unattractive here as elsewhere. He has been civilized here, so that he is a drunkard and a gambler. We saw him in his hut and in his birch canoe. At nine in the evening we reached Bruce Mine, where the Chicora remained till the next morning. Forty miles more, through a channel not more than a mile wide most of the way, brought us to the Sault Ste. Marie. There is a village on each side of the river with this name. That on the American side has about twelve hundred inhabitants. It is situated at the foot of the rapids, which are about a mile long, with a fall of eighteen feet. By the side of the river is a ship canal, with several locks, by which vessels pass into the great lake above. At the foot of the rapids we saw "Lo" catching white fish. He shoved his canoe as far into the rapids as he could, and then took his fish with a scoop-net.

In the afternoon we were fairly on the waters of Lake Superior. It is a big pond. As soon as we were out at sea, the weather became intensely cold for July. We could not stand it, for we shivered, even in a heavy overcoat. The mate on watch wore a big greatcoat, with a woollen muffler three times around his neck, and thick woollen mittens on his hands. In the evening a coal fire in the cabin stove raised the temperature so that we contrived to keep comfortable. All the passengers gathered together in the after cabin, near the stove, and the fire seemed to warm them into something like sociability. A government official, who was an excellent singer, afforded the company a rich treat with his fine voice, and some of the ladies played on the piano and sang. Then Mr. Russell very kindly consented to "do something." He recited Shamus O'Brien in a manner that made his audience weep and laugh, as he willed and the character of the story demanded. The reader was rapturously applauded, and on being called to the front again, he gave "Tommy Boggs' Composition on the Hoss," which was received with its usual tribute of roars of laughter. "The New Church Organ" convulsed the crowd, and "The Boy stood on the Burning Deck," wherein a school-boy forgets his piece, gives the substance of it in his own language, and finally breaks down with a hearty cry, capped the climax of the evening's

merriment. The Humorist was the lion of British America after that.

On the morning of Friday we arrived at Silver Islet, which is a rock three thousand feet from the main shore, and was washed by the waves of the lake. It is some seventy feet square, and had to be enclosed in a cofferdam; but it is the richest mine in that vicinity. The settlement on the shore is a busy place, and contains the works of the mining company. We rounded Thunder Cape and entered Thunder Bay after leaving the settlement. The scenery is rather grand, but not strikingly so. After dinner we arrived at Prince Arthur's Landing, a new settlement, which has now a population of eight hundred very miscellaneous inhabitants. But it will be a great city one of these days, no doubt, for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, now in process of building, will develop the resources of the new country back of it. We should not like to live there at present, for during the seven months of winter the people are almost shut out from the rest of the world. The mail at times has to be carried by a dog-team to and from Duluth, two hundred miles distant. We saw two huge dogs which performed this service, and respected them for it. At this point we left the Chicora, or she left us. The doctor and Mr. Russell are enthusiastic fishermen, and having provided themselves with lines, they fell to fishing on the wharf. The doctor bagged a four-pound pickerel, and this was the total catch of the day. After supper at the hotel, we embarked in the Quebec, a huge propeller, bound to Duluth. She had very fine state-rooms, and was very comfortable in every respect. In the morning we found the lake covered with what we supposed to be fog, but the captain said it was smoke. We saw numerous fires on the shore the day before, and were told that nearly the whole of Isle Royale had been burned over. We found the woods of Minnesota near the lake on fire. On account of this smoke, we saw little of the lake. We reached Duluth, "the zenith city," at four o'clock in the afternoon. It is built on the side of a steep hill, and looks like a very thriving place, though the panic and other causes have somewhat checked its prosperity. At night we took the train for St. Paul, where we arrived early the next morning.

A voyage down the Mississippi was a part of the programme of our party; but the water was so low that the large boats of the Keokuk line could not get up to St. Paul. We went in a body to interview the agent of the line.

Everything was lovely, as he made it out; the boat was at Hastings, thirty miles below, and the passengers would be sent down by train. We should be in Burlington on Wednesday morning; no trouble in going down the river. We did not bite very sharp, for we had been on the "Father of Waters" before, and we had had some conversation with a gentleman who had come up the river in this same boat. In spite of what the agent said, we did not believe the steamer would go, unless she had a little water under her. The Upper Mississippi was "our little game," and we were unwilling to return without trying to see it. The genial humorist was in a hurry, by this time, to reach his destination, and could not waste any of his precious hours in flirting with the "Father of Waters." With broken hearts all round, we agreed to part. We took two tickets only, and only to Dubuque. If we got there by Tuesday, as promised, we would continue on to Burlington, perhaps to St. Louis. We took the train in the evening, Rocks safely bestowed under a seat. In about an hour we reached Hastings, where, with weeping eyes, we bade adieu to our genial and gentle friend, with a benison on his head, and with the hope of seeing him again in a few days.

We found the steamer, the North-Western, a great weird-looking thing, and got on board of her. There was a big crowd of passengers, and a scramble for the purser's counter followed, for in the giving out of the state-rooms, it was "first come, first served." It was a disgusting scene, and we kept our distance till the scramblers had obtained all the best rooms, though none of them were very good. Ours was in the extreme forward part of the boat. It was supplied with a wash-bowl and pitcher, placed on a stool; nothing else—not a thing, save the two beds. We turned in, and slept like a log. At seven we turned out. During the night, the boat had gone about twenty rods, having been on the bottom most of the time. However, she got started again, and we went to breakfast. The meal could not have been any worse, if they had studied to make it so. The provision seemed to be good enough in its original state, but was utterly spoiled in the cooking. Yet the doctor was "glad he came." It was a new experience to him. Both of us enjoyed it for a change, and if the table had been endurable, we could have stood it a couple of days longer than we did. The boat was shaking, twisting, squirming, and whirling about all the time. The hands were often called upon, by the stroke of the great bell, to sound; and when they reported

only four feet, it began to be rather exciting, for the craft drew three and a half. When this depth was announced, the pilot sometimes rang to stop her, and sometimes sounded two short, sharp whistles, which meant crowd on the steam. After this signal, the boat shook, groaned, and trembled. Sometimes she went over, and sometimes she did not. Frequently the pilot whirled her short round on an axis, for, unlike sea-craft, these boats draw more water forward than aft. We slept a second night on board, and in the morning we found the steamer was fast aground. No twisting or squirming would help her, and the fat mate went to work with the "walking timbers," and after a while shoved her off. About eleven o'clock we reached Winona. We had made one hundred and five miles in thirty-seven hours. Though we had paid for our fares and diet nearly two hundred miles farther, we gave it up, and took the next train for Chicago. We were very sorry to lose the trip, for we found the scenery of the Upper Mississippi grand. The high bluffs, with the rocky formations like palisades, suggested old castles, and reminded us of the Rhine.

We staid a day in Chicago, at the Grand Pacific, which is an immense hotel, and very well kept. We intended to pay a visit to Mr. Russell and the Berger family, with whom he travels the coming season, at Jackson, Mich.; but it fell out that we did not. We went to the "general ticket office" of the Michigan Central, in Clark Street, to inquire about tickets to Boston. Certain special tickets were sold below the usual through rates, good for three days. Being ignorant, we asked for some of the "reliable information" which this particular office was advertised to give. The man in charge was curt and crusty. "You hear what I say," was his reply when we asked "how it was." We did not wait to hear him say anything more. We interviewed the ticket agent of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago road, in the Grand Pacific; and though he did not sell tickets for the Michigan Central, he very cheerfully and pleasantly explained why we could not "stop over" at Jackson. We loved that man for his civility, his politeness, as compared with the fellow who had snubbed us. In the end we purchased two tickets to Boston, and two Pullman places of him, paying him fifty dollars, of which we hope he made at least five dollars, for a civil official deserves substantial encouragement. We had a very enjoyable trip to New York, passing through the picturesque part of the Alleghany Mountains by

daylight. We were again a voyager in the Bristol, and candor compels us to say that the cup of coffee we had on board of her on Sunday morning was the best we had on the whole trip.

On this journey we gained some pounds in weight, a vigorous appetite, and a great deal of useful information.

THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

I AM the Queen of the Mountain,
I walk the towering crag,
And my song goes out with the cataract's shout
As it leaps from jag to jag.
I wreath my head with the sun-bows,
Where the waters are torn to mist,
And the plash of my feet into jewels beats
The pool by the moonbeam kissed.

When Hurricane — storm's black shepherd —
Comes driving his bellowing flocks,
I pluck from their fleece the shaggy frieze
That mantles my midnight rocks.
But dyed in the splendors of Morning,
Their robes are like banners unrolled,
When I snatch and sow, through the valleys
below,
Her jewels of beryl and gold.

As the feet of a hovering petrel
Have glanced where the breakers curled,
So lightly I've sprung from the avalanche,
hung,
Hair-poised, o'er a slumbering world.
With my hand in the eagle's eyrie,
And my foot on the dizziest peak,
I have snatched away his untorn prey
And laughed at his angry shriek!

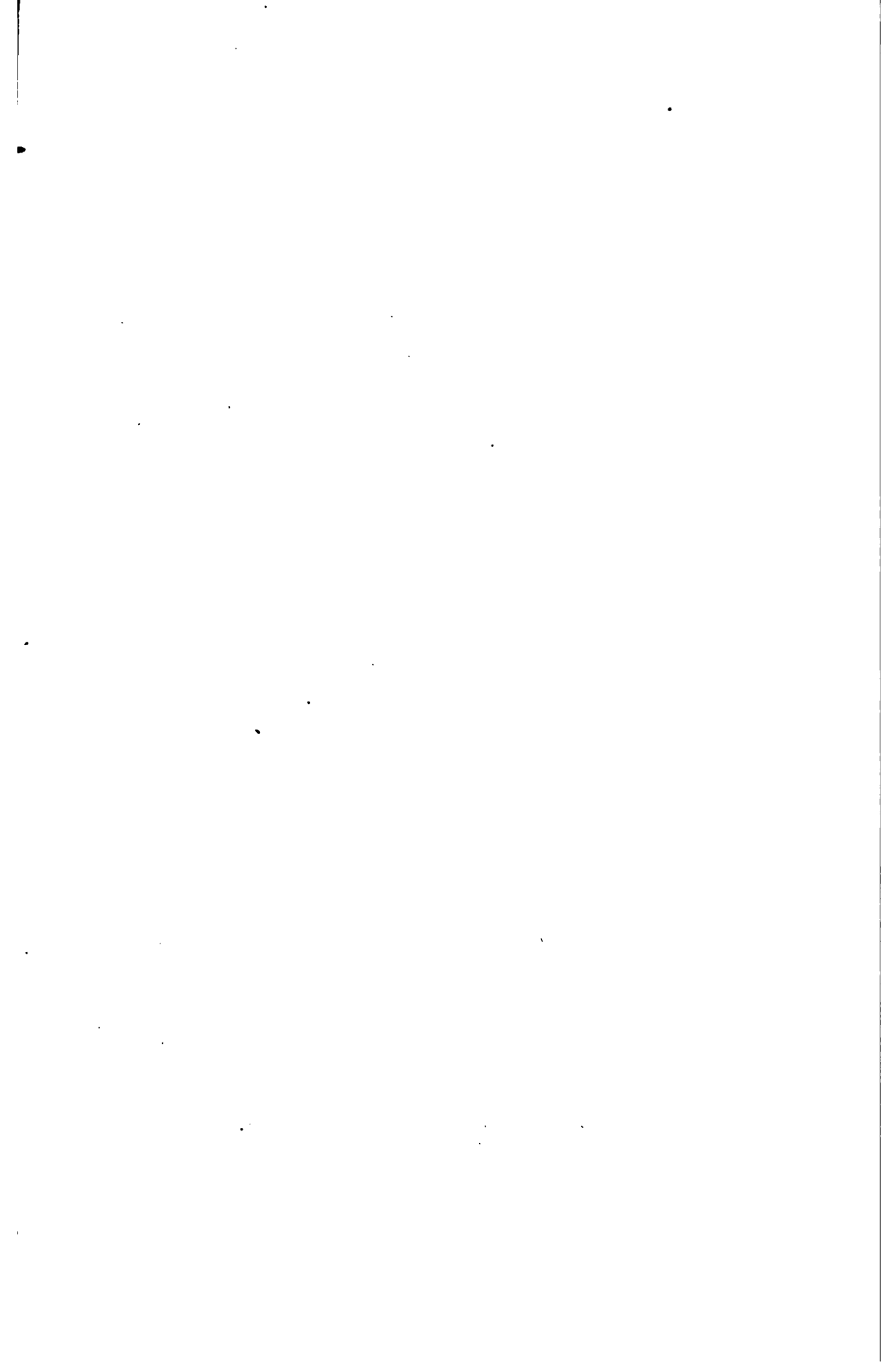
But when a mysterious murmur,
And rote of invisible things,
Steal down the aisles of my dim defiles,
And you watch as for angel wings,
I sit in the arch of a moon-bow,
Where the mists of the cataract gleam,
And the low, weird hum of my song holds
dumb

The world, in a magic dream.

O, I am the Queen of the Mountain!
The door of the dawn I unbar;
And the sunset waits at her golden gates
Till I kindle her evening star.
The cataracts weave my mantle,
Their rainbows are my crown;
This sceptre of mine is a splintered pine,
And the eagle's crag is my throne!



AFTER THE RAIN.
SCENE IN NORTH WALES.



BROUGHT TO THE FRONT:

OR,

THE YOUNG DEFENDERS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER XIII.

IDLENESS BREEDS MISCHIEF.

FOR some time matters went on swimmingly with the children: bow-strings twanged, arrows quivered in the mark, being pointed with thorns, tomahawks were hurled; the little girls assembled to look on, and took a most prominent part in the screeching.

But the war-posts, the *raal Injun* tomahawks, and even the drill with muskets, lost the charm of novelty, and grew insipid. At last the boys began in general terms to complain that "they couldn't have no good time, and couldn't do nothin'."

But there were also special grievances; they couldn't keep the hens apart, and the eggs got mixed; the roosters would get a fighting, and boys whose roosters got beaten quarrelled with the owners of those that were victors.

The pin-feathers were growing out on the rump, wings, and neck of that famous bird that Sam and Tony plucked, and they complained that the other fowls, shut up and unable to procure worms, grasshoppers, and other animal food, pecked at his exposed flesh till the blood ran, and pulled out the feathers as fast as they grew.

Another sore affliction was, that their mothers prohibited their screeching to a great extent, and "they couldn't have no ambushes when they played Injuns, 'cause there wasn't no bush to hide in, and no woods."

They averred "they couldn't have no good time — couldn't do nothin', 'cause the gals was allers (specially the big ones) follerin' 'em round, an' stickin' their noses in." Not that they were lacking in affection for their sisters and female friends, but thought they had a perfect right to have a gander party if they wanted to; and their interminable brawls, and bawling, and teasing kept their mothers in a constant state of anxiety and uneasiness. No wonder they disliked living in garrison, and longed for the time to come when they could return to their own firesides.

Our young readers can imagine how irksome this sort of life must have been to boys who had not been accustomed to the least confinement, but had raced in the woods, roamed in

the fields, paddled in the streams, climbed the mountains, did a good deal of light work, and were never still save while asleep.

At length, through the intercession of the mothers, who were entirely worn out with their importunities, the gate was opened from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon, and they were permitted to play in front of it during those hours, and within so many yards; certain stumps being assigned as the bounds, and spotted.

There was always a sentry on guard, whose duty it was to watch the gate. The boys entertained that they might play on the edge of the forest; but this was not permitted.

"Anything ter git out of sight," said Holden, when they tried their eloquence on him; "but you can't play in the woods; the Injuns'll git you."

The "Screechin' Catamounts" now moved their war-post into the open ground before the gate. There were plenty of stumps scattered round, and two or three trees that had been uprooted years before, the trunks of which, being wet and soggy, had not been consumed when the settlers, after cutting down the forest for some distance around the walls, that it might not afford a cover to Indians, set the mass on fire.

Behind these stumps, trunks, and especially the roots of the torn-up stumps, the children could manage to ambush each other, the inmates of the garrison were relieved from the shrieks of those amateur savages, and for a long while they enjoyed themselves as never before.

The lads behaved so well — keeping strictly within their allotted limits, without, as was feared by most, abusing the opportunity to betake themselves to the woods, so invitingly near — as to excite universal remark and commendation. Every morning the tomahawks were given out to them, and at night they were taken from them again and put in the flanker.

In consequence of their good conduct they were now permitted to go out earlier and remain till sunset; also to extend their playground to include the fields and house of Ephraim Cuthbert.

We would inform the casual reader that Ephraim Cuthbert, to whom these premises belonged, was a Quaker, who, finding himself out of sympathy with his warlike neighbors, and that his children were inclined to abandon the peculiar principles in which they had been trained, and to embrace those held by their young companions, had left the Run, and

joined his brethren of the same persuasion in Bucks County.

The house and other buildings of Cuthbert were situated within a short distance of the garrison, a clear field lying between them, presenting no obstacles to obstruct the view of greater magnitude than stumps, rock-heaps, and a log fence.

In the rear of the buildings the ground sloped to the stream, that portion nearest the house being pasture, the rest forest; the growth near the stream was principally oak and beech.

There were now two parties on the scout, and no danger was apprehended from allowing the children to play between the garrison and Cuthbert's. They were permitted to play in front of, and enter, the buildings, but not to play in the pasture behind them, it being full of bushes, windfalls, and large rocks; and it was feared that Indians might elude the scouts, creep up under cover of these objects, and either shoot them with arrows or make them prisoners.

One would naturally suppose, as did their parents, that the children might have been well satisfied with this generous allotment of room, and the extension of their time.

Perhaps they would, if there had been no bounds established; but the moment this was done, the place became too strait for them, and every boy was conscious of a desire to pass the limits.

"What a set they are!" said Holdness; "just like so many partridges; give 'em an inch, they'll want an ell; give 'em a rod, they'll want ten; better shut 'em up in the stockade again."

Tony, Sam, and Jimmy Grant, though neither the oldest nor the largest, seemed to be the most enterprising and restless of the lot, and were all the time in a ferment, and stirring up those, who, left alone, would have been quiet, and satisfied with the provisions made for their gratification.

Will Rogers, Ike Proctor, and Sandy McCoy were in their fourteenth year, great, overgrown boys; but they followed the lead of the first-named, and were ready to aid in the execution of almost anything that the others planned.

In all their plans and purposes the children found a most effective ally in Scipio, a negro belonging to Israel Blanchard, already well known to many of our readers. Scipio, though sadly deficient in courage and mortally afraid of Indians, was possessed of great strength, and exceedingly active. He could jump and wrestle with the best, and not a boy in the set-

tlement, except Harry Sumerford, could outrun him. His master often said he would risk the Indians' killing him if he saw them first, for he believed if he thought Indians were after him, he would outrun a bullet.

Scipio was no mean mechanic, and as his master permitted and encouraged him to use his tools, and instructed him in various kinds of work, the boys were not slow to avail themselves of his abilities in this direction. He could also sing, play on the jewsharp, beat out a tune with his knuckles on a tin pail or board, or make music with a piece of paper and a horn comb, and would frolic with the children by the hour together. In a fortnight he learned to drum, and every chance he could get was thumping that instrument. No wonder he was popular among the children and the older boys, the latter having promised to buy him a fiddle, whenever they could sell furs or deer-skins to obtain the funds.

If an Indian had presented himself to Scipio in the woods, he would probably have taken to his heels, notwithstanding he could shoot well enough at a coon, deer, 'possum, or wild turkey, and was sublime on pigeons; but bears, wolves, and catamounts the black was contented to admire at a distance. He was a splendid whittler, and no boy in the Run could make a better-proportioned arrow, or excel him in shooting with the bow. In short, all he lacked was courage—a most important element in frontier life. Still, possessing so many other good qualities, he was universally liked, and highly valued by his master, who treated him more like a son than a slave.

Scipio was excessively fond of maple sugar, maple sirup, and raw eggs. His mistress often suspected him of sucking eggs when she found the nests of certain hens empty. Every family in the Run made large quantities of maple sugar, which, in peaceful times, they carried on pack-horses to the Huddle, to Carlisle, and other places, and sold for part money and part goods.

Sam and Tony had each a number of hens, their private property, and disposed of their eggs as they pleased, and could, by dint of coaxing and crying, obtain all the maple sugar and sirup they wanted, though it was highly valued as an article of ready sale. The boys were well aware of the tastes of Scipio, and with these inducements at their command, found, in general, not the least difficulty in securing his aid to carry out their projects, which were by no means few in number.

One night Tony and Sam slept together, as was frequently the case, now that the families

were in garrison, and Alex, who slept in the same room, complained that they kept him awake whispering and giggling. In the course of that night was devised a notable scheme, which they soon proceeded to put in execution.

When the massacre at the McDonalds' was reported by Harry, Sam and Tony and their mates hurried to the spot, where the two former made themselves familiar with all the details of the murder, and afterwards, at the garrison, listened to every particular Donald was able to relate.

Being now debarred from many of the usual sports and pastimes, while those still within their reach had become somewhat stale by repetition, Sam and Tony imagined it would be a fine thing to repeat that terrible scene, and get up a make-believe massacre of their own contrivance.

Such an idea, having once taken possession of their fruitful noddles, forthwith began to ferment like yeast in beer, especially when, upon making known their design to the other boys, it met with a most enthusiastic approval. Which of these hopeful urchins originated the plan was never known. It was probably a joint concern, like the plucking of the rooster; one made a suggestion and the other improved upon it.

All the difficulties in the way of execution seemed insurmountable; but they merely served to whet the courage and stimulate the ingenuity of boys who inherited all the tenacity of purpose pertaining to their parents.

In order to succeed, the matter must be kept secret, and they must also have the aid of the girls. There was no question as to their willingness to bear a part in the matter, but much room for doubt in respect to their discretion and ability to observe secrecy.

After much deliberation they chose Alice Grant, Jane Proctor, Maud Stewart, and Louisa Holt. A live baby they could not hope to procure, and it was concluded to have the girls make a rag one of life size.

The assistance of Scipio was indispensable, and they counted upon it as a matter of course; but upon sounding him they found, to their surprise and disappointment, that he utterly refused to go into the woods, so fearful was he of Indians. In vain they told him that the place was so near the garrison, and there were now so many scouts out, that there was no danger.

"Golly," replied Scip, "dere was scouts out when dey killed de McDonalds, and dey tried to sculp dis nigga in him bed."

Scip always believed that it was Indians, and not a wolf, that reached between the logs, and tore the skin from his head as he slept.

They offered him eggs, sugar, and sirup in any quantities; it was of no use; and it seemed as though their enterprise must perish in the bud.

At length Sammy, with tears in his eyes, offered to give him his jewsharp. This turned the scale. Scipio could not resist the jewsharp, and promised compliance.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CATAMOUNTS IN TROUBLE.

THE urchins found great pleasure in all the details and preparatory proceedings, enhanced by the charm of secrecy, and numberless were the consultations held, and points debated and settled, in the garret of the Cuthbert house.

When Cuthbert first came on to his lot, he built a log house near the river, for the sake of obtaining water, — a matter which often determined the choice of a location in those days, — and also because the land was there bare of trees, affording an abundance of natural grass, that served both for pasturage and mowing, thus enabling him to keep stock while clearing land and raising bread for his household.

In addition to this great advantage to a pioneer, — who always has a hard time of it at first, — upon a point made by a bend in the river grew a large number of oaks and beeches, that in the season afforded mast to fatten his hogs, and as they were scattering, grass sprang up in the openings and on the banks, sufficient for pasture, with plenty of snakes and brake-roots, both of which are relished by hogs.

Here Cuthbert remained several years, in the mean while cutting off the growth and clearing land farther back, which he found to be more suited to the raising of crops, and not subject to overflow in freshets, and where he afterwards discovered a living spring. When he had brought a sufficient quantity of this land into grass and tillage, he built his house on it, and turned the original lot out to pasture.

The old house was standing and in quite good repair, save that the chimney, built on the outside, had fallen down, and the sticks of which it was made had been hauled away for firewood. The hovel and corn-crib were likewise standing, though dilapidated.

This was the place chosen by the boys for the scene of their domestic tragedy. It was certainly lonely enough, for only a narrow

foot-path led to it, and there they found most of the necessary accompaniments prepared to their hands, for the house and outbuildings were precisely like McDonald's, except that the house was not loopholed, and there was no room finished inside.

Anxious to render everything as much like the reality as possible, they procured clay and moss to replace that which had fallen out from between the logs, and were now desirous to rebuild the chimney, but the billets were missing. There was no lack of clay and wood, but they could not cut the wood into suitable lengths without, by the sound of the axe, betraying their retreat. They were, however, provided for by that divinity who is fabled to watch over mischief-makers.

The point to which reference has been made was resorted to by large flocks of wild turkeys, who fed on the acorns and beech-nuts in the autumn.

Near the end of this point Nat Cuthbert had built a turkey-pen. It was an oblong structure made of rails, and stood upon a descending piece of ground, and without any opening except on the lower side. There a hole was dug in the ground, beneath the lower rail, broadest on the outside, to admit easily the body of a turkey.

Within this pen, around the mouth of the hole, and for some distance outside, Nat was wont to scatter corn in a thin line. The leading turkeys, following along the trail of corn, would enter the pen, and others after them; but when once inside they did not know enough to put down their heads, and go out of the hole they came in at, but would stretch up their necks, endeavoring to get out between the rails, where they could see the grass and the most light, till they were taken.

The rails that formed the end of the pen were of just the right length, and those on the sides and top were easily shortened, by breaking off the ends between two trees, that grew near together, and the chimney was rebuilt. They then made a fire on the old hearth, that had been cold for many a year.

There must be a hominy-block, that the McDonalds, father and son, might be pounding corn. If the *killing* was to be make-believe, they considered it the more necessary to make the representation in other respects as perfect as possible.

At the house recently vacated by Cuthbert was a hominy-block, with sweep and pestle, just as the family had left it; but it was no easy matter to transport the heavy log mortar to the old house. They were not, however,

to be balked by any ordinary obstacle. A portion of them gathered around the war-post, throwing tomahawks and yelling in sight of the garrison, while the rest rolled the block down the hill out of sight; then they loaded it on a hand sled, and fastening long thongs of deer-skin to the sled, with their united strength hauled it to the place.

Scip took the pestle and pole to which it was fastened from the spring-pole, and they hauled them to the spot in the same way.

Near the door of the old house stood a great maple, that had been spared for the sake of its sap, and was covered with the scars of wounds made by tapping. To one of its projecting limbs Scip fastened the pestle and pole, and rolled the hominy-block under the tree. The spring of the limb was so great that by its aid two of the boys could lift the pestle, and the machine was found upon trial to work well.

The boys were delighted, hugged Scip, and emptied their pockets to supply him with sugar, and Jane Proctor, in the fullness of her heart, gave him a great junk of cake.

They now held a most serious consultation among themselves concerning the part that should be allotted to Scip. Some thought he ought to personate Mr. McDonald, because he was strong to lift the pestle, and was about the size of that gentleman. Others thought it was entirely out of character that so good a man as Mr. McDonald should be represented by a negro.

Tony finally settled the matter by saying that Scip must be an Indian, for they needed his help to tear down the chimney, and couldn't get into the house without him.

To get rid of the difference in color, they resolved to paint him and themselves, as there was abundant material in the paint bags found on the Indians.

They never dreamed of consulting the party most interested in this matter, knowing they could do as they pleased with Scip.

There was no difficulty in selecting the parts for the girls. Louisa Holt, being much older and larger than the others, represented Mrs. McDonald, Maud Stewart Jean, Jane Proctor Grace, and Alice Grant Maggie.

But it was quite another matter when the parts were to be assigned to the several boys. as they all wanted to kill and scalp, and no one of them was willing to represent Alex McDonald or his father, and be killed and scalped. The passion of destructiveness is very early developed in a boy. The little girl inclines to sew, have company, tend a doll, wash, bake, make patchwork. Not so the boy: he is a tearer;

he wants a hammer, hatchet, knife; wants to be pounding, breaking something, driving nails, and flinging stones. No noise, no disturbance,—no fun. He wants to tear the clock to pieces to see what makes it go; wants to cut the bellows open to see what makes the wind come out.

Girls have their quarrels; they make faces at each other, pout, and say, "I'll tell your mother; I should think you'd be ashamed," but seldom pull hair.

But the boys say, "I'll fix you when I catch you up our way," or, if a little fellow, "I'll tell my big brother," and are forever quarrelling, making up, and punching one another; that is, ordinary boys, and especially frontier boys; and we are not dealing just now with model boys, or with rarefied ones, but the common kind, who grow into men that do the hard work of creation, and make the world move.

"Sam, and Jim, and me ought to be Injuns," said Tony, "'cause we got it up."

"No, you hadn't, nuther," said Proctor; "you couldn't a got it up 'thout us; you couldn't a got the hominy-block down here, nor built the chimney, nor done nothing."

"You ought ter be Mr. McDonald," said Sammy. "You, or Ike Proctor, or Billy Rogers, or Sandie Maccoy, 'cause you're the biggest."

"That's nothin'," said Maccoy; "it's all make-believe."

"What of that? We don't want to make-believe more'n we can't help," said Jim Grant.

"I think," said Dan Mugford, a very fair-minded boy, "Sammy ought to be an Indian, 'cause he gave his jewaharp to Scip; and we can't do anything without Scip."

This was agreed to on all hands. The dispute now waxed so hot it seemed that the whole thing would fall through, when Matthew Holt proposed that they should cast lots, leaving Sammy out. The lot fell on Tony as Mr. McDonald, and Jim Grant as Alex.

Jim Grant gave Ben Wood two bullets to take his place, and Tony Fred Stiefel a horse-nail. These matters of vital importance being satisfactorily settled, Tony, Sam, and Mugford were chosen to arrange matters.

"Must we give the war-whoop?" said Proctor.

"No," replied Tony; "all the Injuns must be just as still as frogs when you fling a stone inter the pond, 'cause 'twould alarm the garrison; but Mr. McDonald, and Elick, and the gals, what the Indians be killin', must screech awful."

"They'll hear us up to the garrison, and we will git a lickin'," said Rogers.

"No, they won't," said Sam; "they can't hear much; if they do they'll think it's us dancing round the war-post; and we must do a lot of screechin' every day, so they'll git use ter hearin' it."

Sam, who had seen the Indians killed by his brothers in their war-paint, was chosen to paint the rest, and Scipio was to paint him. Red and black predominated in the war-paint of the Indians, and in the case of Scip the black was already well laid on.

"When shall we do it?" said Proctor.

"To-morrow," replied Grant.

"To-morrow's Friday; 'tain't no day ter do nothin'. My mother won't begin a stockin', and she won't draw a piece in the loom; and Mr. Honeywood won't sow a piece of grain Friday, 'cause 'twon't grow."

"Won't your mother knit on her stockin' Friday, arter it's begun?" said Mugford.

"Yes; and she'll do anything arter it's *begun*."

"Well, we begun this on Tuesday mornin'."

"Monday's the best day," said Tony, "'cause it's washin'-day; they won't think anything 'bout us, 'cause they'll be busy. The men folks'll be all on the scout, 'cause they don't go Sunday, and so there's most all on 'em goes Monday real early."

In order to render the absence of so many all day less surprising, when the time should come, they for several days had been in the habit of carrying their dinners, and eating in Cuthbert's house, the girls going with them; and one day Mrs. Sumerford, getting uneasy at their long absence, sent Enoch to see what had become of them, who found the whole company playing hide and seek in Cuthbert's barn.

It was fortunate for them that Enoch went when he did, for had he reached the spot half an hour before, he would have caught them rolling the hominy-block down hill to the river.

It is very often the case, when great preparations have been made, and sanguine hopes cherished, in respect to any plan, that some untoward accident will occur to embarrass or defeat the whole matter. But in respect to the Catamounts, everything seemed to conspire in their favor.

Monday morning dawned fair, with a westerly wind, rendering it a splendid day for washing, promising to keep their mothers busy. A larger portion than usual of the men had gone on the scout. The captain of the fort at Rays-town had sent for Mr. Seth to repair some gun-carriages and the roof of one of the block-houses, and the rest of the men had gone to

guard him, — as he refused to go without an escort, — and at the same time procure powder and lead of a trader who lived under the walls of the fortress.

One division of the scouts was to return at night; therefore they ventured to leave the garrison in charge of Enoch and Alex Sumerford and Will Grant — certainly not a very strong force. Alex was walking about with his arm in a sling, but Enoch and Grant, being wounded, one in the shoulder and the other in the hand, could, nevertheless, manage to load and fire a rifle, as their wounds were fast healing; they could also fire the alarm-gun, to call in the scouts, that was kept always loaded.

The fine weather to dry clothes put all the women in high spirits; suds flew and tongues ran; some were scrubbing in the kitchen, others on benches at the door. Some were bringing water from the spring, others spreading the clothes to dry on bushes, that had been cut and hauled into the yard for the purpose, as they had no lines.

The boys had gone off, carrying their dinners, for a day's sport, and the three girls slipped out unobserved in the confusion, and followed them, and the mothers, glad to be relieved of the care of children, their noise, the annoyance of having them under foot, and their endless wants and woes, set gayly about their work.

A mother's thoughts are, however, never for any length of time diverted from her children. One and another, as they went out, would stop and listen for the usual noise of the children; but no sound was heard save the cawing of a crow, or the low of cattle.

Each confined her anxieties to her own breast till the washing was done, and they sat down to eat, when expression was given to the general feeling by Mrs. Stewart's saying, —

"Wha kens what has come o' the weans? I doubt na they maun be about some pliskie (trick), they are so quiet. I hope theyne come to na skaith, and wull be home belyve."

"That's just what I was thinking about," said Mrs. Sumerford; "I listened while I was spreading out the last of my clothes, but couldn't hear a whimper."

"You know, mother, you got uneasy two or three days ago about them, 'cause you couldn't hear them, and sent me over to see, and I found 'em all playing in Cuthbert's barn; it's likely they are there now. I'm sure their throats would split if they screeched all the time," said Enoch.

Here the matter was dropped till they had washed up the floor and sat down to sew, when

their fears revived, and with them the conversation.

"Hech!" exclaimed Mrs. Stewart; "what in the name o' wonner has become o' my Maud, the idle taupie? She maun hae gane wi' them; she's mair for some daffin than wark; and there's the woo' I set her to card tucked under the bed."

"And my Alice," said Mrs. Grant.

It was soon found that Louise Holt and Jane Proctor were also missing: the women became seriously alarmed, and Enoch went over to Cuthbert's, but returned to say that he could neither see nor hear anything of them.

"Then the Indians have got them," cried Mrs. Sumerford.

"No, they haven't, mother; there's too many scouts round; they've gone off to the brook. I knew they would," said Enoch.

Some proposed to fire the alarm-gun, to call in the scouts; but powder was scarce, and they hesitated to give a false alarm, and the boys were wounded.

"We can all fire a gun," said Mrs. Proctor: "let us load the guns that were taken from the Indians, and start after them, and leave the boys to keep the garrison. O, if Harry Sumerford was only here he could track 'em."

"Fan," said Mrs. Honeywood, "can track 'em better than Harry or anybody else."

"She won't follow us," said Mrs. Holt.

"Then I'll go with you."

The boys made no opposition, for they did not believe there was any danger of Indians; and, fully armed, the resolute frontier mothers sallied forth in quest of their children.

"I doubt no it's that's plaguesome loon o' mine wha's at the bottom o' it," said Mrs. Stewart; "the likes o' him's aye in mischief; an' I get haud o' him again I'll hatchel his hide; see an I winna."

"Don't talk in that way," said Mrs. Holt: "you may never see him again."

When they were a short distance from the gate, Mrs. Honeywood, calling Fannie to her, held one of Sammy's moccasins to her nose, and after the slut had smelt of it, said, "Seek, Fannie! find 'em!"

The slut put her nose to the ground, started off slowly in the direction of the 'house last occupied by Cuthbert, till within a rod of it, and then took a path that led directly into the woods, sitting down occasionally till the women came up. From time to time they stopped and listened; but all was still.

"I guess we shall find them playing at the brook," said Mrs. Honeywood.

The words had scarcely escaped from her



THE CATAMOUNTS IN TROUBLE. Page 761.

lips when there arose the most agonizing shrieks, evidently children's voices, and apparently in the last extremity.

They were now within a rod of Cuthbert's old house, from which the cries seemed to proceed. Pale, but resolute, with fingers on the triggers, they gained the front of the building, when they beheld a scene that, while it instantly relieved their worst fears, excited in a corresponding degree their indignation.

Before the door was a hominy-block; kernels of corn and arrows were scattered around it. Ben Wood was lying on the ground beside the block, as though dead, while Jim Grant, with his left hand twisted in Wood's hair, and his foot on the latter's neck, was, with a long knife, pretending to scalp him.

Ike Proctor was flourishing a tomahawk over Fred Stiefel's head, who was on his knees, begging for life, and screaming horribly.

Stretched by the door-stone was Alice Grant, under the knife of Billy Rogers. At the corner of the corn-crib Louisa Holt lay on her face, and near by her a baby. Nat Holt was thrusting a knife into the baby, and Tony was scalping Louisa.

They were all painted with a liberal allowance of red and black colors. Their hair was gathered up on the crown into a kind of queue, to

represent an Indian's scalp-lock, wound with strings, and ornamented with the tail and wing feathers of Enoch's rooster.

In the midst of their work these amateur savages were startled by the cry, "You viper of a Bill Rogers, let my gal alone;" and dropping their guns, the women rushed pell-mell upon the delinquents.

Tony, being the farthest off, fled, as did Nat and most of the other boys; but Ike Proctor and Jim Grant fell into the clutches of their enraged mothers, who soon caused them to utter screams of real anguish.

All this time fearful outcries were heard from the house. Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Sumerford, recognizing the voices, rushed in. They found Maud Stewart and Jane Proctor on their knees in the floor, begging to be spared, while Sam Sumerford and Hugh Crawford were brandishing tomahawks over them.

As they entered, Crawford made his escape at the hole in the wall made by the tearing away of the chimney, and by which the Indians had entered. Sam attempted to follow, but his mother caught him by the legs.

Apprehension that we afterwards ascertain to be unfounded, is a great incentive to anger. Most people will strike a horse that trips; and Mrs. Sumerford, the most indulgent of moth-

ers, now thoroughly roused, caught a hemlock limb that lay on the hearth, and gave Sam a basting that would have satisfied even Enoch had he been present.

Mrs. Stewart, disappointed in her design in respect to Tony, seized Maud, and, her Highland temper getting the entire mastery, shook her till Maud's teeth chattered in her head.

"Ye idle jade, I'll gie ye a sorting! The Lord haud a grip o' us, are ye na ashamed o' yoursel', when I set ye to cardin' the woo', to forsake your wark, and gae lowpin' and skirlin' wi' a parcel o' idle loons, hawkin' the very deid out o' their graves to make them sport, like a shameless hussy as ye're kenne'd to be? But I'll gie ye repentance; see an I dinna."

Falling upon Maud, the mother gave her what she called a good settling.

"As I live," said Mrs. Proctor, "if here isn't my new ironing sheet made into a rag baby. Jane Proctor, tell me the truth; did you make that baby, and put my ironing sheet into it?"

"O, mother, don't kill me quite; I never will do so agin. I didn't think it would hurt it."

"Didn't think it would hurt it! And here it is all over dirt and punched full of holes, where that little brat of a Nat Holt has stuck his knife in it. Your father brought that cotton clear from Baltimore, and I carded and spun and wove it with my own hands; I do think it's a sin and a shame. Well, we've got to have some kind of regulations in this Run, — a gallows, a whipping-post, a pair of stocks, or something. I'll have Mr. Seth make a pair of stocks."

"Gae 'wa wi' ye," cried Mrs. Stewart, as she came from the house, driving Maud before her; "ye're aye gleg to leave your wark and rin the ither way, wi' a wheen idle callants, who are not content to bide as God made 'em, but wad destroy his image wi' their paints and bear's grease, makin' savages o' themselves. Hout awa ye; hirple like a hen on a hot gridle."

"Come along, plague of my life that ye are," said Mrs. Sumerford, aiding the reluctant Sammy with a push; "it was because I hadn't trouble enough with two wounded boys, that you, and that little Satan of a Tony you're so thick with, must hatch up this to scare us all to death."

Shouldering their guns, the women started for the garrison, driving the prisoners before them, who wept as they went, and the forest resounded with lamentations. As they turned the corner of the house, Holdness, Honey-

wood, Grant, and several others of the scouts met them face to face.

"Out a scoutin', gals?" cried Holdness, much amazed at the novel sight.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Sumerford; "scouting after these plaguy children; and I think it's high time that you or somebody else took them in hand;" and she related the circumstances.

The children renewed their lamentations, expecting nothing less than a worse punishment from the men.

"How in this world," said Honeywood, "did they contrive to get Cuthbert's hominy-block here, and put that pole in the tree, build the chimney, and repair that old house?"

"They're smart, and no mistake; they've carried it out well," said Holt; "see the corn round that hominy-block!"

"I sometimes think," said Mrs. Proctor, "they're in league with the evil one himself. We're worn out with 'em."

The men seemed to regard the matter in a very different light from their wives. Either their ruder minds were less affected by the nature of the prank, or they were gratified at the evidences of courage and enterprise presented — a matter of great importance in the circumstances of peril by which they were surrounded.

Indeed, some of them seemed to think the children were coming on finely, and fast preparing to make scouts and Indian-killers; and not one of them manifested any intention of inflicting more punishment.

The children were not long in discovering this; their tears dried and their cries ceased.

Israel Blanchard had left the scouting party at the river, as he wished to get an axe from his house. He threw the implement over his shoulder, and had just entered the woods on his way to the garrison, when he heard the cracking of a dry stick, and instantly cocking his piece, he stepped behind a tree.

In a few moments an Indian in his war-paint broke from the woods, running at full speed. The frontiersman fired, and the Indian fell. Without leaving his cover, Blanchard hastened to reload, when his hair almost rose on end as the fallen savage, getting on his knees, began to cry, —

"O, Massa Injun, don't kill poor nigga. Ise work fur you, massa. Ise nebber run de way."

Running up, with rifle in one hand and ramrod in the other, without paying the least attention to the cries of Scip, he tore the hunting-shirt, that was stained with blood, from his back, and ascertained that the bullet had

ploughed a furrow along the ribs, inflicting only a slight flesh wound.

"Will it kill me, massa?"

"No; it's a mere scratch," — taking a bullet from his mouth that he was about to put in the rifle; "how come you in this shape? and what have you been about, you black rascal?"

From Scip's confession it appeared that, being behind the house when the women came, he crept off unobserved by them, till he gained the cover of the woods, and was running for the well at his master's house, in order to wash off the paint before going to the garrison, hoping thus to escape detection.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FRONTIER SCHOOL-HOUSE.

WHEN the party reached the garrison, Tony, Dan Mugford, Will Rogers, and none of those who had made their escape were to be seen. Great was the astonishment of Alex and Enoch Sumerford and Will Grant when they caught sight of Sammy, painted like an Indian, the girls, their cheeks streaked with tears, and their eyes swollen and red with weeping, and learned what had occurred.

In a few moments Israel Blanchard made his appearance with the wounded negro. None could help laughing at the comical appearance of Scip. His neck, breast, chin, and lower jaws were painted a bright vermilion; in the centre of each cheek, and in the middle of his forehead, were round red dots, about the size of a dollar, and his nose was red; the rest of his face was the natural color, a genuine Guinea black.

It seems that Scipio wanted to have a scalp lock ornamented with feathers, like the rest, but the wool was too short to admit of being gathered up, wound with a string, and made to stand erect as the hair of the white boys.

Now, Scip was their main dependence, and they were most anxious to gratify him, but were at a loss in what manner to accomplish it. Alice Grant, however, solved the problem. She took a corn-cob, sewed a piece of cloth to one end of it, and covered the cob with the longest tail-feathers of the rooster, thus forming a grand plume. She then placed the cob upright on his head, and stitched the cloth to the wool to hold it in position. After viewing himself in the river, Scip was perfectly delighted, professed himself ready to undertake anything for the common benefit, and, indeed, excited the envy of all the rest.

While those who had remained in the garrison, and those who had gone in quest of the

children, were congratulating one another upon the happy termination of the affair that had occasioned such anxiety, and all were put in the best of spirits by the comical appearance of Scip and Sam, the boys who had taken to flight at the appearance of the women came driving up the cows and other cattle, cleaned from paint, their scalp-locks laid aside, looking as innocent as if they had never done any mischief in their lives; and all escaped with a scolding.

"What shall we do with these children?" said Holdness, that evening: the former had gone to bed, and the parents were together in the kitchen of the garrison. "You can't give 'em any bounds that will satisfy 'em; now they've once broke over, they'll keep a-doing this kind of thing every once in a while."

"Shut 'em up in the stockade, and keep the gate fast. If they can't be satisfied with the large bounds — about twenty acres — we gave 'em, put 'em in jail," said M'Clure.

"That's most too tough for boys that have been used to liberty, and don't know what to do with themselves; and they'll torment their mothers to death," said Holdness.

"I don't think," said Mrs. Holdness, "it is strange that the children are uneasy; you just think, these children have always had something to take up their attention and keep 'em busy, ever since they could go alone, either work or play; and no wonder they don't know what to do with themselves when shut right up here. As for having them here all the time in the stockade, pulling and hauling us, and like a bird beating itself against the bars of the cage, I, for one, couldn't endure it. You men folks are gone all day, and don't know anything what it is to have children coaxing and crying to get out.

"Suppose the men folks should give 'em their old bounds, and threaten 'em strictly that they should be punished the first time they broke over, and if they do, give every one of them a severe whipping. They've behaved very well till now; and perhaps, if they knew the men folks would take 'em in hand, they would do for the future."

"I don't think," said Grant, "it's worth while to dilly-dally about it. Take 'em in the morning, and give 'em a good beating, then open the gate, and say, 'There, go about your business; you know your bounds, and you know what you've got by breaking 'em; break 'em agin, if you want to, and you'll fare worse.'"

"That's it," said Israel Blanchard; "that'll bring 'em to it."

So thought Wood, Maccoy, Stiefel, and Rogers.

"Let me propose a plan," said Honeywood.

"Do, Mr. Honeywood," said Mrs. Holdness, "for I know you won't be hard on the children."

"Well, we are in garrison now, to stay till spring opens; and before this Indian outbreak there was strong talk among us about having a school. Now, suppose we have it right off; then the children will be safe where they ought to be; their mothers will know where they are, and cease to worry. Then, when they are out of school, let 'em run; they will not have time, in the short days, to go far or get into trouble, because they'll have to drive up the cattle and do the chores. It is a great deal better chance to have a school for these children than if we were living on our farms, for they could not go those long distances, while here they won't be exposed or miss a day, except they are sick."

"Thank God for that!—the school! the school!" exclaimed half a dozen women at once.

"That's glorious!" cried Mrs. Sumerford; "now the children'll be learnin', we shall know where they are, and they'll be happy."

"They may not be so much pleased with the school as you think," said Honeywood; "that is confinement; some of them, no doubt, would rather play; so I think we'd better shut them up in the stockade a week, and then they'll be glad enough to get the liberty they will have between schools."

"I don't s'pose," said M'Clure, "it's any use to say anything, for the women are determined to have it; but I think it's a first-rate plan, and the best thing that's been said yet."

"But where are we going to have it?" said Wood; "the flankers are too small, and too dark, and we've no room but the kitchen."

"What is it," said Rogers, "to build a log house, with one room big enough for that? We can do it in a day, chimney and all, and lay the floor."

"Indeed we can," said Mr. Seth; "and Israel and myself will saw out boards with the whip-saw, and lay a board floor, and make doors and benches, and the master's desk. I can build as good and comfortable a school-house, inside this stockade, as children need to have, — a better one than I went to school in in the backwoods of Vermont."

"And we can have a meeting in it on the Sabbath day, and have the Word read; we used to have precious meetings before Mr. McDonald was taken away," said Mrs. Holt.

"Mr. Honeywood, perhaps, will read and

speak to us," said Mrs. Holdness, "and we've no lack for singers; we've lived like the very heathen, latterly, neither law nor gospel."

"We wad be none the waur for a screed o' doctrine, but what need hae we o' law, who are a law unto our ain sels? Law is made for the lawless," said Stewart.

"But who will keep the school?" said Mrs. Rogers.

"Mr. Honeywood," said Mrs. Stiefel. "When we were talking before the war about having a school, the plan was for Mr. Honeywood to keep the school in some house that was near the middle, to convene the most, and for the rest of us to haul up his winter's wood, and for the boys to cut it at the door."

"But," said M'Clure, "we want Mr. Honeywood on the scout, and can't do without him."

"Then there's Israel Blanchard," said Mrs. Holt.

"We can't do without him either."

"Never mind about that," said Rogers; "let's build the school-house: both scouts may not be needed at the same time, and Mr. Honeywood and Israel kin take turns; perhaps in the dead of winter we shan't need to scout, or some of the women kin be school-ma'am."

The next morning all were on the alert by break of day, and the scouts were not sent out; a portion kept guard while the others cut and hauled the logs to make the walls of the building into the garrison yard, also the stuff for the roof, and the logs to saw into boards, to make the door, floor, desk, and benches. The children were very anxious to go out where the men were cutting the trees, but they had received an order to keep within the stockade, and could only peep out when the gate was opened to admit the teams. Tony attempted to steal out, but received a box on the ear from the hand of M'Clure that felled him to the ground, and sent him, howling, to his mother for consolation. It was small consolation he got.

"Hout awa wi' ye, ye plaguesome brat, an dinna come deaving me wi' your clavers; ye hae just gotten your desarts, and Mr. M'Clure's just gien ye what your ain father should hae done lang syne."

When Tony went back to his mates, he said, —

"I wish we hadn't killed the McDonalds."

"So do I," said Sammy; "'cause we might a had raal good times, playing in the Cuthberts' house, and laying ambushes, and firing bows and arrows; and now we've got ter stay in this old yard."

"We got to go to schule," said Proctor; "that's worser. Marm says we'll have to set right up all day, and if we make as much noise as a mouse the master'll give it to us."

"Perhaps we shall like to go to schule," said Grant. "I want to learn to read and write: father says we'll be fools if we don't; and I'd as lives go to schule as be penned up in this stockade, and peep out of the gate or the loop-holes."

"I'd rather be a fool; I don't want ter go to schule," said Wood.

"I don't want ter be a fool, nor I don't want ter go ter schule, nuther," said Tony.

The logs were now all hauled within the stockade. Horses were made, and a log rolled up on them. Harry and Mr. Seth began to saw it into boards, and the rest to put up the walls: they would have finished it, as Rogers said, in a day, but when they were about to place the bottom logs, Israel Blanchard said,—

"Don't let us put these logs up round, and then stuff the cracks with moss and mud; let's hew 'em; there's so many of us, and we've not much else to do. We hewed the timber for the block-houses, and it won't compare; let's build a good school-house. If the war comes to an end, and any of us live through it, we shall want a school-house; and this will be in a central spot."

By sundown they had hewn the timber and placed the sills. The next day one scouting party, the Young Defenders, went out, and the others raised the walls and framed the roof.

"What a pity, now we've got a whip-saw," said Mr. Seth, "that we couldn't board this roof and shingle it; we've got a fro and other tools to make shingles. O, if we only had the nails! I do hate to put on long shingles and fasten 'em with weight-poles."

"I've got some blacksmith's tools," said Honeywood, "an anvil, hammer, and pincers; there's the iron that came out of Mr. Blanchard's cart, and there are some old scythes round. Let's make a blacksmith's shop while we're about it, and then I can repair guns, and shoe the mules and horses."

This met with universal favor. We would remind some of our readers, and inform others, that Honeywood, when a boy, had worked for several years with a gunsmith and blacksmith, and had, before the war, procured some few blacksmith's tools from Baltimore. Israel Blanchard came from Vermont, with his horse team, to Portsmouth, New Hampshire; then put horses and wagon on board a vessel, came to Baltimore, and then travelled as far into the backwoods as possible, when he left his wagon,

bought pack-saddles, left a portion of his goods, and came to the Run with the rest. Some time after this, Honeywood went for Blanchard's effects with pack-mules, and by his direction, tore the wagon in pieces, and carried the iron-work of it to the Run, Blanchard saying that, if he only had the iron-work, he could make the wood-work of a wagon by the time there would be any road to use it on.

"I don't want," said Blanchard, "to cut up the wheel-tires, but the smaller parts of the iron-work you may have."

All the old scythes and broken tools, and every scrap of iron, were now hunted up. The shop was built of round logs, only twelve feet by fourteen, and Honeywood set to work making bellows, and forge, and anvil-block, while Mr. Seth, Proctor, and Wood, who absented themselves from the scout, made the shingles for the roof of the school-house.

The bellows were quite a curiosity, being made of wood by Mr. Seth and Honeywood. Our readers will recollect that the Blanchards were mechanics, and were possessed of a good stock of tools, that now proved of great value.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SETH EXCELS HIMSELF.

THEY would have made their bellows of wood and leather, but when the shop was built, and the chimney, it was found that there were no more moose or deer-skins among them all than were needed for moccasins, shoe-packs (something between a shoe and a moccasin), and clothing; and it was dangerous to go into the woods to hunt.

"Risk, or no risk," said Honeywood, "I must go into the woods and kill a moose, deer, or something that has a hide, to make a pair of bellows."

"After you get it," said Mr. Seth, "it will have to be dressed, and that will take a good while. I believe they could be made of wood."

"Wood?" said Rogers; "it can't be done."

"I believe it can, and has been. If Mr. Honeywood and Harry will saw me out some boards of clear pine, inch and a quarter thick, five feet in length, and three of them twenty-four inches wide, I'll try it."

Mr. Seth, while the boards were sawing, sat down to make his draught, which he drew on a board, with compasses and a smut coal.

When the boards were sawed and planed, he began his work; that excited much attention, although the majority ridiculed the attempt as absurd.

His first act was to cut a board to the length

of four feet two and a half inches. At the right hand upper corner of this, where was to be inserted an iron bolt as an axis, he placed the end of a stick, fastening it with a nail, and with the other end, in which was a brad, he described a curve across the end of the board, and cut the wood to the line. Using this as a pattern, he got out another board of the same dimensions.

He now cut the two boards by an oblique line on the lower edge, leaving them ten inches wide at one end, and twenty-four at the other. These were to form the two sides of a box, to which he now made a bottom and ends, the width of the box being seventeen inches and a half, the board covering the arched ends being warped to correspond to the sides, and dovetailed and pegged the whole together, having no nails.

It was open at the top, and when placed on the floor resembled the roof of that kind of building called a "lean-to," and excited much merriment, the children sliding down it as down a hill.

He now made another box, only seven inches in depth at one end, and ten at the other. At the deepest end he put in a square wooden pipe, to receive a gun barrel that was to enter the fire, and at the other end of the bottom a valve.

This box was made to slip into the other when inverted over it, and was open at the top; they were fitted to each other with great accuracy, planed and smoothed, jointed, and rubbed with a board to which sand had been fastened with glue—a method of making a substitute for modern sand-paper the settlers had learned from the Indians.

Mr. Seth now made a frame the height of the forge, and placed the lower box on the frame, built a gallows over it, fastened the lower box to the frame, and inverted the upper box over the lower. The frame was made narrower than the boxes, in order that the upper one might slip down by the lower. When Mr. Seth and Honeywood put on the upper box, it slipped from their grasp, and, sliding by the other till the top of the upper box came down on the edge of the lower, sent the air out of the nose with a shrill whistle; and ridicule was turned to wonder and admiration.

In the upper corner of the end next the forge, just where Mr. Seth placed the end of his pole to strike the sweep at the broad end, he bored holes through both boxes, to receive an iron bolt, that might serve for a hinge; but his heart failed him; iron was too precious, and he made use of locust wood. A bar of wood

was fastened to the upper box, to lift it by means of a lever working over the gallows above.

The joint at the forge end was made tight with deer-skin fastened with shoemaker's pegs. As some air would escape, in order to prevent this as much as possible a deep groove was cut all around the edge of the lower box, into which wool was crowded, and the grooves covered with sheep-skin, smeared with tallow. The elasticity of the wool caused the leather to bulge, thus filling the space.

"Harry," said Mr. Seth, "if I was in Vermont I should put a pole over that cross-beam, drive an iron staple into the beam, put another through it, and drive that into the pole, and so make a hinge. We've got no iron; can't you contrive something?"

Harry contrived a hinge; and where do my readers suppose he found his pattern? In the joint of his own hip. Harry took a white-oak pole to make the bellows handle, cut a ball on it, then made a socket in the cross-beam of the gallows to receive it, and thus made a ball and socket joint; bored a hole in the end of the pole, fastened a withe into it with a wedge, and confined the other end to the bar on the upper box of the bellows.

Harry followed the pattern even more closely than this; for, in order to prevent the ball from flying out of the socket when the pole was suddenly let go, he bored a hole through both ball and socket, introducing a string of deer sinew to confine the joint, as does the round ligament in the human form.

"You have beat me, Harry," said Mr. Seth, who had watched the operations with a curious eye; "I never should have thought of that way to make a hinge."

"I reckon," replied Harry, "the first hinge was made that way long afore blacksmiths or joiners found out how to make 'em."

When the upper box was raised as far as possible without slipping by the lower, a large amount of air was contained in both, and when it descended by its own weight, and that of a stone placed on it, the air was forced into the fire.

The bellows were found to afford abundance of wind, and all were delighted. Well they might be, since there was not a nail nor a bit of iron, save the broken gun-barrel, used in their construction; all else was accomplished by means of dovetails, wooden pegs, tree-nails, and brains.

There was not any particular need of placing a stone on the upper box to depress it, as every one of the children was anxious to take his

turn riding there, while the rest plied the handle.

Every scrap of iron was now hunted up, nails made, and the school-house finished, Mr. Seth doing all the inside work alone.

While the school-house was building, and the blacksmith's shop, and while the bellows were in the process of construction, the children found so much that was novel to occupy their attention and take up the time, that they bore their unwonted confinement quite easily.

After many consultations among the parents, it was thought best, on the whole, that Mrs. Blanchard should commence the school; the men could not well be spared from the scout, and for the same reason the larger boys could not attend. Books were scarce, but they were passed from one to another, and great use was made of the Bible, that was in every family. Ink they found no difficulty in making from walnut and maple bark: the geese furnished quills, and birch bark served instead of paper.

Mrs. Blanchard was a masculine woman, fully competent to keep Sam, Tony, and all the other refractory spirits in subjection.

Ever since their transgression the children had been kept within the fort, and were now anticipating more limited quarters in the school-house; but when, at the close of the first day's school, they were informed that they would be permitted to play within their original bounds, after school hours, they recovered their spirits, and were as noisy as ever.

During the first week the confinement was most irksome; they watched, with eager eyes and longing hearts, every grain of sand as it dropped in the hour-glass on the school-ma'am's desk, but at length became interested in study, and acknowledged to each other that they enjoyed themselves a great deal better than when they had the whole time at their own disposal, and often knew not what to do with themselves; whereas now, the short time allotted to play was entirely filled with enjoyment, and precious as gold filings.

Alex and Enoch Sumerford and Will Grant also attended school while recovering from their wounds, that were now nearly healed. The presence of these lads caused going to school to assume a very different aspect in the estimation of the children.

"I like ter go ter school — don't you?" said Sam to Tony, one night as they were driving up the cattle.

"Yes; zuckers! if it wasn't nice your Elick and Knuck wouldn't go; 'cause they don't have to. Would they?"

"No, 'tain't like they would. Harry said he'd go if he could be spared from the scout."

"I think we have good deal better times than we used to; 'cause we did everything we knew, and got sick of everything, and gaped, and couldn't think of anything to play; and now, them ere same things we like first rate."

"I know it; and mother says when we get big we shan't be fools, and folks can't cheat us as they do folks what can't read and write and keep accounts."

"What kind of things be accounts?"

"Don't know; s'pose they're somethin' good, else mother wouldn't want us ter do it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONLY FLIRTING.

BY NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

THEY stood on the beach at evening,
Under the starlight fair —
A youth in the pride of manhood,
And a girl of beauty rare.

His face, now pale with passion,
Now flushed with sunset-glow,
Was bent with an eager listening
To her voice so sweetly low.

"Why, sir, I was only flirting."
An innocent look of surprise
Crept under the girl's long lashes,
And darkened her sweet blue eyes.

"I never knew that you loved me,
Never thought you would really care;"
And the graceful head drooped sadly,
In its crown of amber hair.

"I'm to be married this winter.
Au revoir;" and she offered her hands,
Then gathered her robes around her,
And left him alone on the sands.

She looks from her carriage window,
With her beautiful, haughty face,
An elegant, stately woman,
In jewels, satin, and lace.

He walks 'mid the crowd of passers,
Cynical, bitter, and cold;
A man too soon grown weary,
Too soon grown worn and old.

Ah! yes, it was only flirting,
'Twas only playing a part:
And it's only a head grief-silvered,
And only a broken heart.

SCHEIDER'S TOMATOES.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

SCHEIDER is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises "garden sass, and sich." Schneider had an invitation to visit this friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pfeiffer being busy negotiating with a city produce dealer, on his arrival, Schneider thought he would take a stroll in the garden, and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of his story in his own language.

"Vell, I valks shust a liddle while roundt, when I sees some of dose dermarters, vot vas so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill put mineself oudside about a gouple-a-tozen, shust to geef me a liddle abedite vor dinner. So I bulls off von ov der reddest und pest lookin' ov dose dermarters, und dakes a pooty good pite out ov dot, und vas chewing it oup pooty quick, vhen—py shiminy!—I dort I hat a peece of red-hot goals in mine mout, or vas chewing oup dwo or dree bapers of needles; und I velt so pad, alreaty, dot mine eyes vas vool of tears; und I mate vor an 'olt oken pucket,' vot I seen hangin' in der vell, as I vas goomin' along.

"Shust den mine vriend Pfeiffer game oup und ask me vot mate me veel so pad, und if any of mine vamily vas dead. I dold him dot I vas der only von ov der vamily dot vas pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind of dermarters dose vas vot I hat shust peen bicking; und, mine cracious! how dot landsman laughst, und said dot dose vas *red beppers*, dot he vas raising vor bepper-sauce. You pet my life, I vas mat. I radder you geef me feesty tollars as to eat some more ov dose bepper-sauce dermarters."

THE WORLD'S LYRIS;

OR,

THE SONG OF THE MILLIONNAIRE.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

I WEARY of this weight of wealth,
This toiling for the thankless crowd;
It wears my brain, it saps my health,
And weaves my early shroud.
I tremble at each warlike blast;
The tempest shakes me in its bed;
A coming evil seems to cast
Its shadow o'er my head.

The unreflecting millions say,
As they behold my proud estate,
"What makes that wealthy man so gray,
With such a happy fate?"
They little know the wasting care
That hangs on every pulse of mine.
It seems to thicken all the air,
And gloom God's glad sunshine.

A thousand workmen wait my nod,
And strive to please in various ways;
For to the vulgar he's a god
Who liberally pays.
With cold suspicion I regard
The friendship of my fellow-man;
I deem they look for some reward, —
And get whate'er they can.

Gold poisons all I see and hear,
It forms of everything a part:
The curse of Midas clings to me,
And starves my soul and heart.
It haunts my dreams, and hangs around
My spirit like a darkening cloud.
I hear it toll in every sound:
It seems my living shroud.

O, make me what I was of old,
With guileless heart and love's young trust,
And you may take my hoarded gold,
As so much worthless dust.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE. — The chief place of the manufacture of marbles is at Oberstein, on the Nabe, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse of which is turned to good paying account by being made into small balls, employed by experts to knuckle with, and are mostly sent to the American market. The substance used in Saxony is a hard calcareous stone, which is first broken into small blocks nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are thrown into a small mill, a hundred or two at a time; this mill is formed of a flat stationary slab of stone, with a number of eccentric furrows on its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the diametric size, is placed over the stones, and partly resting upon them. This block of wood is kept revolving, while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the little blocks are turned into spheres, and then, being fit for sale, are henceforth called marbles. One establishment of three mills turns out sixty thousand marbles each week.



HOW WE CAUGHT AN ANGEL, AND REACHED THE LAND.

BY AN OLD SALT.

AT last I was clear of the North Light; but the way in which I had left my ship had in some respects changed me. I was inclined to look more seriously upon the hazardous enterprise on which my shipmates had started, than did they, or than I myself had done while helping to plan it. I would much rather have gone back on board the ship, could I have done so. But to have asked them to go back would have done no good, and, no doubt, have seemed to them highly unreasonable.

They pulled steadily with the oars till after sunrise, when a breeze came from the northward, which enabled them to make use of the sail. Then they shipped in their oars, glad enough that they could get along without them. The breeze increased till it blew quite fresh, and being abeam, it made it rather wet for us.

"We'd make better weather by keeping off a few points," said Scamp; "and on the whole it might be better to do so. Of course the old man will be after us now, and possibly fall in with us if we run dead for the shore."

"That's so, matey. It won't be a bad idee to run about sou'-west for a while."

Accordingly the course was changed, and we found it much more comfortable.

"How long," asked Chips, "do you s'pose it will take to get to the land?"

"It'll depend somewhat on where the land is," Tanner replied. "You can't depend on these islands, you know. It's just possible New Zealand's gone down by this time."

"If it has, I guess we'll want more water," said Chips, pouring out a mug full; "this pulling makes a feller dry."

"That's so, Chips! but, d'ye know, I made a six weeks' run once, and had nary a drop of water the whole way!"

"Course that's a lie," said Chips, setting down the mug.

"Not as you knows on. D'ye ever hear me tell a *lie*, Chips?"

"What'n tunkit did ye drink, then?"

"Just the bestest old rye! 'Twould er made you smile, Chips! It made us feel mighty speeritual, you'd better believe! 'Tain't everybody that could stand sech livin' for six weeks. Course *you* couldn't, Chips. There was a tech of old rye about everything, for,

you see, the doctor hadn't nothin' else to put in his coppers. It made the rousinest kind of duff."

"Get eout with your yarns!" exclaimed Chips, disgusted; "I don't see any sense in lyin' all the time!"

"*Lyin'*! You don't pretend to say I'm *lyin'*, do ye? Lordy, Chips, when you've told half as much truth es I have, it'll be time for ye to go! *Lyin'*! Course you don't know how I's brought up, Chips, or you never'd said that. The old gent, my father that was, knew how to take the lie out of a feller, you'd better believe! Course I couldn't tell a lie now; 'twouldn't be no use tryin'."

"I s'pose so," said Chips; and that subject was dropped. It was not long after that Tanner asked suddenly, —

"Eph, how's yer head?"

Although I had turbaned it as best I could, I admitted that a cap would make it more comfortable, and Tanner said I should have one.

"I'll take yer measure, Eph," said he, "and rig a top-piece for ye in about three winks of a dog's tail!"

At once he began to overhaul his bag, and drew out a small roll of canvas, a palm, needles, and a ball of twine.

"Now, Eph," said he, "give me yer head."

While measuring, he found occasion for comment.

"I say, Eph, you've got a most extornary head. There ain't many folks would know what to do with sech a head. Lots of room in it. I reckon your idee's get lost sometimes; don't they, Eph? It'll take all the duck I've got, sure."

Having taken the measure, he set to work, and in a couple of hours had rigged me a very good cap; for which kindly act I could not but feel even more grateful than before.

While Tanner had been thus engaged, Scamp had produced his ammunition, — which he had provided for a large, old-fashioned pistol he possessed, before beginning the voyage, — and having inspected and put in order the four muskets, he put a charge in each; and having fired one, to be sure they would go off, as he said, he re-loaded it, and then seemed to think that we might land safely even among savages.

Chips, however, saw that the four muskets and one pistol would not arm us all, and having a consciousness that he was the weak one of the party, — though probably he could not understand why, — he showed a little anxiety on that account.

"Don't be uneasy, Chips," said Scamp; "you shall have a chance to do all the fighting you'll want to."

"I don't want no more'n my share," said Chips. "I ain't so fond of fightin' as some on ye, I s'pose, but I'd like ter have an even chance."

"You're an unreasonable child, Chips, I must say," remarked Tanner, stopping in his work to look at him. "There's two good irons, and a lance, long enough to get three or four on if you like, and a whole tub of line to play 'em with; I'd like to know what more a feller that's been brought up on jack-knives and edge tools generally could want!"

"I want an even chance," said Chips; "ain't I as good as the rest on ye?"

"Ay, Chips, so you am! and a mighty sight better, for that matter. But 'low me to remark, that if there's any fightin' to be done, you shall hev a chance to help do it. But 'tain't likely there will be. We're peaceable folks, and ain't goin' ashore just to make war on the natives; so don't get in a flutter about that." And Tanner proceeded with his work.

We hardly expected to make land that day, but during the afternoon our eyes were constantly turning westward, to see if it might not be in sight. No land had appeared, however, when night came again. Till then the breeze had held steadily from the north; but after dark it moderated, and hauled to the eastward. As there was hardly a possibility that the ship would fall in with us then, we steered directly west, confident that we would reach land during the night; or at least be in sight of it the next morning.

There was no necessity for using the oars, and Tanner and Scamp took turns at steering, leaving nothing for the rest of us to do. The sky was clear and the breeze light; indeed, the weather could not have been more favorable, and we were all in most excellent spirits. For my own part, as there was no possibility of returning to the ship, I was now looking eagerly forward for the land; quite as anxious, probably, as any one else to reach it. For six long months I had been tossed unceasingly by the sea, and it would indeed be a pleasure to set foot once more on firm land, and roam over it at will. I was soon overcome with drowsiness, however, and while Tanner was discoursing of mermaids, and other interesting things that we were liable to fall in with, I fell asleep, and remained in an unconscious state some three or four hours, probably.

Tanner then awoke us all, — for the rest had fallen asleep also, — and we were surprised to

find that we were apparently near the shore. We were heading directly towards a light that was probably on the land. It appeared like the light of a large fire, and we watched it with a good deal of interest, thinking that in a short time we should also see the land.

"It's somebody tryin' out," said Tanner, after a while. "If there were any land there we could see it by this time. Somebody's tryin' out, and we've been fooled."

The rest of us had begun to suspect the same, and though we were sure the land could not be very far off, we felt a little disappointed. We were running directly towards the light, and now it was not long till we saw a dark object beneath it, and a shadowy mass of spars and rigging above. The craft, whatever it was, was evidently lying to, broadside towards us.

"We'll have a look at her, and take her name, at all events," said Scamp.

"Ay, matey, we can do that well enough. No danger of their seein' us, with that light aboard. We'll take her name, and report her when we get in."

There was something strangely weird about the fitfully illumined craft. She was heeled slightly from us, so that we could not see her decks, nor any human form on board. The dark mass of the hull was rising and falling with the sea, and above it was a lurid glow, made brighter when the vessel surged most deeply, by jets of flame, that flashed for a moment into sight, and then sank again below the rail. We had taken in our sail, before getting very near, as a precaution against being seen, and pulled down to within a short distance of the craft with the oars; and then we stopped pulling and watched her. She was a brig, carrying three boats on the cranes; and besides, there was a small boat suspended from davits at the stern.

"Pull easy, boys," said Scamp, when we had watched her long enough. "We'll find her name on the stern, most likely."

"Ay, and get a look into the cabin besides, like as not," added Tanner.

We pulled close under the stern, without making a sound that would be likely to be heard on board the brig. We got so near that Tanner's head, as he stood at the steering-oar, did indeed come quite close to the cabin windows, when the brig's stern settled in the sea. It was too dark to make out the letters very quickly, but we finally spelled out "Corinthian," and then Tanner said he had heard of the brig, and knew where she belonged. Stepping up on the tub of line, he added, —

"I'll just look in and see if the old man's awake."

There was a light coming through the open windows, but we had heard no sound from within, or hardly from any part of the vessel. Tanner watched his chance, and when the stern came down he put his head almost inside one of the windows, uttering in a gruff voice as he did so, —

"How does she head, old man?"

What the effect was inside we never knew, for our attention was immediately given to what came outside. It came from above, striking Tanner in its fall, and going down with him into the bottom of the boat. We heard a single exclamation, "*Gosh!*" and the thing seemed struggling to escape.

There was a great deal of expression crowded into that single word. Never under any circumstances have I heard it uttered more fervently or sincerely. And it showed that the thing was human; though Tanner's first words, as he held the struggling form firmly in his clutch, were, —

"I say, mates, *we've got an angel!*" and in the next breath he added, struggling to retain his grasp, "Pull ahead, or we'll lose him!"

"More like it's the devil!" returned Scamp, as we shot out from under the brig's stern.

"No, 'tain't," gasped Tanner; "it's a reg'lur angel! but they've clipped his wings!"

A screech that was anything but angelic came from the struggling form at that instant, and there was commotion on board the brig. We did our best to get more distant, — the steering-oar for the time taking care of itself. Several forms appeared above the brig's rail, and a voice hailed, —

"Boat, ahoy! What boat is that?"

"Spooks! capun; spooks! Dey's got me!" was the reply.

"So we has, darky! and we'll make mutton on ye, too, if ye don't belay yer yelpin'!"

"What boat is that?" came again.

"O, Lordy! capun; I's gwine! Dey's got me!"

"Hold yer yop!" said Tanner, gruffly. "If you make any more noise, I'll chuck ye!"

"O, Lordy, — Misser Debble, I mean, — *don't* do dat! *don't* kill me! I'll get yer brekfus for ye! I ain't nothin' but a nigger, no how! I ain't wuth killin'!"

"Hold yer yop, then, or I'll stop it for ye."

"O, Misser Debble, I'll jes be still ez mice! You see. I's an ole man. But I's got a good deal to lib for yet. An — an — fac is, Misser Debble, I ain't fit to die jes yet, I spect."

"That's so, darky! Much as ever you're

fit to live! But if you'll belay yer pipin' we'll keep you till mornin', at all events."

By this time we were out of hail and at a comparatively safe distance from the brig, and as the "angel" could not now escape, Tanner left him, and again took the steering-oar. Being left to himself, our unexpected visitant sat up on the tub of line, and looked about him.

He seemed to be a dumpy, *darkish* sort of man, but we could not see the expression of his face, — if it had any. The whites of his eyes were discernible, however, when he rolled them towards us. He was quiet, and evidently becoming more composed. But it was not long till he asked, —

"Who be ye, now, any how? and whar's ye gwine? I specs you's *fokes*, arter all."

"Don't be too sure on't, darky; we ain't got home yet! What's *your* name, first, if it ain't askin' too much, and where d'ye come from?"

"Yis, sah. I's — I's goin' ter tell ye. I's Abe — de steward uv de Krintheun; and I specs I'd orter get back fore brekfus."

"That's so! you'd orter get back. What in thunder d'ye come away for?"

"Yis, sah. I'll splain dat. I's in de gig, habin' a nap, — mos allus lays down in de gig fus part de night, — an' I specs I mus hev slep mighty soun'. Bum-by, pears 'sif I heerd sumthin' an' fo I'd fairly wake up, I tought de ole man say, 'How's she head?' Course I jump right up ter see, an' fin' out, an' — an' I specs I mus uv turned roun' when I's sleep, fur fo I knowed it, I's right down in dis yere boat, an' you's a clawin' me. Course I tought you's de debble, shoo nuff."

"And be ye willin' to swear to all that, old darky?"

"Yis, sah; it's de moral truff; swear to't jes long's I lib."

"If you *don't* tell the truth you won't live long. 'Bout how old be ye now, old boy?"

"Dunno for sartin, sah. Mus be nigh on to'ds a hunrud. But I's got a good deal to lib for yet."

"I should say you's all of a hundred, judging from the smell on ye. Where was you born?"

"Dat's fo I kin wemember, sah. Dey says I neber had no folks. I specs I's a *reg'lur native*."

"No folks! Nobody to love! You don't say that?"

"I — I specs, sah, I neber hab no farder nor no muder nuder."

"Wal, that's sing'lar! Rained down, I

s'pose. I should hev thought you'd died a teethin'!"

"No, sah, I's neber died; but I's been mighty sick."

"Must be you've had a hard time on't, old darky; but you're in good hands now. We'll take care on ye, and make somethin' on ye, like as not."

"What's you gwine ter do wid me, sah? I'd orter go back to de Krintheun."

"Never mind the Krintheun, Abe. We'll take ye ashore and make a *king* on ye, or select-man, or somethin', — providin' we don't want ye to cook our victuals. How'd ye like ter be a king, Abe?"

"O, Lor! sah, I'd ruther go back an' get brekfus for de ole man. Wouldn't know nothin' bout bein' king."

Tanner continued to quiz the stranger for some time. It was evident that he had come on board innocently enough, but we began to suspect, at last, that he was not quite so simple as he appeared to be. He would be an encumbrance rather than a help to us, probably, but we could not very well get rid of him. All desire for sleep had for the time been driven away; but after a while the old darky lay down to finish his nap, at Tanner's suggestion, and then, Scamp having taken the steering-oar, Tanner and the rest of us went to sleep also.

At daylight Scamp roused us, with the cry, "Land ho!"

There it was, sure enough — land at last; a hazy bank, right ahead, rising high above the sea.

Its hazy appearance showed that it must be yet many miles away; but it was land, and at sight of it we were all elated. Old Abe got up and looked at it with the rest of us, and for a moment our attention was turned from the land to him. We could now see plainly what he was. He was, indeed, well along in years, though probably not quite a hundred. His darkness seemed to be fading. He was deeply pock-marked. His eyes were not mates, — one having a greenish cast while the other was of a chestnut hue. He was short, — no disadvantage, under the circumstances, Tanner remarked. He had on rather a greasy monkey-jacket, — though the night had not been cold, — a blue flannel shirt, and dirty duck trousers. A faded gingham handkerchief was bound round his head, and his feet were bare. Such was the steward of the Corinthian, as he appeared to us that morning. His appearance was such that Tanner could not refrain from quizzing him again, and he asked, first, how he had slept.

"Fus rate, sah, — but I's had a mighty curus dweam."

"Yer don't say, Abe! What was it?"

"I thought we's all asho, sah, and de ole man was dar too, an' I was *cookin' him for brekfus*."

"Wal, wal, Abe! you's a little hard on the old man; that's a fact!"

"Yis, sah; but I allers dreams like dat when I gets inter twuble."

"You'd oughter keep out of trouble, then. Nobody asked you to come aboard here, you know."

"Yis, sah; course I knows dat. I ain't got nothin' ginst you, sah."

"Course not; we'd rather have yer room than yer company, any time; course you'll understand that, specially as you're gettin' 'long in years. How old d'ye say you was, Abe?"

"Bout two or three hunrud, I specs."

"Wal, you look like it! You'll be a thousand before long, Abe, if you take care of yer-self, and don't waste yer sweetness."

At this Abe laughed — "Che, che, che!" and looked at Tanner in a way which showed clearly that he understood himself.

"I reckon you think you ain't nobody's fool now — don't ye, Abe?"

"Guess dis chile orter know sumthin' by dis time, ef he's ever gwine ter!"

"That's so, Abe! Course you're all right;" and Tanner left the darky to himself again.

The breeze had held through the night, but with the coming of daylight it seemed dying out, and not long after the sun had risen every breath of it was gone.

"We'll have ter pull for it now," said Tanner; "'tain't likely we'll get another fair wind to-day."

The sail being of no further use, we took it in, and having breakfasted on such provisions as we had, we settled down for a long pull at the oars. We judged the land to be about twenty miles distant, and it would require a steady pull of at least four hours to reach it. No sail was in sight, the brig we had passed being too far astern to be seen. We seemed to have the whole broad ocean to ourselves.

We stopped pulling occasionally to look at the land, as we drew near to it. At a distance it did not seem very attractive, being mountainous and broken, and mostly covered with wood. We could see nothing to indicate that it was inhabited, though we hardly expected that, knowing that the inhabitants must be savages. But getting nearer, we all came to the conclusion that we would find no human beings on that part of the coast at least. There was too much surf on the shore to ad-

mit of our landing readily, and seeing no harbor or inlet, we coasted along to northward in search of one.

It must have been quite noon when we entered an opening, which we at first took to be the mouth of a river, but which, when we had got fairly into it, proved to be a channel between a long, narrow island and the main land. We pulled nearly through it, still to northward, before we turned towards the shore, and finally landed on the New Zealand coast. As yet we had seen no sign of inhabitants, and we felt that we might for the time freely enjoy ourselves.

At another time I will tell what happened to us on that first day ashore.

AUTUMN SONG.

BY MISS M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

A SPIRIT hovers in the air,
A change foreshadowing everywhere;
Whispers of coming frost and blight,
And sings, in varied minor keys,
A beauty passing out of sight.

The rose, once dainty, fine, and red,
Her petals to the winds has shed,
And rustles by the thicket's side,
In withered draperies forlorn,
Too scant her faded stems to hide.

The brook that laughed and ran away
So fast and far from day to day,
In haste the pretty lake to fill,
That waits a constant, fresh supply,
Shut in the hollows green and still, —

Now loiters, choked and tangled so,
It scarce can find which path to go,
And sighs to every hindering stone
Its plaintive little roundelay
Of happier hours and pleasures flown.

The velvet-coated bee that flew
From bloom to bloom, and deftly drew
From each its one wee drop of sweet,
To furnish full the distant hive,
Now rests unseen, his work complete.

Some painter 'neath the trees has strolled,
And brushed their leaves with red and gold,
And loosened them in glowing maze
To flutter down the gleeful gale,
And carpet thick the woodland ways.

With dreamful sense the morning wakes,
And, veiled in haze, the sky-road takes,
While, through the night-time long and
lone,
The sleepless cricket keeps the watch,
With shrill, unceasing monotone.

Ah! for the spirit in the air,
Foreshadowing changes everywhere,
Whispering of coming frost and blight,
Singing, in varied minor keys,
Of beauty passing out of sight.

— MANY a nation has loved to trace its origin back as far as possible. The Romans claimed to be the descendants of those Trojans who fled from Troy with Æneas, after it had been taken by the Greeks. But the Spaniards were not satisfied with so moderate an antiquity as this: they trace their history almost to the beginning of the world, and give the exact year of the beginning, too. Here is the way the Chronicle of the Cid commences, as we have it in Southey's translation: "King Don Ferrando succeeded to the states of Castile, after the death of his father, King Don Sancho el Mayor, in the year 1072, which was the year of the Incarnation 1034, and from the coming of the patriarch Tubal to settle in Spain 3197, and from the general deluge 3339."

So Tubal settled in Spain one hundred and forty-two years after "the flood."

— MANY of the ancient philosophers held that knowledge obtained by observation was worthless; and one of them even went so far, we are told, as to put out his eyes, in order that he might not be disturbed by external objects, and might be left to pure contemplation. Modern philosophers belong to a different set: Galileo exclaimed, just before his death, "*Proh dolor!* the sight of my right eye, that eye whose labors — I dare say it — have had such glorious results, is forever lost. That of the left, which was and is imperfect, is rendered null by a continual weeping."

BEES. — Sir Joshua Lubbock relates a curious anecdote of bees. He thinks they can distinguish color. He says he "found in his experiments that bees were invariably attracted by honey placed on blue paper, in preference to honey placed on orange-colored paper. A transposition of the papers illustrated this preference. A bee returned to the spot where the blue had been, but instantly noticed the change of color, and at once flew straight to the blue in its new position." *

LINA'S SATURDAY.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY.

LINA heard her father come in at the street door, and closing the book she was studying, ran to meet him in the hall.

"Kiss me, papa," she cried, holding up a sweet face to his, "for I have been your good little girl this afternoon."

Lina was a beautiful young lady of eighteen, although, most happily, she felt herself as much as ever papa's "little girl."

"Always a good girl, by all the reports I get from school or home," said papa, as he gave the kiss, and drawing his daughter's arm through his, held her hand as they walked out upon the piazza of the pretty brown cottage. The look of overburdening care, which he had worn on entering, fled before his daughter's affectionate welcome.

"Seriously, papa, I don't think I am half good enough, at my best; but I have done a wonderful thing this Friday afternoon. I went straight to my studies after dinner, and have learned every one of my lessons for Monday; so I shan't be tempted to study Sunday, and can go on the excursion to-morrow with an easy mind; that is acting out your motto, 'Drive your business, and your business will not drive you.'"

"A good motto and a good girl," said papa, caressing the little hand; but something of the departed shadow returned to his countenance; for all his efforts to drive his own business that year had not prevented it from driving him almost beyond endurance; and he feared even the pretty cottage must be sold to pay the mortgage. Just then the tea bell rang, and he asked, —

"How is mamma this afternoon?"

"Isn't she well, papa?"

"Haven't you noticed that she has one of her bad headaches to-day?"

"No, papa; she has not told me. I have been very busy, and she appeared as usual at dinner."

"Only pale, and eating nothing. Perhaps it would be well for my good girl to watch the mother she loves a little closer."

"O, papa, I *do* love her, and I haven't meant —"

"I know it, darling, nor have I; but business drives me, your studies drive you, and dear mother is left to wear herself out rapidly."

A word to Lina was enough. She saw at a

glance that her mother was struggling with pain, in her attempt to preside at the tea table, and with a few loving words she coaxed her to go up stairs and lie down.

Lina found her mother very ill on going up stairs, after pouring the tea. The closing hours of the day were always the worst of her headaches, and when Mr. Huntley brought Artie — still the baby, although in his fourth summer — up to be undressed, he found it necessary to do it himself, and to get him to sleep in another room, while Lina attended her mother. When the child slept, and the father had returned to his store, and the mother's head lay swathed in wet linen, comparatively free from pain, on her pillow, Mrs. Huntley drew her daughter to her side, and said, —

"Now you can go to your studies; Saturday is all-engaged, you know. Send Maggy to me for orders."

Maggy was the one incompetent servant.

"My lessons are all learned, mamma," replied Lina. "Tell me what to do in the kitchen, and then go to sleep, and sleep all night."

"Your white pique suit is starched, all ready to iron, and I meant to do it up this evening for you to wear to-morrow; if you attempt it yourself, I fear you will not make it look as if it came from the laundry."

"It is quite time I learned all your nice ways, mamma. What else needs attention?"

"It is the evening for mixing the raised bread. Maggy has the rule, but she is apt to make some mistake and spoil it, unless I oversee her."

"You have taught me about the bread, and I will take charge of it every Friday evening, in future. What else, mamma?"

"There is a nice piece of uncooked lamb, with green peas, in the refrigerator, for to-morrow's dinner; please see if there is plenty of ice, Maggy so often wastes the ice, and leaves things to spoil. I believe that is all that is essential to-night; only take up a clean suit for Artie from the clothes-frame, and see if any stitches are needed. I am so sorry you should have all this care and work to-night!"

"It will do me good, mamma. Now promise me to go right to sleep, and to wake up all well when I call you in the morning."

"I think a night's unbroken rest would cure my headache; but Artie may want me, and —"

"O, mother, Artie is no longer a baby, and must do without you; let the ands go; care for your health is your first duty."

"Perhaps I have not looked at it enough in that light, Lina. I have regarded my head-

aches as a sad necessity; but our physician says they are the result of over-exertion, or rather of constant exertion, without any relaxation of the nervous system."

"Yes, mamma, you need rest. I will sing to you, as you used to sing to me."

Lina sang a soothing minor air. Tears of grateful affection gathered in her mother's eyes, the long lashes fell over them, and the weary one slept.

Lina stole noiselessly from her side, and hastened to the kitchen, just in time to prevent Maggy from spoiling the bread, by mixing it with too hot water. She attended to every other duty, but made no movement towards ironing her own suit. On the contrary, she went up to her mother's room as soon as possible, and, taking her dresses from the closet, examined them critically.

"It is too bad, too bad!" thought Lina, indignantly. "I have had all the new things, and mother has not a single suit becoming and in style; but she must go on that excursion tomorrow, in my stead, and look as young and pretty as she really is, too. What can she wear? Her old black silk is very unsuitable, and her travelling dress is five years behind the times; and the modern print wrappers, that she looks so sweetly in at home, will never do; and her last summer's lace bonnet is her best, in the line of millinery. Dear, self-sacrificing mamma! O, I have the remedy. We are almost exactly of a size, and I will change the ribbons on my new gray suit, and hat to match, and Mrs. Burleigh will think we had suits alike, all but the blue trimmings. We ought to dress alike; mother would look almost as young as I do, and quite as pretty, if she didn't work too hard and dress old-fashioned."

While Lina's mind was busy with these and like loving thoughts, her nimble fingers dismantled her new polonaise and hat of blue ribbons, and substituted rich, black gros grains ribbon, stolen from her own black silk suit.

Papa opened the street door very softly when he came in at ten; but Lina's quick ear heard him, and her quick step met him in the hall.

"Mother is sleeping like a tired baby," whispered Lina; "and when she wakes in the morning, I am going to curl her hair, and dress her in my new gray suit, and send her to Nahant in my stead. Mrs. Burleigh offered the vacant seat in her carriage to any of our family, and it is more mother's place than mine. In spite of her headache, she boiled tongues and made and frosted cake to-day, as

my contribution to the picnic. She has done everything for everybody, and nobody anything for her, quite long enough."

"That is true; but will she think she can possibly leave home all day, and Saturday too?"

"She *must*. What Maggy and I cannot do, can go undone. I guess we shan't suffer more than mother did to-day."

"Our good daughter! but can Artie do without mamma?"

"If he cannot at three years and a half old, is it not time he learned?"

"Yes, it is; but you were to meet Harry Leslie at Nahant; is it quite just to yourself to stay at home?"

A bright glow stole into Lina's cheeks. Harry Leslie was a talented young law-student in a neighboring city, whose relations to Lina, if not quite fixed, were esteemed by all beholders as most amicable.

"See, papa. I had this note from Harry, saying he was sorry he must go from Boston by boat, and cannot come this way to take me; but he hopes to meet me there, and give me a sail in his father's yacht. I have written him a note to send by mother, which I will read to you."

"ROSE COTTAGE, Friday Evening, July 10.

"MY DEAR HARRY: Thank you for your kind note respecting the picnic at Nahant. As it is not possible for both mamma and myself to leave home on Saturday, I send her, who most needs the recreation, as my substitute, and shall gratefully regard any kind attention you may show her.

"Wishing you every good on Saturday, and on all future days,

"Sincerely yours,

"CAROLINE HUNTLEY."

"You are not engaged to Harry?"

"No, papa. I believe his parents object to his making a positive engagement with any one at present, and you don't wish me to do so during my school days."

"Should you then address him as 'My dear Harry'?"

"Why not, papa? He bids me always call him Harry; and 'Mr. Leslie' would seem very unnatural and affected; can't we be dear friends until — I mean even if we are not engaged?"

"Certainly. I hope Harry won't feel vexed that you stay at home."

"If he does I would like to know why; and I hope I may never give him better cause."

The July sun rose bright, and promised the

warm day desired for the excursion. Lina was up with the birds, and fearing an attempt to arouse sleepy Maggy, herself kindled a fire, and prepared tea, toast, and eggs for her mother's breakfast, which she carried up for her to take immediately on waking, after her fast of the previous day. She ate with appetite, and declared herself quite well.

"Now you are to be dressed, and have your hair curled, and go to Nahant in Mrs. Burleigh's carriage," said Lina.

"You are the best of daughters, Lina, and I thank you with all my heart; but I can't go. There is the baking, and Artie —"

We must omit the long list of reasons why going was utterly impossible, all of which were energetically argued into nothingness by our heroine, as she dressed her pretty mamma in her own suit, and sent her off triumphantly at six o'clock, with Mrs. Burleigh.

The romance ended as the coach rolled away, and Lina turned back to the hard day's toil which awaited her. Artie, once up in his night-gown to kiss mamma, was kicking and screaming to be dressed and have his warm milk; papa, once arrayed in dressing-gown and slippers to attend his wife to the carriage, was deprecatingly suggesting his need of the fresh linen he could not find, for a more permanent toilet; Maggy, once called, had fallen asleep again; and the fire, once kindled, had gone out; not to mention that Lina, having elaborately dressed and curled her mother's hair, had, of necessity, neglected her own, and much needed, herself, the fresh toilet which she resolutely set herself to provide for others.

By half past seven, however, the family were comfortably seated at breakfast, and papa did not grumble, although the coffee, of Maggy's making, was not clear, her toast was scorched, and her eggs overdone. Lina no longer wondered that her mother always seemed to be needed in half a dozen places at once, and she sighed inwardly, as she realized how hard it was to get the slightest thing rightly done, without personal oversight. It required all her tact and good temper not to offend Maggy, in securing two more eggs rightly boiled, and a slice of well toasted bread.

"Don't give yourself a bit of trouble about dinner, Lina," said her father, as he left for his store; "some bread and butter, and a cup of tea will do just as well as a hot dinner."

But Lina knew that the lamb and the green peas should be cooked before the Sabbath, and that the bread must be baked at exactly

the right time. She watched the latter carefully, and baked it soon after breakfast, in perfect condition; after which, she breathed easier, knowing good bread to be the first requisite. Meantime Artie, who had played off all his good nature, consumed the entire time of one in attending to imaginary wants. Lina was just placing the meat in the oven to bake, having sent Maggy into the garden to amuse Artie and shell the peas, when the door-bell rang. With a parting glance, to see that the meat was all right, Lina closed the oven doors, threw off the kitchen apron, and hastened to the door.

The stranger left there by the public coach, announced himself as Mr. Arthur Somers, just returned from California, after an absence of many years. His dress was rather shabby, and his valise decidedly so; but Lina, remembering what her mother had told her of her dear, wandering, wayward twin brother Arthur, held out her hand with hearty greeting.

"O, you are uncle Arthur, come back at last; how glad mother will be!"

"You are sister Carrie, just as I left her twenty years ago! Where is she? Has she grown old and gray, like poor brother Arthur?"

Lina said that mamma was not old or gray, but rather worn with too much care and work, and explained the cause of her absence, adding, —

"So I am housekeeper, and a very inexperienced one; what can I do to make you comfortable after your journey?"

Uncle Arthur said he would like first a bath, then a cup of tea, and after that a nap before dinner.

Lina flew to put the bath-room and guest-chamber in order, and to make and send up the tea; and, by prompt action and quickness of thought alone, rescued the meat from burning, and the peas from being upset by Artie meantime. The boy, who was bent on upsetting something, finally overturned a pail of ice-water from a shelf upon his own head; and, as Maggy took him, dripping, up stairs for repairs, set up such a howling and screeching as brought uncle Arthur to his chamber-door in his night-cap, to know the reason.

"Scalded!" cried his uncle, seizing the struggling and apparently agonized boy from Maggy's arms, and plunging him over head and ears into the cold water he had left in the bath-tub.

Lina, who followed with dry clothes, laughed aloud, —

"O, uncle, it was a ten-quart pail of ice-

water, which he pulled over upon his head. I had got it nicely cooled for that dinner which bids fair never to be ready. Your treatment is good, 'Like cures like.'

"Stop screaming," cried uncle, giving "baby" a hearty shake; "why did you meddle with the water-pail, and why did you screech like that unless you were burned to death?"

The frightened boy stopped his noise, to the infinite relief of all parties, when his uncle adroitly pulled off the wet clothes, and commenced rubbing him briskly with a crash towel.

"Leave him to me, Lina. I will take him to bed and get him warm, while you attend to that dinner; a boy of his age shouldn't plague the life out of his mother and sister in this way."

"I lub my ma and my sis, I do! and I don't peg their life; and I hate you, you old cross man, I do, and I do! and you shan't rub me more!" cried Artie, gathering pluck with increasing warmth.

"We will see who is stronger," said uncle Arthur, laying his namesake, back uppermost, across his knees, the better to rub his spinal column. "Trust him to me, Lina."

Lina certainly was astonished at such decided action, but she had long felt that baby brother needed more decision, and she said, "Thank you," and left.

An excellent dinner and a great surprise awaited papa on his return. Mamma's long-lost twin brother come home! Could it be? He looked twenty years older than mamma, with spectacles, a brown skin, and stiff, gray hair, which bristled all over his head, so that you could see no parting, and gave him a savage glance. He had evidently seen hard times, and failed of the riches he sought, as abundantly testified a brown linen coat worn at the cuffs, a soiled, old-fashioned white vest minus two buttons, and a pair of worn slippers,—the best outfit he could muster at dinner. But he was welcomed with sincere cordiality.

"Where is Artie?" cried papa, recovering from the surprise of meeting his new brother.

"Fast asleep in the best bed, sweating away, after his cold bath, in one of my flannel shirts. You haven't brought my namesake up right, brother; he needs discipline."

Instead of flashing at this, as most parents would have done, Artie's father laid down his fork, reflected a moment, and then replied,—

"That is too true, brother Arthur; but we have more excuse than you know. All his second year the boy hung between life and

death, and we have never known when to begin to train him."

"I beg your pardon, brother; you make me blush, although you can't see it through all this tan."

There was something indescribably sweet in the tone and smile with which this was said, that, for the first time, reminded Lina of her mother in her uncle; and they forgave him his roughness.

The carriage came with mamma at seven o'clock, that sweet July evening, destined ever to be remembered with joy by that family; and, accompanying the carriage, was a graceful equestrian, no other than Harry.

Mamma looked almost as young and blooming as Lina, who certainly did not lack roses as she welcomed Harry; who, however, called her "My violet,"—alluding to a very becoming blue ruffled muslin which she wore, with a ribbon in her curls to match. Mamma went into the parlor to meet her surprise, and Harry and Lina lingered on the piazza among the vines.

"Lina," said Harry, "father has changed his mind, and wants me to be engaged to you as quickly as possible. What have you to say to that, my love?"

"I would like to know, first, what has changed your father's mind; and then, second, what *you* have got to say about it."

"That sounds business-like, Lina. Father has seen you, and admired you before; but your devotion to your mother has quite won him. When he saw your note to me to-day, and saw your mother's eyes when she alluded to your sacrifice for her, he took me aside and said, 'Secure her, Harry; she is a treasure you must not run the risk of losing; but remember, you are not to marry till you are settled in business, and ready to earn a living.' Father is rich and liberal, but he wants me to *be* something. Now, Lina, will you be mine one of these coming years!"

"My heart is yours, Harry; papa says I must not be engaged yet."

"That is all I ask, Lina; if I cannot keep your heart, and gain your father's consent, I deserve to lose you."

"You are just the same naughty brother Arthur that you always were," cried mamma, chasing her guest through the hall, almost into Harry's arms, upon the piazza. "Catch him, Harry, and pull off that frightful gray wig, and those spectacles, and wash his face. If his hair isn't brown and silky, and his skin white, he is no twin brother of mine."

Mrs. Huntley was laughing with tears in

her eyes, all in a tremor of eager delight. Uncle Arthur pulled off the spectacles, and the disfiguring wig, showing the short-cut, silky brown hair.

"You never could deceive me, naughty boy," cried mamma, hugging him round the neck. "Now confess, confess you have gained the riches you sought. I know, by your ugly, ragged coat."

"Well, sister Carrie, suppose I am rich, what is that to you?"

"A great deal, twin brother. Go up stairs and dress yourself in the nice clothes you have concealed, and come down the gentleman you are, to take tea with your sister's family."

"Brother, look here," said uncle Arthur to Mr. Huntley, whom he passed in the hall, "your wife's twin brother is no other than that wicked, rich western contractor, who has dealt so hardly with you, to try your metal the past year. You are my partner in business, with equal profits from this hour, if you consent — and that means you are a rich man."

"Tut, tut! what is here? Artie in his night-gown?" cried uncle Arthur, coming out of his room with a clear complexion, the finest of linen and broadcloth.

"Dot up to tiss mamma," sobbed the ghostly little figure, which uncle Arthur had clasped in his arms upon the broad stair.

"A good boy to love his mamma; but did not uncle Arthur say you should be punished if you got out of bed to-night?"

"Naughty cross old uncle Arthur gone. Artie got a nice new uncle Arthur now," remarked baby, discriminatingly and pacifically.

"Think so? Kiss him then three times, to punish you for getting up, and then go hug mamma. Put on his clothes, Lina, and let him sit up to tea. There is plenty of strawberries and cream, which I ordered sent, to go with that perfect bread of yours. We will have a united family at tea."

"Strict discipline for Artie, brother Arthur," seriously remarked Mr. Huntley.

— THE word *chemeia*, or chemistry, first occurs in the Lexicon of Suidas, a Greek writer of the eleventh century. He defines it as "the preparation of gold and silver." It is said, however, that there were Greek writers on alchemy before this date.

— THE time when the seven wise men, or seven sages, of Greece flourished was about five hundred and eighty-six years before our era.

OUR RULES. — A word with Fred McGill. We have just seen the September number, and we find that his name is not among the letter writers. He considers it an insult to leave it out after he had written to us twice about it. We can only say that we have inserted every name that has come to us, if the writer complied with our standing rules. When his second letter came, we supposed, if he said he *had* complied with the rules, that his address was in the number in the printer's hands. We never see the matter after we send it in till it comes back to us in the proofs; and it is not possible for us to remember all these names. We have not been into the printing office for months. We do not trust our memory for anything in business matters. Fred's name shall certainly go in this month. He spreads his matter all over two foolscap pages, with a rebus in the middle of one of them. If we had accepted the rebus, we should have cut it out and put it in the envelope with the others, and the writer's address would have been on the other side of it. What we have said about this case applies to many others, or we should not have said so much on the subject.

— THE Arabs of Abyssinia make one learned profession take the place of two. Whatever an Arab's complaint is, he applies to his fak, or priest. The fak brings out his Koran, hunts up the passage that appears to suit the case best, rubs on a smooth board lime enough to make a perfectly white surface, and then writes out the verse or verses selected. This passage from the sacred book is at once the prescription and the medicine, for the fak washes it off, adds a little water, and then it is swallowed by the patient, in perfect faith that it will work a cure. Of course the patient pays the fak as he might pay any other physician, and returns for a second dose if the first does not effect a cure.

MECHANICAL AMUSEMENTS. — We are glad it is becoming quite the fashion for the young of both sexes to use small printing-presses, tool-chests, turning-lathes, scroll-saws, &c.; the demand for small mechanical tools is fast becoming so great that they are now manufactured in large quantities, and are eagerly purchased by all who desire pleasure and instructive employment for their leisure hours. The introduction of mechanical occupations educates the eye and the hand, and imparts a general dexterity, which is of the utmost value in every department of life.

SCHOOL-GIRL NONSENSE!

A STORY FOUND IN A POCKET!

BY ANNA S. HEUSTON.

GOOD gracious! A pretty sitting-room, certainly, wearing an air of supreme comfort in every item of its arrangement. The curtains were draped so that the sunshine lay in golden bars here and there, without one bit of irritating glare; the centre-table bore books and a shaded lamp, suggestive of evening enjoyment, while between its curved legs there was neatly stowed a pile of papers and magazines, among which Oliver Optic's yellow covers asserted that "boys and girls" made part of the household. There were paintings grouped on the walls, graceful vases stood on handsome brackets, while from the grate beneath the marble mantel there came the sparkle and crackle of the loveliest fire that ever burned. I say loveliest, for it *was* a picture in itself, even more attractive than the grand old wood fires that used to burn on the wide hearth-stones of the olden time. A fire, whose fascinating beauty will hold your attention longer than the steady glow of anthracite, for the bituminous coal gives out leaping, flashing, dazzling flames of such varied tints that you might fancy it making rainbows in the black mass that sends forth the shining colors so swiftly; or else, opening now and then in fiery seams, it shows you chasms whose walls are living, throbbing splendor. Just before it, on a scarlet cushion, a handsome cat curled herself round a morsel of white fur, that had the pinkest nose and bluest eyes at one end, and the funniest little black tail at the other, and sitting in a low rocker beside the table was the lady, who had so emphatically said, —

"Good gracious!"

There was a most astonished look in her brown eyes, which might have been induced by the display of articles she had drawn from the pocket of the pretty dress that lay across her lap, but that would have simply been amusement, as well as amazement; this time there was a little pucker of wrinkles over her lifted eyebrows, and the smile curving round her lips was half vexation. Again she said, —

"Good gracious!" emphasizing both words in most unusual fashion, since she was not generally given to explosive remarks.

She had drawn from the aforesaid pocket the usual school-girl complement of handker-

chiefs, — you know, girls, how recklessly you hide those useful articles, — then came pencils, bits of ribbon, crumbs of peanuts, one glove, and various scraps of paper, so twisted and crumpled that anybody but a mother would deem them valueless.

Mrs. Doane *was* the nicest kind of a mother, for the treasures of her children were not carelessly destroyed; so, resisting the impulse to throw the whole assortment into the fire, she patiently picked it open. Grammar exercises, carelessly scribbled inquiries about lessons or play, and then two or three neatly written notes in a strange hand.

Now, every teacher and parent knows how surely the mania for correspondence seizes upon the girls of a certain age. It is as inevitable as chicken-pox, more contagious than measles, and, equally, easiest to cure when it breaks out handsomely, so you are sure of the type, and know how to control it. Even then the most judicious treatment is requisite, or the disease may strike in, beyond reach of healing art. Harsh remedies are rarely of any use, but mild doses, of some simple, pleasant nature, that will only soothe till the crisis passes, are far more effectual.

Remembering her own girlhood, Mrs. Doane might have expected the malady; but it didn't seem to her that Allie, the household pet, was nearly old enough for its development; yet here it was, already showing vigorous growth; and, dear girls, we'll peep too at the contents of the tinted sheet the lady holds.

"CLOUDLAND OR DECOY GARDEN, Friday.

"DEAR ALLIE: I received your kind letter of Friday morning, and now proceed to answer it. Didn't I make a great time at speaking this afternoon? I just knew it splendid at noon, but when I got up to speak, I couldn't think of it at all; I just felt horrid. Allie, I just tell you what, I don't think it safe to have Nannie Ashton in our club, for she will go and tell all the other girls about it. So I think you had better send a *polite* note to her and *expel* her. We can do it so politely that she can't get mad any way. Our society is to be secret, you know, and it *can't* be if she stays in it. How soon will your club-paper be ready to read? I guess I will try and send a fairy story in prose for the paper on Thursday, and I will also send a word square and answer; and, perhaps, a cross word and enigma. Allie, I've teased ma to make some molasses candy, and you shall have some Monday. Ma says I'm not able to walk as far as your house this afternoon; but I want to see you awfully,

fox. Allie, though you are the youngest girl in school, you are making a sensation. *How you blushed when I said that Clarence Taylor thought a good deal of you. And I know he does, from the way he acts to you, and what he says. You don't know how sweet he is on you; but I shan't be jealous, for you know I have my own Charlie.* Well, it's almost time to eat supper now, and I must stop, but I'll write some more to-morrow, may be, so good-night.

Your true friend,

"FANNIE WILSON."

There was another document, badly torn; but on a fragment there was visible this highly-seasoned passage:—

"My dear, what new flirtation since Friday? How many young fellows' hearts have you been trifling with? Is your beloved George mad at you yet? You must have hurt his sensitive feelings very much. Allie, was it your fault or Cupid's that made Clarence and you fall in love?"

The remainder of the precious epistle was torn off; but do you wonder Mrs. Doane said "Good gracious!" at the first chapter of revelations, and gave a comical groan over the last sweet morsel? The pretty plaid dress fell from her lap unnoticed; the smile faded, and the wrinkles grew into a more decided pucker over the eyes that darkened with anxious thought. Allie Doane was barely thirteen; a gay, graceful sprite, that won every one's love by the force of her own loving nature. The household pet and darling, the merest child in spite of her inches which made her sunny head level with those over whose curls more of the "teens" had flown. Where had she learned the absurd trick of all this school-girl nonsense?

"It's too provoking. Fannie Wilson seems a nice, quiet girl, quite too fond of peanuts and molasses candy to have any very exalted fancies concerning sweeter affairs. I must put a stop to this; but how?"

Mrs. Doane picked up the dress, gave her vexation vent in the vigorous shaking of its flounces, put away carefully the bits of correspondence, carried the soiled handkerchiefs to Bridget, and wisely decided to say nothing for the present, but to keep watch carefully.

Then came a sound of merry chatter on the sidewalk, the ring of a musical, girlish laugh, the rush of winter air through the hall, and then the bright face, aglow with the stinging caress of the winds, brought into the pretty room all the stir of life that such an entrance always brings. The fire leaped higher, and

snapped out its welcome; puss started, arched her back in pussy-cat style, and purred, while even the kitten tried to walk, sticking out that comical bit of tail like the bowsprit of a schooner; and Mrs. Doane met her darling with her warm caress, never hinting at any displeasure or annoyance.

Papa came in, and the boys. Dinner was a merry meal, where jokes were cracked as deftly as the walnuts; and our grandmothers would have been horrified at the saucy impertinence of Young America.

Dinner over, Allie brought her desk,—a dainty rosewood toy,—and curling down on a hassock by papa's side, selected her paper, tried her pen, and began an epistle.

"What now, midget?" laughed papa, as he settled himself behind the Chicago Tribune.

"Only a note to Fannie."

"Affecting friendship, really! Why, you have only just said 'Good by,' and you'll see her to-morrow. Such devotion is unusual."

"Now, papa, you are too bad. Miss Finley says it's nice for us to write little letters, for we can learn a great deal about composition in that way."

"Not the least doubt of it," was papa's amused response. "I'd like to see some of the documents."

A quick, vivid blush, that only the mother noted, rushed to the fair temples; but the saucy tongue answered,—

"We don't report the proceedings of the Board of Trade, nor count the barrels of pork at the packing-houses; so *you* needn't be interested, my dear sir."

"Saucebox!" and a playful pinch from the father were the only answer to this; and the busy pen went scratching across the paper, tracing—"what?" the mother thought, as she sat by the fireside over her sewing.

The writing was finished, the paper folded with dainty care, the envelope duly addressed and sealed, the desk closed, and then the coaxing face came to mamma's side.

"Saidie wants me to come over there for a while. You can send Will after me—can't you?"

Saidie Grant was a bright little darling, not one bit precocious or womanly. *She* never wrote nonsensical trash, so Allie's request had a ready "Yes" for its answer. The boys went to the dining-room for their evening game; Mr. Doane and a friend talked business, and his wife had Middlemarch.

"If ye plâze, mum, there's a lad here askin' for Miss Allie," interrupted Nora, as she put her red head in at the door.

"For whom?" asked Mrs. Doane, slightly confused between her consciousness of George Eliot's charming story and the real life around her.

"A lad, mum, askin' for Miss Allie; an' he won't come in."

Middlemarch was dropped, while a nervous thrill shook the mother's voice a little, as she answered, —

"I'll see him myself."

In the hall she found a slender, black-eyed boy, whose incipient mustache made a dark line over his handsome mouth. A faultless lavender tie decorated his collar; one dark glove was drawn off, while the other fitted smoothly. Overcoat, shining boots, and general "air" proclaimed the child of indulgent, cultivated parents; and the bow saluting the lady who came to meet him would have delighted the heart of poor Papareti.

"Master Taylor, I believe," coolly said Mrs. Doane. "Did you wish to see Will? He is in the dining-room: you can leave your coat here, if you like."

"N-no, ma'am; I didn't care to see Will to-night. Is Miss Allie at home?"

The latter part of the sentence was so faint that all the fun in Mrs. Doane's nature was roused, as she assumed an amazed air, and ejaculated, "Allie?" in a tone that plainly said, "What can you possibly want of her?" But after that one astonished word, the politely uttered sentence was, —

"The child has gone out to pass the evening, and it is quite time I sent Will after her."

"Ahem! I thought may be she would go over to our rehearsal to-night. Fannie Wilson was to have called for her; but Charlie Smith went for Fannie, and I came to escort Miss Allie."

All this, with another *elegantissimo* bow, almost took away the lady's breath; but she laughed a ringing laugh, quite like Allie's own, and quizzically asked, —

"Do you know how old Allie is?"

The exquisite youth confessed ignorance.

"She was thirteen two weeks ago; and, since my hair is not gray yet, and her dresses are still short, I am hardly ready to permit her any other escort than that of her father and brothers. The boys will always be glad to see you; and, my young friend you will some time be glad that I am thus frank with you."

Master Taylor was by no means glad at that time, but he executed another bow, and took his departure without seeing "the boys."

In due season Allie came home radiant with

her evening's pleasure, gave the circle her gay "Good night," and went up stairs.

"I'll come up soon, darling: I want to see you before you sleep," whispered the mother, with her warmly-given kiss.

"I'll be wide awake for ever so long, mamma. We did have such fun with Saidie to-night. All the other girls were going to rehearsal; but I knew you'd say I was too young. Did Fannie call for me?"

"Never mind now, pet. I'll tell you when I come up stairs."

Sitting down for a few minutes, the mother listened to the light feet overhead, then drawing out the crumpled notes she had discovered, she read them over again, hid them then in her pocket, and went to Allie.

The fair, sweet face looked sweeter than ever above the blue wrapper that the young girl wore, while she sat by her fire waiting for one of her "mother-talks," as she called the confidential chats that were often held by that glowing grate, when some lesson was to be taught to the pupil so dearly loved, so tenderly cherished.

"You see, mamma, I'm all ready. Now, take the rocker, and let me have my old place. There; that's just right! Now, what is it, mother, dear?"

"What kind of a mother has Fannie Wilson, Allie?"

"Why—e, I don't just know how to describe her. She isn't a bit like you, mamma. I can't fancy Fannie sitting like this with *her* mother. She dresses elegantly, she talks like a lady, and she is very particular about Fannie's manners."

"Yes, I know all that. But does she care for Fannie's pleasures? Does she know what Fannie thinks most about? what she reads, and with whom she associates?"

"Fannie says, if she *is reading*, her mother is perfectly satisfied; and all I ever hear her ask about anybody is, if their parents are in good society. Why, mamma? Don't you like Fannie?"

The hand that was playing with the shining curls rested very tenderly on the young head now.

"Yes, darling, I've always liked Fannie very much; but she is so much older than you are in everything, that I have wondered a little at your intimacy. Allie, my pet, what if your mother is a little jealous of your friend?"

"You, mamma, jealous of Fannie! What can you mean? You know there is no one I shall ever love half so well as you."

"Are you sure, darling?"

"Of course I am. Mamma, what do you mean?"

"Only this: I found to-day a note from Fannie to you, discussing some things which you never told *me*; and, my darling, I did feel badly that you should trust any one else more than mother."

The hot glow on the girl's cheek wasn't all the fault of the fire; but no word came from the scarlet lips.

"Darling, you are only a little girl, and such notes as I found are too silly for any one to write. Did you answer her epistles?"

"I've only written one or two, mamma. I had a sort of feeling that it wasn't quite what you would like. But all the other girls have their beaux, and I'm as tall as any of them. Clarence Taylor is very nice, mamma: I know you would like him."

"I won't like anybody who teaches my Allie that anything she may do is unimportant to me. Darling, it grieved me sorely to find that I was not in your confidence. I know more of life than Fannie, or any of your young friends; and you know I love you too dearly to deny you any pleasure that is right."

There were tears in Mrs. Doane's eyes, — for her heart was very full, — and Allie could not bear to see them.

"Don't, mamma. I didn't think you would care so much. It was fun to see Clarence always ready to wait on me; it was nice to have him bring me fruit and nuts. But I won't have it any more."

"That wasn't wrong, darling. The little courtesies between boys and girls are all very proper; but don't be silly about matters you cannot understand. I like Clarence very much when he is here with your brothers; but he must remember that you are only a little girl for years yet. When you put on young lady airs, I shall lose my pet."

A convulsive hug from the pet was all the answer then, till Allie went to her desk. and taking the note she had so carefully written, she opened it and brought it to her mother.

"No, darling, I don't care to see it. Do what you think you had better do with it."

It lay in an instant curling on the hot coals; and then — Well I can't just tell you all that was said; but when the mother went down stairs, she was very sure that Allie was still her own true-hearted girl, so truly hers that neither Master Taylor's elegance nor Fannie's silly speeches could steal her heart from its best friend.

All this, dear girls, was ten years ago, and doubtless you will like to know the end there-

of. Mrs. Doane's brown hair is gray now, just a little bit, and a morsel of dainty lace — she calls it a cap — crowns her still graceful head. Papa — grandpapa now — reads the *Inter-Ocean* instead of the *Tribune*, when the small tyrant that rules the household will permit, while Allie the "dowager despot" he calls her, is still the light of his eyes, though her handsome husband claims her exclusive devotion, since, he says, he won her fairly in spite of all the barriers Mamma Doane could build.

Allie remembered that "mother-talk" about the notes; and when her dear friend Fannie found her pet gossip met no response, and her sentimental notes only the most sensible answers, she sought other affinities.

The youth with the incipient mustache and lavender tie was wise enough to see how kindly Mrs. Doane meant her gentle rebuke; but, believing that so good a mother would carefully train the daughter, he never forgot his early fancy through all the distractions of college days or busy city life; and once again, in the dear old place, Mr. Taylor *did* escort Miss Allie to all sorts of entertainments, he *did* spend various and sundry evenings in delicious *tête-à-têtes*, till finally he "asked papa" successfully; and now he likes to tell the story of his first appearance as a "beau."

Poor Fannie Wilson! No happy home is hers. Missing the loving counsel that so wisely guided Allie; mistaking glitter and outside finish for the real good she desired to find; fancying sentimental phrases and extravagant protestation the measure of affection, she made a brilliant marriage, quite to her mother's delight, and finds behind the glitter and the show a blank so painful that only intense excitement can give her restless heart any pleasure. This she seeks constantly, while the strain is wearing her life away; and you would never dream that the faded woman who sometimes calls on our Allie is only three years her senior.

Allie keeps hid away the crumpled notes that made the text for my story, declaring that if her Milly is ever such a goose, she will read her a lesson from her own past.

Dear girls, Oliver Optic's special pets, all of you, — and therefore endowed with brains, — do you any of you write such ridiculous notes?

PRIZES.—July, first, Ajax; second, Sphinx; third, Leonora; puzzle, Juanito. August, first, Hyperion; second, Sphinx; third, Ly-chopinax; puzzle, Ly-chopinax. September, first, Ajax; second, Miss Chief; third, Vigilax; puzzle, Niagara.



AULD ROBIN GREY.

A PABLOP OPHEETTA.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHARACTERS. — AULD ROBIN GREY, *requiring a bass singer.* JAMIE, *tenor.* FATHER, *tenor.* JENNIE. MOTHER. *Two little girls.*

Airs. — "Then You'll Remember Me," *Winner's Musical Present.* "Bright Rosy Morning," *Golden Wreath.* "Wait for the Wagon," *Golden Wreath.* "Old Oaken Buck-et," *Emerson's Singing Book.* "Little Emily," *Sheet music.* "Tramp, tramp," "In the Wild Chamois Track," "Auld Robin Grey," "Load of Hay," *Sheet Music.* "What's a' the Steer, Kimmer?" *Golden Wreath.* "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," *Silver Bell.* "Faintly Flow, thou Falling River," *S. S. Hymn and Tune Book.* "I Gather Them in," *Sheet Music.* "Vesper Hymn," *S. S. Hymn and Tune Book.*

SCENE I. — JAMIE and JENNIE alone on the stage.

Air, "Then you'll remember me."

Jamie. O, Jennie, dear, thy gentle heart
My hope and joy shall gie;
And though a mickle while we part,
Thy thoughts shall gang with me.
O, wad I had sich glebe and store
As auld Rob Grey can show!
O, Jennie, then we'd part nae more:
I'd be mair worthy thee,
I'd be mair worthy thee, &c.

(*Chorus repeats, JENNIE singing with him.*)
You now are worthy me.

Jennie. Ah, Jamie, 'tis nae land nor dower
That wins a true maid's thought;
An honest lad claims stronger power
Than gowd or siller's wrought.
But must you gang, ah, must you gang
To roam o'er the wide sea?
The days will linger dull and lang:
O, soon come back to me!

(*Repeat chorus, Jamie joining.*)
I'll soon come back to thee.

Air, "Bright Rosy Morning."

Jamie. O, see, Jennie, darling, sole fortune
have I,
This crown-piece so scrimpet; yet strong hands
shall ply,
Till a mickle, mickle, mickle pound
Shall grow, grow apace,
And for you all shall be,
And joy bless the place.

(*Repeat chorus, both joining.*)

Jamie. Your sweet smile, sae bonny, shall
gie me gude cheer;
With courage undoubting I'll work for all here,
In the bonny, bonny, bonny hope,
Soon, soon to return,
With a ring for your finger
That kirk vows shall earn.

Jennie. O, gang, then, my Jamie; I'll greet
not nor moan,
Though parting is gruesome, and lang days
are lone.

For a gladsome, gladsome, gladsome hope,
Soon, soon you'll return,
With the ring for my finger
That kirk vows shall earn.

(*Repeat chorus, both joining.*)

Enter two little girls, while JAMIE is kissing JENNIE'S hand, who stand on one side the stage, with roguish looks.

Air, "Wait for the Wagon."

May. I'm sure, I think your Jamie bold,
To speer in Jennie's ee;
I've a mind to tell the mither,
To hear the laugh there'll be.

Kitty. That all the fault is Jamie's, ho,
I dinna, dinna see;
I think your sister likes it
As mickle well as he.

Chorus. Both. Look, look at Jennie!
Look, look at Jamie!
Baith look so guilty,
Some mischief there must be.

Jamie. (*Same air.*) O, here you come,
my bairnies wee;
Nae gude news can I hide:
When I come hame frae roaming
This lass will be my bride.

O, I shall bring you treasures
From out the foreign land!
We'll have all worthy pleasures
When I my ship command.

(*All join in chorus.*)

Speed, then, my coming,
Speed, then, my coming,
Speed, then, my coming,
And Jennie is a bride!

(*JENNIE and JAMIE join hands. Little girls on either side. Tableau. Curtain falls.*)

SCENE II. — FATHER and MOTHER seated by Table. JENNIE spinning, and weeping in the pauses.

Air, "Old Oaken Bucket."

Father. O, wae to the hour was beginnin' o' trouble,

When fell I ayont all my auld bones to rend;
'Twas crabbit, the luck was; our waes gang to double:

O, Jennie, my lass, only you can befriend.
Our cow, too, was stole, the gude cow that we treasured,

That gied us the milk was as wluite as the foam.

We lost all the harvest: O, sorrows unmeasured!

Wha, wha will befriend us an' save us our home?

Chorus. Father and Mother. O, bairn of our rearin',

O, Jennie, cease sobbin'.

Ye'll marry auld Robin,

And save us our hame.

Mother. (*Same air.*) Twa helpless auld creatures I ken we are growing:

But faithfully cared we for you in your youth.
How cruel to see us turned now frae our strow-
ing,

To languish away in despairing and ruth!

Think not but I ken it is hard, O my daughter;
But hoping is vain, if your help you refuse.

Ye're thinkin' of Jamie gang over the water;
But poverty always with him you will choose.

Chorus. Father and Mother. O, bairn of our rearin', &c.

Air, "Little Emily."

Jennie. (*Rising and coming to centre of stage.*) I am weak, and sad, and frightened,

Sair my heart with grieving lang;
Sure your burden should be lightened

Kenned I but the way to gang,

For I gave my troth to Jamie —

O, my loving, loving troth!

Can I take it back to marry

Where all love is cold and wroth?

Chorus. I am weak; O, tell me truly,
Will such union dreary stand?

With my heart there on the ocean,
With auld Robin Grey my hand?

Father and Mother. (*Repeat same chorus.*)

We are right, we tell thee truly,
That the union blest will stand.

You will hear not frae the ocean;

Rob will cherish well your hand.

Enter auld Robin Grey. Father and Mother step forward to meet him. JENNIE shrinks back.

Air, "Tramp, tramp."

Robin Grey. What is this, gude friends, I hear

Bleth'r'in idly round the toun?

Wha will drive auld honest folk away
Syne for lack of payments down?

Say you now what I can do;

See you ask but something now o' Robin Grey.

Chorus. Yes, yes, yes, your woes are light-
ened;

Here's auld Rob to share with you:

While he has a single pound

Yours it also shall be found,

And fair Jennie shall repay me when I sue.

(*Repeat chorus, all. Father and Mother singing.*)

Yes, yes, yes, our woes are lightened;

Here's auld Rob to share and use;

While he has a single pound

Ours it also shall be found,

And our Jennie shall repay him when he sues.

Air, "In the Wild Chamois Track."

Robin Grey. (*Approaching JENNIE with ring in hand.*) I am auld Robin Grey,
an' my locks hae groun spare,

But I hae nae shame on my honest name,
And my heart will be true to this lassie fair.

Yes, yes, yes, &c.

For that shy, soft ee, and the face I see,

Is bonniest known to me.

She shall cheer my life, be my cherished
wife,

And you all shall share my hame.

Chorus. I am auld Robin Grey, but I'll
cherish alway,

With a husband's pride, while shall life abide,
If you'll take for my sake and will wear the
ring.

Yes, yes, yes, &c.

Jennie. (*Same chorus.*) Tell me now,
Robin Grey, will you cherish alway,

With a kindly way, these my friends for aye,
If I'll take for your sake and will wear the ring?

Say, say, say.

(*All repeat chorus, each with their own words.*)

ROBIN takes JENNIE's hand and kisses it. Parents smile approvingly. *Tableau. Curtain falls.*)

SCENE III. — JENNIE alone, spinning. Snood removed from her hair, and light cap worn instead. She sings, while she turns the wheel, one or two verses of the ballad to air of "Auld Robin Grey."

Enter MAY and KITTY. Air, "Load of Hay."

May and Kitty. (Sing together.) Have you heard the news to-day?

Gang awa, dame Robin Grey:

Jamie's hame, is hame from sea;

Waesome wards he'll speak to thee!

(JENNIE starts up with a look of consternation and distress. Little girls run off the stage again.)

Enter JAMIE. Air, "What's a' the Steer, Kimmer?"

Jamie. Why's a' the look, Jennie? why's a' the look

Glow'ring around me as if nae right I took?
I came to see my ain, lassie. Why that frightened air?

Gie me my welcome hame, an' say my joy you share;

For I've come hame to stay, Jennie, right glad to stay!

I bring a bonny present, your weddin' gown, to-day.

Gie me my welcome hame, nor look sae full o' shame;

Tell the auld folks I am here; and speak, if but my name.

Jennie. What shall I say, laddie? what can I say?

Sorrow has touched me; O, hard has been my way.

O, hold your anger now, laddie, bear your sorrow too.

I canna wear the weddin' gown, nor be a bride for you,

For I am married now, Jamie — two years a wife.

O, wad the grave had sheltered frae all this wae and strife!

He saved us frae despair, he gave us hame an' bread;

An I'll keep the vow I spake when Robin Grey I wed.

(Here ROBIN GREY comes in at rear, and stands in silent consternation, unseen by them.)

Jamie. That's what it means, Jennie; now all I see:

People were speerin' an' whisperin' o' me.

O, this is cruel hard, Jennie, cruel, cruel hard,
With all my happy hopes sae blighted and ill-starred.

But I've nae blame for you, Jennie, nae blame at all.

Auld Robin Grey's a gude man, as I myself can call.

I'll hie me back to sea; I'll pray our hearts be strang:

An' 'tis somethin', sure, to know this life is not too lang.

(He kneels a moment, touching his lips to her drooping hand; then goes out.)

Air, "When the Swallows homeward fly."

Jennie. O, my heart, thy sorrows hush;

O, my love, thy fond hopes crush;

For a gudeman's name I bear,

And I'll make it honor's care.

May I hide my bleeding heart,

Ne'er to him its grief impart.

May I give his hame all cheer,

May I, O, may I find comfort here;

May I, O, may I find comfort here.

(She leans forward, hiding her face in her clasped hands. AULD ROBIN, with outstretched arms, implores Heaven's blessing upon her. Tableau, and curtain falls.)

SCENE IV. — ROBIN GREY, propped up with pillows in a high-backed chair, looking very pale and sick. Father and Mother and little MAY present. JENNIE on a low seat at ROBIN GREY's feet.

Air, "Faintly flow, thou falling River."

Mother. Look thou forth, O, Jennie, dearest,

While he sleeps look forth for me,
Pray the message spoke its clearest,

Brought poor Jamie frae the sea.

He should come ere night shades darken,

Or too late I fear 'twill be,

Here to Robin Grey to hearken,

Ere his life shall ended be.

Father. (Looking out.) Ah, I see a horseman speedin'

Like a shaft frae huntsman bold.

Mother. Hush! he wakens. — Gudeman Robin,

Dost thou still thy meaning hold?

Enter JAMIE.

Mother. O, dear friend, here's Jamie bringin' Answer swift to message mild.

See, how Jennie's hand he's wringin'!

O, speak tenderly, my child.

(ROBIN GREY, rousing, lifts his head, holding firmly to JENNIE's hand.)

Air, "I gather them in."

Robin. I've roused once again frae the
brink of the grave.

Ah, Jamie is here. I hae time to save
Once blighted lives frae all future harm.
Now, Heaven be praised that grim death hath
a charm

Beyond sweet life, as at last I show.
Weep not, dear heart, let the auld man go!
Contented and glad that his vacant place
Shall gie to life a happier race.
You dreamed not the secret woe hidden close
in heart sae true

Was revealed unto me. O, my friends. I'm
thankful to go.

'Tis well, 'tis well. — O, Death, thou'lt gather
me in.

I've settled the whole. You'll find, when 'tis
o'er,

My faithful wife, that all my bonds and store
Are gladly bequeathed — my blessing, too —
To Jamie bold, and to Jennie the true.
You hear me say that you've nobly borne
A dreary life, of glory shorn.

Your pardon gie that sae lang I hae barred
The happy life that young Love had starred.
You'll gie me a pitying tear — Fainter now
my breath doth grow.

O, my blessin' will keep you. — Now, O Death,
thou'lt gather me in.

'Tis well, 'tis well, O Death, thou'lt gather
me in.

*(His head droops, his eyes close. The others
gather around with awed looks. All sing
very softly.)*

Air, "Vesper Hymn."

All. Sweet, O, sweet on us descending,
Be the peace this hour has brought;
And to realms of bliss unending
May that parting soul be caught.
So has set a star of beauty,
But to shine more bright above:
Walking in the path of duty,
His example let us love.

(Tableau. Curtain falls.)

— AMMONIA. — This should be on every
toilet table. It is an essential stimulant and
purifier for the hair. Pour two teaspoonfuls
of it into a basin of water, then rub the scalp
and hair with it, rinsing it in pure water. A
gill of ammonia to a pail of water makes a
bath nearly as invigorating as a sea bath. It
purifies and stimulates the skin. Weak per-
sons will find it a luxury. *

— FINGER-RINGS. — Finger-rings are now
so common, that except as wedding and en-
gagement tokens, they have little meaning.

Iron rings were used long before gold ones.
According to Pliny, Marius, a Roman general,
was the first to wear a gold ring, in the year
103 B. C.

Rings used to be worn as emblematic of very
great power. Even senators were not allowed
to wear them. Afterwards, in the time of the
Roman emperors, gold rings became the
badge of knighthood; the people wore silver
rings, and the slaves iron ones.

It is denied that the ring used by the an-
cients in the ceremony of marriage was a true
"wedding ring," as it was only given instead
of a certain sum of money which had been
given before.

The early Christians had a habit of blessing
the nuptial ring. Seal rings are of very an-
cient origin.

The fourth finger, beginning from the
thumb, was the first to be encircled. After-
wards all of the others had their turn.

The Greeks preferred the fourth finger, be-
cause "having found from anatomy that this
finger had a little nerve that went straight to
the heart, they esteemed it the most honorable
by reason of this communication with that
noble part."

Here is a piece of anatomical knowledge
which may possess a certain interest to lovers
of the present day when about to exchange
engagement rings!

Before rings were set with stones, they were
worn upon either hand; but after these were
added, it became the fashion to use the left
hand only; and to wear a seal ring upon the
right hand, would have been thought a piece
of excessive foppery.

— LAUGHTER. — If it be true that man is
the only animal that laughs, it is a great pity
that he don't do it better.

Nothing is more agreeable to the ear than a
hearty, gentlemanly laugh; but nothing more
repulsive than a coarse guffaw.

An ironic laugh is one which is put on.

A sarcastic laugh is intended to tear some
one's feelings. Worst of all is Sardonian
laughter, or, as it is more commonly expressed,
a "Sardonic grin." This gets its name from
a very poisonous plant of Sardinia, which so
distorts the muscles of the face that the teeth
all show, and persons killed by it appear to
have died in a fit of horrible laughter.



MOSQUITOS.

BY K. K.

TRUE mosquitos are small at the waist, delicate in their organization, round-shouldered, and inclined to consumption. Their disposition is flighty. Some people think mosquitos are a humbug, but they are not. There's nothing so real as mosquitos. You can see 'em. When you can't see 'em, you can hear 'em. When you don't hear 'em, you can feel 'em. And when you neither see, hear, nor feel 'em, you may know they've been round, because they've made their mark.

We all love mosquitos so well that we offer them our hand, and are always wanting to squeeze them; and although they like us, being shy, they reject our proposals at first, and then take us when we are least prepared for them.

Mosquitos are well educated. In music they use the Italian school of singing — trills, shakes, quavers, flying notes, and words not understood. It is decidedly sensation music, and like sensation music generally, it is thrilling in its effect; but one soon tires of it. Lying in bed, you hear the distant song of the mosquito; a feeling of dread comes over you, succeeded, as the song sounds nearer, by a thrilling of the nerves, and when close to your ears the excitement becomes such as to cause your blood to boil and your hands to strike forcibly your own head and ears. If such is the effect of a single mosquito's song on a single individual, what a perfect *furor* of excitement might be created by a singing band of mosquitos over a Boston Music Hall audience. Operatic *impressarios* are welcome to this hint. Everybody knows that mosquitos draw well.

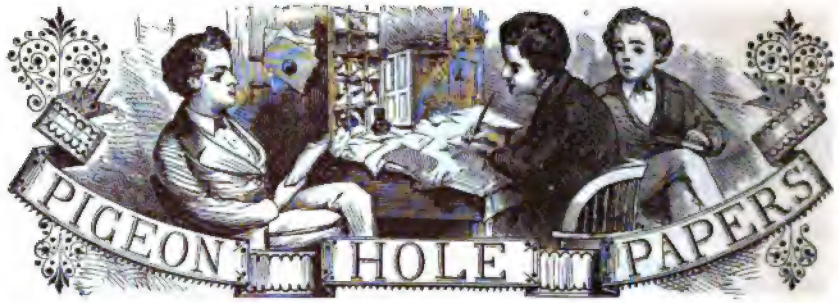
Mosquitos are philosophers. They understand gravitation. If a hand or other weighty substance should fall, they know there's danger and get out of the way. And they understand suction so well that they put a steam fire-engine to the blush.

Mosquitos are educated in the allopathic school of medicine: they believe in bleeding. They differ from men in applying the theory: they first present their bill, and then bleed you. They don't understand human nature enough to know that no man likes to have a bill presented before the work is done. Mosquitos also know how to develop humor — a bad humor: they will *pity* a man so much in one night that his face will look very *humorous* next morning. As mathematicians, mosquitos understand subtraction, and also multiply very fast.

As base-ballists, mosquitos are a success. They always come in "on a fly," and rarely go out on one. As "pitchers," they always pitch in, never mind who their opponents are. As "catchers," they often catch their opponents napping, and rarely get caught themselves. Everybody likes them "in the field," and they often make "home runs." They fail at the "bat," but get a good many bats. As "tally-ists," they make their "innings," but they are not good "umpires," being apt to raise a row.

Mosquitos, like dogs, have their days. In dog days, dogs are expected to go mad. Mosquito days begin with dog days, and end the first frost. Then they die happy; they gather in large bands under the trees, and there, flying up and down, they sing their death-song. Man exults in their death, the mosquitos exult, all is exultant, and soon after the governor appoints Thanksgiving.

— A DELICIOUS COLOGNE. — Take two quarts of deodorized alcohol or spirit from the Catawba grape, which resembles the grape spirit which gives Farina cologne its value. To this add half an ounce of oil of lavender, half an ounce of oil of orange, one drachm of oil of cedrat, half a drachm of oil of neroli or orange flowers, half a drachm of oil of rose, and half a drachm of ambergris. Mix well, and keep for three weeks in a cool place. If not clear, let it run through some filtering-paper.



LIVELY. — Thus he writes: "I have been a constant reader and purchaser of your Magazine for a number of years, and I like it very much, although I must say I do not like it as much as I used to. Perhaps it is because I am growing older (a little past nineteen). I do not think your stories are lively enough; in fact not as lively as they used to be." — We like an honest opinion, properly expressed, and doubtless candid criticism will enable us to improve. We do not understand what our critic means by "lively." Does he mean sensational? If so, perhaps he is right. Does he mean a rapid succession of incidents? This may make "things lively." But it is the easiest and cheapest style of story-telling. Does he mean bright, sharp, sparkling conversation? If so, we are unable to see the point. Within a few years a style of boy-literature has come into vogue in this country, — it has existed longer in England, — in which robbers, pirates, smugglers, wild Indians, and cannibals are the principal ingredients. They abound in pistols, bowie-knives, tomahawks, and rifles, and the liberal use of these weapons may make the story "lively." After one has read a few of these lively stories, anything else must necessarily be tame. Is this what is the matter? We do not expect to please everybody, or even to continue to please, for all time, those who have been fast friends for some years. We have just as much respect for those who "don't like" as for those who "do like." But what does "lively" mean?

MORE FRAUD. — We are very much obliged to Japetus for the information he furnishes us in regard to the admission of a certain "party." We have had a hint in the same direction before, and we have investigated several cases of presumed fraud. We have not exposed all who have attempted to impose upon us, but we have retained the evidence of the fraud, and have ceased to take any notice of the let-

ters of the guilty ones. After we have satisfied ourselves of the truth of the charge, we want nothing more to do with the guilty ones. We do not care to discuss the matter in the Magazine. — Our attention has been called to the fact that rebus 144, in the July number, was taken from another magazine. Zide sent it to us, and we are willing to hear what he has to say on the subject. The one who calls our attention to this apparent fraud, wonders why we took the rebus in its mutilated condition, for it had been changed from its original form. The husk is open on one of the ears of corn and closed on the other. We read it as the saying is often colloquially used: "In one ear, out the other;" if the "at" was used in the copy, we did not notice it. One ear was in (the husk), and the other out (of the husk), was the idea we took from the picture. We hope Zide did not pilfer it.

SURPRISED. — Buffalo was, and he shall speak for himself: "I was surprised at not seeing my rebus in the August number of the Magazine, not because I consider it a wonderful production, but because you did not seem to have head work enough to fill the space set aside for it, but had to fall back on some accepted for the July number, but not published in that number. By this I mean the 'cross word by Macachern,' which took up full as much, if not more, room than my rebus would have done." — It appears that the compositor of the head work department is a provident man, and has the wisdom to look out for a possible dearth in the future. He had too much matter for July, and not enough for August. He did not destroy what he could not use; possibly he suspected that the roving editor might be at the upper end of Lake Superior when he fell short of copy, and we commend his forethought in not throwing that cross word into the receptacle of dead copy. But he ought to have used Buffalo's

rebus. Of course *we* are surprised that he did not, though, on second thought, there was a little difficulty in the way. The rebus was not drawn or engraved. The artist who designs the rebuses has nothing whatever to do with the other puzzles, and never sees them. She gets up so many every month, and we doubt whether she was ever in the printing office. Now, if the compositor had known about this rebus, — which he could not know, as he has nothing to do with this sort of puzzle, except to impose the engraved blocks that are sent to him, — he might have sent for the artist, and had it drawn and engraved, so that our readers and the trade could have got their Magazines in a week or ten days after the usual time. We cannot measure off just the quantity of puzzle matter that will be required; nor can we take up our abode in the printing office to provide for such emergencies as we have described. That's all, Buffalo.

DEFINITIONS. — One of our editorial trials, as some of our readers may have noticed, is the definitions of the puzzle makers. Some of them use the dictionary very blindly, and some do not use it at all. One class bothers us about as much as the other. One insists upon using the longest and most complicated definition of a word, and another the shortest because it is the shortest. A great deal of judgment is required in the choice of words, for the dictionary is loaded with obsolete, technical, and local meanings, which convey no idea to the average reader. For example, one puzzler gives the definition of "event," as an "accident." It is quite true that it is so in the dictionary, but it is not the fashion to use the word in this sense at the present time; and the same may be said of a thousand other words. "Clever" means "skilful" in England, and "good-natured" in this country. "Baggage" here is "luggage" there. An "omnibus" in Boston is a "stage" in New York. A "pail" in the east is a "bucket" in the west. In making his rebus, the New Yorker would put the picture of an omnibus for a stage, and the rest of the country would read it, "All the world's an omnibus." Examples of the different use of words could be multiplied almost indefinitely. In puzzle making, the common and most obvious definitions should be used. Obsolete words should be entirely avoided, and those not in common use should be let alone as much as possible.

FASHION IN SPEECH. — Ten years ago, in a railroad car in Ireland, we heard, for the first time, the word "thanks" used for "thank

you." The use of this form of expression was almost universal among the English-speaking people at that time. If it was in use in this country, we never heard it. Now it is almost as common here as it was there. Five years ago, on the day that France declared war against Germany, we were in conversation with an English gentleman. His speech was very peculiar to us, and ours appeared to be equally so to him, and each had no little difficulty in understanding the other. Twenty times a minute, for "I don't understand you," or "What did you say," he said interrogatively, "I beg your pardon?" It was a common form of expression among English people of cultivation. We notice that this fashion is coming into use on this side of the ocean. We heard a gentleman — an American — use it half a dozen times the other day in a less number of minutes, in talking to us. We suspected that he sometimes pretended not to understand in order to make use of his favorite expression, for such it had evidently become to him. In Constantinople we heard a cultivated English lady say it was "so very, very warm;" "so very, very cold;" the streets were "so very, very dirty;" and the hills were "so very, very steep." She was not the only one who talked in this way in Europe. A few weeks ago, we heard an American lady in Boston interlarding her speech so plentifully with the double very's, that we concluded she intended to have the fashion prevail in this country. Several years ago the use of "aren't" came into fashion, and some, who knew more about fashion than about grammar, used to say "it aren't," and even "I aren't;" but this form is not much used now.

— **HELPS TO MEMORY.** — How few of us can tell readily how many days there will be in any month, until we have run over those well-worn lines beginning, —

"Thirty days hath September!"

The letters of the absurd word "*Vibgyor*" present in convenient shape the initials of the seven primary colors.

In old times, when almanacs were not universal, you might have heard your grandmother repeating to herself these funny verses, which give the order of the signs of the zodiac: —

"The Ram, the Bull, the heavenly Twins,
And next the Crab, the Lion shines,
The Virgin, and the Scales;
The Scorpion, Archer, and He-goat,
The man that holds the watering-pot,
And Fish with glittering tails."



ANSWERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

166. ROGERESTS
OLIVETHEL
GILESHORE
EVENTERSE
RESTSLEEP
EXCELCURE
SCENECLAT
TENSERASE
SLEEPETER
167. Plumbago. 168. (H I's) (archers) (hole) (500 = D) (T) (he) (mountain) (forts) (HIS) (light) (armed ship) (S) (block) (A DETHE) (ports) (HIS) (horsemen tread the harvest down) (ON 12) (prow) (500 = D) (bridge) (S) (he) (hat) (H) (pea) (ass) (500 = D) (AND) (pit) (100 = C) (head) (HIS) (1000 = M) (I) (tie) (camp) (80) (last) (B) (fort) (HEIMP) (ear) (eye) (awl) (town) —

His archers hold the mountain forts,
His light-armed ships blockade the ports,
His horsemen tread the harvest down;
On twelve proud bridges he hath passed,
And pitched his mighty camp, at last,
Before the imperial town.

169. TORTILE
ARRIVAL
PRAIRIE
REINING
OVERSEA
OSMOLIN
TABARET

170. Candlestick. 171. Sir Edward George Earle Bulwer Lytton.

172. GRACE S
EPOCH
NAME
EVER
REDEEM
ANNA
LAWN

173. Shop. Hop. Mop. Fop. Top. Hot.

Sot. Lot. Pot. Dot. Cot. Tot. Rot. Jot.
Job. Jog. Dog. Log. Bog. Hog.

174. PERCH
EXILE
RIGID
CLING
HEDGE

175. (She) (1000 = M) (OO = os) (TAT) (track) (TT = ts) (H) (OOLONG) (EE = es) (T) (can) (reef) (ewes) —

She most attracts who longest can refuse.

176. Frank Overton, Andover, Mass.

177. PARI S
ORINOCO
RORQUAL
URAO
SIN

178. MAP
OLIVE
ROSES
TENT
AWL
ROPE

179. Jackson. 180. NOON
EA
EM
DAME

181. | OLITIC = Politic. 182. On some faces is inscribed a history, on others simply a date. 183. Syzygy. 184. Cooper.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

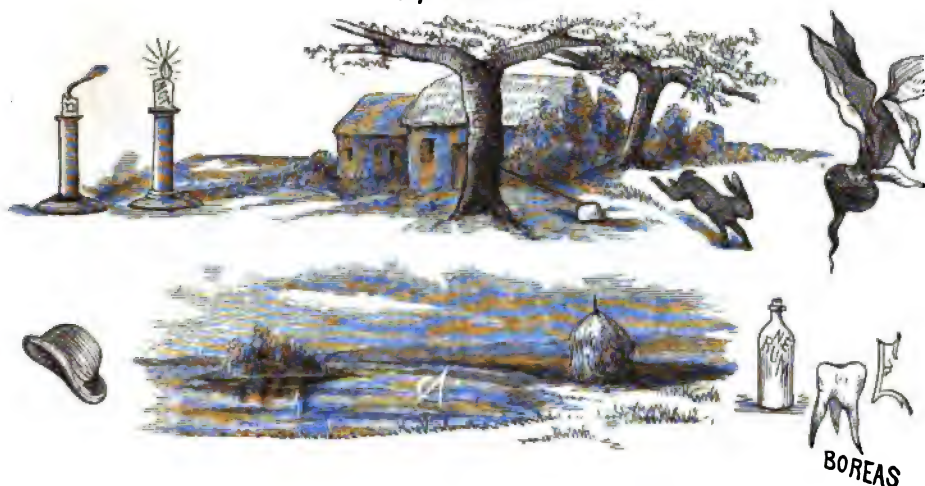
185. 1. A vowel. 2. A liquor. 3. A circus.
4. An atom. 5. A foe. 6. One of many. 7.
A consonant. E. E. W.

ENIGMA.

186. I am composed of twenty-one letters.
My 4, 20, 2, 11, is labor. My 18, 9, 14, 3,
means mild. My 7, 13, 10, 17, is a fish. My
21, 16, 6, 15, is to sharpen. My 12, 5, 1, 8, 19,
is a girl's name. My whole is a poem.

RODERICK.

187. REBUS.



ANAGRAMS.

188. 1. Clean rebus. 2. Be a tall pa. 3. Ten damp slices. 4. To price a man. 5. Her nine scarfs. 6. Ten vital eras. NIAGARA.

BLANKS.

Fill out with names of puzzlers.

189. I was sitting in (1), when in came (2), who seemed to be (3), and asked me to play (4). We commenced; but it seemed to be all a (5) to me, while he was as (6) as (7). Seeing him to be an (8), I seized my (9), and fled into the (10.) PRINCE FUZZ.

FIVE WORD SQUARE.

190. 1. A bird. 2. To appeal. 3. Later. 4. A city of New England. 5. Wandered. LEOPOLD.

CHARADE.

191. My first is congealed vapor. My second is a Spanish title. My whole is a mountain of Wales. A. T. B.

GEOGRAPHICAL DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

192. 1. A-a-a-a. 2. -a-a-a. 3. -a-a-a. 4. -a-a-a. SOLDIER BOY.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

193. 1. One thousand. 2. A number. 3. General meaning. 4. A notice. 5. Clamor. 6. Spawn. 7. A consonant. BUCKSHOT.

WORD SQUARE.

194. 1. A romance. 2. A foreign fruit. 3. A scold. 4. An incident. 5. A musical term, meaning slow. BUFFALO.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

195. My first is in doing, but not in done. My second is in counting, but not in sum. My third is in strike, but not in struck. My fourth is in wagon, but not in truck. My fifth is in gruel, but not in meal. My sixth is in wax, but not in seal. My seventh is in bell, and also in chime. My eighth is in plaster, but not in lime. My ninth is in stable, but not in barn. My whole is the title of a very good yarn. S. O. FRET.

WORD SQUARE.

196. 1. To work. 2. A hideous giant. 3. A metal. 4. To grant for temporary use. E. S. R., Jr.

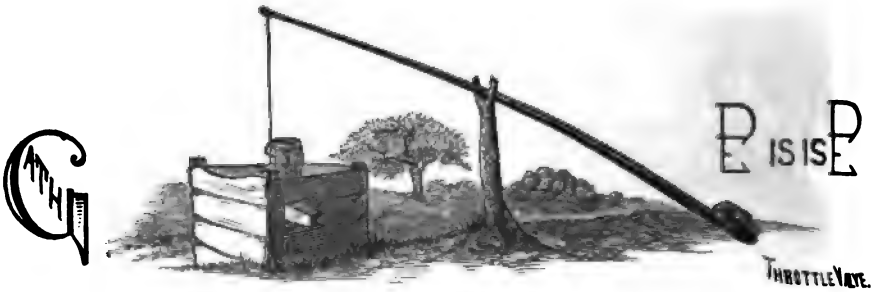
197. REBUS.



ENIGMA.

198. I am composed of twelve letters. My 6, 9, 1, 12, is contemptible. My 5, 3, 8, is provided with food. My 2, 7, 4, 11, 10 is a salutation. My whole is a self-made man. TYPO.

199. REBUS.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials, a state. Finals, its capital.

200. 1. A game. 2. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 3. A flower. 4. To bury. 5. A girl's name. 6. A drug. 7. A course. 8. A part of speech. 9. A foolish person. 10. A part in music. AM. A. TURE.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters.

201. My 16, 20, 23, 4, is the Egyptian god of industry. My 27, 26, 12, 11, is a goddess who pined away until nothing was left of her but her voice. My 7, 6, 19, is the goddess of the night. My 14, 15, 13, 17, 8, is a screen. My 10, 21, 9, is to chop. My 2, 24, 25, 5, is torn. My 1, 22, 3, 18, is conformable to fact. My whole is a good saying. XERXES.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

202. 1. A consonant. 2. Regular. 3. A shop. 4. An animal. 5. Occupation. 6. Before. 7. A consonant. SCYMMIE.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

203. Across: 1. A consonant. 2. Part of of the verb *to be*. 3. A leap. 4. A puzzler. 5. To tan again. 6. To urge. 7. A consonant. Down: 1. A consonant. 2. A dog. 3. Declined. 4. A puzzler. 5. A kind of carriage. 6. To gallop. 7. A consonant.

SPHINX.

CHARADE.

204. My first is fortune. My second is the present. My whole is a city of Asia.

ARCHITECT.

AUTHORS. (Who are they?)

205. 1. Part of a ship. 2. To wed a preposition. 3. A foolish fellow. 4. A primitive pipe. 5. Fuel. 6. A glutton's cry. 7. Peeping Tom. 8. Blows. 9. Cruel. 10. First class. 11. Jet

rock. 12. Housekeeper's *sine qua non*. 13. Place of worship. 14. A small fish. 15. An enclosure. RUSTICUS.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

206. 1. A consonant. 2. One of Oliver Optic's head workers. 3. A town in Lucas County, Iowa. 4. A state of equality. 5. A consonant. TITAN.

WORD SQUARE.

207. 1. Vessels for liquids. 2. A figure. 3. To bestow. 4. To walk. ESYOR.

208. KING'S TOUR. (Chess Movement)

1 S	2 E	3 V	4 E	5 V	6 H	7 A	8 T
9 R	10 A	11 I	12 E	13 H	14 I	15 T	16 M
17 T	18 E	19 P	20 L	21 T	22 L	23 E	24 O
25 H	26 T	27 M	28 T	29 O	30 N	31 O	32 D
33 D	34 E	35 R	36 R	37 H	38 D	39 G	40 I
41 W	42 E	43 Y	44 R	45 E	46 E	47 S	48 O
49 Y	50 H	51 E	52 B	53 E	54 T	55 F	56 T
57 I	58 T	59 H	60 O	61 N	62 S	63 N	64 I

CLAUDE CRYPT.

ACROSTICAL REMAINDER.

Behead and curtail words having the following significations, and the initials of the remainders, reading downwards, will spell the name of a town in Vermont; and the finals, reading upwards, a town in New York.

209. 1. Detentions. 2. To impede. 3. To confirm. 4. A plant. 5. Banishment.

LAURIE LANCE.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

VACATION, as we hinted last month, is a great institution. The freshening up it gives one makes the renewal of labor a positive pleasure. Our boys and girls know how it is themselves, as they come back from the season of recreation to the season of work. With this feeling, we are not sorry to see a big pile of letters before us this month, and we hope to be bright enough to do them full justice. — U. Gene has changed his name to Boreas; but we hope he will not blow too hard. The rebus is good enough to use, though we regard the candle business as a little far-fetched; but the artist shall have it. — Roderick's enigma will do very well; of course we regard regular purchasers in precisely the same light as subscribers. — Lawrence does not give his address, or even his name; and without these we cannot do a thing for him.

The artist to whom Typo sent his rebus says it is very good, and we suppose it will be used. The enigma is a small affair, but it is all right. — Mignonette's rebus is first class, in our estimation, though we are so unfortunate as sometimes to disagree with some of the puzzles on these points, and do not think the complexity of a rebus is its greatest merit. We use "specs;" can't see a thing without them, and we are too much indebted to them to be ashamed of them. — One of S. O. Fret's cross words will pass; but he ought to write them out just as they are printed; it is very bad taste to "ditto" anything in letter press, or to use figures. — Inquiry asks if there is any book published that explains the art of sailing a boat. The subject is treated in several boys' books, but it is quite impossible to learn to sail a boat from a book. Going out with a good

skipper is the only way to learn. — Esyor's square will do. — McGill waxeth indignant because his name is not among the letter writers. Why it was not there we know not; but we follow our own rule. The rebus contains a good idea; but "*long*" knights won't do.

Zeva's rebus will not do; "two eyes" or "eyes two" would be "I stood along," instead of stole, and a safe is not a bank. — If Xerxes is satisfied, we are, and the enigma, mended in its definitions, will do. — Laurie Lance's remainder is saved for use. We have one story for "Our Young Writers," done by Solomon Sloper, of California, and we shall begin the department as soon as possible. — Titan's diamond is good enough, but it is not double, as he calls it, for then the downs would form a different set of words. — We must say again that we accept all the puzzles fit for use, and the printer uses all he can of them. — Buckshot hits the target again. — "Haram," in Buffalo's diamond, is Arabic, and therefore not allowable; but the square, mended, will do. — Quickax's geographical is to the point. Some sent only one answer. — Carolus, in his enigma, does not use all the numbers, and the Chinese coin is properly a "tael." — Prince Fuzz's blanks will do, and we shall be glad to mention the book when out.

Ly chopinax sends a first-class rebus, but we omit the first name because "gold" is not "Gould" except in the Hibernian. — E. S. R., Jr., passes in a square that will do. — We don't care to answer such questions as Nonesuch asks in the Magazine, and we do not fully understand what he desires to know. — We quite agree with Zide that his puzzles ought to have been noticed, and they were noticed, though he did not send them in season for the August number. They must reach us before the fifteenth of the month. We are very sorry to be obliged to condemn the rebus, but the moth cannot be engraved so as to be read; "tool after and" is not allowable, for every symbol

except the first is after some other; and the raven with his head and tail cut off, to signify that the first and last letters are omitted, won't pass. — One of E. E. W.'s diamonds, with the definitions tinkered, will answer. — There is too much dispute about the spelling of the jaw-breakers which Kuriosibhoj sends to allow of their use in a drop letter. — Fritz's rebus is very simple, and we alter it.

Architect sends a charade which is good enough to publish. When puzzles are misnamed we correct them. — Wm. M. Low's rebus is very well done. — Laurie Lance, one a month; besides, "virtoo" is no defence, and "life is low but art is tall." — Very sorry we cannot pass the rebus by Neighbor Fynes; but he defines a blow with a verb; the picture would be "striking," no doubt; and the kiss would be "kissing," which our girls don't allow. We have said so much against this style of symbol that we must stick to the text. — Niagara's anagrams are very good; the prize is given to what the editor considers the best puzzle, without regard to the kind. — Timonax has a verbal symbol in his otherwise clever rebus; it is "biting" or "bites," not "bite." — Meg Dods is patient, but his last rebus is no better. "Do on to all men" is not the idea, and "men" can't be made of "mn." — Leopold's square goes to the printer. — Authors, by Rusticus, is accepted. — Jeemaja comes with a pretty rebus, but we can't swallow that eel, beheaded and curtailed so as to leave only the middle e.

We take Throttle Valve's rebus, with a little change, for we don't like the "thin g." Perhaps there are three hundred amateur papers in the country; but we only guess at it. — Man Friday writes with a pencil, and his puzzles are very crude: don't spread yourself over so much ground, Friday, and do your work better. — We assure Caxton we do not object to a good, hearty growl when the growlist thinks he has a sore head. We freely "pardon" all who do it, even when they are not so reasonable as our correspondent. The artist shall see the rebus. — From what we accept, Louis M., the printer uses all he can find space for in the Head Work of that number. The word, pieced out with a consonant, is not admissible; the poet's middle name, or initial, is omitted in the acrostic; and in the enigma too many letters are repeated. Try again. — Tyro's spelling is so much at fault that we are really afraid of his head work; besides, he is careless in the omission of letters and words. — Soldier Boy's puzzles are both good, but the drop letters are novel, and we take them.

E. S. C. asks us to publish the Army and Navy series in the Magazine, for the benefit of a good many readers. What an idea! We should as soon think of publishing Robinson Crusoe. They are old stories now. — Buckshot fires twice this month, as he feared. Our health is very good, thanks to the fresh western air, and we can stand almost anything just now. — The principal parts of Ajax's rebus have been used in this Magazine. — Scymie's diamond will pass; Smith's Classical Dictionary is the old standard work, and is as complete as any. — One of Eureka's rebuses goes to the artist. — Medley goes to Cornell, and sends some rebusticated head workers, two of which we save. — You can't make "planet" out of "plain T," Laurie. — Sphinx sends a double diamond; we had some doubt about the propriety of the word with the prefix, but we have come to the conclusion that it is allowable, and we send the puzzle to the printer. — We have not seen "The Oakleaf." — A. T. B.'s charade shall take its chance. — Am. A. Ture asks, "How or what would be the best way to start an amature paper?" First, learn to spell; second, learn to write English; third, purchase type and press; fourth, learn to set type; fifth, learn to do press work; sixth, get out the paper; seventh, "consolidate." Some amateurs learn to blackguard others; but this is not a necessary part of the business. The double acrostic will do very well.

OUR LETTER WRITERS.

[For the use of subscribers and regular purchasers only, who should state that they are such. Addresses on postal cards are not inserted, and only one name from each letter. No advertisements admitted here.]

Fred J. McGill, Lockport, N. Y. (stamps, birds' eggs, and coins). — F. Ray Vincent, Columbus, Ind. (fun and mutual improvement). — J. F. Kelley, Jr., Box 193, Washington, D. C. (stamps, amateurs, and fun). — C. R. Fiske, Georgetown, Colo. (young mechanics). — Charles E. Avery, Jr., 12 Columbia St., La Fayette, Ind. (eggs, stamps, and coins). — Fred H. Scroggs, 37 Main St., Galesburg, Ill. (stamps). — Russell Stiles, 973 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. — Meg Dods, Lock Box 61, Washington, D. C. (our original puzzlers). — W. H. Danforth, Plymouth, Mass. (autographs). — James Marrion, 104 Varick St. — George E. Smith, Tiverton, R. I. (amateurs and fun). — Ames E. McIntyre, Ellenville, Ulster Co., N. Y. (fun and improvement). — Edmund Garrigues, Massillon, Ohio (with a violinist). — F. S. Wood, Batavia, N. Y. (autographs).



EDITORIAL.



PIGEONS.

WE were reading in a daily paper, not long ago, that a pigeon roost had been discovered at Preston, Minnesota, nine miles in length and three in breadth. This statement we should have put down at once for what the poet Goldsmith would have called "a bounce," if we had not read something like it several times before.

Audubon, the celebrated ornithologist, gives some interesting facts about pigeons in his *Birds of America*; and from this work we borrow a few lines. But the full description will be found exceedingly interesting, and can be read in Underwood's *American Authors*.

Wild pigeons — or passenger pigeons, as they are more appropriately called — fly with great rapidity, and have been known to fly for several hours at the rate of a mile in a minute.

Possibly the number of wild pigeons is decreasing in this country; but they must still be very numerous in the woods of the great west. At any rate, the most trustworthy account of their numbers, a few years ago, would doubtless appear fabulous to most of our readers. Audubon's description of what he saw on the banks of the Ohio, on his way to Louisville, in 1813, is almost beyond belief.

He observed pigeons flying in greater numbers than he had ever seen before, and so he dismounted, and thought he would keep an account of the number of flocks that passed in sight in one hour, by making dots on a piece of paper. But they began to come so fast that after twenty-one minutes he gave up the undertaking, and found, on counting the dots he had made, that one hundred and sixty-three flocks had passed in that time.

Soon the air became literally filled with these birds, and the light of the sun was shut out.

When Audubon reached Louisville, a little before sunset, the pigeons were still passing as thickly as ever; and they continued going at this rate for three days.

Crowds of men and boys, armed with guns,

lined the banks of the Ohio, where the birds flew lower than usual, and were constantly shooting them as they passed. Immense numbers were killed in this way, but this did not seem to thin them out in the least.

Towards night, when pigeons have fed on nuts, acorns, or whatever else they can find to eat, they are accustomed to start for their roosting-place, which is sometimes many miles distant. Our author had frequently visited one of these curious roosting-places on the banks of the Green River, in Kentucky. It was where the trees were very large, and where there was very little undergrowth; its length was upwards of forty miles, and its average breadth was more than three. Audubon visited it about a fortnight after the pigeons began to roost there. He reached the spot about two hours before sunset.

Many trees two feet in diameter were, to borrow his own words, "broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception.

"As night approached, men began to arrive, some with iron pots containing sulphur, others with pine torches, some with poles, some with guns, all eager to take as many pigeons as they could dispose of. Shortly after the sun disappeared the birds began to arrive by thousands, and alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads were formed on the branches all around.

"Here and there the perches gave way under the weight, with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout, to those persons that were nearest to me. Even the reports of guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing by the shooters reloading."

As the uproar continued through the night, Audubon sent off a man to see how far the

noise could be heard; and the man declared, on his return, that he could hear it distinctly three miles away.

When it grew light the next morning, and all the pigeons that were able to fly were gone, the howlings of the wolves were heard; and foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums, and polecats were seen making off; while eagles, hawks, and a crowd of vultures came in for their share of the spoils.

TOUGH GLASS.

FEW products of human industry are more wonderful than glass. Its transparency and its clearness render it one of the most precious of substances. Still one great defect has clung to it through the four or five thousand years that it has been known among men—the least blow, often a mere shock, breaks it in pieces. For ages men have tried to remedy this defect in glass without destroying its good qualities.

The story goes that once upon a time a Roman slave had succeeded in rendering glass elastic. Delighted with his new discovery, he went to find the Emperor Tiberius, and offered him a vase made of this new glass, expecting to receive a valuable present, or perhaps his freedom.

The experiments with the new glass appeared to be of the most satisfactory kind; the vase was thrown upon the floor; not only did it not break, but it received a bruise which, much to the surprise of the emperor, the slave smoothed over with a blow or two with his hammer.

"Do you alone know this secret?" asked the emperor.

"I alone know it," replied the slave.

The emperor made a sign to one of his guards, and before the poor slave had time to suspect anything, his head rolled upon the floor.

Of course the courtiers of Tiberius tried to excuse him by saying that their master was afraid his gold and silver vases, which made up a large part of his wealth, would depreciate in value if elastic glass should come into use. At any rate, if there is any truth in this story, the slave carried his secret with him, and this discovery has not been made again.

The *savant* Réaumur succeeded, by means of certain processes, in giving glass great strength, but unfortunately its transparency and clearness were lost.

But finally, as the French claim, a Frenchman, Alfred de la Bastie, has found out the secret so long sought. His invention consists in tempering, in a particular bath, any piece of glass ware, after having heated it to a high temperature. Glass thus tempered preserves all its good qualities, but acquires a power of resistance fifty times greater than it ordinarily has.

This discovery was received at first with little faith; but numerous experiments are said fully to have proved the reality of this marvellous invention.

Glass watch-crystals, tempered in this way, we are told, have been thrown to the height of twenty or twenty-five feet, and have fallen on the floor without breaking. A glass plate, without water, was held over a spirit-lamp for a long time, and did not crack. An experimenter took two glasses of equal thickness, one tempered and the other untempered; he placed them in a frame which raised them from the ground, and let a copper weight fall on one after the other. The unprepared glass was broken by a fall of the weight through a distance of some thirteen inches, while the same weight falling more than thirteen feet upon the tempered glass did not crack it. More than this, the copper weight had left a metallic mark upon the glass; that is to say, the glass had been dented.

The uses of glass are already almost innumerable. In houses even of the poorest people we find at least looking-glasses, dishes, and windows made of this substance. Without it we should have no telescopes, no thermometers, no green-houses. We know of no other material that can be used for purposes more unlike than for making false pearls, and for constructing a crystal palace. Indeed, it would require many pages of this Magazine just to enumerate the many and various uses to which glass has already been put; and now, by this new discovery, the catalogue will probably be largely increased.

The tempered glass has already been tried as a roofing material, and bids fair to work better than the strongest tiles, to say nothing of slate.

M. de la Bastie, in his experiments, let fall a weight through a distance of six and a half feet, upon a French tile, such as is used for roofing: the tile was broken by the blow. But a plate of tempered glass, half an inch thick, stood the shock when the same weight fell nearly twelve feet.

Henceforth we shall no longer be able to say "brittle as glass."

BE HAPPY AS WE CAN.

J. H. TOWNY.

Vivace.

1. This

Piano-Forte.

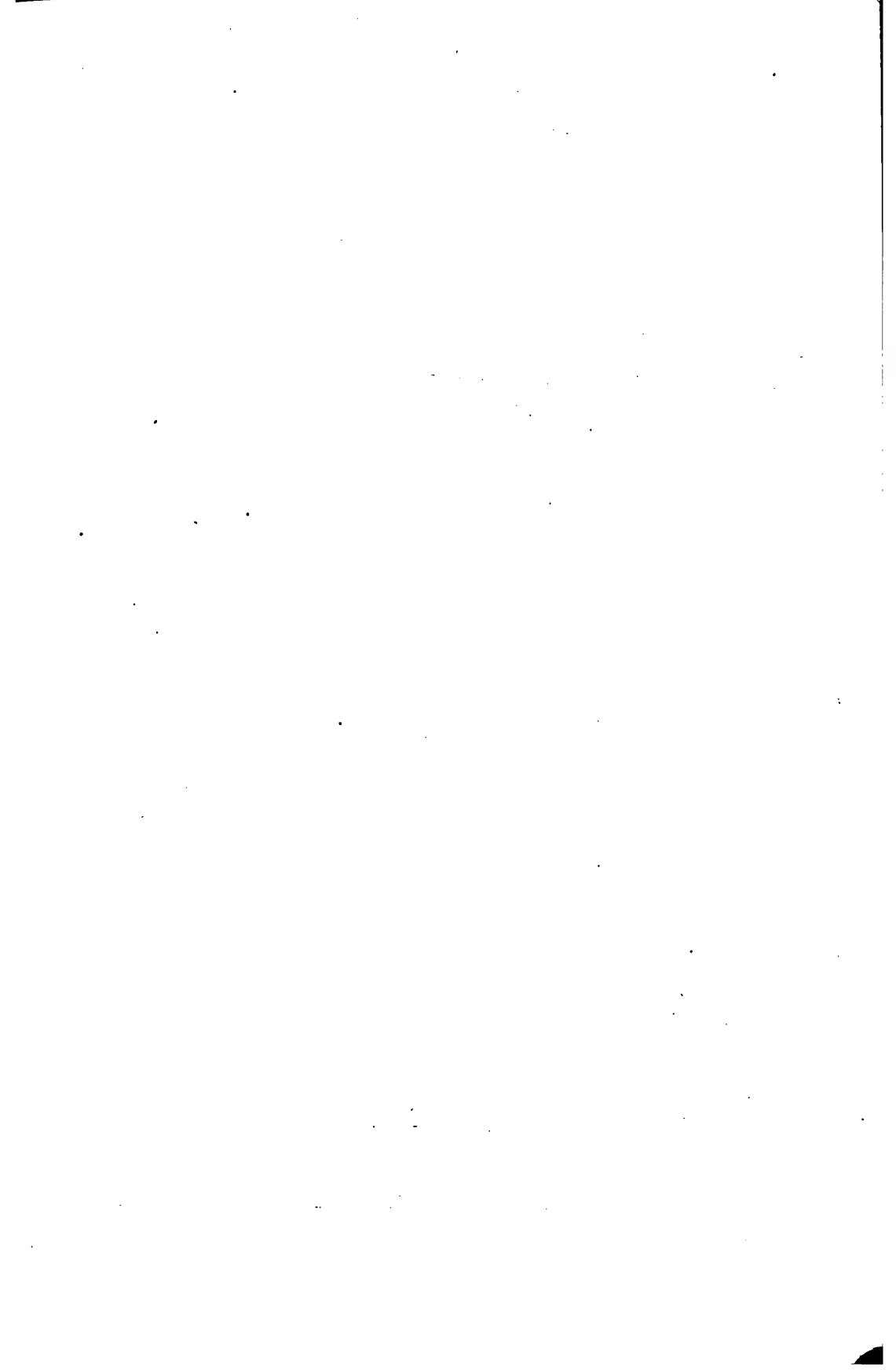
life is not all sunshine, Nor is it yet all showers; But

storms and calms al - ter - nate, As thorns among the flowers; And

while we seek the ro - ses, The thorns full oft we scan; Still

let us, though they wound us, Be hap - py as we can.

- 2 This life has heavy crosses,
 As well as joys to share,
 And griefs and disappointments,
 Which you and I must bear;
 Yet, if Misfortune's lava
 Entombs Hope's dearest plan,
 Let us, with what is left us,
 Be happy as we can.
- 8 The sun of our enjoyment
 Is made of little things,
 As oft the broadest rivers
 Are formed from smallest springs;
 By treasuring small waters
 The rivers reach their span;
 So we increase our pleasures,
 Enjoying what we can.
- 4 There may be burning deserts
 Through which our feet may go,
 But there are giv'n oases
 Where pleasant palm-trees grow;
 And if we may not follow
 The path our hearts would plan,
 Let us make all around us
 As happy as we can.





OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

No. 268.



I WORKED THE BOAT DOWN TILL HER STERN WAS AFLOAT. Page 808.

GOING WEST; OR, THE PERILS OF A POOR BOY.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XXI.

A USELESS DISCUSSION.

I HAVE no doubt that Captain Boomsby honestly believed that he owned me, body and soul; that all I had, all that was given to me, all that I earned, all that I wore, or had in my possession, however I came by it, be-

longed to him. The suggestion of the landlord that he intended to rob me, the captain considered as absurd as it was startling, beyond a question. I think the captain really believed that I had no rights of any kind which he was bound to respect. Possibly he did not consider himself at liberty to kill me, at least not for any ordinary offence; but anything short of this, in the way of discipline, was entirely proper. With this view of my relations to him, Captain Boomsby was evidently surprised at any interference from the landlord; and I knew that he had no taste for a fight with any one except a boy or a cripple.

"Rob this young gentleman!" exclaimed

the captain; and the charge of an attempt to rob was hardly less offensive than calling me a "young gentleman."

"It seems to me that is what you were going to do," added Mr. Van Eyck. "You were going to take his money away from him by force. You can't do anything of that sort in my house. The young gentleman is under my protection."

"The young gentleman!" gasped my tyrant; and, on the whole, I think that this term applied to me was rather worse than being accused of an attempt to plunder me. "Do you mean that boy?"

"Of course I do: he was the one you were going to rob."

"Do you call him a young gentleman?"

"I do. He behaves like a gentleman; and that's more than I can say of you."

Captain Boomsby winced. The idea of contrasting his conduct with mine!

"Do you know what that boy is?" demanded he, his indignation beginning to get the better of his surprise.

"I only know that he is a guest in my house, and he shall be treated like a gentleman," retorted the landlord.

"A gentleman! Why, he is a hand before the mast in my vessel—the schooner *Great West*."

"Perhaps he is; I don't care anything about that. If he looks like a gentleman and behaves like one, he is just as good as the governor of New York in this hotel."

"That boy belongs to me," added Captain Boomsby.

"Belongs to you! Are you his father?"

"No; I'm not his father; but I'm his guardeen. I took him out of the poor-house; and he's to work for me for his board and clothes till he's twenty-one."

"I don't know you, sir."

"That boy knows me, if you don't."

"I don't know anything about the case, and don't care. If the young gentleman wants to go to New York with you, I don't prevent him from doing so," said the landlord.

"But you want to prevent me from taking him with me," growled my tyrant. "He's got a lot of money that b'longs to me."

"Did you give it to him?"

"That don't make no difference. What he's got belongs to me."

"I don't know you; and all I've got to say is, that you can't meddle with the young gentleman in my house."

"But I tell you I'm his guardeen," protested Captain Boomsby.

"Can you prove it? Have you any papers to show for it?" demanded the landlord, rather impatiently.

"Of course I don't carry my papers with me, for I didn't know he was going to run away."

"It's no use to say anything more about it. I don't know you; and I shall see that no harm comes to the young gentleman while he is in my hotel."

"I've come up here after this boy; and I'm not going back without him," added my tyrant, obstinately; and I did not believe he would, if he could possibly avoid it.

"You can do as you like about that," said the landlord. "The young gentleman was brought here by Mr. Buckminster, one of the richest and most influential men in Newburgh; and I'm responsible to him for the young gentleman."

"I don't know nothin' about Mr. Buckminster; and I don't care how rich he is. He ain't rich enough to tread me under his heel," blustered the captain.

"He wants to see you, Captain Boomsby," I interposed.

"Who wants to see me?"

"Mr. Buckminster."

"What does he want of me?"

"He would like to pay you something for releasing me."

"Do you hear that?" demanded Captain Boomsby, turning to the landlord. "Don't that look as though the boy belonged to me?"

"I don't pretend to settle the rights of the case," replied Mr. Van Eyck. "You can't meddle with the young gentleman in my house. If Mr. Buckminster wants to see you, I'll send for him to come down here and meet you."

"I don't want to see him: I've nothing to do with him. The boy belongs to me, and I want him—that's all."

"Perhaps he will buy out your interest in the young man," suggested the landlord, taking his cue from what I had said.

"He will pay you a lot of money to release me," I added, hoping to reach him through his cupidity.

"Don't talk to me, Sandy," said he, fixing a savage glance upon me. "I don't want to sell out! After what's happened, this man hain't got money enough to buy me out. We hain't settled up old scores yet. It's got out all over Gloss'n'b'ry that my boy's a thief through your goin's on, you rascal."

"He stole the money; I didn't do it; and it's his own fault. You had me arrested for it, and Nicholas confessed before the justice that

he took the quarter," I replied, more for the information of the landlord than because I wished to provoke my tyrant.

"It was all your doin's, any way. Then folks say you got the better o' me, and made me let you alone. I don't let you go till I get even with you," said the captain, shaking his head to emphasize his wrath.

This was a new revelation to me. I was not aware that my tyrant was suffering from "the speech of people," on account of what had transpired in the court and in the barn; but what he said was a sufficient key to his savage treatment of me on board of the Great West. His involuntary explanation, made in his anger, only increased my repugnance to return with him to the vessel. I was determined not to do so, and I was confirmed in my opinion that the negotiation which Mr. Buckminster proposed would result in no good to me.

"Don't you be impudent to me, Sandy," said the captain, in reply to my plain and simple statement of the facts. "The day of reck'nin's comin', and the more you pile up, the wus it will be for you."

I had no doubt of this, if he succeeded in getting me away from my new friend; and I made no reply.

"This thing has gone far enough," interposed the landlord.

"You have heard what he says, landlord, and you can judge from his talk that he's my boy," replied Captain Boomsby, considerably excited. "I want the money in his pocket that belongs to me, and then I want him."

"I must go down stairs and attend to my business, and I don't want to hear any more of it," added Mr Van Eyck.

"You can go," sneered the captain.

"This room belongs to the young gentleman, and you must leave it," said the landlord, very decidedly.

"Leave it? Leave that boy to get away from me? Not if I know myself," protested the captain.

"Well, sir, if I know myself, you don't stay here more than one minute longer," retorted the landlord, rolling up his sleeves, with a very decided indication of business. "If I have to put you out, I shall hand you over to the police for disturbing my house."

"That's rather rough," added Captain Boomsby, more mildly.

"Mr. Buckminster has the charge of the young gentleman. He brought him here, and I don't know anybody but him in this business. If you want to see him, I'll send for him; and that's all I can do," continued Mr. Van Eyck,

placing himself directly in front of my tyrant.

"Well, I guess I'd better see him," added the captain, unwillingly adopting the only safe alternative, and backing out of the room.

"You should always lock your door, young man," said the landlord, significantly, as he followed the visitor out of the room.

I immediately locked the door, and realized that I was alone again. Though I was now well dressed, and had money in my pocket, I felt that I was still a poor boy, and never in greater peril than at this moment, for nothing could possibly be more terrible to me than being carried back to the Great West and the miseries of my former home. The landlord would send for Mr. Buckminster; but, as that gentleman had told me, he had an engagement, and the chances were that the messenger would not find him. Even if he did, I had no hope that any good result would come of the interview. What should I do? This was the most interesting question I could put to myself. I was under the impression that Captain Boomsby had the legal right to take me away with him, though I knew little or nothing about law.

I had already said enough in the presence of Mr. Van Eyck to satisfy any one that I had lived with the captain; and I was afraid he would be able to make out a case against me, in spite of Mr. Buckminster and the landlord. Though I could not understand how the case was to be brought to an issue, I had the idea that it was to be settled somewhere, and by authority. If Captain Boomsby insisted upon taking me away by the eight o'clock train, a row was inevitable, for the landlord was plucky enough to interfere. He had spoken of the police, which suggested the course of proceeding, and my tyrant might be able to make out his case. I did not like the situation, present or prospective.

But I had not been alone five minutes before some one tried the door and found that it was locked. I wondered who it could be. The knob had not been rudely grasped, as Captain Boomsby would have done it; and I concluded that it was the landlord, who had come up again to see that I was still secure. I waited a moment, and then I heard a gentle knock on the door. My tyrant would not have knocked so softly as that; he would have hit the panel as he chopped wood. He would have done it in the imperative mood. I thought, therefore, that it was the landlord, coming to tell me what to do next. Very likely he had come to take me to some secure place where Captain

Boomsby could not find me. He could lead me down the back stairs, and send me to the house of some friend until Mr. Buckminster and my tyrant had settled the business. I was so sure I had correctly divined the intentions of Mr. Van Eyck, that I put on my hat and took my bag in my hand, so that there should not be an instant's delay on my part in carrying out his plan. I opened the door.

I had made a wretched blunder. It was Captain Boomsby. I had forgotten that he was as cunning as he was cruel and malicious. Though I opened the door very cautiously, and only a few inches, the great cow-hide boot of the captain was instantly placed against it, so that I could not close it again. In spite of my efforts to prevent him from doing so, he pushed the door open, and I was compelled to retreat towards the window. My tyrant entered the chamber, closed and locked the door behind him; then he paused and bestowed upon me a glance of malicious triumph.

"Sandy, you are going back to New York with me to-night," said he.

"Do you think so?" I replied, not knowing what else to say.

"I know it. The landlord has gone off somewhere, after that Mr. Buckminster, I reckon. You won't be here when he comes back. You'll go down those stairs, and out the front door, down to the ferry. If you don't do it, I'll choke the life out of you!" he added; and I never saw him look quite so savage. "Will you do it, or shall I shake you up a little first?"

I concluded neither to do it nor to be shaken up. I sprang out the window upon the piazza, and ran upon the roof to the farthest end of it. I did not stop to see whether Captain Boomsby followed me, for I turned a corner and lost sight of him. I heard him call upon me to stop, but I did not heed him.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE YOUNG BOATMAN.

I HAD turned two corners, and reached the rear of the hotel. From the piazza I jumped down two feet upon a shed, the eaves of which were not more than six feet from the ground. I dropped my bag, and was preparing to follow it, when I heard a tremendous crash of pine boards, as though the whole piazza, over which I had just passed, had been broken down; but this was not the case, for what I could see of it was still in position. I did not deem it prudent, however, to delay my escape; and, sliding off the eaves of the shed, to the great peril

of my new clothes, I "hung off," reaching the solid earth in safety.

I found myself in the back-yard of the hotel, where the wood-pile, the swill-tub, and the dirt-barrel were kept. I had no business with these things; and, assuring myself that no one had followed me on the piazza, I hastened to the gate in the board fence, which opened into the street running at right angles with the one on which was the front of the hotel.

It was a narrow thoroughfare, and appeared to be deserted. I stepped out at the gate, and crossed this street. I saw that quite a crowd had gathered in front of the house, and the first person I recognized was the landlord. He was excitedly pointing to the roof of the piazza, and, looking up, I saw what had occasioned the crash I had heard. In the roof was a great ragged hole, beneath the window of my room.

When I walked over that piazza it had occurred to me that it was a very shaky structure, for the boards creaked and yielded under my feet, as though I had weighed a ton. It was evidently built in the frailest manner, and only to keep the sun off the people below. It was simply boarded up and down, with battens over the cracks. In the crowd I saw Captain Boomsby, in whose face the landlord was shaking the fist of his left arm, while he pointed at the break above with the other. It was plain to me then that my tyrant had followed me out the window. He was heavier than I, and had probably stepped less gently. The slender roof had caved in beneath him, dropping him upon the platform below. I inferred that the landlord had not gone away, as the captain said he had, doubtless intending to deceive me.

I was so interested in this scene, I forgot, for the moment, that I was a fugitive. No one noticed me, for everybody was listening to the animated dialogue between the landlord and my late visitor. Among the crowd I saw a man whom I supposed to be a policeman. I wanted to hear what was said, and I crossed the narrow street again, in order to secure a position at the corner of the hotel, where I could beat a hasty retreat if necessary.

"I tell you that was my boy. He belongs to me!" said my tyrant.

"You broke into his room, and tried to rob him of his money!" replied the landlord, warmly. "You had no more business there than you had in my chamber."

"The boy belongs to me, and that's enough," retorted the captain. "Tain't no use to talk of robbing him. But while you're jawing here, he's getting away from me."

"Don't let him go, officer," protested Mr. Van Eyck, as the captain attempted to break through the crowd.

I saw the policeman, or whatever he was, put his hand on my tyrant's shoulder.

"Are you going to take me up?" demanded Captain Boomsby.

"You broke into that room in the hotel," said the officer.

"No, I didn't; my boy let me in."

"He would have taken the young man's money away from him by force, if I hadn't interfered," added the landlord.

"I had a right to take it from him," answered the captain. "I want the boy; he'll tell you how it is."

"I don't want my guests driven out of the hotel by people who have no right in the house. Mr. Buckminster brought the boy to me; and he's the one that saved his daughter when she fell overboard in New York this morning," continued the landlord.

"Mr. Constable, you'd better look up the boy, and then you'll find it's all right," persisted the captain.

Though I was very much interested in the dispute, I did not consider it prudent for me to remain and hear any more of it. I retreated up the narrow street leading away from the river. I soon came to a broader avenue, in which a considerable number of people were passing to and fro. They took no notice of me, and did not seem to suspect that I had just escaped from a great peril. I did not tell them, but taking my place in the crowd, I walked along towards the north. I was not going anywhere in particular, my only motive being to get as far away as possible from Captain Boomsby. I travelled at a rapid rate, looking behind me occasionally, to assure myself that the captain of the Great West was not following me. I did not see either him or the landlord, or any one who appeared to be the least concerned about my affairs. It seemed to me Mr. Van Eyck had made out so good a case that the officer would have to commit Captain Boomsby for "breaking and entering," though he had certainly broken out rather than in.

I did not worry about what would become of my tyrant. I was satisfied that, if arrested, Mr. Buckminster would procure his release in the morning, if not before, for there was no malice in his nature, and he would know that the captain's story was true, as the officer seemed to suspect it was. I was sorry not to see my kind friend again; but I dared not attempt to visit him, or to wait till he came to

the hotel for me the next day. I had been compelled to take this decisive step, and I felt that my only safety was in flight. After I had walked a while, I saw that there was a road on the bank of the river below me. I was out of the central part of the city, and the houses were now quite scattered. I crossed to the river road, and continued to walk towards the north.

I could not help comparing my condition with what it was when I found myself on board of the steamer, after I had saved Miss Buckminster. I was neatly and comfortably clothed, with shoes on my feet, a hat on my head, and a bag in my hand. I had thirteen dollars in cash in my pocket, and, as long as I was out of Captain Boomsby's reach, it did not make much difference to me that I was a fugitive. I had no crime on my conscience.

But I could not remain long without a purpose; and as I trudged on my way, I could not help thinking that I was headed towards Albany. I thought of the Great West—not the schooner, but the country; and very soon it was impressed upon my mind that I was GOING WEST. I had had this region in my mind when I first thought of breaking away from the cruel slavery in which I had lived from my early childhood. I was "going west," and this idea was soon so firmly fixed in my mind that I thought no more of the events which had transpired in Newburgh. Forgetting the past, I looked forward to a bright future in the land of promise.

I had gone but a short distance after I realized that I had a new purpose, when my attention was attracted by a sail-boat which appeared to have been thrown almost out of the water, on the gravelly shore of the river. By her bow was a boy, about my own age, who seemed to be greatly perplexed, and I concluded that he had run her ashore by accident. He was very well dressed, and his face was so white and delicate, I concluded that he was some gentleman's son. I stopped in the road to look at him for a moment, and conjecture what his trouble was, if I could. I saw him put his shoulder to the bow of the boat and try to push her off, but she was too heavy for his strength. I was out of talking distance of him, and I walked down the slope to the shore.

"What's the matter, my boy?" I asked.

"I can't get my boat off," he replied, with an anxious glance at me.

"She's almost high and dry; how did you get her so far out of the water?"

"I suppose I got frightened," he answered,

with rather a sickly smile. "The wind was blowing very hard, and I thought she was going to tip over. I steered for the shore; and when the boat began to grate on the bottom, a big steamer came along, and her swash carried me up here. She stuck, and I can't move her."

"If the wind blows too hard for you, why don't you let her remain where she is?" I suggested.

"It don't blow quite so hard as it did, I think; but I wish I had some one with me that knew more about a boat than I do."

"Why do you come out in a boat if you don't know how to manage her?"

"I do know how pretty well; but somehow she didn't work just right to-day. I don't think I was ever out when it blew so hard as it did half an hour ago. I have sailed the boat up and down the river a great deal, and thought I knew all about her."

"Where do you live?"

"In that white house down the river," he replied, pointing to an elegant mansion on the other side.

"What's your name?" I continued, perhaps with more "Down East" curiosity than I ought to have manifested:

"Ellis Dykeman. What's yours?"

"Mine's Alick Duddleton," I replied, choosing a new short name for myself; but I was sorry a moment later that I had given my name.

"Where are you going, Alick?" he asked, apparently ready to make friends with me at once.

"Up the river," I replied.

"Are you going on foot?" he inquired, with more interest than I thought the occasion required.

"I was going to walk till I came to a ferry."

"You will walk a long way before you come to one, going in that direction."

"If you want to put this craft into the water, I'll help you, my boy," I added. "Between us both, I guess we can float her."

"I was going to get her into the water, and then wait till the wind didn't blow quite so hard as it does now," said he, rather doubtfully, as he looked at the white caps on the river; and it seemed to have breezed up a little more since I joined him.

"It don't blow hard at all, my lad," I replied.

"It blows too hard for me," he added, shaking his head. "But the tide is going out, and I want to get the boat into the water before it is any lower."

"All right, Ellis, my hearty," I continued,

putting my bag on a rock. "Have you an anchor on board of your craft?"

"Of course I have. I wouldn't go to sea without an anchor."

"Go to sea! Do you call it going to sea to sail on this river?"

"It's all the same thing."

He threw over the anchor, and I stuck one of the flukes into the gravel, so as to prevent the boat from going adrift when she was launched.

"Is your cable fast?" I asked.

"My what?"

"Your cable, the anchor rope."

"Oh! Yes."

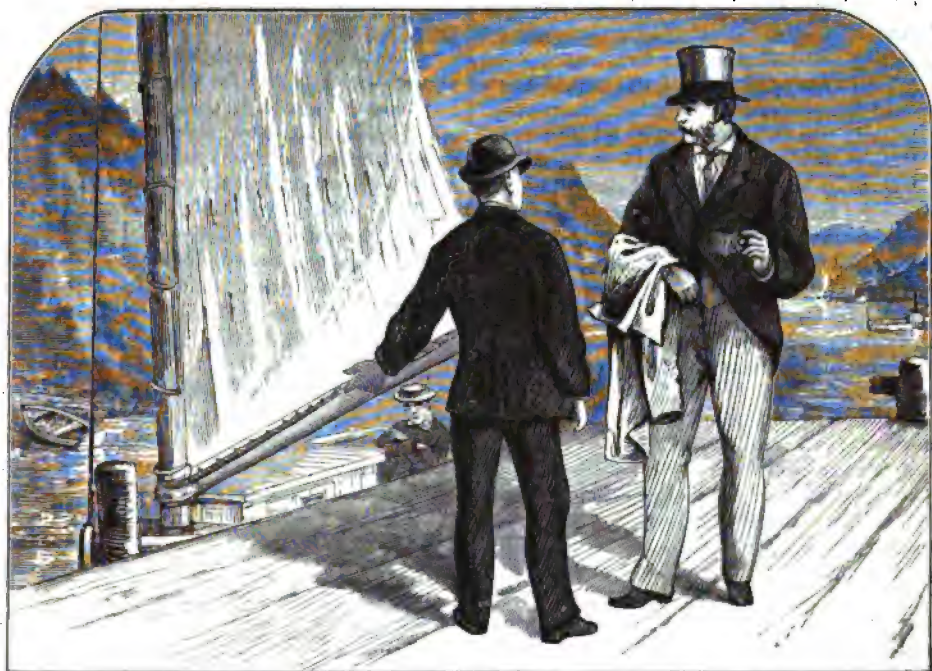
We placed our shoulders at the bow of the boat; but she was too much even for both of us. I found a piece of joist on the beach, and using this as a lever, I worked the boat down till her stern was afloat; and then we easily shoved her off. The shore was very bold, so that we could step into her from the dry ground; and I was the first to do so, for I wanted to examine the craft.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GRAND EXPEDITION.

THE sail-boat was a finer craft than I had ever seen before. She was sloop-rigged, about twenty feet long, and eight feet beam — rather too large for a boy of Ellis Dykeman's strength to handle easily. Forward she had a good-sized cuddy, or cabin, in which were two berths, with regular beds all made up in them; and this seemed like a piece of nonsense to me. The standing room was rather small for a craft of her length, the space which properly belonged to it having been given to the cuddy, where it was less needed. She was lined with hard wood of different colors, and richly ornamented with brass work. I liked the shape of the boat very much, for she looked as though she would sail fast, and keep right side up.

When I had looked her over on deck and in the standing room, I crawled into the cuddy. Though it took up so much of the boat's space, it was still not very large. Pursuing my investigations, I found this cabin was filled up in every locker and vacant space with provisions and stores. Paper bags filled with ship-biscuit, crackers, and baker's bread, bundles of beefsteak, mutton chops, fish, ham, and vegetables, were deposited in every available space. Forward of the mast were an open furnace and a keg of charcoal, which might be used on shore or on deck for cooking, but not in the cuddy without stifling the steward. On one of the berths were an overcoat and a shawl, and under it was a pair of rubber boots.



"ELLIE!" EJACULATED THE ANXIOUS FATHER. Page 813.

It seemed to me that the boat was provisioned for a three weeks' cruise; and I could not imagine for what purpose all these eatables were provided. The young boatman was almost within hail of his own home, and did not dare to sail her in even a tolerably stiff breeze. However, the boat was a beautiful craft, and I could not help admiring her. Small as she was, she had a little horizontal wheel for steering apparatus, which was a new thing to me, and so strange that I spent some time in examining it.

"Well, how do you like her, Alick?" asked the boatman.

"First rate; nothing could be better," I replied. "Who owns her?"

"I do."

"You? You mean your father."

"No, I don't. My father gave her to me last summer as a birthday present."

"Do you sail her yourself?"

"Sometimes I do; but the boatman is generally with me."

I thought so, but I did not care to undervalue his ability by saying so.

"Why did you come out without him when the wind was so fresh?" I asked.

"I didn't know it blew so hard. Don't you think it blows too hard for her now?"

"Not a bit of it! I'll sail her for you, if you like," I volunteered.

"Do you know how?"

"Do I? I'm a sailor."

I might have added that all sailors were by no means boatmen; but I was both, for I had had considerable experience in managing sail-boats, and I believed I understood the business as well as any yachtman.

"All right, Alick; I should like to have you very much," added Ellis, coming on board of the Seabird, for that was her name, though there is not much pickle in the Hudson above West Point.

I took off the stops of the mainsail, which were tied up in "granny knots," and, with the assistance of Ellis, hoisted the sail. We got in the anchor, and while the boatman was stowing it forward I hoisted the jib, and got under way. The boat darted off like a race-horse under the influence of the fresh breeze. The wind was north-west, and I let off the sheet till I had the Seabird before it. The way she spun along astonished me, for I had never handled one of these fast boats, or even been in one.

"I don't want to go this way," said Ellis, vehemently, rising from the cuddy, where he had been stowing away the anchor.

"Didn't you say that white house was your father's?" I asked, pointing to the mansion on the other side and down the river.

"That's my house; but I don't want to go home," he protested warmly.

"Don't you? Where do you want to go?"
"Up the river."

"But, my hearty, it's almost dark, and you won't get home till late if you go up the river," I remonstrated.

"I don't care; I want to go up the river," insisted the young boatman.

"All right, my lad. This boat is yours, and you shall go where you please in her," I replied, putting down the helm, and hauling in the sheet.

"That's what I want," added Ellis Dyke-man. "I'm bound up the river."

As the river bears a little to the eastward above Newburgh, I found I could lay a course, and still have the Seabird go tolerably free. As the wind was flawy, I held the sheet, with a turn over the cleat, in one hand, and managed the horizontal wheel with the other. I got the hang of the steering gear in a few moments, and liked it very much. It was nothing but fun to handle that craft; and it seemed to me that I could do it all night without winking.

"She works like a top," I said, as the boat dashed rapidly on her course up the river, the spray flying over her bows.

"She is a nice boat," replied Ellis; but I suspected from his tone and manner that he did not feel quite at home in her.

It was simply lively sailing, yet, to one not much accustomed to a boat, it was too exciting to be enjoyable. The Seabird jumped a little, and tossed considerable water about her forward deck; but it was nothing to what I had seen many a time off Glossenbury harbor.

"Don't you think we are going it a little too fast?" asked Ellis, after he had watched the motion of the boat for a while.

"The faster the better," I replied, with a laugh.

"She was doing it this way when I ran up to the shore," he added, rather timidly.

"She is going along first rate: she couldn't do any better."

"But she is so uneasy, and jerks so! And see what a lot of water is pouring over her!"

"That's nothing: every good boat picks up some water when she is on the wind, or nearly so," I explained. "I shouldn't ask for anything better than this."

"You say you are a sailor?"

"Of course I am; I have been out of sight of land most of the time for the last week."

"All right; go ahead. I suppose if you can stand it I can."

"This is nothing but baby-sailing, Ellis. If you are going to run the Seabird, you mustn't mind anything of this sort. Your boat will stand twice as much weather as she is getting now. She is a good sea-boat, too, and won't make much of a row in a heavy swell."

"She's a life-boat," added the boatman.

"How's that?"

"She has five copper air-tanks, so that she would not sink with six men in her, if she were full of water."

"Then I should be willing to cross the ocean in her. I shouldn't care if it was a little damp, as long as I had something under me to stand on."

"You can't sink her."

"I shall not try. She is the prettiest boat, by all odds, that I ever handled," I replied, though that was not saying much. "You are bound up the river, Ellis; but where are you going?"

"To Albany," replied he, decidedly; and I realized that my talk had fully reassured him in regard to the boat.

"To Albany? Do you mean so?"

"Of course I do."

"Did you intend to run this boat to Albany yourself?" I asked, amazed at the imprudence of the boy, when he was afraid of a white cap or the easy-jumping of the boat.

"I did; but I intended to anchor or lay up at the side of the river when it blew as hard as it does now."

"You are a rough old salt," I added, laughing.

"Perhaps I am; but I am glad I fell in with you. I think you are a first-rate sailor."

"Thank you, Ellis. A fellow needn't be very salt to handle a boat on this river."

"I'm not going to stop on this river."

"I should have thought a bold fellow like you would go the other way, and head your craft out to sea."

"The salt water don't suit me very well. I've been studying geography this last winter, and when I had to tell my tutor how a boat could go from New York city to Chicago, I wanted to try it myself; and I am going to do so."

"Do you mean that you are going to Chicago in this boat?" I asked, confounded by the enterprise of the young boatman.

"I'm going to try it, any how."

"Which way are you going?"

"Through Erie Canal, to Lake Erie, and by the great lakes the rest of the way," he replied, coolly.

It seemed to me that Ellis Dykeman was a juvenile lunatic. I was afraid the study of geography had turned his brain. But I remembered that I had imagined just such a voyage myself while I was studying geography. I had thought that I should like to go in a boat from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through the rivers, lakes, and canals, to the Gulf of Mexico; but the idea had never entered my head except as a kind of vision, a freak of the imagination.

"How long will it take you to go to Chicago?" I asked.

"I don't know; all summer, I suppose. I started in the spring, so as to have time enough for it," answered Ellis, in a matter-of-fact tone, as though the project was entirely real to him.

It was evident that he was "going west" as well as myself; and as I had plenty of time to spare, the idea of accompanying him was delightful. But the scheme appeared to be too wild to be real, and it did not seem to me that his parents could consent to such an expedition, especially as the boy was anything but a skillful boatman.

"What does your mother say to this voyage?" I asked, carefully approaching the delicate subject, for by this time I began to suspect that there were two runaways on board of the Seabird, instead of one.

"I haven't any mother," he replied, rather stiffly, as though he comprehended the leading of my question. "My mother died six years ago."

"Well, what does your father say?" I persisted.

"He don't care; he don't say anything."

"Does he know about it?"

Ellis bit his lip, and looked vexed at the inquiry.

"He don't care what I do."

"Don't he? Honor bright, Ellis, does he know you are bound to Chicago by the canal and great lakes?"

"No, he don't," he replied, sharply, as though he felt above a lie.

"Then you are running away from home," I suggested, mildly.

"I don't know that I am running away. My father don't care where I go; he lets me go anywhere I please," replied Ellis, pouting like a school-girl.

"This won't do, my hearty," I added, putting the helm hard up, and easing off the sheet.

"What are you about, Alick?" demanded the young boatman, when the boat had come about, and was headed down the river.

"I am going to take you back to your father's house, for I don't help any young fellow, who has a good home, to run away from his parents," I answered, virtuously.

One runaway taking another back to his father's house! It was rather odd, but such was the truth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN ANXIOUS FATHER.

"I don't want to go home, Alick," said Ellis Dykeman, very decidedly. "I'm not a baby."

"I don't think you are, my hearty; on the contrary, I believe you have pluck and enterprise enough for a full-grown man."

"What do you want to take me home for, then?"

"Keep cool, Ellis, and we'll talk it over."

"I'm cool enough; but you are not going to take me home," protested he.

"Now, perhaps I am," I replied, laughing.

"It's mean if you do."

"It would be mean if I didn't."

"I was a fool to tell you what I was about."

"That may be. Now let us look at it. It would be mean for you to run away, Ellis."

"I don't think so; I'm able to take care of myself."

"Very likely you are; but you will find taking care of yourself is a different thing from what you think it is. You live in that fine house you showed me — don't you?"

"Of course I do," he answered, rather groutily, but apparently interested in what I was saying in spite of himself.

"Very likely you have a nice room in that house."

"I have two; one to sleep in, and the other for a play-room, when I can't go out."

"You have enough to eat and drink, I suppose?"

"Enough to eat and drink? I guess my father lives as well as anybody in this country!"

"And you sit at the table with him?"

"To be sure I do."

"Who looks out for you at home, if you have no mother?"

"I look out for myself. We have a house-keeper, but she has to do what I tell her, or she'll catch it."

"Then she uses you well."

"Yes; and I like her very well. She lets me do what I please, and I don't find any fault with her. I used to go to school in the city, but now I have a tutor."

"Then I think you must be an only child."

"No, I'm not. I have two sisters, but they are younger than I am."

"And your father gives you everything you want, even to a handsome boat like this?"

"Yes; and I have a nice row-boat, a pony, and phaeton. My father has a steam yacht which I can have when I like. I suppose I can get anything I want."

"Your father must have piles of money," I added.

"I suppose he has: he has retired from business."

"Does he lick you?"

"Lick me?"

"Flog you, whip you?"

"My father?" he queried, giving me a look of blank astonishment.

"Yes; does he, or anybody, flog you?"

"My father never whipped me in his life, and I'm sure he would never let anybody do so."

"You don't look like a boy that has been abused."

"Of course I'm not abused, and never was."

"Then what do you want to run away for?" I asked, with energy; and it seemed to me the absurdest thing in the world that he should wish to leave such a home as he described.

"I want to take the trip I told you about," he replied, as if this were a satisfactory explanation of his conduct.

"Don't you think your father will worry about you to-night if you don't come home?"

"I don't know; I didn't think of that. My father don't care what I do."

"If he don't, I would not run away."

"I want to go west."

"Going west in that way isn't the thing, Ellis. I wondered why you had such a quantity of stores on board of the Seabird."

"I bought them over at Newburgh this afternoon. I didn't know but it might take me a week to get up to Albany. It is about eighty miles, you know."

"What were you going to do with all that beefsteak, ham, mutton-chop, and other provision?"

"I must have something to eat."

"Do you know how to cook them?"

"I never did cook any, but I know I could do it. Our boatman used to cook for us when we went out with parties, and I've seen him do it enough to know how it's done."

"But how were you going to get through the canal? It must be over three hundred miles long."

"It's three hundred and sixty-three," added

Ellis, who had evidently learned some of his geography very well.

"That's a long trip. How were you going to make it?"

"I don't know; but I can find a way."

"You have to pay for going through."

"I've got plenty of money, and it would be first-rate fun to go through the country in this way."

I did not doubt it, but I thought it would be the kindest thing in the world for me to return this enterprising boy to his father. The Seabird flew so rapidly before the wind that by this time we were off Newburgh, and but a short distance from the elegant mansion on the opposite side of the river. Very much to my surprise Ellis made no further objection to returning home. Whether he was afraid of the boat, or thought it useless to resist so stout a fellow as I was, I don't know; but in a few moments more I rounded up at the pier in front of Mr. Dykeman's house, and leaped ashore with the painter in my hand.

"There is my father in the steam yacht," said Ellis, pointing to a beautiful little screw steamer which was approaching the wharf.

I dropped the Seabird astern, so that the steam yacht could come up at the pier; but Ellis kept his place in the stern.

"What are you going to do now, my lad?" I asked.

"I'm not going to do anything," he replied, moodily. "The game seems to be all up with me, and you have spoiled my fun."

It was nearly dark, and I would have left my charge if I had not been afraid he would start again in the boat before his father landed. To my mind, running away from such a home as the mansion on the shore was an awful thing. Presently the steam yacht touched the wharf, and a well-dressed gentleman of forty leaped briskly upon it.

"Ah, Ellie, been out sailing?" said he, walking over to the side of the pier where I was holding the painter of the Seabird.

"I've been up the river a little way," replied the young man, coolly.

"It blows rather too hard for you to go out without the boatman, my son," added Mr. Dykeman. "Who is this young man with you, Ellie? Why don't you introduce him?"

"I picked him up on the other side of the river," answered Ellis, still coldly; and he did not seem to be well disposed towards me.

"I don't know whether he picked me up, or I picked him up," I interposed, laughing. "I found him with his boat nearly high and dry just above Newburgh, and I helped him off

with her. If you don't object, I'll introduce myself. My name is Alick."

"Glad to see you, Alick," added Mr. Dykeman, heartily and with a generous flow of good nature.

"It blew rather fresh, and Ellis was somewhat afraid of the boat. He said he was going up the river, and I run her for him till he told me he was going to run away."

"Run away! Ellie run away!" exclaimed the father, laughing very heartily.

"That's what he was about," I continued. "He didn't find any fault with his home, or anybody about it; but he was going to run away. I thought you might worry about him, and so I brought him back."

"I'm sorry you took so much trouble about the matter, Alick," laughed Mr. Dykeman.

"He had planned a long trip," I added, taken all aback by his answer. "He was going to Chicago by the Erie Canal and the great lakes."

"Ellie?" ejaculated the anxious father.

"That was the plan."

"Is it possible that my son got up such an enterprise as that?" added Mr. Dykeman, who seemed to be delighted with the intelligence, and not at all angry or grieved that his son had attempted to run away.

"It's a fact, sir; and if you will look into his boat, you will find that she is provisioned for a three weeks' cruise," I continued, utterly amazed at the conduct of the father, and wholly unable to understand him.

Mr. Dykeman stepped into the boat, looked into the cabin and lockers, and then seated himself in the standing room opposite his hopeful son.

"Capital, Ellie!" exclaimed he. "You are a boy after my own heart. I am sure, now, there is some enterprise in you."

"I only wanted to follow up one of my geography lessons," added Ellis.

"That's right! I like to see boys reduce theory to practice."

"Well, sir, I'm sorry I meddled with the young gentleman," I interposed, sheepishly.

"So am I," laughed the father. "But you meant just right, and I thank you all the same."

This was some consolation, but not much. It seemed to me incredible that a wealthy gentleman should be willing his son should run away, and even commend him for doing it.

"It don't hurt boys to rough it; and if my son had got to Chicago in this boat I should have been proud of him," added Mr. Dykeman.

"I don't think there was any more chance of his getting there, than there was of his getting to London on the same tack. He doesn't know much about a boat."

"Experience would teach him," replied the father, rubbing his hands. "He can't upset this boat, and he would be safe in her even in the middle of Lake Erie. The boy has pluck and enterprise, and I have some hope of him now. I was always afraid I should spoil him by too much indulgence; and I am really glad to see him strike out for himself. He will make something one of these days."

"I didn't think you would like to have him run away," I suggested. "I didn't know but you would worry about him."

"Certainly I would rather know where he is; and I think he would have written to me within a few days."

"That's what I meant to do, father," added Ellis, taking from the stern locker a portfolio, which he opened, exhibiting paper and envelopes. "I thought I should have to send to you for more money."

"That's it! Don't you see how thoughtful the boy is, Alick?" chuckled this strange parent. "I should have sent him all the money he wanted to carry out his enterprise. Ellie is a good boy, and he would not have let me worry long. But I'm very much obliged to you, Alick; and, perhaps, after all it's better as it is."

It seemed to me that it was a good deal better; but I doubted whether I should feel like doing my own thinking after this event.

"I always said if a boy of mine wanted to run away, I should let him run," continued Mr. Dykeman, chuckling all the time as though he enjoyed the situation exceedingly. "If he found anything that suited him better than my home I was willing he should have the benefit of it. I wouldn't run after him as a man over at Newburgh is doing."

"Who's that, sir?" I asked, not a little alarmed.

"I don't remember his name, but he called the boy Sandy. He had followed the runaway up the river, and found him at Van Eyck's hotel."

"Did he catch him, father?" asked Ellis, interested in the story.

"No, he didn't; the boy was too much for him," laughed Mr. Dykeman. "When the man got into the room, the boy jumped out the window on the roof of the piazza, and then got down into the street. The man leaped out the window after him, but the slimy piazza broke down, and let him through."

"The man?" queried Ellis.

"Yes; the boy was all right by this time. Van Eyck accused the man of breaking and entering, and trying to rob the boy of some money he had; and the constable took the man up and put him in the lock-up."

The rich man gave way to a fit of laughter, so much was he amused at the mishap of Captain Boomsby.

"Is he in the lock-up now?" I asked.

"No; it seems that Mr. Buckminster, for some reason or other, got him out. I wouldn't have done it, and I hope the boy will get off. He has pluck enough to make a man of himself. If that boy comes in my way I'll help him along."

"So will I, father!" exclaimed Ellis.

I felt grateful for their sympathy, but I did not deem it prudent to declare myself. If the captain and Mr. Buckminster were both on the lookout for me, it was hardly safe for me to go to the station and take the train for Albany, as I had thought of doing.

CHAPTER XXV.

UP THE HUDSON.

MR. DYKEMAN continued to laugh heartily at the misfortune of my late tyrant, as he discussed the event of the afternoon at the hotel. But Ellis was soon tired of the story.

"I'm not going to back out, father!" exclaimed he, suddenly. "I'm bound for Chicago."

"Bravo, my son!" added Mr. Dykeman, clapping his hands with delight.

"I've made up my mind to go, and I'm going."

"Capital, Ellie! You'll be a man one of these days."

"I don't believe I shall be wrecked on the canal," added the young boatman, beginning to bustle about his craft, as though he meant business.

"And it will be fine on the lakes at this season of the year," said the father, taking himself out of the Seabird, as he did not intend to be a passenger in her, and as though he were ready and entirely willing that his son should start at once on his long and perilous journey. "How much money have you, Ellie?"

"About fifteen dollars, I think. I haven't counted it since I bought my stores," replied the boatman.

"That won't do; you need more than that."

"I was going to send for more when I got to Albany."

Mr. Dykeman handed him a roll of bills, which Ellis put in his wallet without counting. The anxious father asked no questions and gave no directions. The only faith he had, or seemed to desire, was that the boat would not sink if she was upset by a squall.

"I'm all right now, father," said Ellis.

"Well, good by, my boy. Let me hear from you every day, if you can, for I shall be anxious to learn how you are getting on."

"I'll try to write every day, father. I shall certainly do so when I get short of money," answered Ellis, lightly. "Come, Alick!"

"Am I to go with you?" I inquired.

"You needn't go if you don't want to," replied the boatman, very independently, I thought, for a fellow who knew so little about a boat as he did. "I thought you said you wanted to go to Albany?"

"I did; I should like to go."

"Come along then."

"Go with him, if you can, Alick, for you seem to be used to handling a boat," said Mr. Dykeman to me, in a low tone. "Take good care of him, and I'll pay you well for your trouble. He will want to come home in two or three days, at the most."

I made no reply, though I thought the gentleman had some original ideas about the management of boys. After his last remark to me, I came to the conclusion that he was not entirely wanting in parental love, and it was possible he understood the character and temperament of his own son better than any other person could. I stepped into the boat. The jib had been lowered, but the mainsail was still set.

"Well, skipper, I'm under your orders, and I will do what you say," I continued, presenting myself before the boatman.

"I'll steer myself," he replied, grasping the main sheet. "You may hoist the jib."

I passed the painter over the eye of a ring-bolt in the pier, and run up the jib. Casting her loose, I went into the standing room, and hauled aft the jib sheet. The fresh breeze caught the sails, and as Ellis had trimmed the mainsail altogether too flat, or had let her off too much, the first puff knocked the boat down till a bucketful of water came in over the washboard.

"Be careful, Ellie!" shouted Mr. Dykeman, as he observed this careless management.

I saw that the skipper was startled, for he was not used to this sort of thing; but he did not seem to know what to do.

"Luff her up, Ellis," I said to him.

Instead of luffing, he put the helm up, which

made the matter a great deal worse. He evidently did not know what I meant by luffing her up, and turned the wheel the wrong way. Another flaw struck her, and I verily believe she would have gone over if I had not cast off the main sheet, and let the sail run out.

"You take the helm—will you, Alick?" said he, almost choking with terror.

"You are all right now, my boy," I answered, still holding the sheet. "Luff her up; put the helm down! The other way."

"She'll upset! I don't understand it," pleaded he.

"You'll do now; sit down, and run for the steeple of that church on the hill. Don't let your father think you don't know what you are about."

I hauled in the sheet as he shifted the helm, till the Seabird was close hauled on the star-board tack.

"I don't know what I'm about, whether my father thinks so, or not," replied Ellis, frankly but timidly. "I never sailed the boat when there was wind enough to ruffle the water, unless the boatman was with me and told me just what to do. I never was out when it blows as hard as it does now."

"What were you going to do when you got out on one of the great lakes, where the storms are worse than they are on the ocean?" as I had heard a sailor on the Great West say.

"I don't know; I expected to learn all about it before I got to Albany. I thought I should hire a man to sail me on the lakes," replied the boatman. "I think you had better take the wheel, Alick."

"Don't you be scared, Ellis. You can't upset her if you try while I have this sheet in my hand," I answered, encouragingly.

"I'm afraid of her."

"Don't give it up till you are out of sight of your father."

A sharp flaw had struck her again, and she tilted far over to leeward; but I eased off the sheet and let her up.

"I've had enough of it, Alick!" he exclaimed, rising to give me the wheel.

"Don't you see she's all right now?" I added, hauling in the sheet till the sails filled again. "You can't learn how to do it if you don't try; and this is the right time to get the hang of her."

"I would rather learn when it don't blow as hard as it does now. It's a great deal worse than it was when we came down," pleaded Ellis. "Do take the wheel, Alick."

"Don't let your father think you are a baby; he's looking at you."

"I don't care if he is. I can't handle her when it blows as it does now."

"Try once more, and if you don't do better this time I will relieve you. You don't mind your helm, Ellis, half close enough. You let her fall off eight points from the course I gave you. Where is that steeple now?"

"I forgot all about the steeple."

"You might as well forget to breathe as forget what your course is in a boat. She has fallen off so much now that you can't fetch the steeple. Run for that house with a cupola, on the hill. Keep your eye on it all the time. Don't lose sight of it for an instant. That's the way to do things in this world. She will jump a little when you bring her up to it, but that won't hurt any thing. Now mind your eye!"

I trimmed the mainsail, and the Seabird went along very well. As Ellis said, the breeze had freshened considerably, but it was nonsense to reef on a life-boat. The boatman kept his eye on the house I had designated, and I soon found that he was an apt scholar. When he knew what to do, he was able to do it. The boat jumped, and tossed the spray over her fore-castle, but no harm came to her, and she did not offer to heel over unreasonably while she was well steered. As she was going along so well, I made fast the main sheet to the cleat on the boom, where it was always within my reach.

"You are doing first rate, Ellis," I said, as we were nearing the Newburgh side of the river.

"But she tips so when the flaws come!"

"Never mind that; keep your eye on the house."

"I do; I am headed right for the cupola. Now she tips."

"Not much; she is safe enough till the water comes in over the washboard. When the liquid pours into the boat it is about time something was done."

"I should think it was!" exclaimed the boatman. "And you have fastened the sheet!"

"You can cure the tipping without touching the sheet, my lad. When you think she is going over farther than feels good to you, just touch her up a little, and you will be all right."

"Do what?"

"Touch her up; that is, put your helm down about half a spoke; not too much, or you will cramp or throttle her."

"I don't understand what you mean. There! She is tipping more than I like now!"

"Pull the wheel towards you, just a little—not too much."

"Half a spoke; that's it."

The hull of the boat immediately came up, and the sail began to quiver slightly near the mast.

"Well, now, that's odd," said Ellis, with a smile. "I never knew how to do that before."

"Mind your helm! Let her off again! When you do that, you must be careful to let her off as soon as the flaw eases up, or you'll broach her to, and have all your sails shaking. But it's about time to go in stays."

"Go in what?"

"In stays; to go about on the other tack."

"How shall I do it? I'm afraid I shall upset her."

"No, you won't. Give her a good full; push the wheel from you one spoke."

She got a good full, and began to heel down to an extent which was trying to the nerves of the untrained boatman.

"Now you are all right! Hard down your helm, Ellie! Pull the wheel towards you!"

The effect of this movement of the horizontal wheel was to crowd the tiller over to leeward; and as soon as it was done, the jib and mainsail began to shake and bang furiously. But the Seabird worked very lively in that breeze, and in an instant the sails began to draw on the other side.

"Meet her with the helm, my lad," I called, as I cast off the weather and hauled on the lee jib sheet. "Go the other side of the wheel, and draw the spokes towards you. Lively, or you will get a big tip."

She got it, anyway, for Ellis did not shift the helm at just the right moment.

"She's going over!" cried he.

"No she isn't, Ellie. Let off the wheel a spoke. That's it! Now she rights!"

"I thought she was going over," said he, drawing a long breath.

"You mustn't think so. When the water begins to come in over the board, I can ease her off in a second with the sheet. Don't keep her up too close; you cramp her so that she don't go ahead. You must learn to handle her by the feeling, just as you do your pony."

"It takes about all my strength to hold this wheel," added Ellis.

"That's a good sign; she carries a strong weather helm, as she ought. Do you know what that is?"

"I'm sure I don't."

"I'll tell you. You have to pull on the wheel to keep it in place—don't you?"

"I'll bet I do! I have to pull hard."

"If you should let go, which way would the wheel turn?"

"Right away from me."

"That is, the tiller would go down to leeward. The boat has a tendency to come up into the wind and spill the wind out of the sail. When a vessel carries a weather helm, the tiller has to be kept a little up towards the weather side. Now, if the boat tips too much, you have only to let the wheel turn a spoke, or less, and then the wind won't bear so hard on the sail. You should steer by the feeling; and when you are used to it, you can keep her going all right with your eyes shut."

"I see it now," replied Ellis; and for the next half hour, while the boat was on the port tack, he steered very well.

I watched him with interest all the time, but when it was almost dark, I suggested that it was supper time. The skipper of the Seabird was of the same mind, and I ran the boat up to one of the bold shores where we could easily land. We were not more than three miles above Fishkill; and though Ellis proposed to stay here all night, for reasons of my own, which I did not care to discuss with him, I did not wish to do so.

DO A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

BY JAMES A. BARTLEY.

[Martin Luther, when asked how he had found ~~that~~ to translate the Bible, said, "I did a little every day."]

WOULD we rear some noble structure
That shall conquer time for aye,
We must learn the earnest lesson—
"Do a little every day."

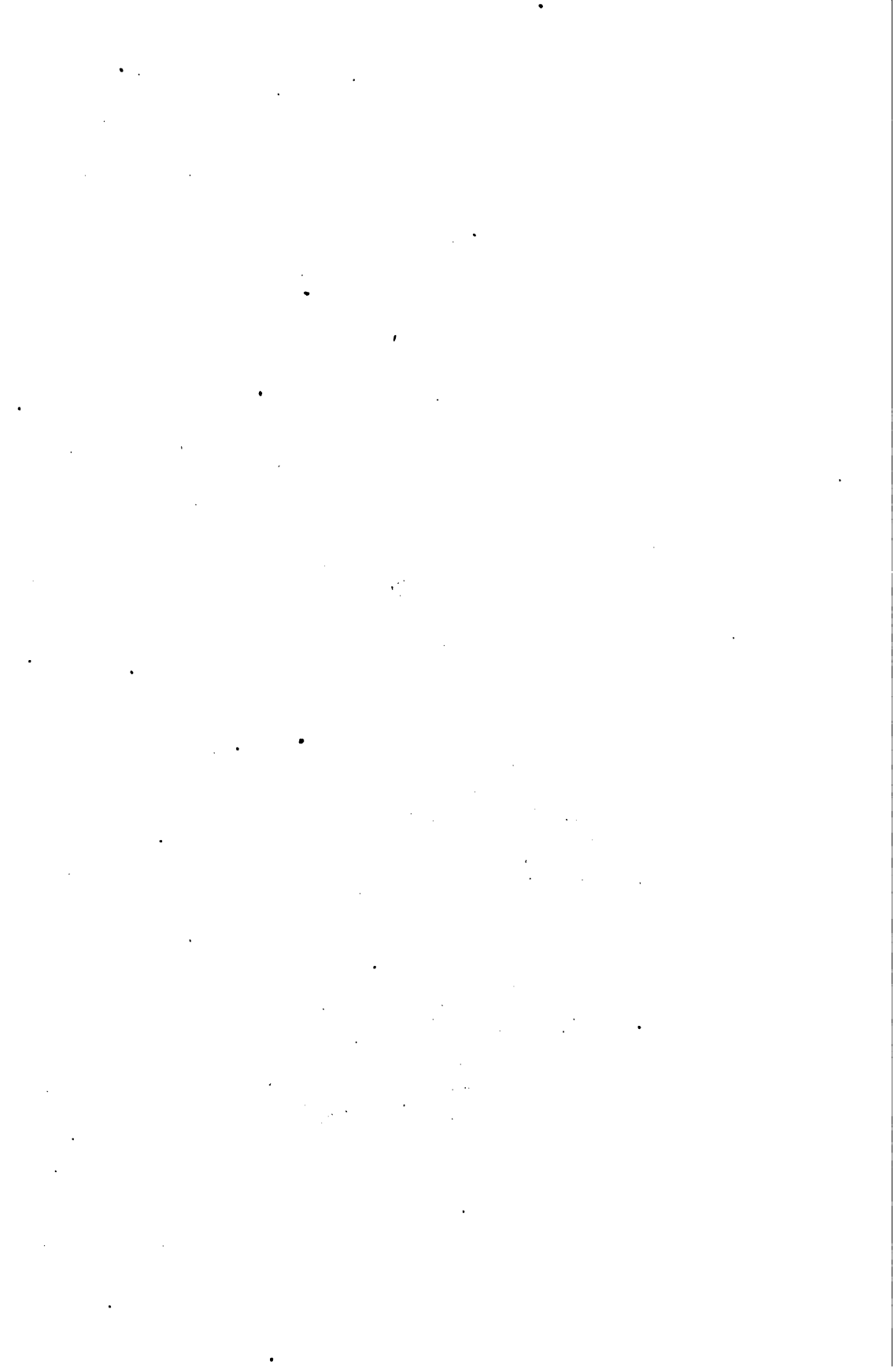
Love of ease and sloth are ever
Tempting us to stop and stay;
We must scorn their arts, and bravely
"Do a little every day."

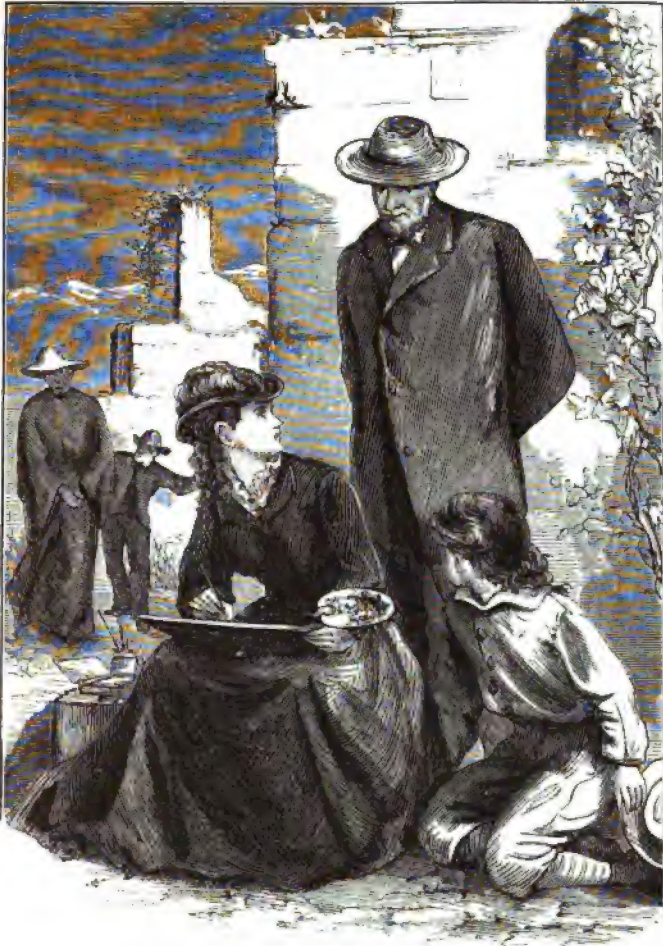
Though the guerdon of our labor
Still may seem so far away,
Yet with valiant hearts and hopeful,
"Do a little every day."

If this law shall rule our conduct,
We shall find the best of pay;
All the world will own our wisdom:
"Do a little every day."



OUR PETS.





A SHADOW OVER THE PAPER CAUSED US TO LOOK UP. Page 522.

NATURE'S SCHOLAR.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW HOME.

WE rested but one night at San Bernardino, for my uncle's farm was only seven miles away, and the next morning, after an early breakfast, we rode out there, accompanied by Willie. After passing great fields of wheat, corn, barley, and alfalfa, — for it was the harvest season, — and great orchards of oranges, olives, and nuts, besides more familiar fruits, we came to a house, a long, low, irregular building, partly of adobe, or sun-dried brick, and partly of planks.

A wide veranda of poles, supporting a

thatched roof, ran round the entire structure, and here we saw a venerable man, with patriarchal snowy beard and hair surrounding a fine, brown face, lolling in a rocking-chair, and teaching two beautiful boys at his side. The boys came bounding out to meet their father, and the old man, rising to greet us, was presented as *Padré Stephano*. Then uncle James called, "*Juanita! Juanita!*"

And from the kitchen, a detached building at the back, came a stout Indian woman, gayly dressed, and smiling pleasantly.

"This is my housekeeper," said uncle. "*Juanita*, my sister and her daughter, have arrived. Take them to their rooms. Can you give us an early dinner?"

He had spoken in Spanish, and she replied, —

"Si, Señor." But addressing us in imperfect English, she led the way round the corner of the veranda to a pleasant large room, with a smaller room opening into it.

"I am glad that you speak English so well, Juanita," said mother, wishing to propitiate the housekeeper, "it will be pleasant for us."

"Es, M'dame," and her broad smile displayed all her white teeth; "master teacha me long time, but I spik not well till leetle Master Luis teacha me. Now I spik all words!"

I ran out to find my little cousins, who were with their father. Luis and I were soon excellent friends; he was merry, active, and quick, and always proved an entertaining companion. His brother, James Alphonso, whom we called 'Phonny, was grave and shy, but a brave, high-spirited child, and one whom we loved better every day. He and Willie were already fond of each other.

I had entered now upon a life in strange and charming contrast to the years of sorrow and privation that I remembered in New York. It took me some little time, and mother still longer, to become accustomed to the simple, almost rude customs of this new country. The large rooms, without ornament, and containing very little furniture; the simple diet — our bill of fare at first consisting almost invariably of *carne con chile*, or, sun-dried beef, stewed with peppers, beans, tortillas, eggs, coffee, and tea — and the large family round me, seemed at first almost bewildering.

We were — my uncle, "Señor Yamus Roos-sale" (Mr. James Russel), his sons, Padre Stephano, my mother, myself, our housekeeper, Juanita, and about fifty Indians, who, being laborers on the farm, were constantly coming to the house on various errands. During the day there was much talking, and little work going on. The elders of our family sat on the veranda in rocking-chairs, uncle and the padre smoking, and mother occupied with some pretty fancy-work to embellish our parlor, when uncle would permit her to sew; and the servants moved softly about, keeping the whole place very clean, but never seeming to do anything. At night they danced for hours, at their shed-like quarters.

My cousins had each a pony, and they rode like Centaurs, and soon had taught me to ride well. I had first a donkey, and then a beautiful spirited horse of my own. At daybreak we were breakfasting on tortillas and coffee, and then away we went for a ride, and the venturesome little rogues took me longer distances, and up and down more dangerous paths, than our parents would have approved.

But I never betrayed them. I enjoyed the fun as much as they.

On returning from the ride, they had their studies, and I my lesson in drawing. For mother assured me that I must sketch all sorts of objects, to prepare for drawing from life, and that when I could paint a correct likeness of a bird or a flower, I had learned much that would help me in painting a portrait of her. So during my rides I always obtained something to study from.

It was not the best time of year for flowers, and when the rainy season set in, during the month of November, we could not ride out every day; but at that time curious insects abound, and to please little Luis, I made many accurate studies of these, both dead and living. Stones and shells too, were very good to catch strong lights and shadows, and becoming greatly interested in the question of "How does gold grow?" I painted some specimens of gold-bearing quartz, each with its little nest of gold, in a crevice, looking like delicate spiders' webs, and sometimes like exceedingly fine moss.

These studies proved afterwards of great value to me, but at the time I did not appreciate them. I wished to draw the human face and form; for my mind was teeming with vivid and charming original ideas for paintings, and I could not execute them for want of mechanical skill. Often I sighed to myself, —

"O, if I were but in Italy, where I would draw only from statues and then from life!"

One day I expressed this to Willie, who rode over from San Bernardino nearly every afternoon.

"Your mother so often sits like a statue — why not study from her?" he replied.

"O, how can I? Do you believe I can?"

"You can try. I suppose your first attempt will not please you; but perhaps the tenth will."

"O, Willie, how good you are! You always help me!"

"But only with words!"

"But they are the right words!"

Willie gave me a very earnest look. He seemed about to speak, but did not; and his eyes expressed so much affection, that I remembered the time in New York when I loved him as if he were my brother. But now I could not have put my arm round his neck; his look caused a feeling of shyness to come over me, and I turned away. At the same time I felt ready to do anything that would please him.

That evening Willie did not return to San Bernardino; uncle James meant to accompany him the next morning on a surveying expedition, and he spent the night at our house. A blazing wood fire had been built upon the hearth, and as we grouped in front of it after supper, the darkness fell round us softly and suddenly; for in that country there is but little twilight, even in the dry season, and there are no chirping insects which awake at sunset, as in the Northern States.

I was thinking of the picture that we made in the flashing firelight, and looking from one to another, was studying light and shade, grouping and expression, when suddenly I met Willie Graham's eyes fixed upon me; — a look that set my heart beating, and caused my cheek to flush. I did not glance at him again, but sat gazing at the fire, lost in a happy, happy reverie!

"The Indians seem unusually gay to-night," said uncle James, as the sound of their simple but sweet music came to us more loudly than usual.

"Tis the festival of Santa Catarina," replied Padré Stephano. "I must go to them presently, and bestow a benediction."

"We will all go — shall we not? Come, sister Clara." And uncle gave his arm to mother, who rose to take it. Padré Stephano led the way, with long, ungainly strides, the merry boys running beside him; Willie and I came last, following the others slowly.

He did not offer his arm, but took my hand in his, very lightly and timidly. I did not withdraw my fingers, and soon his warm, strong palm closed on them; and there seemed a throbbing pulse in every finger end. I wished he would release my hand, yet did not wish to; I thought, "How silly I am!" and felt happy because of my folly. I tried to talk as usual, but my tongue would not move. At last I stammered out, —

"It is a very pleasant evening!" just as Willie began to say to me, —

"What a delightful evening!"

We spoke together, and then suddenly became conscious that it was one of the most disagreeable evenings we had ever known in that country, — dark, and damp, and chilly! We looked at each other, and laughed and blushed, and then I fairly ran away from Willie, and took my uncle's disengaged arm.

We had now reached the "quarters" of the Indian laborers — a number of sheds, or simple houses open on one side, facing round a large central building, which seemed to be little more than a thatched roof supported on

poles. The houses were built of reeds, barley straw, and long poles, laced and wattled together to form the sides, and straw thatch for the roof.

A wood fire had been kindled in the centre of the clay floor under the open shed, and three musicians sat near it, keeping time for the others to dance. Their instruments were of the most primitive kind, each being a corn-stalk three feet long, with one string stretched upon it. But the playing was as good as I ever heard on a guitar; and one young fellow soon broke into a song, a tender, passionate, Spanish love-song.

While singing and playing, he fixed his eyes on a young Indian girl, who now was dancing alone, and apparently for him alone; she came towards him with graceful, caressing movements, then danced away coquettishly; and he, singing, infused so much pathos and sentiment into his voice, so much love and romance into his large, dark eyes, that every one present noticed the pair; and the Padré informed us that they were betrothed, and would be married in a few weeks. Again I met Willie's eyes, with that look of tenderness and devotion in them, and again I was happy, and embarrassed at my happiness.

When we returned to our house, I went at once to my own room, and sat there in the dark by my narrow window, looking out upon the gloomy night, but conscious only of a strange, sweet joy that enveloped me — a joy I did not wish to analyze, nor wish to lose.

My door into mother's room was slightly ajar, and presently I heard mother come to her room, accompanied by uncle James, who was saying to her, at her door, —

"If you do not want Willie Graham for a son-in-law, you must say so at once, Clara, for I am certain he loves Emma!"

"I am certain of it too," replied mother, "for he told me so before he left New York, and I then made him promise not to speak to her about it before she is eighteen."

"I am glad you approve; he is a fine fellow, very promising —"

But I did not listen to the rest of their conversation; I could not. I was surprised, almost stunned. I could hardly breathe for a minute, my heart beat so rapidly.

"Willie loves me!" I was thinking to myself. "Willie loves me! and I love Willie!" These sweet thoughts formed into a little song, and kept singing themselves over and over again to my happy heart. Mother bade uncle James good night, and moved softly about her room, preparing for bed. I did not

speak nor move until long after she was asleep; and then my eyes did not close till daybreak. I was too happy.

CHAPTER X.

LOVE AND SORROW.

Yes, I was too happy; for unalloyed enjoyment does not exist in this world; and in proportion as we are happy, so must we be miserable also. The thought of Willie now pervaded all I did; since he loved me, I could not make myself too worthy of his love. I wished him to be proud of me also. I entered with renewed zeal upon my studies of art. I toiled and persevered. I was determined not to be conquered by difficulties; not to be thwarted for want of a teacher. Love should teach me, and love develop my natural powers!

I sketched my mother nearly every day, in every possible variety of position; and though my first attempts were so crude and bungling that I could hardly help crying over them, yet I still persevered, and at last, when uncle James and Willie Graham had returned from their surveying expedition, I had a passable drawing of mother's head to show them. I whispered to Willie that the picture was to be called "Memory."

"When she is sitting to me," said I, "and not employed about anything, there comes over her face that look of mingled sweetness and pain, that seems to mean Remembrance."

"Yes," replied Willie, "that sentiment is strongly expressed in this picture."

"O, Willie, do you think she will ever be happy again?"

"O, I hope so!"

"And my father, will he ever — ever —" I could not go on. I sobbed, and ran away.

When I met Willie again, he watched his opportunity to say to me, —

"Dear Emma, don't grieve about your father and mother. Time works wonders. Do you be happy as you can, and that will help your mother."

It was the first time he had called me his "dear." I said the sweet word over and over to myself for days.

It was now January, the early summer time of our strange home. The weather was warm, the sky blue and cloudless every day. The bright sun and plentiful irrigation had ripened for us not only green peas, strawberries, and corn, with all other green vegetables, but also peaches, olives, oranges, lemons, figs, sugar-cane — I have not space nor time to even

enumerate our varied luxuries. We lived in the open air. The little boys and I would often spend an entire day on one of our excursions.

Sometimes mother accompanied us, but not often; our wild spirits oppressed her. She was generally calm, but her pleasant manner must have often hidden an aching heart. But she wished me to be happy, and would not consent that I should remain at home with her; so she planned little excursions, and sent us out in care of *Padré Stephano*, or a trusty servant.

One day the *padré* took us to the picturesque ruins of the old Mission of San Bernardino, high up among the hills that surround the town, and I had taken some hasty sketches of the view, when little Luis came to me with what he called a pretty stone. It was a bit of quartz, handsomely veined with vermilion; and Luis, who had a fancy for minerals, entreated, —

"Paint it, cousin Emma; paint it for me, and I will find another beauty to put with it."

Glad to please, I complied, and had nearly finished a water-color painting of two unique and rare specimens, when a shadow over the paper caused us to look up at the moment that a strange voice said, —

"How thankful I would be, young lady, if I possessed your talent."

He was a tall, bony, wrinkled gentleman, with a Yankee face, and an unmistakable Yankee accent. His keen, light-blue eyes now critically examined the minerals and my copy, without a word at first, until little Luis was getting angry, and I embarrassed, when he spoke again.

"Excuse me, young lady; allow me —" And he searched his wallet for a card, which he gave me, continuing, —

"May I beg that you will tell me where you live? Your skill in painting will be of great use to me, and to the world, if you are willing to employ it. I am a geologist."

Luis had taken the card from my hand, and now began jumping for joy, as he exclaimed, —

"O, it is Nathan Stryker! Are you not, sir? We have your books at home, and I have read them, and papa expects you to visit us!"

"And who is your father, my boy?" kindly inquired the tall gentleman, as he lifted little Luis in his arms, and kissed him, apologizing to me with, —

"I have just such a boy at home, in Maine."

Padré Stephano and *Phonny* had, from afar, seen me in conversation with a stranger, and

hastened to join us; they now came up as Luis replied, —

"My papa is Señor James Russel, and here is my tutor, Padré Stephano."

"I have letters to Mr. Russel," said Mr. Stryker, "and I am very glad to have met his family."

We were soon well acquainted, and Mr. Stryker went home with us that day, instead of remaining until the next. He was now preparing a new work on Southern California, especially with reference to its geological formation, and he engaged me to execute some drawings to be used in illustrating the book.

We had a delightful visit with this learned, yet simple-minded man; but I have not time to describe it. He kept me at work for two years, making large and small pictures for him; and then, as the engravers did not put them on the block to suit him, he came again to our home, at the beginning of the third winter I had spent there, and begged me to go to San Francisco, and superintend the engraving of these unique and delicate engravings.

This proposal surprised and delighted me. Willie Graham was living there, and my love for him had only strengthened with time. He had never formally spoken to me on the subject, but I knew what restrained him, and he had in every other way manifested his sincere affection for me.

Besides the pleasure of spending the winter where I could often see Willie, there was the satisfaction of setting up as an artist, in a studio of my own, and supporting myself. The pay which Mr. Stryker offered would do this, and as he had always paid me liberally for my work, I had quite a sum laid by; for uncle James had always anticipated my wants.

Mother at first objected to the plan; but when she learned that I might enjoy some instruction in classic-art from one or two good painters who were then in San Francisco, and especially, that I might board in the family with whom Willie boarded, she yielded to my wishes, and with uncle James and the boys, accompanied me to San Francisco, to see me started in my new enterprise.

They all thought I would spend a gay and pleasant winter; while I resolved to spend a winter of hard work, and fully improve my unusual opportunities of study. As soon as they had started home again, I began in earnest to merit and even exceed the high opinion Mr. Stryker had formed of my artistic skill.

For a few weeks I was very happy. I had

learned to put my delicate little drawings on the box-wood in such a way that the engravers could work out my meaning, and between us we produced some excellent illustrations. Then I spent an hour or two daily in drawing from casts of antique statues, and I also began to put some of my ideal subjects on canvas. The days passed rapidly, and in the evenings Willie formed one of our pleasant home circle, or took me to some place of entertainment.

Often I waked up from a reverie of happiness, and wondered what sorrow was coming to mitigate my joy! How little I imagined what would come!

One morning, as I stopped at the door of the building in which my studio was located, to say a few last words to Willie, who had walked there with me, a crouching, wretched old man who was shambling by started, and stopped, and glared at me a minute, and then went on. Willie did not see him, and I only thought, —

"Some poor, half-crazy creature!" and forgot him.

But a few hours later, as I sat alone at work, the door of my room softly opened, and that old man came in. He peered all about the room with watery, red-rimmed eyes, then, seeing that no one else was there, came in, closing the door, and inquired, —

"Is this Miss Emma Bulwer?"

"Yes, sir," I said, half frightened; "what can I do for you? I — I have no money here, but I will give you a letter to some one who has."

He had begun to cough, and now he tottered feebly to a chair, and sat there coughing — a hard, dry, racking cough, until quite exhausted. I became alarmed, and thought of calling some one; but when I moved, he raised his hand to check me, and feebly coughed out, —

"Stay, I will not hurt you! Wait —"

I waited; and at last, when his paroxysm of coughing was over, he feebly said, —

"I knew you was Emma Bulwer. I am your father!"

I started, and gazed at him in utter astonishment and horror. Words of protest came to my lips, but I had no power to speak them.

With distended eyeballs I gazed at him, and he met my look unflinchingly, until at last I saw that it was indeed he! I recognized my father, and sinking to the floor at his feet, I laid my head upon the arm of his chair, and sobbed aloud, without a word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMINISCENCES OF WEST AFRICAN LIFE.

BY EDWARD DUSSEAULT.

NO. 4.—A CHAT ON WILD BEASTS.— TRACKING A LEOPARD, AND OBTAINING AN ANT-BEAR.

THE most common, amongst wild beasts in the Gambia, are the leopard and hyena; and hippopotami abound in the river, from Deer Islands upwards. Lions are not common, and it is only occasionally that one is seen or killed here. The carcasses and the skins of those killed, which have come to my notice, were the largest I have ever seen. The largest I ever saw alive, were Gambia lions; and in speaking of them, I refer to the somewhat noted pair of the Zoological Gardens of London, one of which died a short time since, and which were captured when cubs, by an old militiaman of McCarthy's Island, on Fatoto Hill, abreast of the upper end of that island. How many nights have I camped out on that hill, my face and hands besmeared with mustard oil to keep the mosquitoes away, in hopes of meeting with one of those thrilling adventures which I used to read about when a boy! We, a surgeon of the British army medical staff and myself, have often started on these hunting excursions, remaining out in the bush sometimes ten days, sleeping by day, and watching by night. But no thrilling adventure did we meet with; and the largest and most ferocious game we ever shot was a leopard, over which we almost quarrelled. We never finally settled which of us had killed it.

"I did," said he.

"No, you didn't," said I. And so we will ever continue to say. For I am positive I *know* I shot it; and he, on the other hand, is equally positive; he equally *knows* that *he* shot it. We finally tossed up a shilling to see who should have the hide, and he won.

Taken all in all, our adventures were rather tame affairs; and we always returned with a whole skin. But we learned enough about the habits of wild beasts, to know that the marvellous adventures which we had both read of are but myths; and that they never happened, save on paper and in the imagination of their narrators. But, nevertheless, our adventures, though not marvellous, were sometimes interesting; and I shall, on some future occasion, relate some of them.

Though lions are by no means common here, one is sometimes able to observe the

dread which horses have of them. A horse instinctively knows when he is in the vicinity of the "king of beasts;" and, in such a case, he is so overcome by fear, that he will stand still and quiver in every limb, until his legs give way under him, and he sinks, in the most helpless condition, to the ground. No urging, no blows, nothing will then make him proceed, until his instinct tells him the danger has past.

Were I not afraid of digressing too much, I would relate here some instances of this remarkable instinct in the horse, which enables him to know when he is near an unseen danger, and which I have witnessed in my rambles in Western Africa. But the object of this paper is mainly to tell how I once tracked a leopard, and how, on the way back to my trading-post, I obtained an *ant-bear*.

It is customary for traders to keep live stock on hand, as they have to depend, in a great measure, upon it to feed both themselves and their laborers; and the stock which they keep generally consists of horned cattle, sheep, and goats. At night these are kept on the premises, the sheep and goats being tied to stakes near and around the house, so as to be within sight and hearing. But in spite of all our precautions, leopards and hyenas will sometimes seize upon, and take away a sheep or goat. One evening, during the trading season of 1868, I had just finished paying for some beeswax and ivory, and had begun to clear up the yard and to secure everything for the night, when my attention was attracted by the plaintive cries of a little kid, which, at first, I thought nothing of. But these cries continued; and I sent a laborer to find out their cause. He returned, quite excited, and said that a leopard had stealthily come in, and carried away the mother of the kid in question. In a moment every man on the premises had his musket, and I got my rifle. We then searched outside, and saw the trail at once, which was a large one; for the leopard dragged the goat along the path in carrying it away.

We followed this trail for fully three miles, and on our way we passed many holes in the ground large enough to admit a man on all fours. At the mouths of these holes were mounds of earth, which had evidently been thrown out by some animal burrowing there; and the thought struck me that I would explore one of these holes on my way back. I therefore, as we proceeded along, questioned Danso, who was with us, concerning them; and he told me that the holes were made by a

large animal, resembling a hog. He furthermore added, that it would be useless to attempt to get one of these animals alive, as the laborers would be afraid to even try to capture it; and that, even if they did make the attempt, the animal was so strong, that they could not possibly succeed in securing it. This raised my curiosity all the more; and I accordingly sent him back to collect all the crowbars on the premises, and told him to hire some one to bring them out to us. He went; and I continued, with the rest of my people, to follow the trail of the leopard which had stolen the goat.

We had now got to a large cane-brake. It was dusk, and we could not see very far ahead of us through it. We therefore went along cautiously, peering through the brake on either side of us. We were in a regular leopard path, and by stooping and examining the ground, we could perceive that something had been but recently dragged over it. We got through the canebrake, however, without overtaking our friend the leopard, and reached a swamp, through which it was evident he could not have passed. And yet it was equally evident that he had not stopped here, on this side, with his prey. He must therefore have gone round one end of it, to get to the other side, where the laborers all seemed to think he had gone, because one had been killed there but a few days before. We could not now see the trail. I went on all fours, and carefully examined the ground, but to no purpose. At last I concluded to get to the other side of the swamp as quickly as possible; and just then I fancied I heard a low growl in that direction. There was a light breeze blowing towards us; and this made me think that my hearing that growl was something more than a fancy. We all listened, almost breathlessly, and in a few seconds we heard another growl. This time there was no mistaking what it was, and we all felt sure that we should soon get within shot of the leopard. We accordingly turned to the right, and followed the edge of the swamp as silently as possible, but quickly. The moon was new, but it had not yet set, and we could consequently, now that we were out of the canebrake, see pretty clearly for some distance, as no trees or high bushes intervened before us. At length we got round the end of the swamp, and commenced to stealthily approach the place whence the sound of the growls of the leopard came. These growls became more and more distinct; and we at length reached a level spot of parched and cracked earth.

About twenty yards before us was a clump of stunted bushes, from behind which the sounds seemed to come. We all stopped; and the question arose as to how we should proceed to attack the leopard. There was evidently but one, or there would have been more growling over the carcass of the goat; for these beasts do not eat together without fighting over their meal. It was finally settled that we should rush to the other side of the bushes and shoot him.

The laborers then examined the priming of their muskets. I cocked my rifle; and we all rushed to the other side of the bushes, part of us going round one way and part the other, so as to bring him between two fires. In a few seconds we had him almost at bay, and I expected that he would rush at us. But no; he was evidently well frightened, stared wildly, first in one direction and then in another, finally rushed towards the woods, and was ignominiously shot from behind. Had my friend, the surgeon of the British army medical staff, been there, he would have sworn that he shot it. I fired with the rest, but I don't know whether I hit him or not, and did not try to find out. My people soon had his hide off, and we all started on our way back. I was somewhat surprised to see this leopard act in this way. I knew very well that, under ordinary circumstances, it would not attack such a number as we were; but I fully expected that, when one was almost at bay, and had tasted blood, as this one had in devouring the goat, it would show fight.

By this time Danso had returned with two men, bringing crowbars and spades; and on our way back we came, soon after passing through the canebrake, to one of the holes which I have referred to, which had been made by an animal, so Danso said, resembling a hog, and which the Mandingos call a *timbo*. I examined this hole, put my head in it, and even crawled partly in. When I did so, I thought I heard a sound resembling the heavy breathing of a large animal; and I concluded that the hole was not without a tenant. We commenced to dig, and continued to do so for about half an hour, when the moon set, and left us in darkness. I therefore abandoned this project for that night, and concluded to wait till morning. I accordingly directed my people to be ready at an early hour the next day to resume operations; and I promised to reward them, if we succeeded in getting the *timbo* alive. We then all returned home; and on the way, Danso told me that the only way to do to get that *timbo*, was to ascertain the

direction in which he was burrowing, and then to dig down through in advance of him, with the intention of thus cutting him off. This seemed to me to be good advice, and I determined to follow it the next day.

As soon as we got home, I directed all the tools which we should need for the morrow to be placed together, and served out some ammunition to my people, who were astonished to find that I was so anxious to procure that timbo.

The next morning we were up in good season, and at half past four we were on the road to unearth the timbo. When we reached the hole, we found that the earth at its mouth had been disturbed, and it was evident that a fresh quantity had been thrown out by its tenant. Danso, after examining the ground round about, said it would be useless to dig here, as the animal had gone away, and would probably remain away. I also closely examined the ground round about the hole, and soon discovered marks, which looked as though they had been made by human hands without thumbs; and these marks extended, with regularity, to a considerable distance from the hole, and all pointed away from it. I then concluded that Danso was right, and decided to dig at a hole which had not been disturbed. We accordingly examined two other holes, and found the same evidences that their occupants were away. I again questioned Danso; and he advised me, if I was still determined to get one of these, to me, strange animals, to go on the road to Bananco, where, he said, they abounded. He also added, that he had no doubt, as that was an unusually lonely road, that I would there find one of these holes which was occupied. I concluded to do so, and he again took the lead.

In twenty minutes we were back home; and after refreshing ourselves by taking a good draught of milk, we started at once on the Bananco road, which leads directly from my place. This is the most dreary road I ever travelled on, leading, as it does, across a broad plain of dried, hardened, and cracked ground. This plain is perfectly bare, and consequently one is exposed to the full force of the sun's rays. We had about four miles of this road to go over, and you may well think that my interest in the search I was engaged in soon flagged. Such a walk on such a road, and exposed to the full glare of a tropical sun, is enough to cool the ardor of a hardier man than I, and I half regretted, before we had got half way across the plain, that I had ever started. We at length got across, and into a

large grove of mahogany trees, and we all sat down at the foot of one of the largest to rest. I asked Danso how much farther he was going to lead us? And he answered, —

"We soon be dare."

Having rested, we again started; and Danso led us along through the woods for about half a mile farther. The woods were now less dense, and there were some spaces here and there without trees. In one of these spaces he stopped, and told us to wait, while he went on ahead, striking out in the woods, away from the beaten path we were on. We sat down and waited for him, and in about ten minutes he quietly returned, making signs to us to keep quiet.

"No make noise," said he, as he reached us; "me get um dis time."

We all quietly rose to our feet, and followed after him as silently as possible. In a few moments we got in sight of a timbo hole; and on the mound of earth, just outside of its mouth, we saw what appeared to be a huge hog, with long ears. We crouched down, and approached on all fours; and I forgot then my sun-burned face and my sore nose, which had been skinned and blistered by the sun. When we had got quite near, and just as we got ready to pounce upon the timbo, one of the men gave a fearful howl—it could be called nothing else. He had been bitten by a scorpion. This startled the timbo; and with wonderful agility, for so clumsy a looking animal, he scrambled into his hole. In the mean time the man who had been stung by the scorpion was writhing, in what appeared to me to be the most excruciating pain. I detailed two of the men to attend to him, and the rest of us went to make the acquaintance of the timbo. We first endeavored to ascertain in what direction it was burrowing; which was dangerous, as a cloud of earth and stones was flying out of its hole; and one man got a severe hit on the head, which stunned him, from a stone hurled out by a timbo. We found that the hole widened into a sort of chamber inside, out of which a passage led to the left, and from which we heard the breathing of the timbo, as he panted, digging for life. We accordingly drew a line on the top of the ground in the direction in which this passage led, and we commenced digging ten feet in advance of where we supposed the timbo to be. When we got deep enough, we struck the tunnel which it was boring, but not far enough ahead. He was fully five feet in advance of us, puffing quite hard, and working with all his might. The strength of the animal was

most remarkable, for he hurled stones as large as a man's head with such force that they went whizzing by us. We repeated the operation again and again, always with the same result. In fact, the men were afraid to dig down far enough ahead. At length, at about six o'clock P. M., I induced them to dig farther ahead than they wished to; we struck the tunnel close to him, and the end of his tail was sticking out. The laborers immediately seized it, in spite of the shower of earth and stones which he threw out. But it was too much for them. They could not possibly pull it out, and I therefore told them to shoot it, which was soon done. We pulled the carcass out and examined it.

The ears were longer than a hog's, but in all other respects they were similar. And the same was true as to the outward appearance of the whole head. The snout was also somewhat elongated, and its mouth was completely devoid of teeth. Its tongue was long and slender, and I stretched it till it measured, in my estimation, eleven inches from its root out. The body was in all respects, save the feet, that of a hog, scantily covered with fine, and not very long bristles. The tail was, say ten inches long, about four inches in diameter at the buttocks, and tapered off to the point like a sailmaker's fid. When opened, I found the same arrangement of the various parts, as in the hog; but the feet were its great peculiarities. Each foot resembled a human hand, minus the thumb. The fingers of these hands, as I shall call them, were armed with nails, like human finger nails, thick, horny, and hard. I never saw appendages to any animal which appeared to me so well adapted for their intended use. The hind ones appeared the most perfect; and no man could pick up a stone and hurl it away from him, with the same facility as this timbo picked up large ones, and hurled them far behind him, as he burrowed for dear life that day.

This animal is very common here; but there never was, so far as I know, but one living specimen placed in any zoological institution. That one was the one taken from the Cape of Good Hope, in 1870, and subsequently placed in the Zoological Gardens of London, where, I presume, it now is. There it is called the *ant-bear*. *Ant-hog*, I think, would be a more appropriate name. They feed principally upon the white ant; and the facility with which they burrow under ground makes it easy for them to supply themselves with food. Hence they are ant-eaters, of which there are several kinds on the West coast. But this is

the principal one; and although they abound wherever I have been in the Gambia and Sénégal, and their holes may be seen at any time, and almost everywhere outside of villages, they are so timid that very few have been seen by Europeans. They but seldom appear above ground, save at night; hence they are overlooked. Many look at these holes, wonder what they can be, and there the matter ends. They can be got, with patience and a little perseverance, and they could be brought to this country alive. I have no doubt, moreover, that they could also be kept alive when here. They will thrive on boiled rice, which resembles their natural food more than anything else I know of. But people are always loath to spend their time and money, even for science' sake, unless they can see a chance of getting an adequate return. I hardly know that I blame them. My people cooked the one we had killed, and made several good meals off of it. The meat looked and smelled like pork, and I had half a mind to taste it—but did not.

In returning home, we had to carry the man who had been stung by the scorpion, and who was still suffering very much, in a rude litter, which was made there with cane, tied together with the fibre of the baobab. It is the common belief among the negroes that when one has been stung in the morning, he will suffer until sunset, when he will feel instant relief from all the effects of the venom; and that when stung in the evening, i. e., after noon, he will experience the same relief at sunrise. I therefore felt curious to see if it would prove to be so in this case. It was after noon that this man was stung, and according to this belief of the negroes, he would suffer, in spite of all we could do, until sunrise the next morning. As soon as we got home I had him put to bed in a room adjoining mine, and I carefully examined his leg. It was somewhat swollen, and a red mark, like a tape, a quarter of an inch broad, ran up the inside of the leg, from the region of the bite, the ankle, to the groin; but I searched in vain for the spot where he had been stung. If I had not seen the scorpion, which had been killed immediately after having done the mischief, I should have thought that he had not been stung at all, and should have endeavored to find some other cause for the very great pain he evidently was in. During the night I applied fomentations to his leg, and did all I could think of to alleviate his sufferings, but to no purpose. At three o'clock in the morning he was still suffering, and kept crying out, —

"O! when will the sun rise?"

When at length the sun did rise, his pain *did* cease; and he arose, and worked that day the same as though nothing had happened. I afterwards observed the same thing on several other occasions. I do not mean to have the reader infer that the bite of a scorpion is always necessarily followed by the same result. I merely wish to have him or her understand that, so far as my observation extends, I always found it to be so. *Every* case which I have observed was followed by the same result. Does not the blind confidence of the negro, in this belief of theirs, tend in a great measure to bring this result about?

THE CARACCI FAMILY.

BY AUNT CARRIE.

WHEN art languishes in a state of mediocrity, or is deformed by false tastes, then some fortunate genius is born, who restores to art another golden age of invention. Thus it was in Italy when the Caracci family established the famous *Accademia*, or school of painting at Bologna. This school originated in the profound meditations of Lodovico Caracci. Lodovico, in early youth, struggled with a mind slow in its conceptions; he was advised by two masters to give up his trade. The true cause of his seeming sluggishness was the unsettled state of his mind; he could not approve the popular style of painting; he considered it "wretched mannerism." He determined to travel, and seek in other cities what he could not find in Bologna. After careful studies among the works of other masters, he determined to invent a new school of painting. On his return to Bologna, he found the artists still only imitating, with the seeming idea that every perfection had been attained.

Lodovico knew he could not stand alone against the multitude. He concluded to seek for some youthful artists yet unprejudiced — his own brother was deficient in real genius, only a copyist. He found, at last, two cousins; their father was a tailor, and Annibale was then working on the paternal board; his brother, Agostino, was learning engraving with a goldsmith — he became very famous as an engraver. Lodovico perceived their natural talent for art, and placing Agostino under

a celebrated master, who excelled in execution, he took Annibale into his own study. These two brothers were totally unlike, and often were jealous, especially Annibale, whose nature was prone to jealousy. Lodovico, in managing them, adopted Isocrates' plan, by "pricking one with the spur, the other kept in by the rein."

In their own house they established the new *Accademia*. Agostino could deliver critical lectures and give scientific principles. Annibale's time was occupied with invention and designing, while the softness of contours, brightness, and grace belonged to Lodovico. He was truly the head of this new school of art, as he was a profound and accomplished scholar in every known art of painting. In difficult doubts they appealed to him.

The Caracci not only resolved to paint justly, but to preserve the art itself, by perpetuating the perfect taste of the true style among their successors. The great masters of this last epoch of Italian painting were their pupils. Such were *Domenichino*, — it was said, 'he drew the soul, and colored life;' *Albano*, who was called the Anacreon of painting; *Guido*, "whose touch was all beauty and delicacy," &c.

The Caracci were careless of fortune, and lived unmarried, that they might wholly devote themselves to art. They lived together in perpetual intercourse of their thoughts; and even at their meals laid on the table their crayons and their papers, so that any motion or gesture which occurred as worthy of picturing was instantly sketched. Annibale caught some of the critical taste of Agostino, learned to work more slowly, and to finish with more perfection, while his invention was enriched by the elevated thoughts and erudition of Lodovico. "Yet the secret history of this *Accademia* illustrates *literary jealousy*."

Agostino often sacrificed his genius to pacify Annibale, by relinquishing his pallet to resume those exquisite engravings, in which he corrected many faulty outlines of the masters whom he copied, so that his engravings are more perfect than the originals. The brothers could neither live together in peace, nor endure absence; but a final quarrel separated them, and Agostino, broken-hearted, sank into an early grave, and Annibale, brotherless, was deprived of half his genius, and eventually lost his reason. We give our readers this short sketch of these celebrated artists, because we heard one of our educated young lady readers declare, she never heard of the "*Caracci*."

A HORRID STORY.

BY A KANNIBELL.

TELL me some *horrid* story, uncle Jay," said little Bessie, "a real *horrible* one, please; tell it now, right off."

She was a little girl of twelve, and her uncle was a man over fifty, indulgent, full of fun, and rather mischievous. Uncle Jay laughed, and said, —

"Snakes?"

"No," said Bessie, "not snakes; worse."

"Ghosts?" asked he.

"No, no, not ghosts; something real. I don't care much for ghosts. I want a real, true, horrid story."

"Well, then," said Jay, "what do you think of the story of some baked babies — baked, and eaten in a pie?"

"O, that sounds nice! Do tell that;" and so saying, Bessie climbed upon his lap, and seated herself, to listen comfortably, while he thus began: —

"I will, for the present, omit all account of the ancestors and family of those unlucky juveniles, and say nothing of their place of birth, their education, nursing, weaning, or other adventures, but simply inform you how, and where, and when I found and caught them, and helped to fat, and kill, and cook, and eat them."

"You?" shouted Bessie, jumping half out of his lap; "you? did *you* do it, uncle Jay? O, dear me!"

Her cousin June, who was present exclaimed, —

"What! not real, *bona fide* babies!"

June had a smattering of Latin.

"I can't say much about *bony* or *fidy*," answered the mischievous uncle; "but I did help eat them; and Janet, there" (the wrinkled old girl was just coming into the room, with her "specs" on her long, hooked nose), "Janet did most of the baby-killing and cooking."

"Ge-ra-she-us Hevings!" cried the horrified old lady, jerking her head violently; "you never — I never — Im-pos-si-a-bill!"

"O, fie, Janet!" said Jay; "I'm astonished at you!" And then Jay showed his teeth, exclaimed, "*fee, faw, fum*," and snapped at her like a real ogre.

Janet's "specs" slid to the end of her nose, as she jumped back and capsized a chair, ejaculating, —

"*Feru-sa-lem!*"

"I call them babies," said Jay, "because

they could not walk, nor even creep, and never spoke a word, though some of them did squeal a little when Janet stuck a fork into them."

"The luddy massy on us!" screamed Janet, gasping, and glaring at Jay over her spectacles, like a four-eyed monster; "*me* stick a fork into a baby! me, that never touched one of the darlin' creeturs with a pin, much more a fork! The ge-ra-she-us goodness forgive you for tellin' such a whopper as that, Mr. Jay."

"O, well," said he, laughing, "don't choke yourself with big words, Janet, if you did kill, and cook, and eat a whole cradleful of 'em. I won't talk about it now. But by and by —"

Here he dropped Bessie, jumped up, rushed towards Janet, pointed his long finger at her, and growled out, *basso profondissimo*, —

"Fee, faw, fum!

I smell the blood of a baby, mum;

Dead or alive, *you* shall have some,

To butter *your* bread before *I've* done."

"Ah! O, yes!" yelled Janet, and scampered out of the room.

Jay and June laughed heartily; but Bessie was almost scared, and she seemed half inclined to run too. But Jay took her quietly back to his knee, and patting her soft hair, said, very gently, —

"Bessie, I guess we'll let the baked baby story go, and tell something pleasant, shan't we?"

"No, indeed, uncle. You must tell the rest of it — all of it; do! Will you? Won't you? Do! Go right on now;" and she cuddled down to listen, open-eyed.

So he kissed her, and answered, —

"Very well. One day, when I was in Virginia —"

"Was it during the war, uncle?" asked Bessie.

"Yes, darling, during the rebellion, when I 'went a soldiering.' I found these young things apparently hiding, or hidden, on the shore of the Chesapeake Bay, half concealed by seaweed, and all of them as muddy and dirty as so many little pigs. I could not tell at first whether they were white or black. But I soon saw they were not negroes. Indeed, no colored person, not even a baby, would try to hide away from a Union officer or soldier. But if they had thought me their worst enemy, they could not have lain stiller than they did. It was by the merest accident that I happened to see them. The day was quite cold, and either their hiding in the mud and weeds, or some other cause, had

so stiffened them that they could not move hand or foot. They could just open their mouths a little, but could not, and did not, utter a word.

"I was quite excited by the discovery, and made haste to get them into a carriage, and take them to camp."

"A carriage, uncle?"

"Yes, Miss Pert; an ambulance. Just the right sort of carriage for these chilled and helpless creatures. O, how I pitied — But no matter about my feelings of pity. Enough that I was afraid some rebel scout might discover them and me, and bring down a party of bushwhackers or guerillas, and gobble up both them and me. Luckily, the camp was within a mile; and I soon found an ambulance, and put the dear little creatures into it."

"But, uncle Jay, how could they ride? Not on the seats. Did you carry the muddy things in your lap?" asked Bessie.

"O, I had a basket," said Jay.

"Bless me!" cried Bessie; "babies in a basket! How very funny!"

"Well, you see, there were too many to hold on my knees, even if they had not been so awfully muddy; and, as I had no crib, or cradle, or baby-jumper to put them in, I thought a large basket would do pretty well to keep them from rolling about on the floor of the ambulance. Don't you think so?"

"Why, yes," said Bessie; "I think it was quite a bright idea."

"That is true, my child. So, with great care and tenderness I placed those little innocents in the big basket, trying to arrange them with such care and skill as to prevent jostling and tumbling about as much as possible; for I assure you that I felt kindly disposed to them then, whatever I afterwards found myself tempted to do. They were helpless prisoners, and I their captor, but yet their friend.

"In about half an hour we reached the camp, and I reported their capture and arrival at headquarters, calling them, for the joke's sake, 'a captured squad of Virginia infantry.' Janet thought the joke good enough to smile at then."

"Janet? What, *our* Janet? Was she there?" inquired Bessie.

"O, yes," said Jay; "she was then one of our colonel's servants, and had charge of the headquarters' mess; and a capital caterer and manager she was. Our headquarters were in an old manor-house, which was apparently of revolutionary antiquity — once grand, like

Washington's at Mt. Vernon, or Lee's at Arlington Heights; but now, like them, shabby with age and neglect. The house was immense; but every room, closet, and entry was full and over-full. There was no other decent dwelling within a mile. A dozen negro huts were near by, but no house in which a white man would or could find decent shelter.

"Janet hated to be so crowded with 'everything,' as she said, 'all of a clutter;' and so she was annoyed, if not enraged, by the idea of having these young Virginians added to the family.

"Let the nasty-looking creeturs go into the cellar," said she. 'The cellar's good enough for such filthy young ones as them Virginia infant-er-y.'

"Down cellar they went, of course, for her word was law; and, after all, the cellar, not being more than three feet under ground, was rather a basement than a cellar, and, with its plank floor, was not at all uncomfortable.

"The victims of Janet's wrath were unconscious of their fate; at least they seemed so; for, if not asleep when I lifted them, one by one, out of their cradle, — basket, I mean, — and carefully deposited them on the plank floor of the cellar, they were either deaf and dumb, or in a trance. Not a groan, not even a sigh, was heard to escape from one of them; nor did they manifest any sign of discomfort or restlessness. They just lay still as I placed them, and were as quiet as so many sleeping lambs. But during the next night some of those seemingly innocent younglings were noisy enough to wake up the whole household, and scare us half out of our wits.

"However, before I give you an account of our panic, I must, in justice to Janet, tell you that she went down cellar several times during the day, and bathed and fed these quiet foundlings. She did this duty, — or, shall I rather say, performed these acts of mercy, — in a very odd and original way — with a water-pot."

"With a what, uncle Jay?" exclaimed Bessie.

"With a tin garden watering-pot, just such as you water your flower-border with, Bessie."

"But how is that possible, dear uncle? How could she bathe and feed them with a water-sprinkler? O, dear, dear! I can't imagine!"

"I will tell you, my pet. First, she filled the pot with water; then she stirred into it a

quantity of corn meal — Indian meal — (she ought to have been called a Pot-of-water-me Indian herself); then she carried this cold gruel down cellar; then she crowded the 'infantry' close together, and finally, — it chills my blood to think of it, — she poured this diabolical mixture all over them!

"You would think it must have strangled them, or made them cough or cry; or that it must have got into their eyes. But no, they actually seemed to like it; and, as I stood on the floor, by the head of the cellar stairs, I could hear the contented little fellows swallowing their soup with a *gluck-ity, gluck-ity, gluck* sound, which satisfied me that they too were satisfied. And then they seemed to fall asleep again.

"We all went to bed about ten o'clock. We had slept, perhaps, two or three hours, when every soul and body in the house was woke up by the most extraordinary and alarming noises in the cellar. Such a squealing, and such a knocking and clattering, I never did hear before, and never expect to hear again. That night I shall never forget; it was one of alarm, panic, horror!

"We were awakened by dreadful and mysterious noises. I jumped out of bed, and rushed, *in puris night-shirtibus*, bare-headed and bare-footed, from my bed-room into the upper hall, running plump against Janet, — if one can be said to run *plump* against such a lean and bony specimen of in-humanity, — knocking her like an anatomy against the wall, and her candle half way across the entry.

"Of course she yelled 'Murder!' and imagined me to be either a 'guerilla' or a 'gorilla,' and added by her screams to the Babel of discordant sounds.

"Twenty people were instantly astir, and all of them possessed by the idea that a gang of rebel raiders had broken into the cellar, and were stealing our stores, and kidnapping the babies, and that those persecuted infants were squealing for mercy.

"O, what noises! Bump, bang, clatter, and squeal! Squeal, clatter, bang, and bump! What under heaven could be going on in the cellar? Sharp, shrill, *nn*human, the squealing puzzled us prodigiously.

"Finally, we resolved to open the cellar door, hail the invisible foe, and fire a shot, or a volley, into the thick of the noise and darkness. This was done, and the result of the hail and shot was ten squeals for one, and a rattling and thumping fourfold noisier than before. But no manly sound, no human ut-

terance responded to our firing. What or who could be there? It could not be men; and to fancy that those poor, speechless, inactive, inert foundlings could 'kick up the d—l's delights' in that style was utterly absurd. What was it, then?

"'Give me a lantern,' said I, 'and I'll go down and see.'

"A lantern came, and then another, and a third, and fourth; and down went we four men, armed with a revolver in one hand and a revolving light in the other, and there discovered that three or four rats and four or five of the infants had occasioned, and were still keeping up, this direful din.

"It appeared that the rats, scenting the corn meal gruel, had come out of their holes in the wall, and attempted to lick the gruel from the open-mouthed and sleeping babes in the cellar. Alas for them! No sooner did tail or leg tickle those infant lips, than they closed upon it like a vice, like a jail-door, and held fast the rat intruder, driving him frantic with fright and pain. The rats ran and squealed, and the younglings held tight to their prisoners, and were dragged all over the floor, and against the wall, with a violence that threatened to batter their six sides to fragments."

"Six sides, uncle Jay! How can a baby have six sides?" inquired Bessie.

"Why, my beloved," answered Jay, "everything has six sides — right side and left side, back side and front side, and inside and outside. You need not be told, you would not have me state, whether we looked for and found bloody streams, and pools, and puddles of blood on the cellar floor, and lumps of brain and locks of hair sticking to the planks and stones.

"You must imagine all those horrors yourself, especially as nothing of the sort appeared, except that near one of the rat-holes were a few small masses of some brain-like, whitish substance, which might pass for medullary matter, if one dared to take them up and inspect them."

"Medullary matter, uncle! What is that?" asked Bessie.

"June is a Latin scholar, Bess, ask her," said Jay.

"What is it, June?" inquired the little one.

"It is matter which, if not brains, looks like them, my dear," answered June, with a blush and a smile.

"Now, uncle, please, go on with the story."

"Well, dear, I will return to the cellar. There the most wonderful thing was, that the young-

sters who had gripped the rats' tails or legs, would not let go of them, even after I had killed the rats, but held on tight while I was knocking the four-legged vermin in the head with a poker, some of whose descending blows came mighty near hitting, and perhaps actually did hit, the obstinate things themselves.

"At last, to liberate the carcasses of the dead rats, I had to force the toothless mouths of their jailers open with a bit of iron in one hand, while I pulled out the imprisoned legs or tails with the other. I say 'toothless,' because not one of them had cut a tooth, though they had, by their tight, sharp grip, almost cut off several tails. You may guess, from their want of teeth, how young they were; but that only shows how surprising it was that they kept such fast hold upon the struggling quadrupeds. Indeed, my own fingers got one or two pinches from those strong jaws.

"O, how battered and bruised some of those brave little, silent sufferers were! And yet, old Janet, who by this time had got on her dressing-gown, and got off her nightcap, and come down into the cellar, was so vexed at having, as she said, 'been askeered eeny jest to death for nothin' by those plaguy varmints,' that she would not let me bring the suffering innocents up stairs to a safer and more comfortable place.

"'No,' cried the obstinate old lady, when I proposed their removal, 'let the durned things stay down here! They ain't a cryin', and I don't believe they're hurt. As long as they don't cry, what's the use of bothering ourselves about the young secesh? Let 'em stay, I say.'

"I was ashamed of her; but they did stay. Janet was a hard character; but she had not yet shown any cannibal propensity. That barbarity was to come. Next day her appetite for 'strange flesh' showed itself. I actually found her tickling and pricking them with a fork, and laughing as they shrank and squeaked under her prodding; nay, actually putting the fork to her own lips, and licking it, and smacking with her mouth as though it tasted good!

"And now, dear Bessie, imagine that a week has passed, and that the last bloody—I mean dreadful—act and scene in this infant tragedy are close at hand. 'If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.' I hesitate to tell you the final fate and doleful end of my young Virginian captives. Don't hate me for 'having a hand in the pie.' Charles Lamb forgave Herod for his slaughter of the inno-

cents; and I want you to judge kindly, or at least charitably, of me. Hunger will drive starving men to eat one another. Josephus tells us that during the siege of Jerusalem famishing parents devoured their own offspring. Those young and tender Lynnhaven Bay Virginians were not *my* children, nor were they in any way related to me. We did not eat them until we were reduced to very short rations. Indeed, we fed them with Janet's gruel until our corn meal gave out.

"The 'rebs' had hemmed us in closer and closer, cutting off our supplies. Not a pound of beef, pork, or mutton remained in our possession on the day when those poor creatures breathed their last. Janet's bones (or her whale-bones) had actually worn holes in her corsets! I was as gaunt as a greyhound, and the colonel had nicknamed me '*John o' Gaunt*,' and you might have felt and counted his ribs with your fingers.

"But I will not dwell upon these hungry details, nor look long at this dismal time 'in this bony light.'

"'We must eat them!' said the famishing colonel.

"'Of course we must,' responded Janet; 'and for my part I'm awful sorry they wasn't et up long ago.'

"'Shall we cook them, or eat them raw?' inquired I.

"'Not raw! I couldn't tetch a mouthful on 'em raw,' said Janet: 'make a pie on 'em; kiver 'em up with a crust, so that we can't see 'em, and then bake 'em; there's jest about flour enough left to make a nice crust.'

"And so it was determined, and so it was done. How we first killed them, why should I tell? Not a groan nor a sigh was heard. The deed was done, but no one heard a noise. One by one they were laid in a huge tin pan; our last lump of butter was used to *baste* the pan and *shorten* the crust; our last pound of flour was *needed* to make that crust. Finally, I may add, they were baked in their own juices, and they tasted good! The words of a modern poet, slightly varied, will aptly close this last sad chapter in their eventful history, and ~~there~~ will I upon this topic 'forever hold my peace'.

"'Their bodies, well peppered, went into the dish,

The crust was put on, and the edge scalloped down:

As juicy a pie as the stomach could wish,

When the oven had baked it all through, nice and brown.

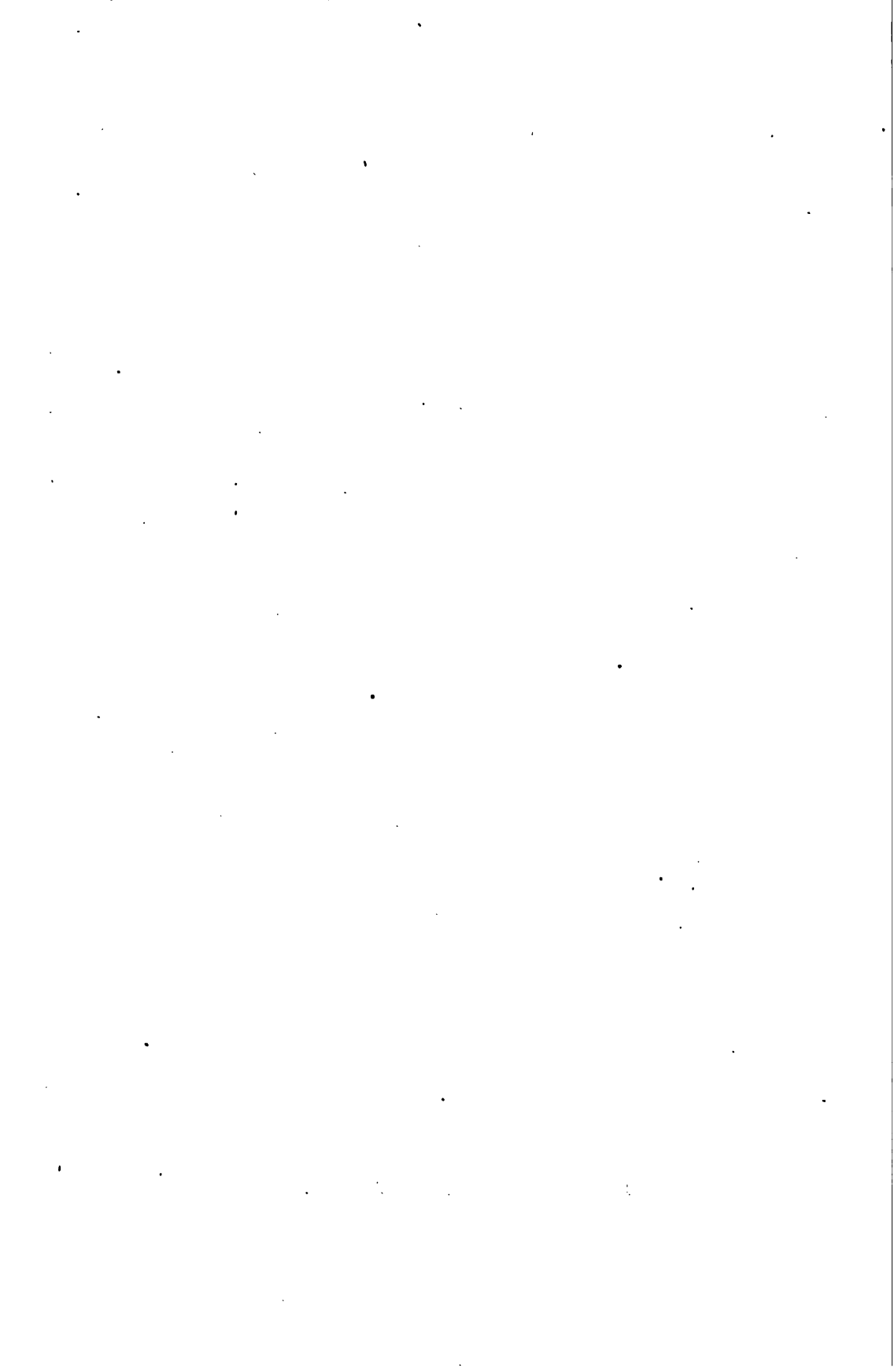
For men and women must kill, cook, and eat;

And good *oyster pie* is a very great treat,

When Christmas time is coming!"



MUSIC HATH CHARMS.



BROUGHT TO THE FRONT;

OR,

THE YOUNG DEFENDERS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER XVII.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THERE had been no signs of Indians observed for some weeks, and the scouts took short routes, returning every night to the garrison. One evening, when all were within the walls, and daylight was just fading from the sky, two white men, armed and mounted, were seen approaching.

Notice of an occurrence so uncommon having been given by the sentinel, the gate was flung open, and all assembled to view the strangers. They proved to be Benjamin Franklin and his son William, who had been an officer in the army. Both were known to Holdness, who instantly went forward, greeted them with great cordiality, and invited them into the garrison to pass the night.

"Indeed, we shall be but too glad to do so," said the philosopher, now transformed to a soldier; "for we are both hungry and weary, not by any means certain of the route, and our beasts nearly spent. I think I met you last at Fort Cumberland, Mr. Holdness, among the forces that accompanied General Braddock."

"Yes, squire; and a bitter day was the day of Braddock's defeat to me. I lost two as fine boys as ever lived to gladden a father's heart and strengthen his arm. Neighbor M'Clure, here, lost his boy, and Mrs. Sumnerford her husband; that is, 'cept he's a prisoner in Canada. But where may you be going, squire?—if I may be so bold."

"To Raystown Fort; I have some business with the commander of it."

"But you run a great risk; the country is full of Indians."

"Not so much as you might think; a company of rangers, with the man they call Captain Jack at their head, have gone before. We followed the trail, but lost it; and it is said—I don't know how truly—that the Indians keep at a safe distance from him and his men."

"That is true, every word of it; they'll no more meddle with him—Delawares, Shawanees, nor Mohawks—than a deer'll pitch battle with a wolf."

"I had heard of your settlement here, and wished to find it, but should have passed by, had not my son climbed a tree, as it was get-

ting near night, to look out, and saw the smoke from the garrison. And now, if you please, Mr. Holdness, we will eat and sleep, and in the morning we will talk further in respect to matters that nearly concern you all."

In the morning, after a hearty breakfast, Franklin and his son professed themselves thoroughly recovered from the fatigues of the previous day.

"You were saying, squire," said Holdness, "that you had something ter tell that concerns us all, and we're ready ter hear it; for we are cooped up, and don't know anything what's going on in the province; only we heard in Raystown Fort, from the trader there, that the governor and the assembly are at loggerheads, and that the Indians are killing, and nothing done, or like to be done, by either on 'em, to save lives and defend the frontiers; at any rate, that's the last news that came to us."

"That is not the case; but the Proprietaries have contributed, for the defence of the provinces, five thousand pounds, which they insist upon being considered as a gift, still refusing to allow their estates to be taxed; and, in view of the situation of the provinces, and great distress of the inhabitants, the assembly have resolved to waive their rights for the time, and accept it in lieu of a tax, and raise an additional sum by tax, so that sixty thousand pounds are now put into the hands of commissioners, to build forts along the frontiers, and raise and arm militia."

"You, I suppose, squire," said Blanchard, "are one of the commissioners."

"I am; the assembly have seen fit to give me a commission, with power to raise men and give commissions to officers, and superintend the building of forts. I have raised now over five hundred men."

"You'll excuse us, kurnul," said Holdness, "for not giving you the title, as we didn't know anything about it."

"You have fed and taken excellent care of us, my friend, and that is of far more consequence than titles."

"You say that there is a line of forts ter be built. Where's the line ter be drawn?"

"Along the Kittatiny Hills, from the Delaware to the Maryland line; one at Minisink, Gnaden-hutten, and Shamokin, one on the river of which the stream you are on is a branch, and another at Augwick, and one at the sugar cabins: they will be from twelve to fifteen miles apart, and most of them will be garrisoned by seventy-five men. There are others, the location of which has not yet been

decided upon. They will also have two swivel guns."

"Whereabouts on the Juniata are they going to build forts?" said Israel Blanchard.

"One at Augwick, and one thirty miles this side, not far from Bird's clearing."

"Little benefit will that be to us, colonel; we shall have no garrison within twenty or twenty-five miles of us; and while others will have the forts between themselves and the Indians, we shall be between the Indians and the forts; so that it don't seem to me that your information concerns or benefits us at all."

"It seems to me, on the other hand, that it concerns you very nearly; otherwise I had not taken the pains to visit you, and put you on your guard."

"We're greatly obliged, colonel," said Holt; "but how came you to know anything about us?"

"A Quaker, by the name of Ephraim Cuthbert, with whom I have been acquainted some years, called on me. I told him I was going into the Cumberland Valley, and along the Juniata; for I had heard such fearful stories of murders committed by the Indians, that I wished to inform myself, and also be in a position to inform the governor and the assembly of the exact condition, and sufferings, and present danger, of the frontier inhabitants. He then told me of your settlement, that he had lived among you, and had so much to say in your favor, that I was quite surprised and much interested; as it is not usual for Quakers to concern themselves on the affairs of others."

"His house," said Honeywood, "stands not two gunshots from this place. He was a most worthy man, and an excellent neighbor; we esteemed him very much while here, and parted from him in friendship. It's my opinion that the fear that his children would abandon the Quaker principles was the sole cause of his leaving."

"After speaking very much in your favor, he begged me, if I should pass near your settlement, to visit and prevail upon you to fall back behind the line of forts, saying that you had built a garrison, were resolved to defend it, and were rash enough to run the risk of certain destruction. I trust, however, the good Quaker was mistaken in respect to his last statement, and that you will be disposed to profit by his counsel."

"Well, kurnul," replied Holdness, "we are greatly obleeged, and take it very kind in you to consarn yourself so much about us, and to Ephraim Cuthbert for putting you on the trail; and I hope you won't take it no otherwise; for

I'll say it, afore your face or behind your back, that you stand afore the people of this province as an honest man, and a well-wisher ter everybody in it, and there's not a man that is a man, 'twixt the Alleghanies and Delaware Bay, but what's glad you're in charge of this business; and 'tain't out of any disrespect to you that I say the people who've taken up land in this Run won't leave it and their homesteads while one on 'em can swing a tomahawk or pull a trigger. We were encouraged to come on ter this land, cause 'twas kind of in dispute as to the boundary line 'twixt the provinces, and cause the Indians were troublesome, and most of us being old trappers and hunters, — a rough-handed set, — 'twas thought we could hold our own. We've got here, and shall stay; if the government won't defend us, we kin defend ourselves; the Indians what have meddled with us thus far haven't got much ter brag of."

The astute statesman looked upon the stern, resolved features of the men by whom he was surrounded, read in the expression of their faces assent to all that Holdness had uttered, and was silent.

Holdness then told him of the attacks the Indians had already made upon them, and the results.

By no means inclined to yield the point, Franklin listened patiently, and then expressed a desire to postpone the further discussion of the subject till they had broken their fast, and he had viewed the garrison, and their capabilities of resistance.

There was no occasion for haste, as the horses of Franklin and his aide-de-camp were so exhausted by reason of hard roads and lack of provender, that a day's rest was absolutely necessary to fit them for further service. The first thing that attracted the attention of Franklin, as he stepped from the door of the block-house, and over which he nearly stumbled, was the driving wheel of a grist-mill, and a shaft, rough-hewn, lying by it."

"What is this?" he exclaimed.

"That," replied Mr. Seth, "is the water-wheel of our grist-mill, that we calculate to build when the war is over; and, as we have not much on our hands at present, Israel and I work on it at odd jobs, to pass away the time."

Franklin smiled.

"It appears to me," he said, "that you will be sufficiently occupied in providing for your present wants and defence, without building mills for future use."

"It is some comfort to look at it when we

are plying the pestle, — thump! thump! — and think of the good time coming.”

The commissioner next examined carefully the stockade, walls of the block-houses, well, means of extinguishing fire, arms and ammunition, and the ground around the walls.

“This,” he said, “I must concede, is the best-constructed garrison that I have seen, and I have inspected many; it’s a noble stockade, and the fort commands everything around it. It is much better than those I am about to put up will be, as the whole sixty thousand pounds would be consumed on the forts, and leave nothing to victual and man them, if as much labor was bestowed upon them as has been expended here, and, I must say, with excellent judgment.”

“The greater part of us,” said M’Clure, “know what ’tis ter fight Indians, and what a fort ought ter be. The Blanchards are mechanics, and know how ter do the work; they’ve likewise been brought up on the eastern frontier, where the people live in garrison half of the time.”

The sound of a hammer on an anvil was now heard, and, with no little curiosity, Franklin entered the blacksmith’s shop, where he found Honeywood busily at work making nails from the back of an old scythe, with which to fasten the shoes of his son’s horse, that were loose, and the forward ones in danger of dropping off.

“My son was lamenting that his beast would have to go bare till we got back to Bethlehem, and perhaps fall lame. Were you bred a smith, Mr. Honeywood?”

“I learned a good part of the trade at Baltimore, when a boy, and also that of a gunsmith. I am a much better gunsmith than blacksmith.”

He next espied the bellows.

“Who made those bellows?”

“The man who makes everything,” replied Honeywood, pointing to Mr. Seth.

“I have seen bellows similar to those in Europe. Pray, where did you get the model, Mr. Blanchard?”

“I never saw anything like ’em here; but there was a German, Gottlieb Stauber, who once lived here, but went away when the war broke out, who told me that in Germany they had bellows made of wood, and said they were boxes that shut over each other. I thought it singular that they should make bellows of wood where they had leather, but did not pay much attention to him, nor inquire into the particulars; afterwards, when Mr. Honeywood wanted a pair, and we had nothing else to

make ’em of, I thought of what he said, and made these.”

“They answer the purpose admirably, though I perceive they leak air some.”

“Yes, sir; and they will leak more, as we were obliged to make them of green stock; but I’ve got boards seasoning, and when these leak too much I’ll make another pair.”

A prominent trait in the character of Franklin was the disposition to render his great abilities practically useful to his fellow-men; and he instantly began to examine the bellows.

“It would be a pity to do this work all over again, Mr. Blanchard. Your contrivance of the wood is very good; but there is a method they adopt in Europe to make them tight, and obviate the inequalities of surface, that I think would do away with the effect of shrinkage, keep them tight, and save the labor of making them over or another pair.”

“What is that, colonel?”

“They put a thin lath around the edges of the lower box, somewhat wider than the box is thick, sawing it nearly through in places to limber it, and then drive steel wires into the bottom of the lower box, that rest against the edge of the lath, and by their elasticity keep it close to the upper box. All you would have to do would be, as the wood shrank, to increase the width of the lath.”

Thus, wherever he was, — in the backwoods of his own land, in the courts of monarchs, — Franklin was ever ready to lighten the labors, quicken the enterprise, and promote the comfort and happiness of his fellow-men.

Mr. Seth reflected a few moments, and then said, —

“I see that the thing you speak of would do the business; but the bellows will answer our purpose as they are, with a little tinkering, and I could not get the steel to make springs, if it was to save me; but whenever I can obtain a pound, I will certainly try it.”

“Where is the web of that scythe, the back of which Mr. Honeywood used to make horse-nails?”

“Everything in the shape of steel we are obliged to use to repair guns, make springs for the locks, and for knives.”

“Couldn’t you prevail on the women to contribute of their knitting-needles?”

“They would as soon part with their children; very few of them have any but wooden ones.”

Iron is more plenty in Pennsylvania now; and, while a horse-nail was considered by the settlers of Wolf Run of great value, the land

under their very feet was pregnant with iron ore, and coal to smelt it; the very water of their streams tinged by this most useful of minerals.

If Franklin had been surprised by the evidences of intelligence, mechanical skill and tact in surmounting obstacles, that had already attracted his notice, he was much more so when, accompanied by Honeywood, the Blanchards, and M'Clure, he entered the school-house.

Here were boys and girls dressed in linsey-woolsey, moccasins, Indian leggins, with a liberal allowance of buck and deer skins, but all neat and clean; two, sometimes three, studying out of the same book; 'inkstands made of wood, horn, some of bone, made by sawing off sections of the large bones of animals, and plugging one end; writing-books made of birch bark and ruled with leaden plummets.

In striking contrast to all this was the appearance of the building itself. The timber was hewed so square, and locked at the corners with such care and skill, — the fore-plane and adze being used on every stick, — that it appeared almost as though cut out of a great mass of wood; not a cranny could be detected, and it was ceiled above.

The readers of the previous volume will recollect that Honeywood and Holdness had in their houses glass windows; these they had taken out, and loaned for the winter to the school. The floor was of boards, planed and jointed; the desk of the teacher and those of the scholars, and the seats, were made neatly of planed boards, and the door was panelled, though hung on wooden hinges and closed with a wooden latch. The only exception to the general neatness of workmanship was the stone fire-place, and "cat-and-clay" chimney.

"Indeed," exclaimed Franklin, equally surprised and delighted, "this is most remarkable; the school-house is the best building in the settlement."

"It ought to be," replied Honeywood.

"If it had been summer time when we built it," said Israel Blanchard, "we would have burnt bricks and made a chimney; a wooden chimney and fire-place of stone don't compare with the rest of the work."

"If you had," said Franklin, "I should think myself in a New England school-house; and if ever I head a band of emigrants, I will take care there are among them a blacksmith and carpenter. This is the first place I ever visited in which the school-house was the only building that could boast of a shingled roof,

while all the others had puncheon floors, long shingles on the roofs, and weight-poles."

"We expect," said Armstrong, "to build better houses for ourselves in time; but the school-house is in the middle, and will stand. Mr. Honeywood, though, has shaved shingles on his house. He got iron, before the war, at Baltimore, and made nails at his own fire, with charcoal and a hand bellows: you ought to have seen them, colonel. He skinned a beaver, only ripping the skin at the breast, sewed up the holes, put a nose-piece of wood in the mouth, and his wife blew the fire while he kept two nail-rods in the fire at once, and worked one while the other was heating."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MEN WHO LAPPED.

Just before noon the boys returned from their scout, and reported that they had seen no Indian signs, but had struck the trail of some white rangers going west, saw them at a distance, but did not hail them. Holdness put the boys through their exercise in the presence of Franklin and his aid, and Honeywood brought out the drum made by Harry, related the circumstances connected with its manufacture, and the exploit of the boys in ambushing the Indians who had killed the McDonalds.

In this way, and in conversation upon the state of the country, and the remedies to be adopted, the forenoon passed away; but when dinner was despatched, their guest remarked, addressing himself to Holdness, —

"Friend Holdness, I have examined your garrison, thoroughly inspected your arms, amount of ammunition, means of putting out fire, facilities for obtaining water, and amount of provision, made as accurate an estimate as I can of your capabilities to stand a siege, and I am still clearly of the opinion that you cannot remain here.

"If you were a band of trappers and hunters, it would be another thing; but with wives and large families of children depending upon, and looking to, you for protection, the risk is too great."

"To those of us who've had the most experience of Indian fighting, and lived all our days on the frontiers, it don't appear so."

"I would by no means put my opinion against yours, and the opinions of your neighbors; for I make no pretensions to military knowledge, though they have seen fit to dub me 'colonel,' and give me a command, and set me to building forts; but, having been

so closely confined to this garrison for months, you may not be so well aware as I am of the true state of affairs, and what force the Indians are capable of bringing against you."

"That is very true, colonel," replied Honeywood; "and we should be very glad to hear anything you may be good enough to tell us in respect to it."

"We have learned, by both Indian and white spies, that soon after Braddock's defeat a hundred Frenchmen and a thousand Indians set out from Fort Duquesne (Delawares, Shawanees, Twightees, and Tuscaroras), to attack the settlements east of the Alleghanies, and afterwards, separating into parties of from fifteen to four hundred, spread over the frontiers. It was, no doubt, some of these scalping parties that made the different attacks on you, and killed the McDonalds."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said M'Clure, "if that was so, though you must make all allowance for what comes through Indian spies. The friendly Indians will tell big stories of the numbers to make their own services loom up."

"We know it is so, because it came through Conrad Weisel."

"Then," said Holdness, "you may set it down for fact."

"We have but too good proof of their numbers from the devastation they have committed. The people at Conococheague, the Great and Little Coves, Shareman's Valley, and Path Valley, have either been killed, carried prisoners to Canada, or have fled to the older settlements. You probably know George Croghan."

"Indeed we do — an old Indian fighter," said Armstrong. "He's got a fort at Augwick."

"Well, he has been cut off. Forty people have been killed and scalped around Fort Cumberland; and every day the garrison there see bands of Indians pass, larger than their own number. We know that there are in Canada one hundred and forty English prisoners in the hands of the Indians, and that the French want to buy them, but the Indians refuse to sell them; and there are more at the Indian towns."

"The Indians are not fools," said M'Clure; "they know that the French want to buy 'em of them for a little powder, a few bullets, a jewsharp, paper, looking-glass, an awl, or some such little affair, and then sell 'em to us for a great price when we come to redeem the captives; and they mean to keep 'em, and trade with us themselves, after the war is over."

"Yes," said Mrs. Blanchard, "how much will the poor people suffer in the mean time, dragged round from one Indian town to

another, half clothed, and starved, and pounded!"

"But this is not all," replied Franklin; "you will be surprised when I tell you that the Indians have crossed the Susquehanna, killed and scalped people at Tulpehocken, and even within sixty miles of Philadelphia, and that Carlisle is threatened. Indeed, there is not much doubt that the Indians and French are building a fort at Shamokin."

"Carlisle threatened by Indians? an old settled place, and where my husband offered to carry me and the children for safety, when the war first broke out," said Mrs. Honeywood.

"You're safer here, Sarah," said her husband.

"The sixth of November, Mr. Honeywood, there were four hundred Indians within eighteen miles of this garrison; they are roaming over all the country between you and the Ohio River, and they have been killing and burning for seventy miles to the eastward of you. I shall not go into the details of all I have witnessed, — people lying in the fields and roads unburied, with the fowls devouring their bodies; others with a little earth flung over them, and cattle running about with arrows sticking in them; as I have no desire to attempt, what I know would be useless, to move men like you by recounting Indian atrocities. I merely state the facts, thinking you might, after hearing them, reconsider your first determinations, and fall back upon the forts. Your numbers added to the soldiers in a fort would make it impregnable to any Indian attack. These forts being from twelve to fifteen miles apart, the soldiers of the garrison will scout from one fort to the other, and if one fort is attacked the soldiers from the others can come to its relief; but if you are attacked you can count on no aid from any quarter."

"You'll excuse my broad Scotch, colonel," said Stewart; "but here we have planted oursel's, an' here we'll bide; we're purposed, both wives an' weans; a' the faint-herted an' the Quakers are gane lang syne; we're like Gideon's men, that lapped — the chosen ones. Auld Ben Lomond's nae faster rooted amang the crags than our ain sel's to this glen."

"Can you tell us," said Honeywood, "what is the condition of the people who've fled from the Great and Little Coves, and other places on the frontiers, and fallen back on the older settlements?"

"They're in great distress, having left their all behind them, and are a sore burden to the inhabitants of those places."

"Ay," cried Armstrong, "and if we join them we shall be beggars too, and only serve to increase the misery; and we'd rather stay where we are."

"We don't feel," replied Honeywood, "that the same rule applies to us as to them. The first hostile inroad made by a body of Indians (I don't refer to occasional murders) ever made into this state since its settlement, was made the eighteenth of October of this year. By reason of the good will of the Indians to the Quakers, and their influence over the Indians, the state had no militia, and no occasion for any; the great body of the inhabitants, occupied in working their farms, were not armed, and were not accustomed to acting together, and when surprised by this Indian outbreak knew not which way to turn, and ran like sheep before wolves. The forts you are going to build will be garrisoned by men taken from these sort of people; and I far prefer this fort, garrisoned by my neighbors, who I can count upon, and who won't flinch at the sound of the war-whoop: it will only stir 'em up."

"That's the talk," cried Holdness; "nothing like the war-whoop ter start the temper."

"There's another thing," said Honeywood; "a good shot is very soon known on the frontiers; and the Indians who have been living among us for these many years, know the people of this Run, and are afraid of us. They've tried us several times, lost a good many men, but have never got a dollar's worth of plunder, a single rifle, an ounce of lead, or a pound of powder, and have never carried a single scalp to Canada; none of the party who scalped the McDonalds got away with their scalps; we killed them all. Information of this kind soon spreads among Indians; and they will be likely to go to Heidelberg, McDowells, Harris's Ferry, or Tulpehocken, among the farmers, and the fat cattle, where there's more to get, and less risk, or no risk at all."

"I have not the least doubt you would resist any scalping party; but these Delawares have declared that they will winter in the valley. Suppose a hundred or two hundred Indians, led by French officers, and with cannon, should attack this fort; the cannon would batter down your stockade, and then the Indians would rush in and murder you."

"The French," said Holdness, "can't make the Indians fight in any other than their own fashion, — can't make 'em march up and put ladders, and scale walls, as white men will; and they never have provision enough to stay before a place long; they must go off and hunt. Any party that would come here would have

only some small field-piece; they couldn't get an Indian to load and fire it, couldn't get an Indian to dig, and throw up intrenchments; if they planted their gun out in the clear, within range of our rifles, they never would live to touch it off; and if they planted it out of our fire, they wouldn't tear this stockade ter pieces in a hurry, for we could dig up dirt, and make a breastwork on it. I tell you, if they come with cannon of any bigness, they can't drag 'em through the woods, and they sartin can't git the Indians ter clear a road for 'em; but they'll take Braddock's road, — that's all cleared and made, — and that'll take 'em far away from us."

"I think, sir," said Captain Franklin, "that Mr. Holdness and the settlers are right; their fort is well built, and, as Holdness says, they know how to strengthen it. They are certainly not to be, for one moment, compared with the country people, or the soldiers who will probably garrison the forts you want them to go into. They have provisions, water within the walls, and arms. Why, I would much prefer that scouting party of boys, if I had to deal with Indians, than a regiment of regular soldiers. I should be very reluctant to run over the roughest ground I ever saw, within three hundred yards of that Harry Sumnerford."

"There's half a dozen of 'em that come pretty well up to him," said Honeywood, "in shooting."

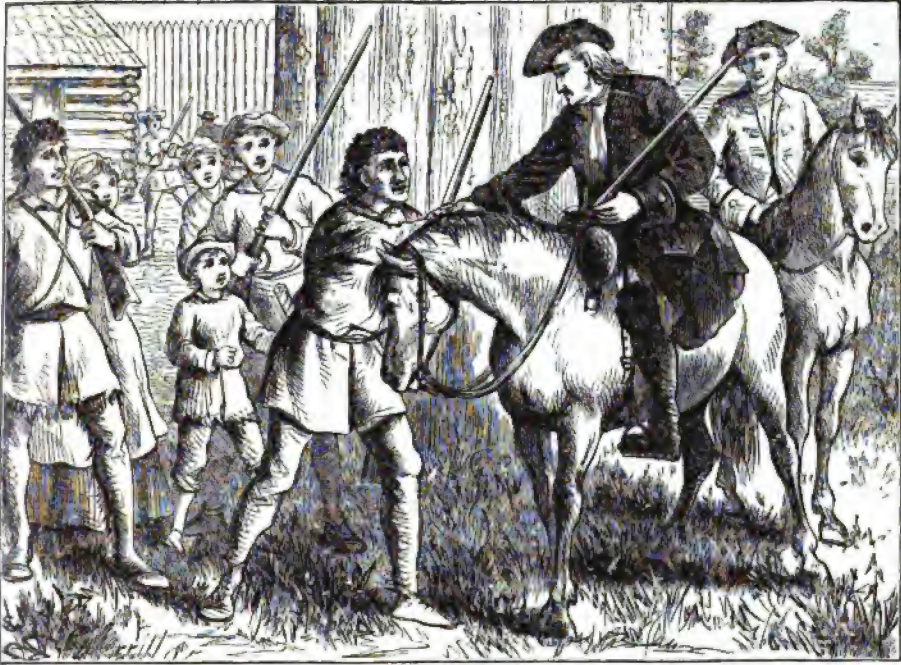
"It is their capacity that so interests me in their safety," said the senior. "The province can't afford to lose such citizens; they are worth a whole county of some people. You have not ammunition enough to stand a siege, Mr. Honeywood, — for I see that you are all resolved to incur the peril, — you have not shot for your cannon, not powder and lead sufficient for your rifles, for any length of time, and a few discharges of the large gun would consume it all. Here is a serious difficulty. How will you get over that?"

"We have money, and were about to go to Baltimore, and purchase powder and lead; but now we expect that you will supply us."

"It is as much as your life's worth to go to Baltimore."

"No matter; in your opinion it is as much as our lives are worth to stay here; so it is all of a piece."

"I am certainly disposed, since I cannot prevail upon you to fall back, to aid you to the extent of my ability; but I do not know that I should be justified in taking the money raised to establish a line of posts to defend the frontiers, and giving it to men who have a



HOLDNESS WENT FORWARD AND GREETED THEM. Page 835.

separate interest outside of that line, and who will not come into the arrangement contemplated by the governor and the assembly."

"If the government," said Honeywood, "has appropriated this money to build and arm these forts for the defence of the people, it seems very hard, when we are a portion of those people, and have already built a fort at our own expense, and put arms and provisions into it, that the government cannot aid us in the way of ammunition, when, if we had nothing, they would be disposed to build a fort for us, and furnish arms and a guard."

"Haven't you," said Holdness, "given guns and ammunition to some people already?"

"Yes; I have given, or, rather, lent guns, and given powder and lead, to some farmers, to defend their homes till the forts could be built, and scouting parties organized."

"Then why not supply us?"

"I think an objection of this kind would be made, that you had built a fort here, beyond the line of frontier defences established, and that the enemy would take it, and then be in possession of a fort and arms, from which they would annoy the frontier, making it a rendezvous for their scalping parties. For you never will make the governor believe that you can defend this fort, though I have almost come to think it possible."

"I have heard," said Armstrong, "that Chambers has built a first-rate fort at Conococheague, and put brass cannon in it that he sent to Scotland and got, and that the governor ordered him to deliver 'em up, 'cause if the French and Indians took the fort they'd have them guns to use agin the country, and it was thought by the governor he hadn't garrison enough to hold his own."

"That is true; but Chambers refused to deliver them and abandon his fort, and the probability is, he'll be permitted to keep it, and take his own risk."

The shrewd commissioner had already divined that Mr. Seth, though a most skilful mechanic, was entirely deficient in the fighting qualities possessed by his companions, and, after reflecting a moment, resolved to aid the settlers of the Run, and promote the general interests of the community at the same time.

"If," he said, "you will give me a guard to Raystown, and back to Gnadenhutzen, where I expect to meet my men, and where I am to build a fort, and if Mr. Seth Blanchard will go with me and take charge of the work, I will stretch my authority and supply you with lead, powder, and shot for your large gun. Mr. Blanchard will be perfectly safe with us, as we shall have a large guard of soldiers, and I will pay him the best of wages."

"I'll go," said Mr. Seth.

"And we will furnish guard and guide," said Honeywood.

The commissioners set out the next morning, with Holdness, M'Clure, Honeywood, and eleven more men and boys for a guard. They were ambushed on the road, at a watering-place, by savages; but M'Clure and Holdness, who were in advance, discovered the Indians, and a skirmish took place. Captain Franklin's horse was shot under him, and M'Clure had two bullets through his clothes; after which both sides took trees; three of the Indians were killed, and the remainder fled, and the party were not again molested.

At Raystown were some military stores, from which Franklin supplied the settlers of Wolf Run with powder, lead, cannon-shot, and a large gun.

When the settlers took leave of Franklin at Gnadenhutten, he said to Holdness that he considered he owed his life and that of his son to them; as it was their escort that prevented the savages from killing them both on the way to Raystown; that he should ever strive to assist them, would keep them supplied with ammunition, and would furnish them with books for their school, if they would send to Fort Allen for them; so the fort at Gnadenhutten was to be named.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOSS OF THE SALT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the determination of the settlers to maintain their foothold at any and every risk, the terrible array of facts presented by Franklin made a deep impression, and caused them to take into serious consideration contingencies before unthought of.

"Neighbors," said Honeywood, "you know what Colonel Franklin told us. I can see it has distressed the women, though they have said nothing. What think you of making this garrison shot-proof, — it's bullet-proof now, — that is, as far as we can, to any light cannon?"

"I think," said Armstrong, "it would be a good move."

When the fort was built, the settlers had made around it a yard for the cattle and sheep; but it was enclosed by a common log fence, which at the time was thought to be sufficient, as no one could approach near enough to shoot the cattle without exposing himself to the rifles of the garrison.

It was, however, very possible for Indians to creep up in the night and let the cattle out,

or kill them with arrows and knives, without incurring much risk from the inmates of the fort.

The fortress was now strengthened and altered in such a manner, by those experienced in Indian warfare, as to render most effective the limited artillery at their command.

It was an oblong square; on three sides it was surrounded by a stockade. As to the remaining side, the walls of the block-house itself formed the side. The garrison was built in great haste, after the news of Braddock's defeat, and they now proceeded to improve it.

There was a flanker in each corner of the stockade, in one of which their large gun was mounted; but they had since obtained the loan of another from the governor, through Franklin. On the other two corners there were no flankers, and it was possible for an enemy to approach in the night, and fire into the loopholes made in the walls of the block-house.

They now built an additional stockade on this side, took down the flanker on one of the other corners, and placed it diagonally on one corner of this new stockade. All the buildings were now within the line of the stockade, and flankers at diagonal corners.

These flankers were block-houses built of very large timber, one corner of which projected, in this form, \triangleright , beyond the stockade, with loopholes on each side. In forts that were garrisoned by soldiers, they were used for barracks: the settlers stored provisions, powder, and lead in them, and made use of them to live in. They mounted their large guns, in the flankers, on swivels, and as the latter formed the corners, each of them raked with their fire two sides of the stockade.

They now built another stockade around the whole fort, and considerably higher than the original one, and with larger timber, — as the harvest was in, and they had more leisure, — loopholed the stockade, and built platforms upon which to stand to fire.

This afforded protection to the cattle, and gave additional strength to the fort. Franklin had loaned them four iron shovels, — their own were of wood, — and by the aid of these, and with horses and ploughs, they encircled the whole with a ditch, and placed the earth thrown out of it against the stockade, thus rendering it a species of earthwork, and, to a certain height, proof against cannon-shot, and finished their work by making a gate, and a platform of plank to cross the ditch, that could be easily removed within the walls at night, or in the event of attack.

They built small flankers at the diagonals, loopholed for musketry and for sentry-boxes, two stories in height, and filled the lower story with earth, and likewise the two other corners.

"If there should be sich a thing as they should bring cannon," said Holdness, "they'd of course try ter knock away the corners fust, 'cause they'd think that's the likeliest place ter make a breach. Reckon they'll git mistaken. Reckon, if Squire Franklin and his boy were here now, they'd think we could stand a brush. Now we've gone so fur, let's see if we can't do something to keep off the Indians' fire-arrows. Arter these boards and logs git dry, and the pitch fries out on 'em, they'll burn, I kin tell you."

They now hauled clay and sand, and made clay mortar, clipped the mules' tails, and the tails of the cattle, worked the hair into the mortar, and with this composition plastered the roofs of all the buildings, to render them fire-proof, which, indeed, answered the purpose effectually, though requiring to be often renewed.

"Is 'pose 'twill wash off some," said McClure; "but there's plenty of mud, and it's no great to plaster it on."

It was about the middle of an afternoon, when the mortar was prepared and thoroughly worked, and as they had labored for a long time, and lifted and exerted themselves to the utmost, they sat down to rest. For many days there had been constant noise and confusion, pounding, hewing, and hallooing to oxen and mules; but now all was still.

The quiet, however, was of short continuance, and was soon broken by sharp screams, evidently proceeding from the school-house, and our old acquaintance Tony rushed from the door, as though life depended upon speed, pursued by Mrs. Blanchard, who caught him by the hair, and arrested his progress.

"Gie him what he needs," said his father, as the school-mistress bore him back in strong arms, struggling, kicking, and biting; and by the noise that followed, it would seem that she obeyed the injunction to the letter.

There had been many tricks played in school, and several of the children had received floggings which Mrs. Blanchard had thought should in justice have been shared by Tony; but, as usual, he had contrived to fasten the blame on others. At length, made presumptuous by his good fortune, he ventured too far, was detected, and compelled to settle at compound interest.

It was very hard work for the boys, and for

Tony in particular, to attend to lessons while so much was going on all around them. Tony, in order to shorten the school hours, managed to take out the stopper, unobserved, and remove a very little of the sand from the hour-glass that, during school-hours, stood on the desk of the mistress. He performed this feat while the rest were at dinner,—the only opportunity he had, as the glass belonged to Israel Blanchard, was by his wife brought to school in the morning, and taken home at night.

The first day the school was out five minutes sooner than usual, and as there was no other glass, and no timepiece, in the Run, Tony felt himself safe. In a few days he removed a little more, and the school was out ten minutes sooner.

"School out already?" said Mrs. Grant, "and the table not set. I don't believe it's twelve o'clock. Mrs. Honeywood, won't you just look at the sun-mark in the window?"

"It ain't twelve by the sun; lacks ten minutes or more."

"I knew 'twasn't, by my work; now, them children'll be home half starved."

After a while it was mentioned to Mrs. Blanchard, who replied that she went by the glass. Tony heard the conversation, and inwardly resolved to let well enough alone; but, after a few days, unable to resist temptation, he shortened the time fifteen minutes.

This raised the suspicions of Mrs. Blanchard, who, inspecting the glass narrowly, perceived that the sand was diminished, and determined to watch Tony. A few days after, she saw him get up from table before the rest, followed, and found him at work with the glass. When, in the afternoon, she called him up, and at the same moment took hold of the stick, Tony read his sentence in her face, and, oppressed with a guilty conscience, made for the door.

The next morning they began to put on the mortar, and by noon had plastered every roof save that of the flanker at the corner of the old stockade. Holdness and Rogers had mounted the roof just as Mrs. Honeywood ascended to the upper story of the flanker, in search of some flour she had stored there.

Upon reaching the room she uttered a cry of astonishment and dismay that was heard all over the garrison.

"What is the matter, Sarah?" cried her husband.

"O, we are undone! the salt is all gone! What will become of us?"

At this announcement the school broke up,

and every soul in the garrison rushed to the spot.

It was found upon examination that the roof, which the settlers were compelled to make of green stuff, had shrunk, leaked, and the water had dissolved nearly all of the salt belonging to the inhabitants that had been stored there, as it was an airy place, and supposed to be tight.

"This," said Holdness, "is the greatest misfortune that has befallen us yet."

"It is no use," said Honeywood, "to lament over what can't be helped; we will mend and plaster the roof, and then consult as to the next best course to take."

Our young readers may be ready to say, "Here is a great ado about the loss of a little salt;" but if they will reflect a moment, the matter will appear in a very different light.

In a week they were expecting to kill their hogs, that had been driven from the woods, and put in pens, and fed with corn, to finish their fattening and harden the pork.

This salt was a common stock that had been brought, with great labor, on pack-horses or mules, the most of it from Baltimore or Philadelphia, a little from the Huddle and Shippenburg, and reserved to salt their pork. There was not more than half a bushel left in the flanker, while each family possessed a few quarts, that they had reserved to season their food and salt butter; and that they had been using with the most rigid economy, in order not to be obliged to trench upon that in the flanker. This was coarse salt, and when used for the table or butter, they pounded it in the hominy-block.

It was now dangerous to hunt; they were compelled to live in a great measure upon pork, corn-bread, and wheat boiled whole, and if besieged they would starve; their only resort would be to keep their hogs in the stockade, feed them while the corn lasted, and kill and eat them as necessity required. But in that method they would soon consume what corn was in the garrison, and then have neither corn nor pork.

The probability was that salt could only be obtained at Baltimore or Philadelphia, and for a greater part of that long distance the road lay through a country swarming with Indians; and though scouts and rangers might make their way through the woods, and elude the keen eye of the savage, it seemed almost impossible that a string of laden pack-horses, that must keep the road and make a broad trail, could escape destruction.

Such were the difficulties and dangers that

stared the settlers in the face, as they sat down together that evening to consult in respect to the matter, — whether they could preserve life without salt, by letting the hogs run in the woods as long as they could pick up an acorn or beechnut, and then keeping them alive and killing as they needed meat; whether they could cure the meat with smoke, or by drying, freezing, or with maple sugar, and make up any deficiency by hunting.

After many plans had been proposed, discussed, and rejected, — Holdness and M'Clure saying that there would be about as much risk in hunting as in going after salt, since they had made the game scarce around them, and must now seek it farther off, — according to their usual custom they adopted the boldest policy; and the only question was, who and how many should go. Harry instantly volunteered to take his company and start; their ranks were now full, Alex and Enoch Sumerford and Will Grant having reported themselves fit for duty.

"I like your grit," said Holdness; "it shows well in you; but 'twon't do ter give it up ter you altogether; besides, we must wear out and kill off the old ones first."

"Haven't we carried out whatever we've undertaken?" said Harry.

"Yes, you have; I've not one word of fault ter find; but, you see, in this thing there must be knowledge of the roads and the settlements, by-paths, and many things that want experience that you haven't got and can't have; ter be sure, we must fight if we can't help it; but there's more done by skulking than fighting, 'cause we may come across a hundred Indians, or two hundred, in a band, for they have overrun all that country, and go in large or small scouts, just as the whim takes 'em, and we may meet only scalping parties of ten or fifteen."

"There's as much honor," said Honeywood, "to be gained in defending the garrison as in going after the salt."

"But there won't be any fighting," said Ned Armstrong.

"Don't be too sure of that," replied M'Clure; "the garrison may not be attacked at all, and it may be in two hours after we start."

"I want to go," said Hugh Crawford; "I s'pose we all do, for the matter of that; but as long as we've called ourselves the Young Defenders, some of us ought ter stay and defend the place, as long as that's what the scout was got up for."

"S'pose we draw lots 'mongst ourselves; let the men decide how many boys shall go, and

"we'll draw lots ter see who they are," suggested Armstrong.

"Don't, I beg of you, leave us to be defended by boys," said Mrs. Blanchard; "of course there cannot be many left in the garrison, and certainly they ought to be men, or mostly men."

"I am willing," said Harry, "ter leave the whole matter with the men, and go or stay just as they are a mind ter fix it."

CHAPTER XX.

THE NIGHT MARCH.

AFTER consulting among themselves for some time, M'Clure said, —

"This fort is now very strong, — ten times as capable of holding out with a small garrison as it was before with the whole of us. It's necessary that a strong party should go for the salt, and men who know the country and are used to the woods; else we'd better give it up, and shall only make a botch of both. We've made up our minds to leave Mr. Honeywood, Holt, Wood, Stewart, Proctor, and Heinrich Stiefel with you, of the men, and of the boys, Harry Summerford and Enoch, Dave and Jim Blanchard, Tom Rogers, Frank Proctor, Ned Grant, and Archie Crawford. Then there's a lot of smaller ones, between the large boys and the children; and the children and women can load the guns. You've got Honeywood, the best shot among the men, and Harry, the best shot amongst the boys: and we'll take the rest."

No objection was made to this arrangement by the women, and it was considered settled; and the next day was devoted to finishing up some necessary work, and preparing for the expedition.

It was the practice of the settlers to put a portion of their potatoes in the cellar, and bury the rest in pits, out of reach of the frost. A pit was dug within the stockade, and the potatoes belonging to the whole community put into it by measure, and a shelter of logs built over it, with a door to keep out the frost, and brush over that, as there were no cellars under the block-houses.

The horses and mules were now shod, saddles repaired, corn parched, bread baked, and pork and bacon cooked to carry, and proven-der for the beasts.

It was customary for the Indians to make their attacks just before the break of day. In the daytime they were creeping round among the woods and hills, watching the motions of the settlers, and sleeping in order to make

their attack at that time, when persons generally sleep the soundest.

The party of Holdness were not ignorant of this, and set out from the garrison just as the sun was dropping below the horizon, not without sad forebodings on the part of wives and mothers who were left behind.

The beasts were fastened head and tail, in the usual manner, but the bells were not on them, and the animals being lightly laden, the men rode and walked by turns, two marching in advance, two in the rear, and the remainder beside the animals, that had been trained to stand fire, swim rivers, carry great loads, and traverse the most dangerous and difficult paths.

During the long night they forded small streams, crossed valleys, threaded defiles, ascended mountains, following a narrow trace, where the bushes often brushed the sides of the beast.

No one spoke: the deep breathing of the mules, the noise of a waterfall, or the solemn murmurs of the night wind, when, by a concerted signal, they stopped to rest the beasts, were the only sounds that broke the silence of the forest.

As they were descending a mountain range, and just entering upon one of those numerous valleys that interlace the mountain chains, the day began to break, and the sound of running water was heard just before them.

They soon came to the banks of a small stream, into which the beasts were led. After both men and animals had walked in the water for half a mile, they again entered the forest on the opposite bank of the stream, Holdness leading the way to a most excellent spot, either for concealment or defence.

It was a little flat, of not more than an acre in extent, into which a mountain thrust one of its shoulders, and overhung the little vale.

This mountain spur was cut off from the chain by a deep ravine, and covered with trees and bushes. The cattle were not suffered to feed, but were fastened to the overhanging cliff and fed with grain, the tracks from the brook to the place obliterated, and the settlers, ascending the cliff by clinging to the shrubs that grew in the crevices, sat down to rest and break their fast just as the first rays of the sun penetrated the mists of the valley.

"Here," said Holdness, speaking for the first time, in a low tone, and pointing to water dripping slowly from a crevice in the cliff, "is a place where as good rifles as there are here might hold their own agin the whole Dela-

one burnt up in the house; whether man or woman, we couldn't tell."

"There were eight in the house; Old Mr. Graby and his wife, and his son and son's wife, and their three children, and Hans Bretter a hired man."

The terrified family resolved not to remain a moment longer in the house. Three miles farther on was a garrison; here they went, under the guard of the Wolf Run settlers, intending to return with aid obtained there, and remove their own effects and the cattle of the Grabys.

As they proceeded, the forts and settlements became more frequent, the roads improved, they were able to travel faster, and in the day-time, reaching garrisons at night, and arrived at Lancaster in safety, without having encountered an Indian, or endured, in their estimation, any hardship.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SHOWER SYLPH.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

GENTLEST of the storm-king's train,
Genius of the Summer Rain,
Earth and heaven are my domain;
Earth, that gladdens at my kiss,
Heaven, that deepens its abyss
Of pale sapphire, far between
My dissolving banners seen;
Earth and heaven, to darkness given,
When my measureless wings expand
Over boundless sky and land.

Genius of the Summer Rain,
Tapping at your window-pane,
Dropping opals in the core
Of white lilies at your door,
Hanging gems to emerald made
By the green leaf's deeper shade,
Which, anon, the magic sun
Turns to diamond, every one;
In the nooning's mellow hum,
With a murmurous hush I come,
And you hear the rapid beat
Of my fairies' million feet;
Brushing the unbending grass
As they pass!

As they pass,
Every fairy shakes a gem
From his twinkling diadem,
And the rustle of their fall
Makes the whole air musical!

'Tis my boon, when the noon,
Waking from a sultry swoon,
Gasp to catch delicious wafts
From my gray wings, in deep draughts
Of revivifying air.

In my care earth grows fair,
And the sky to splendor blooms,
When the setting sun illumines,
With his molten gold, my plumes;
And the radiant angels, seven,
Of the bannered hues of heaven,
Weave in light the rhythmic arch
That betrays their measured march;
Then my nimble frolic says,
Plunging, snatch those iris rays
Down the storm-gulf, till below
Gleams another, paler bow.

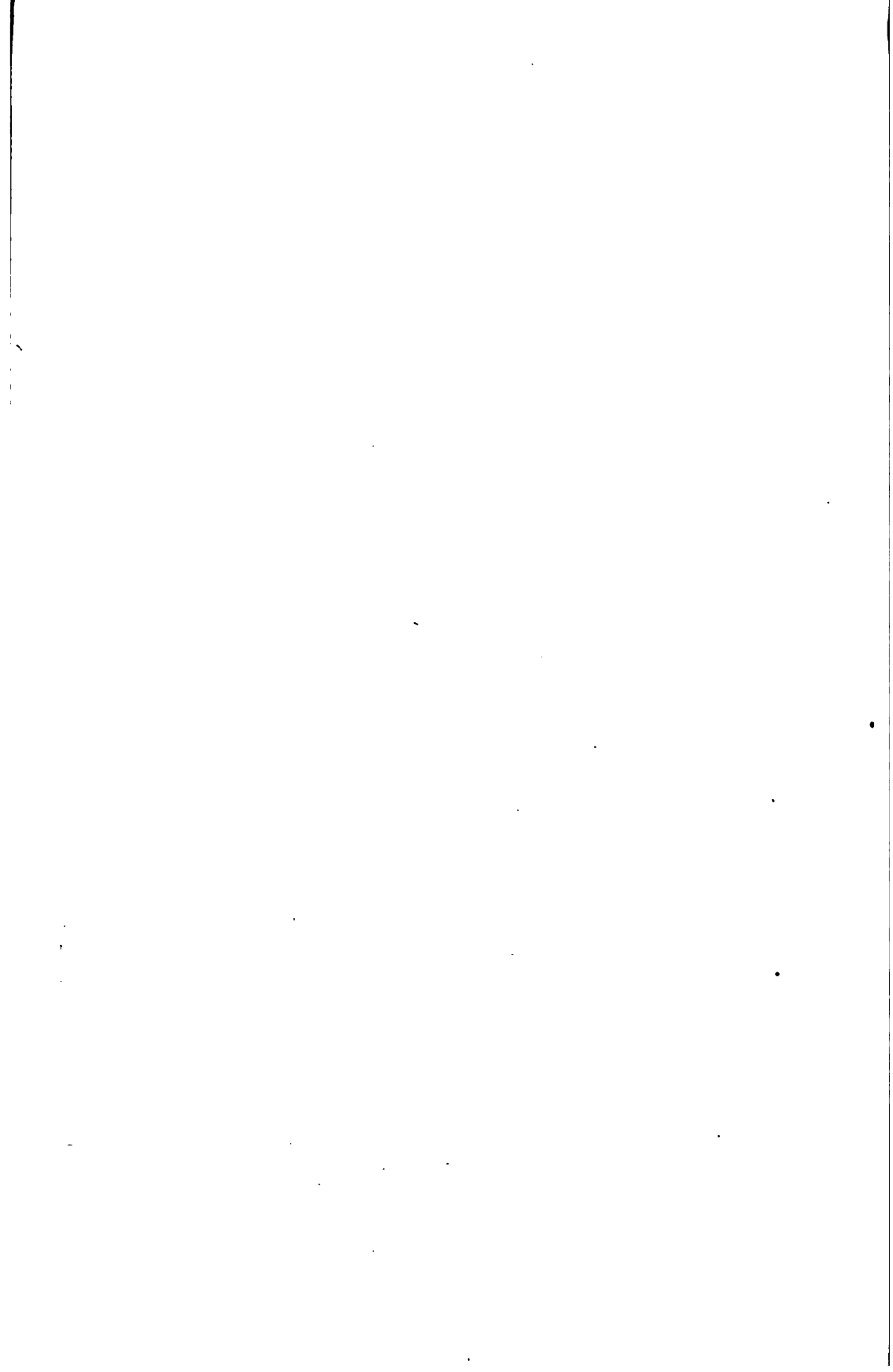
With her baby buds at play,
Mellowing all the heart of May;
Rocking in the rose of June,
To my own shower's liquid tune;
Laving the hot dust of torrid
Toil from July's burning forehead;
Dancing down the August sky,
Deepening its ethereal dye,
While my cymar's streaming lace
Veils, to show the sun's bright face;
Genius of the Summer Rain,
See me! gladdening sky and plain!
Me, the sylph of sunlit showers,
Jewelling the world with flowers.

— MARVELLOUS FLOWERS. — We have recently heard of two marvellous flowers. One is a black lily, in Santa Clara, California; this lily is reported to have three blossoms, each nine inches long, and perfectly black outside of the green petals. The other is to be seen at Constantinople, and is described by an eye witness as belonging to the narcissus genus of bulbs. The flower presents a perfect humming bird. The breast, of a bright emerald green, is a complete copy of this bird; and the throat, head, beak, and eyes are a perfect imitation.

The back part of the body, and the two outstretched wings, are of a bright rose color, one might almost say flesh-colored. We hope these rare flowers will be on exhibition by the time of our centennial celebration in 1876. These flowers cannot be more wonderful than the *Santa Spiritu* flower from South America, with its life-like representation of a dove. We first saw this exquisite flower in bloom in the famous "Colt" green-houses at Hartford.



IN MISCHIEF.



ASHORE AT LAST.
A TASTE OF FREEDOM.

BY AN OLD SALT.

"NOW, Sambo, sound your horn!"
"No soun' him, sah. Pull so hard, breff all out on him."

Old Abe had, indeed, been pulling a good strong oar, towards the last, to help reach the shore, and we all admired him for it.

"Well, then, get us some dinner. You ought to give us a regular blow out now, old woolly!"

"Yis, sah; blow him right out. Roas' beef, roas' hoss, roas' anything, ony you kitch him."

"Let's take a look round," said another.
"It's mighty still here."

"That's because there ain't nobody to home," said Tanner. "It looks just a little s'picious, not to hear nothin', nor see nobody round."

Although the ground was well covered with verdure, and forests were stretching in either direction along the shore, we could not yet see a single indication of any animal life.

"We are in New Zealand, at all events," said Scamp; "but I'd no idea we'd find it so mighty still and hot as it is here. It strikes me it's a little warm."

"Ay, matey, it's a little meltin', to be sure, and therefore 'twouldn't be a bad idee to make a run for that bit of timber to starboard. S'posin' we take along some grub, mates, and have a lunch in the shade."

"I wonder if there's any bears in New Zealand?" queried Chips, musingly.

"Ay, Chips, bears enough! And that reminds me, you hain't got no gun—have ye, Chips?"

"I don't happen to have; but I don't see why I haven't as good right to a gun as any on ye."

"So you has, Chips; but, unfortunately, we all think alike about these guns, and there ain't enough on 'em to go round, ye see. There's where the trouble is. But I reckon, Chips, you're about as well off as any on us. There's Abe, now, look at him. He hain't got no gun, and don't want none. You don't catch him trusting himself with a gun!"

At this Abe started off towards the nearest wood at full speed, carrying a large strip of pork, and calling back as he ran, —

"Come along, white folks; dis chile's gwine ter feed der bars!"

We followed Abe, who stopped at the edge of the wood and waited till we came up.

"Still ez mice," said he, scarce above his breath. "De bars all gone, too."

"There ain't a soul to home, that's sure," said Tanner.

For a moment we all stood listening, and penetrating the forest depths with our eyes. We heard not a sound. Not enough air was stirring even to turn the leaves upon the trees. Owing to the island that was beyond the channel, we could not at that distance hear any sound of the breaking surf.

"I guess you won't have much use for your guns, after all," remarked Chips, with evident satisfaction.

"You can't tell, matey," replied Tanner; "this stillness is mighty s'picious, 'cordin' to my idee. Bears don't go whoopin' round to tell folks where they are, now you bet, — nor Injuns nuther. S'posin' we look a little further in, mateys."

We left Chips and Abe at the edge of the wood, and went farther in, to look for game, if nothing else. We had little hope of finding it, but we so longed for fresh food of some kind, that we could not be content to dine again on raw salt pork and hard-tack without, at least, making an effort to obtain it.

But we all returned empty-handed, without having gone very far, though two or three shots had been fired at some innocent little birds that were flitting silently among the thick branches of the trees.

In our absence Abe had built a fire, having returned to the boat for the materials with which to light it, and then, Chips helping him, he had begun to toast some pork. Even this would be an agreeable change from raw pork; and as soon as each of us had been provided with a large slice, we sat down and enjoyed the best meal we had made since leaving the ship. Tanner was so elated that he even made an after-dinner speech, in which he spoke of *freedom* as a very good thing for those who knew how to enjoy it, and said he had no doubt posterity would thank *us* for having been the first to introduce it upon the benighted shores of New Zealand, — or words to that effect.

It might be so; we did not stop to discuss the matter; but left the shade of the wood immediately after Tanner concluded his remarks, to look for some point where we could obtain a better view of the country inland, and get a better idea of its character, and be better able to judge, also, whether or not that part of the coast was really inhabited.

A line of hills extended all along the coast as far as we had yet been able to see, some of them rising abruptly from the shore; but where we had landed, a long belt of level ground intervened between the shore and the hills, though in some places this level belt was of no great width. The hills were generally covered with wood; but the summits of many of the highest were bare, and therefore we had no doubt that by ascending one of those we could get quite an extended view beyond it inland.

Returning everything to the boat except the muskets, we started along the shore northward, to a hill which was about a mile distant, and which would probably afford the best view of any in that vicinity.

This new way of exercising our limbs was so different from any that we had been accustomed to, that we were very glad to stretch ourselves upon the grassy summit, when we had reached it, and rest ourselves for a while. After all, we were disappointed in the view. We could see nothing but other wooded hills, westward. Nowhere could the eye penetrate very far between them. But we could look far out seaward; and along the coast north and south, there was an unobstructed view for several miles, except for another low hill that lay between us and the shore, a little to northward.

We stretched ourselves upon the ground, and remained for an hour probably, discussing our situation, estimating distances, and the time it would take to reach the Bay of Islands; also, the probability of our provisions holding out, and of finding more. As we had still a good supply of provisions, and as Tanner and Scamp had both taken fishing-tackle along, we had little fear of suffering from hunger. However, we would try our luck at fishing, on going down, and also look for fresh water, with which to fill our empty boat-keg. Our boat was in full view, on the sands where we had drawn it, and as yet we saw nothing to disturb the serenity of our contemplations. But suddenly something came into view that startled us, and almost lifted every man to his feet.

A slight exclamation from Scamp — "Hello! What's that!" — drew our attention to a large canoe, paddled by at least a dozen savages (we hadn't a doubt but that they were savages) that had just come out from behind the low hill to northward. We were a little surprised, to be sure; and, moreover, we saw at once that the canoe was heading directly for our boat.

"I told you so!" said Tanner. "Didn't I tell ye 'twas s'picious? Course 'twouldn't be so still all round here for nothin'."

"They'll have the boat, sure!" gasped Chips.

"That's so, exactly. It's brightened ye right up, Chips!"

"We were bloody fools to come up here and leave the boat in that way!" said Scamp.

"That's true for ye, matey; but most like you'd never thought on't, if them niggers hadn't come along. We're up here, ye see, and tain't no use to rush right down to shake hands with 'em."

That was so evident that we did nothing but remain where we were, and watch them. They could hardly have been more than half a mile distant when they came in sight, and before we had given full expression to our surprise, a second canoe appeared, following the first. Had any eye been turned towards us, we must certainly have been seen; but every one of the savages seemed to be looking in the direction they were going.

Very soon it was evident that they saw our boat. The first canoe stopped till the other had come up with it, and then they both remained stationary. It was not long till they went forward again, however, though apparently with caution. The savages seemed to search every foot of ground with their eyes as they drew near the boat, and when within a short distance of it, they turned straight towards the beach and landed.

Drawing their canoes only partly out of water, they went with stealthy steps towards the boat, as if they expected to find something human within it. On reaching it, they were evidently disappointed; and we could not but feel a little gratified that they were. They looked about more sharply than before, peering towards the woods, and to the top of every hill. We had cautiously got a position where we could observe them over the crown of the hill, without exposing more than our heads to view, but we hardly dared show even those while they were scanning the hills so closely.

They seemed to come to the conclusion that, whoever the boat belonged to could not be very near, for they began to overhaul our things, and to look into our bags and bundles. They very soon found a bread-bag; and we could see it passed from hand to hand, till every one had helped himself to a portion of its contents. We could also see a huge fellow holding a piece of pork, while another cut large slices from it and handed them round. It gave a rather gloomy look to our

future, to see our provisions disappearing in that way.

They did not spend a great deal of time in eating, however. It was evident that they still had in mind those to whom the property belonged, and that if they would secure it to themselves, they must remove it; and we had no doubt they were contriving how to secure the owners as well.

They seemed to hold another brief consultation, which ended in their going back to the canoes and paddling them down to the boat. Then, leaving four men in each canoe, the others got out and lifted the boat into the water. This was rather more than we could endure calmly; and had there been the slightest possibility that we could have recovered the boat and escaped from them, we should have rushed down at once; but there were at least two dozen of those brawny savages; and as they seemed well armed, our case was a hopeless one. Tanner sent down a whole broadside of oaths and anathemas, and Scamp threw in a scattering fire of smaller shot, but they must have all fallen short, for we could not see that they produced any effect whatever.

They put the boat into the water, and making use of the line, attached it to one of the canoes, a little distance astern. The other canoe was also made fast to the first, a short distance ahead; and then, with the boat in tow, the four men who were in each canoe paddled away in the same direction from which they had come. The others watched them till they were well under way, and then, no doubt feeling secure of the boat, they went and hid in the nearest wood, to wait for the owners. We could have no doubt that they had hid themselves to wait for us, and Scamp could not help remarking that they had got a big move ahead of us, giving it as his opinion that we were "just fixed."

"Let's take it easy, matey," said Tanner; "tain't no use frettin'. Them chaps can wait just as long as they want to — tain't nothin' to us. All we've got to do is to look arter the boat. If there ain't no other crowd where them chaps is takin' her, we're all right, now you bet! Tain't likely they're goin' to make a long run, — just take her out of sight, that's all, — and then it's more'n likely they'll come back and jine the others."

It seemed quite likely that Tanner was right; and his words encouraged us a little. Certainly our only hope was in recovering the boat; and as there were only eight men with it, and it was coming in our direction, we at

once hurried down to the shore that we might follow, when it should have passed to the retreat to which we supposed they were taking it.

The savages must have passed before we reached the shore, however, for we could see nothing of them. But, keeping within the shelter of the wood as much as we could, we hurried forward in the direction we supposed they had gone. We must have followed at least two miles, and were beginning to despair of overtaking them, when suddenly we met the whole eight, face to face, as they were returning. They suddenly emerged from a thickly wooded ravine that we were approaching, and which had effectually hid us from each other's view.

They seemed surprised, as well as we, and we both stood for just a minute, looking at each other. They were not very handsome, and each man carried a long spear, which, as soon as their first astonishment was over, they seemed about to throw at us. That would never do for us, and those of us who had muskets brought them to our shoulders in quick time. We all fired, without orders, and none too soon, for two or three of the spears came quivering towards us, simultaneous with the volley we gave them, falling only a few feet short of where we stood. But our volley had the effect to prevent others following; for no sooner had we fired, than the savages all turned and disappeared within the cover from which they had emerged.

"Charge at 'em, mates! Charge at 'em?" cried Tanner; and without stopping even to load our pieces, we rushed after them into the wood. We met nothing, and in a moment emerged from the narrow ravine on the other side; and then again we saw the savages, just disappearing over a low ridge farther on.

We stopped then, to load our pieces; and then we discovered that Chips and Abe had not joined in the charge; though they might have done so with just as much safety as ourselves. Tanner called to them, to assure them that the enemy was gone; but without waiting for them to come up, we started forward again, as fast as we could, to recover the boat, if possible, before the savages should again get to sea with it.

"We'd better just make our pins move lively, mates," said Tanner. "There ain't no time to spare now, I tell ye!"

We all felt the necessity for haste, for should the savages get to sea again with the boat, there would hardly be a possibility of our ever

recovering it; so we again set off on the run after the retreating party.

Fortunately, the boat was not far off. Of course, the greater the distance to go, the farther we would be left behind. On reaching the summit of the ridge behind which the savages had disappeared, we saw them again, on the bank of a little winding creek, not very far beyond. It was plain enough that the boat was there, for as soon as they saw us, they partly disappeared below the bank, and seemed engaged in getting it afloat.

Our only chance was to intercept them as they should descend the creek, and as it was winding, and they had gone some distance up, we could hardly do this. But we hastened down, almost out of breath, fearful of being too late.

And after all we were none too soon, for when we reached the creek, they were hardly more than a hundred yards above us. Chips and Abe were not in sight, and they could plainly see that we were only five men to their eight. Perhaps they thought they had killed those two, for they came forward without any hesitation.

"We'll have to give them another round," said Scamp; "there's no help for it."

"But we'd better not give 'em a whole broadside at once, this time," said Tanner; "they'll get the advantage on us if we do. Just you and Dan touch 'em first, matey, and see what they'll do about it. Now's yer time!"

The foremost canoe was scarce twenty yards distant, and indeed there was no time to spare. Levelling their pieces, the two discharged them, and the effect upon those in the canoes was as agreeable to us as it was unexpected. We could not see that anybody was hurt, but those in the foremost canoe at once leaped into the water and swam to the opposite shore, while those in the other canoe stopped paddling, and seemed almost inclined to follow them.

"Load again, matey," said Tanner. "Hold your fire, Shanks. Now, Eph, it's you and I!"

I fired with Tanner, in the direction of the last canoe, and it was very cheering to see the savages drop over, like so many turtles off a log, and not put their heads out of water again till they touched the shore. They were all safely landed now, and retreating to a little distance, they stood watching us.

The canoes and boat were in mid-stream, but Dave at once plunged in, and with a few strokes reached the boat. Drawing himself aboard, he took the steering oar, and sculled the boat to the shore. Scarcely had we re-

covered it, when Chips and Old Abe came up, out of breath.

"Hello, Chips, I thought you'd gone ter stay!" was Tanner's remark to the carpenter's modest request to be taken in. "But come aboard, Chips, come aboard. Course you've a right ter change your mind."

"Blast 'em!" said Dave, — meaning the savages, who still stood watching us, — "let's play their own game on 'em, and take the canoes too."

"The canoes wouldn't do ~~us~~ any good," Tanner replied, "and there's ~~now~~ bein' hard on 'em, Dave; they ain't civilised folks, you know."

"But they'll be chasing us with 'em, like as not."

"Like as not; but, s'posin' they should; they've a right to, hain't they? And more'n that, hain't they just as good a right to the canoes as we have to this boat?"

"I s'pose so," Dave replied, and said no more about taking the canoes.

We made all haste to leave the creek and get to sea, and were very glad indeed, when, after a half hour's pull, a light breeze began to ripple the water. It came from a quarter that made it fair for us; and, increasing, we were soon enabled to set our sail and run on our course without using the oars. Then we had time to overhaul our provision, estimate losses, and talk of what had happened.

As we had not expected to recover the boat so easily, we could not but congratulate ourselves, notwithstanding the losses we had sustained, which, after all, were not so heavy as we had supposed they would be. We had only lost about half our hard-tack, and one large strip of pork. There was still enough left to last us two or three days, and we had no doubt we should find other food, of some kind, before it would be gone. Therefore, with a fair breeze, we were again cheerful, and looked forward to a pleasant run to the Bay of Islands.

— THE White Mountains of New Hampshire were held in reverence and fear by the native Indians. They called them "Agiochook" (Mountains of the Snowy Forehead, and House of the Great Spirit), always approaching them with the greatest deference, seldom venturing far up their sides. Twenty-two years after the landing of the Pilgrims, they were visited by Derby Field, notwithstanding an unbroken forest intervened. The Notch, through which travellers pass, was discovered in 1772. *

THE SWISS HATE SOCIETY.

BY L. ADAMS.

CHAPTER I.

HOW IT BEGAN.

IF some of you plucky American boys would only come over here, and give these people as good a dose as they deserve, I don't think there would be any farther need of protective unions; but as it is, when three fellows find themselves alone in a school where they charge six cents for sewing a button on to a jacket, they're bound to stand up for their rights as well as they can. And don't they take it out of parents in school books and doctors' bills! And we never have dogs and cats for supper, nor resurrection pies on Sundays—do we? O, no, of course not! And a lot of German, and French, and Italian we learn—don't we? Why, if I only knew as much as my last certificate says I do, my fortune would be made. Well, if old Ollon chooses to tell lies about me, I'm sure I don't care, so long as it's on the right side, especially since I got two months' of boat hire out of my Mater on the strength of it.

I suppose you think this has nothing whatever to do with the society. You're very much mistaken, though. It all goes into the general grievance. But I think I had better begin at the beginning.

The very day I went into the school, as I was mooning about under the trees (a fellow can't help feeling rather blue when his mother has just kissed him, and hoped he would be a good boy, and gone back to Paris for the winter), a big bully of a Swiss, with a cigar a foot long in his mouth, came up behind me, knocked my hat off, and called me a "sneaking Yankee." I tell you, I turned on him like a tiger-cat. I smashed his amber mouth-piece for him, and then we pitched in like good ones.

"Go it, you Yank! You'll lick him yet!" I heard a voice say from somewhere behind.

I was almost deaf and blind with the blows he gave me, but I don't think he was much better off. It seemed hours to me, but Davies said afterwards the fight lasted just five minutes by his watch, and finally the coward took to his heels. So much for Swiss pluck! But all the same, I had a bloody nose and a black eye.

"You're a brick," said a boy coming from

the crowd, and holding out his hand. "My name's Jack Bradford. I'm English. What's yours?"

It was the same voice I had heard before. I liked him right away, and he turned out to be a capital fellow.

"Go on as you've begun, my boy," said another one, a good deal older, "and you'll have all Switzerland at your feet, as sure as my name's Tom Davies. These Swiss don't know how to fight. What can you expect, any way, from people like that coward, for instance, who smokes cigars all day long, and spends his evenings in the cafés drinking beer? Muscle doesn't grow on such trees, you'd better believe."

"You'd better come down to the lake and wash the blood off your face before dinner, or there'll be no end of fainting and hysterics among the ladies," said Bradford.

"What ladies?"

"Didn't you read in the prospectus, that the morals of the young gentlemen would enjoy the benefit of female influence?" asked Davies.

"Yes, to be sure. That's why my mother sent me here," said I.

"Well, that means old Ollon's wife and daughters, and a nice lot they are! Such an amount of badgering and ordering about as we undergo from the Mademoiselles is enough to make any boy sick of his life. I hate Swiss women as much as I do Swiss men, and that's saying a great deal."

"And so do I," said Jack, fervently.

"And I'm sure I'm quite ready to. I don't see why I should love them particularly," said I.

"Then I propose," said Davies, "that we three resolve ourselves into a body, whose end and aim it shall be, to make miserable the life of every Swiss in the place, in revenge for the numerous wrongs we have suffered at their hands; said body to be known to posterity as the 'Swiss Hate Society.'"

"Agreed," cried Jack and I together; and then we all joined hands, and swore by the bones of Ollendorff's grammars—the most sacred and terrible thing we could think of—never to abandon our mission until its direful purpose should be accomplished. Those last words are Davies'. He has very high flown fits sometimes.

Then I washed my face in the waters of "clear, placid Leman,"—as one of the German fellows who is learning English calls it. He means Lake Geneva. And thinking what a jolly lot of fish there must be in it,—it

would be only a mill-pond in America, — I went back to the garden with the boys to wait for the dinner-bell.

CHAPTER II.

HOW IT ENDED.

"DAVIES," said I to him about six months after, as we three were skating one day on a pond a mile or two back from the lake, "the S. H. S. hasn't done much of late to glorify itself. We must undertake something soon. For my part I'm tired of such small game as breaking down the vine-poles, drowning Miss Thérèse's rabbits, hiding the fellows' hats, and going to the café at night on the sly."

"Let's run away, for variety," suggested Jack, coming up at the tail of a big 8.

"Too cold weather — won't pay. Wouldn't camping out in a snow-storm be fun?"

"I know how we can run away and keep warm at the same time," said Tom, mysteriously.

"What is it then, old boy? Out with it!"

"You know the old tower?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, we can go there and stay as long as we like, and nobody'll be any the wiser, and Olton will storm like mad."

"Provided we can get in," remarked Jack; "and then provided we don't get starved out."

"We can't exactly go to the concierge for the key," I objected.

"No, but you can go up to the Pension Beau-Rivage and tell Jean that Monsieur Olton wants to borrow a ladder to destroy caterpillar nests with. If you don't tell him, he'll never know but that caterpillars breed in December."

"But how about the grub?" asked Jack, laughing.

"O, we'll ransack the Olton larder to-night. We shan't find much, though. Have either of you any money?"

"Not a centime," said Jack, ruefully.

"I'm only half a franc better off," said I.

"And I've more than overdrawn my next month's allowance. We must pop some of our school-books, boys, that's all."

It is the custom at Olton's for fellows who want money, to pawn their books down in the village; and I have known a boy learn his lessons on charity for a whole term, because his governor didn't behave as he ought to have done.

"Hold on a bit, boys; wait for me a minute," I called out to them, and skated over to the other side of the pond; for I had seen Bessie, in the midst of a crowd of girls, put-

ting on her skates. Bessie, you must know beforehand, was the prettiest girl in the town.

"What do you want, Bob? Be quick. Don't you know I shall get an hour's practising for this?"

"Bessie," said I, solemnly, "I'm going to run away to-night. But don't you ever tell, no matter if the D. should keep you on bread and water for a week." And then she heard the whole story.

"What fun it will be! But so awfully wicked!" said she. She has blue eyes, and laughs with them.

"Wicked! Wouldn't you do it in my place?"

"Well, yes; I don't know but I should. But then it is so wrong for you to want to injure these poor Swiss people."

"What good have they ever done to me that I should do good to them?" said I.

"Mademoiselle Woodville will have the kindness to report herself immediately to Madame Manotte," said a sour voice in poor Bessie's ear.

It was one of the under teachers (vinegar and pickles are no name for her), sent by the D. to break up our conversation.

"Good by, Bessie. I hope they won't punish you."

"I'm very much afraid they will," said she, dolefully.

"The old wretch! She ought to be drawn and quartered for abusing a girl like Bessie," said I to myself.

At supper we waited until "female influence" turned its back, and then we put our own untasted shares into our pockets, besides as many other people's as we could lay hands on. Davies had been in the larder just before, and said that even the cook's cat was disheartened, and had given up trying to make a living out of it. Two loaves of black bread were the only result of his researches. They were hidden under his pillow. The provisions we had bought in the town were in three game-bags in my closet, and the ladder was hidden among the trees. No moon and bright starlight. Glorious!

"At twelve o'clock, boys," whispered Davies, as we parted on the stairs. He slept on the ground floor. Bradford and I roomed together up stairs. We took turns in watching. He watched first. We couldn't have a light, for fear of being seen by the washerwoman opposite. Then when it was my turn to watch, he snored so loud that he made me nervous. I got thinking about ghosts and things, which wasn't pleasant, though I should like to see

the fellow who would dare call me a coward. On the whole, I was glad when twelve o'clock struck from the village church. I awoke Bradford; we put on our great coats, strapped our game pouches on to our shoulders, tied our shoes round our waists, stole down stairs softly, and opened a window that looked on to the garden. It wasn't the first time this same window had served us a good turn. We dropped down on to the ground, and crept towards the trees where the ladder lay. It was a ladder that takes to pieces. Davies was already there, seated in the corner of the arbor.

"This is midnight mystery with a vengeance," said he aloud.

"Hush!" whispered Tom. "The gate's locked. We must go down through the vineyard, round the shore, to the back of the tower."

So we went down past the poultry-yard as quietly as we could, stumbling over vine poles, and scratching our shoeless feet against them. Davies and I carried the ladder, and Bradford followed with the two great leaves. We put on our shoes when we reached the beach — we couldn't go over those pebbles barefooted, noise or no noise. How black the mountains on the other side were, and how ghostly the tower looked, rising up above the skeleton poplars!

"We must go in by the *premier étage*," said Davies. "The ladder won't reach any higher. Here, I'll go up first, I've been here before. I'm afraid I shall have to smash some of that valuable stained glass. Won't it make a row, though? Never mind, they'll think it's the wind. It's a good thing for us the concierge lives so far off. Look out for your heads, boys. Here goes."

There was a fall of broken glass, and then we heard him fumbling about for the bolt.

"Hurrah, boys! I'm in! Come along quick!"

Jack ran up the ladder like a cat, and I followed. At the top he stopped, and peered doubtfully into the room.

"Go on, Jack, can't you? I'm freezing."

"Look here, Davies, there's somebody here already, I'm sure. I see a man in the centre of the room," said he, in a frightened kind of voice.

"Nonsense! It's only Peter of Savoy. Come, don't be a girl! If you're afraid of ghosts, you'll die before morning," said Tom, maliciously. "Come in, both of you, and draw up the ladder."

"We can't light a candle, you know," he went on, after we had folded up our ladder

and barricaded the broken window with it, "because all along the shore they'd think the ghosts were on the rampage. There hasn't been a light seen in this tower since I've been at Ollon's." (He had been there longer than either Jack or I.) "And nobody ever comes near it but the concierge, and he only in summer, to show it to tourists. I've been here lots of times. It's a jolly place," said he, seating himself complacently in a chair that looked like those that came over in the Mayflower.

But neither Jack nor I had ever been here before, and though I wouldn't have had Tom know it for the world, I began rather to wish I hadn't come at all. Never mind! Revenge is sweet, and what a good time there would be in the Ollon mansion in the morning!

"Well, then," said I, trying to be cool and self-possessed, "if you've been here before, I suppose you know all the bearings of the place. So will you have the kindness to tell me what that thing is, sitting at the table, that looks so like a man, and has such horrid eyes!"

Tom laughed. "Well, it is enough to frighten the wits out of a fellow, even in the daytime, if he hasn't been here before. It's only an effigy of the man who built this tower ever so long ago, — somewhere about 1100, — and an uncomfortable old customer he was. He was cousin or something to the old brute who used to put Jews down a trap-door, up at Chillon. He's made of a mask, a suit of armor, and a pair of riding boots, and he's warranted not to bite. Jack's afraid of him, I know."

"No, I'm not," declared Jack, stoutly, "and I'll knock you down if you say so again."

"Come, we'd better keep still and not fight, if we don't want to be found out," I advised. "Is there anything more about him, Tom?"

"He had a daughter," he continued, solemnly, — "this is all true, boys, — as beautiful as a sunbeam. Almost as beautiful as Bessie, Bob."

"I don't believe it."

"He wanted to marry her to his secretary, Monsieur D'Herblay, a white-headed old wretch, who sits at a table on the floor above. He must have been a glutton in his day, for the table is loaded with curious old knives and forks and metal plates."

"But the daughter?"

"Well, she wouldn't do it; and so this wicked old Peter caused her to be strangled, and threw her body into a well fifteen feet deeper than the deepest dungeon; and now and then she takes a turn about the tower-yard o' winter nights, but ofteneast she comes to

this very room, where her father ordered her off to execution, and sits in the very chair I'm sitting in, and sobs enough to melt the heart of a stone."

"I hope she won't come and sob to-night," said I, fervently.

"And I wish it would come daylight," said Jack.

It did come daylight at last, and standing face to face with old Peter, he wasn't so bad an acquaintance after all. We borrowed Monsieur D'Herblay's tin plates to eat our breakfast off, and the old gentleman never so much as opened his mouth. Being now on pretty good terms with the inhabitants of the tower, we appropriated their extra suits of armor, had duels with their queer old battle-axes and halberds, and shook out the folds of musty, moth-eaten banners with "Sempach" written on them. Tom said it was like reading "Ivanhoe."

There was only one drawback to the pleasure of our position. Our appetites were so much larger than our eyes, that our three days' provision was nearly gone by sunset.

"We must hold out another day, boys," said Davies, with his mouth full of cheese, "and then to-morrow night we can go back as we came, slip into our beds, and who'll be any the wiser? We can say we've been on a skating excursion, and we shall get off with very slight impositions."

"I believe this will be just like our last barring-out down at Dorchester school. We got short of food, and had to cry for quarter." So foreboded Jack.

"Don't you croak, Jack. Since there's nothing more to eat, I vote we go to bed," said I. "I hope it won't be as cold as last night, and I hope the sobbing lady won't pay us a visit."

So we lay down on the floor, and soon Davies and Bradford were fast asleep. But I couldn't do it so easily. I was too cold. I got up, drew off Peter's boots and put them on. I thought I needed them more than he did. I tried to go to sleep, but all I could do was to think what a funny old place this was, and wonder what kind of people used to live in it, and what my mother would say if she knew I were here. About midnight I heard a step on the stairs—two or three of them. The ghost! No; these were live men's steps. They came up stairs and stopped at the door. It connected the tower with the main building. A light gleamed outside, and then the key turned in the lock. The door was thrown open, and old Ollon's one eye glared upon me!

"There, Monsieur Ollon, I told you we

should find them here. The ghost doesn't often make as much noise as it did last night," chuckled the ugly old concierge, rubbing his hands together.

"And the caterpillars on Monsieur Ollon's trees were all destroyed last June," said old Jean, shaking his gray head.

"Quick! get up, boys! We're caught!" I whispered, shaking Bradford by the shoulder.

Ollon came forward, and said, calmly,—

"Young gentlemen, you will have the kindness to come home with me now. Madame Ollon has been very anxious about you."

Jean darted upon his precious ladder, muttering something about "caterpillars," the concierge locked the door behind us, and we were marched down stairs in the dark. It was quite as well. Tom says it is never wise to chronicle the defeat of a hero. I'm sure I don't want to.

I am writing these pages to lighten the burden of solitary confinement. I have lived on bread and water for three days. I must learn two chapters of "I Promessi Sposi" by heart before Saturday, or— There is a terrible alternative. Tom and Jack are sharing the same fate in separate rooms.

There has been some talk of sending in a bill to the British and American governments for damage done to the valuable properties in the tower. I don't think they'll dare do it, though.

My only consolation under these trying circumstances lies in a note received this morning from Bessie. Well for the tyrants they did not attempt to withhold it! She says,—

"MY DEAR BOB: I am very sorry to hear that your adventure ended so painfully. If I were you, I should give up trying to revenge myself on the Swiss. Three against a whole schoolful can do nothing. Besides, oughtn't you to love your enemies?"

"Your affectionate BESSIE."

Sensible girl, isn't she?

To this I replied,—

"MY DARLING BESSIE: I am very much obliged to you for your advice. When they let me out, and my mother sends me some money, I'll bring you some chocolate. I don't love bread and water, and I detest 'I Promessi Sposi.' I am happy to inform you, therefore, that telegraphic communication with Messrs. Davies and Bradford has assured me that, by mutual consent, the 'Swiss Hate Society' is no more. Yours affectionately,

"Bob."

IRISH BARDS.

BY ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

THE Irish, who are said to be much fonder of crying than of laughing, have left among their keens, or laments, some touching bits of pathos, that, associated as they are with ancient rites and superstitions, may be of interest to the general reader.

"Keen" is defined by O'Brien as "a lamentation for the dead, according to certain loud mournful notes and verses, wherein the pedigree, land, property, generosity, and good actions of the deceased person and his ancestors are diligently and harmoniously recounted, in order to excite pity and compassion in the hearers, and to make them sensible of their great loss in the death of the person whom they lament." The word, he says, was "anciently and properly *Cine*, almost equal in letters and pronunciation to the Hebrew word *Cina*, which signifies lamentation or crying, with clapping of hands."

The language of genuine pathos, however rude its form, may find an answering chord in every human heart, when joy, like an evanescent bubble, floats away in its expression.

What mother who has cried out after her own little one, "Why did you go?" will not feel in all its tenderness the sad plaint of this Irish mother?—

"O, why did you go when the flowers were springing,
And winter's wild tempests had vanished away;
When the swallow was come, and the sweet lark was singing
From the morn to the eve of the beautiful day?
O, why did you go when the summer was coming,
And the heaven was blue as your own sunny eye;
When the bee on the blossom was drowsily humming.
Maveurdeen! maveurdeen! O, why did you die?"

"The meadows are white with the low daisy's flower,
And the long grass bends glistening like waves in the sun;
And from his green nest in the ivy-grown tower
The sweet robin sings till the long day is done.
On, on to the sea the bright river is flowing;
There is not a stain in the vault of the sky:
But the flowers on your grave in the radiance are glowing:
Your eye cannot see them. O, why did you die?"

Or this?—

"Maidens, sing no more in gladness
To your merry spinning-wheels;
Join the keeners' voice of sadness,
Feel for what a mother feels.

"See the space within my dwelling;
'Tis the cold, blank space of death!
'Twas the banshee's voice came swelling
Slowly o'er the midnight heath."

Banshees were supposed to be female fairies, lingering about the abodes of sickness at night, or, perhaps, heard like mournful sighs from some shadowy glen or darkened stream, heralding the approach of death by dismal wails. It is, however, says O'Brien, only the ancient and noble families who are thus honored.

In a collection of ballads by Hayes is

THE BANSHEE'S SONG.

"O'er the wild heath I roam,
On the night wind I come;
And beauty shall pale
At the voice of my wail.

Hush! hark to my tidings of gloom and of sorrow!
Go weep tears of blood, for, *Ock! d'eag an chorra!*"

"Woe, woe, wild and deep!
Wake, fair one, and weep!
Wail, wail, wail, wildly wail
At the voice of my tale!

Go, go! henceforth life is a burden and sorrow,
For thy heart's pulse is stricken. *Ock! d'eag an chorra!*"

In the days when keening was a profession, men and women made not only handsome livings, but handsome reputations for paid mourning; until, like the ancient bards of other lands, they have fallen by the way, and the custom is now mostly confined to the peasantry.

Some specimens of keens taken from one of the "Percy's Society's Publications," vividly recall the language of Ossian mourning for his son.

"My sunshine you were. I loved you better than the sunshine itself; and when I see the sun going down in the west, I think of my boy, and of my black night of sorrow. Like the rising sun, he had a red glow on his cheek. He was as bright as the sun at midday; but a dark storm came on, and my sunshine was lost to me forever. My sunshine will never again come back. No! my boy cannot return. Cold and silent is his bed."

In a country where the romantic ruins of ancient castles and baronial halls are to be seen at every turn, and among a people naturally imaginative, every nook shelters some superstitious object, and the rustling of the forest leaves conveys a message of plaintive sadness. Listen to the summons:—

"I am come, I am come from the land unknown;
For the earth I have quitted my airy throne;
I have left the heights of yon starry sphere,
To sing this dirge in a mortal's ear:
Ullín, ullín! morn comes fast;
A soul will have sped ere the moonlight's past.

"I am come, I am come, as I came before
To the sires of thy house in the days of yore.

* Alas! the beloved hath died!

Many a chieftain has heard my cry,
 Many a dame of thy ancestry.
Ullin, ullin! thou must go
 To join them either in joy or woe."

But the banshee's voice comes fainter and fainter from the wooded hills and fields of heather; and soon she will sing no more except in legends of the olden time.

Fairies are supposed to steal away children; and, among the common people, when one sickens and dies, it is believed they have only made an exchange, leaving some feeble elf in place of the beautiful darling, who is often begged by the sorrowing mother. There is a pretty ballad by Samuel Lover on this superstition, called

THE FAIRY BOY.

"A mother came, when stars were paling,
 Wailing round a lonely spring;
 Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
 Calling on the fairy king:—

"Why, with spells my child caressing,
 Courting him with fairy joy?
 Why destroy a mother's blessing,
 Wherefore steal my baby boy?

"O'er the mountain, through the wild-wood,
 Where his childhood loved to play;
 Where the flowers are freshly springing,
 There I wander day by day."

Another on the same subject is prettier.

"The summer sun was sinking
 With a wild light, calm and mellow;
 It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks
 And his loose locks of yellow.

"I sat alone in my cottage,
 The midnight needle plying;
 I feared for my child, for the rush's light
 In the socket now was dying.

"There came a hand to my lonely latch,
 Like the wind at midnight mourning;
 I knelt to pray, but rose again,
 For I heard my little boy groaning.

"I crossed my brow, and I crossed my breast,
 But that night my child departed,—
 They left a weakling in his stead,
 And I am broken-hearted."

Spenser's Fairy once queened it over her tribe among the hills of Limerick, and he wrote her fabulous history in the valley, while the imaginary beings sailed back and forth over his head, to visit their relations in the neighboring hills of Cork.

"They glide along o'er the dewy banks,
 On their viewless, filmy wings;
 And anon and again from their restless ranks
 The merry, fairy laughter rings.
 In lonely dells, where the star-beams fall
 But on fern, and lake, and tree,
 Nor eye profane the mirth may mar,
 I have heard their minstrelsie."

Some verses by Lover, as beautiful as the superstition which suggested them, tell of the fanciful belief, prevailing in some parts of Ireland, that a child smiling in its sleep was talking with the angels.

"A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild, raging sea,
 And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling.

And she cried, 'Dermot, darling, O, come back to me!'

"Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee.

'O, blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee;

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,

And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father,—

For I know that the angels are whispering with thee'

"The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
 And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,
 Said, 'I know that the angels were whispering with thee.'"

Among the emigrant ballads who has not heard Lady Dufferin's inimitable song?—

"I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,

Where we sat side by side,

On a bright May mornin', long ago,

When first you were my bride.

The corn was springin' fresh and green,

And the lark sang loud and high,

And the red was on your lip, Mary,

And the love-light in your eye."

If it is not the best thing she ever wrote, it is certainly the best known; and her grandfather, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, might well have been proud to claim a place in the heart large enough to cover with its sympathies the desolate wanderer, and express in simple grace,—

"I'm very lonely now, Mary,

For the poor make no new friends;

But O, they love the better still

The few our Father sends.

And you were all I had, Mary,

My blessin' and my pride;

There's nothin' left to care for now,

Since my poor Mary died."

Fairies would frown, and the banshees would wail, if the "old, old story" was omitted. And what can be a more appropriate ending than this little translation by Ferguson from the Irish?—

"O, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight,

Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright:

Like the apple-blossom her bosom white,

And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright.

Then, O, come with me, come with me, come with me!

O, come with me, brown girl sweet!

And, O, I would go through snow and sleet,

If you would come with me, my brown girl sweet!"

THE LAST SIEGE AT ST. GEORGE'S.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.

AMONG the places in the good State of Maine made memorable by the conflicts of war, none are more worthy of their fame than St. George's River.

The fort erected at St. George by the Waldo proprietors, in 1720, suffered in the following wars, under successive commanders, no less than five attacks by the Indians, and by French and Indians combined. This being, at the time, the extreme outpost of the English, these attacks were made with the full power of the enemy, and with unusual vigor, persistency, and skill. Yet, while every other fort east of Berwick, except those on the Kennebec, fell, at some time or other, into the hands of the savages, St. George's remained invincible.

It was on this river that, during Lovewell's War, the gallant young Winslow, then commander of the fort, generously rallied to the defence of his over-venturous comrades, furnishing a rare example of unflinching courage and devotion.

When at length the power of the French in the north was broken, and the Indians troubled no more, the strongholds which had done such worthy service, no longer useful, were suffered to fall to decay; and St. George's shared the common fate.

During the revolution it was the policy of the federal authorities to concentrate the defence on a few only of the most prominent points; therefore all through this war St. George's remained unfortified.

At length war clouds began to rise a second time between the United States and the mother country; and in 1809 St. George's was again defended by a small fortification. It was constructed under the direction of Major Porter, and consisted of a semicircular rampart, mounted with three iron guns carrying an eighteen pound ball, together with a block-house, a magazine of brick, and barracks for the soldiers; the whole being protected in the rear by a high, strong fence of plank.

Early in 1812 this complete little fort was properly garrisoned by the general government; but in the spring of 1813, to supply a pressing need, the entire force was ordered elsewhere. The establishment was left in charge of H. Prince, Esq., who hired an elderly man named Ephraim Wylie to stay there and keep things in order.

This old man had, in the latter part of the

revolution, been corporal in a contingency company, consisting chiefly of boys and elderly men; the duty of which, fortunately, never extended beyond the drill. Into this drill Ephraim entered ardently; and, in the years of peace which succeeded, this episode of his life, his office, and his proficiency in military manœuvres, were the frequent topics of his conversation; and the only occasion upon which his company took part in a regimental drill was dwelt upon by him with as much gusto as the veterans of the war exhibited in relating the stories of their most sanguinary battles.

Nothing could have pleased "Corporal Eph" better than the position that was here offered him. He had not met with even the average success in the battle of life; and he was always lamenting that the peace had destroyed his opportunities of a career. But now, in his later years, in this new war, the occasion for which he had so long waited had come round to him.

At this period the glibness with which he could issue the orders for the different military movements, and the facility and enthusiasm with which he would in person illustrate the evolutions, were quite astonishing to his rustic auditors at the tavern and grocery; while the boys, in open-mouth wonder or gleeful imitation, thought to themselves what a smart general he would have been if he had only had the chance. Yet, to his great surprise, he was not readily received as volunteer, though he knew that, in some cases, a considerable sum had been paid by officers to obtain recruits. Once or twice he had actually been enrolled, and participated in the slight drill which was essential before actual service in the presence of the enemy. There had been in these exercises some variation in his manner of executing the movements from that of the majority of the company, shared in by a few other confused individuals, leaving others still halting between two opinions. This circumstance, in the view of the officers, operated against the success of their instructions; while Ephraim flatly denied the correctness of their tactics, — for "Did he not know? Had he not been an officer in the last war, and had experience in regimental manœuvres, while these were mere youngsters?" Yet the officers generally expressed great tenderness for his rheumatism, lumbago, and other harassing ailments, excused him from duty, and ordered him in-doors; and eventually he was dropped from service on some pretence or other.

So the road to military preferment was again closed to him; but when Squire Prince enlisted him for the defence of Fort St. George, placing him in sole command, it seemed as if the realization of his life-long ambition had suddenly arrived.

Though he was not before distinguished for industry, he now exerted himself to have everything in the most precise trim. The barracks were swept, the block-house was cleared of cobwebs, and the frightened tenants pursued, in their galloping, many-footed retreat, with as much fury as if they had been emissaries of the enemy, sent out to destroy munitions of war and foment treason. Out of doors the parade-ground was cleared of rubbish; and the flaunting weeds and heavy-headed grasses were no more allowed to lift their impudent plumes within that sacred enclosure than if they had been so many red-coats. The eighteen-pounders on the ramparts were daily scoured and oiled, and the few old king's arms, that furnished out the magazine, shone as though it was their whole duty to exhibit a pattern of cheerful old age — a notion which their cracked barrels and broken locks tended much to establish; while his own extensive accoutrements, by their glitter, added greatly to the terror of his aspect. Whatever hours remained from these responsible and weighty labors, he spent in parading on the parapets armed with sword and musket, to fulfil the double duty of private soldier and commander-in-chief.

Now, it happened that in June, 1814, the British battle-ship *Bulwark*, of seventy-four guns, cruised off the mouth of St. George's River, with the design of capturing any craft which she might discover, of destroying this fort, and securing whatever munitions of war and provisions might be stored in the neighborhood. Up the river, a coasting vessel loaded with lime had been waiting several days to get to sea. Impatient of the delay, Skippers McKellar and Sayward, who both owned and sailed her, took advantage of a north-east wind and a thick fog to drop down the river, expecting to elude the Englishman and reach a market. Unfortunately, they were met by the *Bulwark's* boats, and captured in a trice. Having no pilots, and not daring to ascend the river without, the British offered to restore the vessel to its owners on condition that they would guide them in safety to the fort.

To this the skippers readily agreed; but, while fulfilling their contract, did not consider it their duty to inform their captors ac-

curately about the garrison. Two barges, heavily manned, were considered the smallest number safe to be sent upon this enterprise; and hugging closely the eastern shore, upon which the fort was situated, they reached the landing-place undiscovered. Noiselessly disembarking, they advanced rapidly to the base of the rampart, whence, by ladders, they readily mounted the parapet.

The surprise was complete, and the British felt assured of an easy victory. No alarm had been given, not one of the garrison had shown himself, and no sign of life was visible in the fort, except that a slender column of smoke ascended from the barracks. Thanking his stars for the carelessness of the garrison, which had gone to the evening meal without leaving a sentinel, the commander formed his men in such order as to deliver a concentrated fire; and, being now in entire readiness, he cried, in a voice almost loud enough to bring the Indians from their happy hunting-grounds, —

"In the name of his Britannic majesty, I demand the surrender of this battery."

"No one appearing, a musket was ordered to be discharged at the door of the barracks, the ball passing through the upper panel. Old Ephraim, in the full gorgeousness of his uniform, was very busily engaged in frying clams for his supper, and did not at all relish the interruption, — which he supposed to proceed from the ship carpenters, who were somewhat inclined to make game of the "garrison." At the moment the gun was fired, he was in the act of transferring a clam from the pan to his open mouth; while the bullet, just grazing his shoulder, lodged in his bunk. Old Ephraim's projecting under jaw and superfluous lip shut savagely, as he looked from his torn coat to his wounded bunk, and then at the clam steaming on the floor.

"Surrender!" shouted again the now impatient officer.

Seizing his gun, Ephraim rushed out, and peremptorily ordered the intruders from the premises.

The officer was quite astonished at this display of valor, but very little intimidated.

"Who is the commander of this battery?" demanded he.

"I'm the commander," answered Ephraim, flourishing his sword.

If Ephraim was angry at the interruption of his supper, he was doubly angry that the enemy should have presumed to enter the precincts of the fort without the formalities which he considered as indispensable to a

siege, giving the garrison no chance to go through the performances appropriate either to a defence or a capitulation. He really began to question the value of the art of war, if *regular soldiers* behaved in this way towards an enemy. But he at length comprehended the fact that a superior force of those "doggarn Britishers" were in possession of his fort, and in all likelihood intended to hold it. Therefore, by way of explanation and warning, he added, —

"This is Squire Prince's fort, and he has put me in charge of it."

At this the soldiers set up a loud laugh.

"Very well. Bring your flag forward, and surrender it," commanded the officer.

"I told you once this was Squire Prince's fort; and if you want any flag, you must go to Squire Prince," retorted the enraged Ephraim.

Some now spiked the guns, while others ransacked the magazine for powder to blow up the fortification. They found nothing but an empty keg or two, having scarcely enough powder in them to fill a snuff-box; and, turning it out in their hands, they flung it at each other with uproarious mirth.

The British now gave their attention to securing two sloops which lay in the river — one belonging to Captain Matthew Robinson, and the other to Captain John Lewis; and then made persistent attempts to burn another on the stocks, and still another which was aground.

The report of the gun and the sight of the flames at length convinced the inhabitants in the vicinity that there was something wrong going on at the river. Captain Joseph Gilchrist, seizing his gun, ran across the field, and rallied his neighbor, saying that he would keep on, and scare the enemy away. His gun was already charged for ducks; and on the top of this, he put in a bullet and three buck-shot, then blazed away at the incendiaries. Again he loaded, and let drive at them, causing them to give over their attempts, and fly to the barges, while the fires they had kindled went out, without causing much damage.

Others of the people had now arrived at the scene of action, and mistaking, in the darkness, Gilchrist and those who had joined him for a party of the enemy, opened a brisk fire upon them. Old Squire Malcolm, who had also hobbled down to reconnoitre, hearing the balls whistling by his head, lay down behind a knoll, and yelled so lustily that the skirmishers feared that they had shot half a dozen of their neighbors.

The enemy from here proceeded towards Thomaston; but day-dawn appearing before they reached that place, they abandoned all further projects, and retired to the bay.

Thus closed the last siege of St. George's. The only damage sustained was the spiking of the cannon (which was easily remedied), the breaking of a few worn-out muskets, and the loss of a pound or two of powder; while the structure of the fort remained entirely unharmed. Did not our martinet make a good defence?

MORNING GLORIES.

BY MISS M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

JENNY, the mistress and maid of the dairy,
Over its window, old-fashioned and bare,
A vine of the morning glory is training,
Veiling the place from the noon's vivid glare.
Swiftly it climbs and surrounds the rude lattice,
In joyous impatience its work to complete,
Circled and crowned by its lightly-poised blossoms,

Ever awake the first dawning to greet; —
Calling the bee from his feast in the clover,
Tempting the butterfly still to delay,
While hither and thither the humming-birds
darting,
Snatch at their sweets, and then vanish away.
The sunshine steals in through the wavering
curtain,
Now softened by shadows wherever it falls,
While Jenny is busy with skimming and churning,
Or moulding the butter in bright golden
balls.

Sometimes she pauses, and peeps from the
casement,

Catching a song or a whistle's refrain;
She knows who is coming, — her stalwart
young lover, —

Driving his oxen along the rough lane.
And then she may loiter by chance in the door-
way,

A sentence of magical meaning to speak;
Again to her blithe round of duties returning,
With sprightlier footstep and rosier cheek.

Fair is her window, with vines climbing over,
With beauty and sweetness enclosing her
room.

Fair is her life, with love's morning glory
Wreathing her heart with its fragrance and
bloom.

ROBIN HOOD.

THIS bold and gallant outlaw's memory is well preserved by hundreds of popular ballads, and by tradition. These ballads contain more of the national character of Old England of those days, than all the songs of classic bards, or the theories of ingenious philosophers; even if out of print, these songs, so dear to the popular heart, could be restored from the citation of thousands, both in England and Scotland. He was born, it is believed, in Nottinghamshire, in the year 1160, and during the reign of Henry II. In his youth he was wild and lavish, spent part of his patrimony, and was cheated out of the remainder by a sheriff and an abbot. This made him desperate, drove him to the woods, and the extensive forests in that portion of England afforded him shelter. Here he collected a large band of comrades, whom he wisely selected from his knowledge of character. These learned soon to love and implicitly obey a man, who showed such skill and intrepidity in accomplishing all he planned. He is supposed to have been a nobleman by birth; and although Sir Walter Scott has doubted the fact, popular belief will consider "bold Robin an earl, while woods grow and waters run."

Far and wide were he and his followers famous for their wonderful skill in archery. Four of his favorite captains are well known to all lovers of old ballads — "Little John," "Will Scarlet," "Friar Tuck," and "Allan-a-Dale." Tradition says, a young lady of beauty and rank was won by his good looks and gallantry to become his companion. In these forests he reigned supreme; he even waged war against all constituted authorities, and all wealthy churchmen. Woe unto any fierce heriff, or purse-proud priest, who fell into his hands, "all under the greenwood tree!" Yet he was no lover of blood, as the song goes: —

"From wealthy abbots' chests and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took he shared amongst the poor;
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him, before he went, but for his pass must pay."

"In that wild way, and with no better means than his ready wit and his matchless archery, Robin baffled two royal invasions of Sherwood and Barnesdale; repelled, with much effusion of blood, half a score of incursions made by errant knights and armed sheriffs; and, unmoved by either prayers or the thunders of

the church, he reigned and ruled till age crept upon him." It is said he died by the lance of his cousin, Prioress of Birkleys Nunnery, in Yorkshire, to whom he went for aid, to cure an illness caused from exposure. This was the first time he ever sought aid of a "leech." This Prioress bled him to death, to free the church and state from further alarm. Ritson writes: "Such was the end of Robin Hood; a man who, in a barbarous age, and under a complicated tyranny, displayed a spirit of freedom and independence which has endeared him to the common people, whose cause he maintained, and which, in spite of malicious endeavors of pitiful monks, by whom history was consecrated to the crimes and follies of titled ruffians and sainted idiots, to suppress all record of his patriotic exertions and virtuous acts, will render his name immortal."

The personal character of Robin Hood stands high, in the pages of both history and poetry. He delighted in sparing those who sought his life, when they fell into his power; his knighthood was famed, ever tender and thoughtful about women; when he prayed, he preferred "Our Lady" to all other saints. Next to ladies, he loved the yeomanry of England. He molested no hand at the plough, no thrasher in the barn, no shepherd with his flock. Woe to the priest who fleeced, or noble that oppressed, them. The widow and fatherless he cared for; and wheresoever he went, some old woman was ready to do him a kindness for a saved son or husband.

He had a "hearty relish for fighting and fun; a scorn of all that is skulking and cowardly; a love of whatever is free, and manly, and warm-hearted; a hatred of all oppressors, clerical and lay; and a sympathy for those who loved a merry joke, either practical or spoken." This character is gathered from Robin Hood ballads. Many amusing legends and incidents of Robin Hood we should like to relate to our readers, but they would fill volumes.

"An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, these bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue."

"All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long."

— A GERMAN PROVERB. — A hedge lasts three years; a dog outlasts three hedges; a horse outlives three dogs; a man outlives three horses.



SPELLING-MATCH AT SCRATCH CORNER.

BY M. L. RICKER.

CHARACTERS. — *Farmer and his Wife, named SMITH, dressed in costume of about fifty years ago; ELIZA, their Daughter; SHEM, their Son. SARAH FISHER. NELLIE BAKER, a young Lady from Boston. MR. BROWN, a Schoolmaster. Spellers, ELIZA SMITH, JERUSA JINKS, PRUDENCE PERIWINKLE, HANNAH HIGGINS, RUTH ROBBINS, HULDAH HOBART, JONATHAN SPOONIX, SHEM SMITH, JOHN JINKS, SAMUEL SPRIGGINS, 'BIJAH BROWN, and PETER PERIWINKLE.*

ACT I.

SCENE. — Room in Farmer's House, in which are seated MR. and MRS. SMITH, ELIZA and SHEM SMITH. MRS. SMITH is knitting; ELIZA darning Stockings; SHEM sits with his Chair tipped back against the Wall, and is whittling; MR. SMITH reading a Newspaper.

Mr. Smith. Wife, I really believe one of the old fashions is comin' up agin. Here's a 'count in this 'ere paper of a hull lot of prizes bein' gin to folks for spellin' a few words, at one o' them spellin'-matches, they call 'em.

Mrs. Smith. Sakes alive! You don't say so, naow! I guess they must be 'bout the same's our spellin'-schools was when we was young.

Mr. Smith. Yes, so I think; and d'ye remember the time Jeduthun Sparks was gwine to thrash me 'cause I went home with ye one night, arter you'd spelled 'em all daown?

Mrs. Smith. Guess I dew! Spellin'-matches they call 'em. I shouldn't wonder if there was a few matches come of 'em in them days, when the gals and fellers all turned out to spell.

Eliza. Did they *all* spell, mother?

Mrs. Smith. Well, no, I don't s'pose they

did; but they used to go in for fun in them days, and them that didn't spell, why, they'd go to hear the rest, and have a good time generally.

Eliza. Now, mother, if they used to have so much fun at 'em then, why can't we have one here now, as well as they can up to Boston?

Shem. That's so, Lize. I go in for it for one. An' I think I know some more of the boys that would like it first rate.

Mrs. Smith. Well, I've no objections to offer. I don't know any reason why the young folks can't have a good, social time naow, as they could forty year ago.

Eliza. I don't believe but what Sarah Fisher would help us git one up. You know she's jest got home from Boston, and a cousin of hers that lives there has come with her to make a visit. If she would take hold, may be we could git up a good one.

Shem. How do they git the prizes?

Eliza. Charge a few cents, ten or fifteen, for admission, and use the money to pay for the prizes.

Shem. Now that's kind of cute. We'll have one, sure. I'll go round 'mong the boys and git 'em started. *(A knock at the door. ELIZA goes and opens it, and ushers in SARAH FISHER and NELLIE BAKER.)*

Sarah Fisher. My cousin, Miss Baker, Mrs. Smith; Miss Eliza Smith, Mr. Smith, and son.

Mrs. Smith. Good evenin', Miss Baker. Glad to see ye. I used to know a Sallie Baker down to Pordunk. Seems nateral to see one of that name. Take a cheer. — Shem, put another stick of wood in the stove.

Eliza. Your cousin made ye a good long visit, Miss Baker.

Nellie. Not so long as we would like to have kept her.

Eliza. Warnt you homesick, Sarah. I thought you was never comin' back.

Sarah. Did you? I was having a good time, and there was nothing to hinder me from staying; so, as they wanted me to, I staid.

Mrs. Smith. Did you go to any spellin'-

matches up to Boston? Father was just read-in 'bout one just afore you come in.

Sarah. Yes'm, I did. Nellie and I went to one about a week ago. I enjoyed it very much.

Eliza. Why can't we have one in our school-house, Sarah?

Sarah. We can as well as not. Let's do it. Wouldn't it be fun, though!

Eliza. Just the talk to 'liven folks up a little. No matter if it is getting to be an old thing in the cities. We ain't had none here, and we don't expect to keep up with the fashions. You've been off to school so much, Sarah, you'll have to take the lead, and may be give out the words. P'raps your cousin will help ye.

Nellie. I should not like to do that. I am only a visitor, and it might not be agreeable to the people here.

Shem. The people wouldn't go agin it, no how.

Eliza. You see, miss, folks round here hain't had so good a chance to git learnin' as some has; but there's a few that's pretty peart at it. I guess they'd do well with words of not more'n two syllables.

Nellie. I should be very glad to do anything to add to the evening's enjoyment, if you decide to have a spelling-match. I think some one of your townspeople had better give out the words. — Don't you think so, Sarah?

Sarah. (*Winking slyly at her cousin.*) I do. But perhaps we could assist ~~some~~ about selecting the words. There's Master Brown, he would be a suitable person to give the words out. Then you need two judges to decide who are to have the prizes. One should be given to the one who spells down the rest, and some simple gift to the one who misses first.

Eliza. Now, Sarah, you and your cousin git the prizes for us — why can't ye? We'll have enough to pay for 'em if we charge ten cents for admission.

Shem. If you don't, I'll make up what's lacking.

Sarah. You are very kind. Now, when shall we have it?

Eliza. Well, we'll talk it round to everybody we can, and, if they agree, we'll have it gin out Sunday. You have the prizes ready.

Sarah. Do you think we should give satisfaction?

Nellie. I should think Hogg's Tales would do for the first prize.

Shem. Hog's tails! Well, by Jimine! Where'll you git 'em?

Nellie. They can be purchased at almost any bookstore.

Shem. Bookstore! I'm blest if that don't beat all. If you'd said meat-market, now, 'twould hit nearer, I'm thinkin'.

Nellie. I mean a volume written by Hogg.

Shem. A volume written by a hog! Wuss and wuss! Well, make your 'rangements, and I'll settle the bill; but don't ask my 'pinion about a book written by a hog. (*Exit SHEM, repeating, I'm blest! Hog's tails!*)

Eliza. Don't mind Shem now. He's kinder struck. 'Tis a queer name, now, ain't it? But you and Sarah git just what you think best, and I'll agree to stand all the fault-finding.

Sarah. What shall we have for the first one who misses?

Nellie. A Brassica Oleracia, I think, would be a good thing.

Eliza. Some new kind of a rake, I s'pose. That would be kinder nice; most folks down here are farmers, you know; and a rake is useful on a farm.

Nellie. (*Smiling, and rising to go.*) As it is getting late, and we have some distance to walk, perhaps we had better go.

Sarah. (*Rising.*) I am ready, Nellie.

Eliza. Don't hurry, now; 'tain't late. Now be sure and git them prizes, and make out a list of words to help Master Brown. I know he'll call on ye; and I'll see to the rest.

Sarah. I hope the people will approve, and come to help us.

Eliza. No danger but what they will. They will all like the fun too well not to come. If I don't see ye afore, come early to the school-house the night we have it, an' I'll come, and we'll settle all the rest of the 'rangements there.

Sarah. I'll try to. Come over and see us while Nellie is here. Take your work with you, and spend the afternoon. Good evening, all.

Nellie. Good evening. (*Turning to MR. and MRS. SMITH.*)

Eliza. Awful dark — ain't it? If Shem hadn't run off, I'd sent him home with ye.

Sarah. Quite unnecessary; we are not at all timid. Good night.

(*Curtain falls.*)

ACT II.

SCENE. — School-house. MASTER BROWN seated at a Desk in centre of Stage. On his right hand are NELLIE and Sarah, who have been chosen Judges. The number of spellers can be regulated according to the capa-

city of Stage. In this there are twelve; six Ladies ranged on the right, six Gentlemen on the left, whose names are given at the beginning of this dialogue. MASTER BROWN rises and makes the following remarks to the audience:—

Mr. Brown. Ladies and Gentlemen, assembled for the purpose of a Spelling-Match: My heart swells with pride when I think how many of you were my former pupils, and that you had lectured me for the honor of presiding on this gay and festive occasion. It brings to my mind the good old times of spelling-schools and huskings, apple-bees and picnics. My feelings are too big for utterance; I can only bid you welcome, and ask you one and all to spell. The one who spells down all the rest, will be entitled to this fine volume of Porcine Tales, laying on the table. The one who misses the first, will receive a *Brassica Oleracia*. I don't exactly understand what it is, but some kind of a vegetable instrument, I presume. The performance will now begin. Boys will stand on one side of the room, gals on the 'tother. I will also state that the prizes will be presented by MISS NELLIE BAKER, of Boston. We will commence with the women. Eliza Smith, spell Jumper. (*He takes a spelling-book from desk.*)

Eliza. J-u-m-p-e-r.

Master Brown. Right. Bijah, spell Sheep-fold.

Bijah. S-h-e-e-p-f-o-l-d.

Master Brown. Right. Father.

Ruth. F-a-t-h-e-r, Father.

Master Brown. Right. Manger.

Peter. M-a-n-g-e-r.

Master Brown. Right. Mountain.

Huldah. M-o-u-n-t-a-i-n, Mountain,

Master Brown. Right. I knowed my scholars wus smart. Shem, spell Porcine.

Shem. P-o-r-c-e-e-n.

Master Brown. Wrong. Next.

(SAMUEL, JONATHAN, and PETER, all together. "*Hurrah for SHEM; he'll get the Brass— What-do-ye-call-it?*")

Master Brown. Order, boys! Jerusha, you try it.

Jerusha. P-o-r-s-e-n-e.

Master Brown. Wrong.

Jenks. P-o-r-c-i-n-e.

Master Brown. Right. Fiddle.

Prudence. F-i-d-d-l-e, Fiddle.

Master Brown. Right. Phalanx.

Samuel. F-a-l-a-n-k-s.

Master Brown. Wrong. Next.

Hannah. P-h-a-l-a-n-x, Phalanx.

Master Brown. Right. That's allus the way. Gals is the smartest. Jonathan, your turn. Flunkey.

Jonathan. F-l-u-n-k-e-y, Flunkey.

Master Brown. Right. Frowsy.

Eliza. F-r-o-u-s-y.

Master Brown. Wrong. Next.

Bijah. F-r-o-w-s-y, Frowsy.

Master Brown. Right. Coquettish.

Peter. (*Aside.*) Think she ought to know how to spell that.)

Ruth. C-o-k-e-t-i-s-h, Coketish.

Master Brown. Wrong. What ails the gals to-night?

Peter. C-o-q-u-e-t-t-i-s-h, Coquettish.

Master Brown. Right. Romantic.

Huldah. R-o-m-a-n-t-i-c, Romantic.

Master Brown. Right. Marriage.

Jenks. M-a-r-r-i-a-g-e, Marriage.

Master Brown. Right. Thought you'd know how to spell that. Blockhead.

Prudence. B-l-o-c-k-h-e-a-d, Blockhead.

Master Brown. Right. Bouncing.

Jonathan. B-o-u-n-c-i-n-g, Bouncing.

Master Brown. Right. Elephant.

Hannah. E-l-e-p-h-a-n-t, Elephant.

Master Brown. Right. Phlegmatic.

Bijah. F-l-e-g-m-a-t-i-c-k.

Master Brown. Wrong. Next.

Huldah. P-h-l-e-g-m-a-t-i-c, Phlegmatic.

Master Brown. Right. Emphasis.

Peter. E-m-f-a-s-e-s.

Master Brown. Wrong. Next.

Prudence. E-m-p-h-a-s-i-s, Emphasis.

Master Brown. Right. We have now but five of our twelve spellers left standing. I should be very greatly pleased (*turning to Miss BAKER*), if you would continue the exercise, and give out a few words, — any word you may choose to give out, from the book I have used, or any one you may give out from memory.

Miss Baker. I feel *willing* to assist you, sir, but do not like to attempt to compete with your maturer judgment and greater knowledge of the most of those who are taking part in the exercises. However, if agreeable, I will give out a few words which are used quite frequently among us, though of French origin. Bonton.

Jonathan. B-o-n-g-t-o-n.

Nellie. Wrong.

Hannah. B-o-n-t-o-n.

Nellie. Right. Ennuï.

Jenks. A-n-g-w-e.

Nellie. Wrong.

Huldah. A-n-g-u-e.

Nellie. Wrong.

Prudence. E-n-n-u-i.

Nellie. Right. Entree.

Jenks. (Aside.) What she given out such hifalutin words for?

Hannah. E-n-t-r-e-e, Entree.

Nellie. Right. Deaux.

(A whispered, "She'll spell that," is heard from *SHEM*.)

Prudence. B-e-a-u-x.

Nellie. Right. Elite.

Hannah. A-l-e-c-t.

Nellie. Wrong.

Prudence. E-l-i-t-e, Elite.

(*Cheers for PRUDENCE, and clapping of hands.* *MASTER BROWN rises and addresses the audience.*)

Master Brown. The presentation of Prizes will now be made. The volume of Tales, to *MISS PRUDENCE PERIWINKLE*, and the *Brassica Oleracea* to *MR. SHEM SMITH*, who missed first. *MISS BAKER* will present the gifts.

Miss Baker. It gives me great pleasure to present you with this book, and I know it is the wish of all your friends gathered here, that you keep it as a cherished memento of this evening. May you derive much pleasure and profit also from its perusal, and in after years may it often recall to your mind the spelling match of this evening. (*Presents the book to MISS PERIWINKLE.*)

Master Brown. *MR. SHEM SMITH* will please present himself at the desk and receive his prize.

(*SHEM walks up to the desk where MISS BAKER stands, who addresses him in the following words:*—

Nellie. *MR. SMITH:* In accordance with the desire of the committee, upon me devolves the very pleasant duty of presenting you with this very beautiful specimen of Floriculture. (*Takes a large head of cabbage from a basket on the desk and presents it.*) It is very significant, and in any horticultural journal you may discern the meaning attached to it. How much is expressed by this gift it is impossible for me to explain in the brief time allotted me. Suffice it to say, that I hope it may be *preserved and pickled*, and handed down from generation to generation as a memorial of this day. With this wish, I bid you and all others (*turning to the audience*) good night.

Curtain falls.

SIGN LANGUAGE.—The report of the commissioner of education in Philadelphia gives an account of a singular use of the sign language, as used by deaf mutes. A delegation

of Arapahoes Indians, one of the least civilized of the western tribes, visited Philadelphia. While there, they were brought into the presence of deaf mutes. The two parties were left to make each other's acquaintance. First by one token, and then by another, they gradually discovered that their signs were mutually intelligible, and the Indians found they had really met people whom they could understand. Their delight was vast, for they had been almost speechless since they left home, having no one to talk with; and they urgently requested the deaf mutes to go back with them, and live in the wilderness, regarding them with more favor than any other people whom they saw in their visit. A list of more than seventy words is given, for which the two parties had similar signs.

IMPOLITE THINGS.—Beginning to talk before others have finished speaking; and answering questions put to others.

Not listening to what one is saying in company.

Laughing at the mistakes of others; and joking others in company.

Loud and boisterous laughing.

Reading aloud in company without being asked.

Talking when others are reading, or reading when there is talking.

Whispering or laughing in the house of God.

A want of respect and reverence for seniors.

Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.

Leaving church before worship is closed.

Leaving a stranger without a seat; or gazing rudely at strangers.

Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.

Making yourself the hero of your own story.

Beginning to eat as soon as you get to the table.

Spitting about the house.

Cutting finger nails in company.

—**OLD THALES**, of Miletus, is sometimes said to have been the first to teach that the earth is a sphere. But this does not appear to be the truth. Thales supposed the earth to float upon the water, like a plank of wood or a ship; he is even stated to have explained earthquakes by the fluctuations of the underlying water. This doctrine that the earth floats upon water, is said to have been brought from Egypt by Thales.



BUNKER HILL.

BY GEORGE H. CALVERT.

"NOT yet, not yet; steady, steady!"
 On came the foe in even line,
 Nearer and nearer to thrice paces nine.
 We looked into their eyes. "Ready!"
 A sheet of flame! A roll of death!
 They fell by scores; we held our breath!
 Then nearer still they came.
 Another sheet of flame;
 And brave men fled who never fled before.
 Immortal fight!
 Foreshadowing flight
 Back to the astounded shore.

Quickly they rallied, re-enforced:
 'Mid louder roar of ships' artillery,
 And bursting bombs and whistling musketry,
 And shouts and groans, anear, afar,
 All the new din of dreadful war.
 Through their broad bosoms calmly coursed
 The blood of those stout farmers, aiming
 For freedom, manhood's birthright claim-
 ing.

Onward once more they came:
 Another sheet of deathful flame!
 Another and another still.
 They broke, they fled;
 Again they sped
 Down the green, bloody hill.

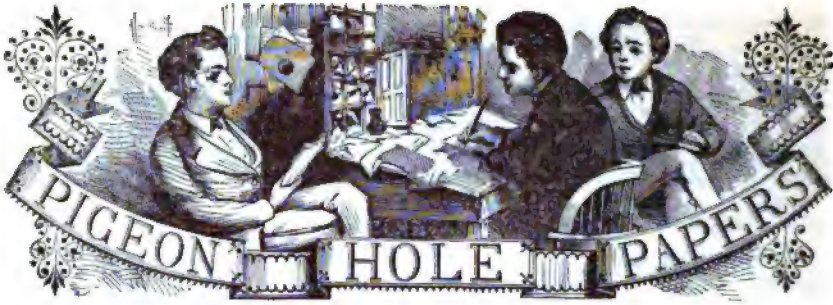
Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton. Gage,
 Stormed with commanders' rage.
 Into each emptied barge
 They crowd fresh men for a new charge
 Up that great hill.
 Again their gallant blood we spill.
 That volley was the last;
 Our powder failed.
 On three sides fast
 The foe pressed in; nor quailed
 A man. Their barrels empty, with musket-
 stocks

They fought, and gave death-dealing knocks,
 Till Prescott ordered the retreat.
 Then Warren fell; and, through a leaden sleet,
 From Bunker Hill and Breed,
 Stark, Putnam, Pomeroy, Knowlton, Read,
 Led off the remnant of those heroes true;
 The foe too weakened to pursue.
 The ground they gained; but we
 The victory.

The tidings of that chosen band
 Flowed in a wave of power
 Over the shaken, anxious land,
 To men, to man, a sudden dower.
 History took a fresh, higher start
 From that stanch, beaming hour;
 And when the speeding messenger, that
 bare
 The news that strengthened every heart,
 Met near the Delaware
 The leader, who had just been named,
 Who was to be so famed,
 The steadfast, earnest Washington,
 With hands uplifted, cries,
 His great soul flashing to his eyes,
 "Our liberties are safe! the cause is won!"
 A thankful look he cast to Heaven, and
 then
 His steed he spurred, in haste to lead such
 noble men.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 8, 1875.

— THE present demand for Oriental embroidery draws attention to the manufacture of this work in the Ottoman Empire. The number of embroiderers in Constantinople, the principal centre of this work, may be put at ten thousand. They are paid by the piece, and are chiefly Greeks and Armenians. Turkish embroideries may be divided, first, into embroideries in gold, or in silver and gold, on vestments, wool or cotton; second, tapestry and hangings; third, white embroidery, such as crochet; fourth, needle embroidery (oya), for robes, cushions, &c.



OUR LETTER WRITERS.—W. J., who is a regular subscriber, asks what the column called "Wish Correspondents" is used for. We have not called it by this name since the beginning of the present year; and we wonder if our correspondent has noticed the department lately. With the first number of this Magazine we commenced a kind of chat with our readers in the Head Work, mixing in the talk with the puzzles. We wrote the first "talk" in November, 1866, and have continued it ever since. But the page of space, then devoted to the chat and the puzzles, was found to be entirely insufficient, and in April of our first year we introduced "Our Letter Bag," on the third page of the cover. Before the close of the year we observed a very general desire on the part of our puzzle contributors to correspond with each other, and we occasionally inserted a line, with the other matter, like this: "Sylvan Grove would like to hear from Jersey Blue, Box 6065, New York." One number contains the addresses of eight "Wish Correspondents." In 1868 every weekly number contained quite a number of addresses, and the heading was first used in the number for May 23, 1868, and was continued until we changed it to its present form in the January number of this year. Within the last two or three years we have often inserted over a column of addresses; but we succeeded in reducing the number by one half when we found it was used by many who were not subscribers, and did not belong to the family. Many boys have made valuable acquaintances by the aid of this department, though we doubt not it has sometimes been used for improper purposes.

A TOUGH PROBLEM.—L. B. J. asks us to explain how the following example is done: "Two men agree to dig a ditch one hundred feet long for one hundred dollars; but one man is to receive twelve and a half cents a

foot more than the other. How many feet did each man dig, and what price per foot did he receive?" The problem is an old one, revived in a new form; but one of the conditions—that the men receive an equal sum for their work—is omitted. Thirty years ago we bothered for a whole day over the example, and came to the conclusion that it could not be solved. We are still of the same opinion. The question implies that the men dug an unequal number of feet; and conditions enough for the solution of the problem are not given. It can't be done, friend—that's all. If a cheese eighteen inches in diameter weighs twenty pounds, what will it cost to shingle a meeting-house one hundred feet long?

AMATEURS.—The Boys' Herald, Lewis H. English and Edw. E. Hale, Jr., New Haven, Conn., is one of the ablest of the amateurs, and is now enjoying the fifth year of its existence: 25 cents a year. — Our Lilliputian Monthly, 10 cents a year, Dubuque, Iowa. — The Enterprise, Alfred J. Tefft, Box 50, Cambridge, Mass., 20 cents a year. — The Will-O'-the-Wish still scintillates over Jackson, Mich., and is bright and well edited. — The first number of the Recorder comes to us from Fly Creek, N. Y., and W. E. Leaning is the publisher. — The Brilliant is published by Will A. Innes, Grand Rapids, Mich., and has entered upon its second year, 30 cents. Farley, Fiske, and Case are the editors, and Typo has a department in the interests of Amateurdom. — No Oak Leaf visible yet. — Little Buckeye, L. B. 32, Tiffin, Ohio, is very little, has got as far as No. 1., and costs 10 cents a year. The publisher is full of enterprise, and, if we mistake not, has started several diminutive papers. — As we understand it, "consolidation" is what ails the amateurs, and some of the "professionals" may catch it.

THE REASON WHY.—We have always made

it a rule, until this last year, to notice all letters relating to the Magazine in the Letter Bag, or by mail, unless they were saucy or disrespectful. Early in the year we detected two or three of our most constant contributors sending puzzles under several names. We were entirely satisfied on this point; but we had "exposure" literature enough last year, and we did not care to renew the subject. Therefore we took no notice whatever of the letters of these puzzlers. We required the full name and address of all head workers before we would consider their matter. Several contributors disappeared immediately under the force of this regulation, but some were "smart" enough, in their own estimation, to "beat" the rule. Some were clerks or "boys" in stores in New York city, and gave the store as the address of one name, and the residence, up town, of the other name. Others made bargains with unscrupulous friends for the use of their names and residences. It is said that "murder will out," and these "beats" generally made a slip of some kind. We do not suppose we detected all the frauds of this kind, but we have a considerable pile of "rejected addresses" in our drawer. Some tried to personate girls, and succeeded for a time. We are afraid that the young man who resorts to this kind of trickery will carry the habit with him into maturer life. It is better to be honest than to be "smart," as many a rogue has believed in the end, when he had time to consider the subject within the walls of the state prison. We remember a boy in school, over forty years ago, who used to "copy" his neighbors' examples in arithmetic. Within twenty years afterwards he was the occupant of a felon's cell; and the offence which sent him there was by no means his first one. A boy who allows himself to descend to petty fraud and deception, will make a tricky and deceitful man, whom honest people will avoid. We tremble for the boys who believe it is smart to be successful in a deceitful or fraudulent transaction, however small it may be.

MORE FRAUD. — On one occasion, when we wrote out the committee's award of prizes for the best lists of answers to the puzzles in one number of the Magazine, we noticed that all of them lived in the same city. One of the three we knew to be honest, but another had imposed upon us (see first paragraph in Pigeon Hole Papers for March), and we deemed it to be a duty to watch him. We did watch him. We believe that he — we will call him Two — made a bargain with a friend whom we will name Three; and Three took the third

prize. Two really guessed the puzzles, and used the name and residence of Three, who, however, writes in his own name. Two admits that he gave Three one answer, but the similarity in the *wrong* answers of the two proves that there was collusion. Their form of giving the answers was the same, while the form was different from that of all others who sent in answers. In July, Three sent in his *first* rebus. It was drawn on the cards used by Two, who admits that he made the drawing several months before. Two declared to two others that he did not know Three; then confessed that he did know him. We give several extracts from Two's letters to the editor and others: —

"Where is Aldebaran? Why don't he get *some friend's residence* as his own, and send on puzzles as a regular purchaser? That's the only 'gag' that will pass just now." "I would like the address of Three." "I used to send under 'Mariner,' 'Two,' 'Jack,' and once in a while as 'Sarpedon.'" "Send on [answers] as soon as you please after you get the Magazine." "I told you I did not know who Two was, but I now confess I do know him. I used to be 'pard' with him, I guessing and puzzles (sic); but since January, I am on the outs." ["I graduated in the same class with him (Feb. 21, '71.) Since then I have not seen him until last February or March."] "He threatens to 'blow' on me, and tell Optic that I acknowledged being Jack, Sarpedon, Three, Mariner, and even says I acknowledge being Two." "I was glad that Aldebaran fooled him (Optic), as anybody would do the same if they were not too chicken-hearted." "As soon as I get the September number, I will send you a list of them [puzzles] I don't know, and if you can help me, I will do my part all 'square.'" — It will be seen that Two suggests the plan to another which we believe he used himself. He acknowledges his own falsehoods. He proposes to others to *trade* in answers. In one letter he had not seen Three between February 1871, and February or March last. In another they are "on the outs" *since* January last. Two had not seen Three for four years, but they used to be "pards." We think the extracts will satisfy our readers in regard to the character of Two.

— KING HOLTHALRE (Lothair) of Kent, who reigned at the commencement of the tenth century, ordained that every merchant who made three voyages over the sea, with a ship and cargo of his own, should have the rank of thane or nobleman. *



ANSWERS FOR OCTOBER.

185.

E
A L E
A R E N A
E L E M E N T
E N E M Y
A N Y
T

186. Little People of the Snow. 187. (D out)
(NOT lit) (L) (T) (hoe) (T) (hare) (beet)
(hat) (isle) (CA) (stack) (rum) (tooth) (E) —
Doubt not, little though there be,
That I'll cast a crumb to thee.

188. 1. Censurable. 2. Palatable. 3. Dis-
placements. 4. Emancipator. 5. Enfranchis-
ers. 6. Alternatives. 189. 1. Darkness. 2.
A. T. Raveller. 3. A. Gent. 4. E. U. Chre.
5. Sphinx. 6. Harp. 7. Ah Sin. 8. Italian
Boy. 9. Tom A. Hawke. 10. Forest.

190. C R A K E
R E F E R
A F T E R
K E E N E
E R R E D

191. Snowdon. 192. 1. Alabama. 2. Havana.
3. Canada. 4. Bahamas.

193. M
T E N
T E N O R
M E N T I O N
N O I S E
R O E
N

194. N O V E L
O L I V E
V I X E N
E V E N T
L E N T O

195. Going West.

196. T O I L
O G R E
I R O N
L E N D

197. Every cross hath its inscription. 198. A
self-made man. 199. (ATH in G) (well) (D on

E) (IS twice) (D on E) — A thing well done
is twice done.

200.

C H E S S
A L P H A
L I L A C
I N T E R
F L O R A
O P I U M
R O U T E
N O U N
I D I O T
A L T O

201. Trust one who has had experience.

202.

L S E T
S T O R E
L E O P A R D
T R A D E
E R E
D

203.

J W A S
C A P E R
N U N E D U D
R E T A N
D U N
S

204. Lucknow. 205. 1. Sterne. 2. Marryatt.
3. Silliman. 4. Reade. 5. Cole. 6. More.
7. Pryor. 8. Knox. 9. Savage. 10. Prime.
11. Blackstone. 12. Brougham. 13. Temple.
14. Spratt. 15. Penn.

206.

M
P I P
M I L A N
P A R
N
J U G S
U N I T
G I V E
S T E P

207.

208. Begin at 21, and read thus: 21, 13, 4, 12,
5, 14, 22, 15, 6, 7, 8, 16, 23, 30, 38, 29, 20, 11,
3, 2, 1, 10, 19, 26, 18, 9, 17, 25, 34, 27, 28, 37,
46, 39, 31, 24, 32, 40, 47, 48, 55, 56, 64, 63, 57,
50, 58, 59, 51, 43, 44, 52, 60, 61, 53, 62 —

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones.

209.

D E L A Y S
E S T O P
A S S U R E
P E P P E R
E X I L E

210. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS. — NAMES OF POETS.



The middle letters, read downwards, give the name of a distinguished preacher.

211. 1. A drinking-vessel. 2. To work dough.
3. A fishing implement. 4. A consonant.
5. An exclamation. 6. Rushes. 7. Narrations.

N. A. POLEON.

212. How can nineteen trees be arranged in nine straight rows, with five trees in each row?

EUGENE SEAVER.

213. 1. To name. 2. Surface. 3. A plant.
4. A body of water.

RODERICK.

214. My first is in carry, but not in take
My second is in hoe, but not in rake.
My third is in purchase, but not in buy.
My fourth is in tear, but not in sigh.
My fifth is in scholar, but not in learn.
My sixth is in oak, but not in fern.
My seventh is in scream, but not in crier.
My eighth is in gentleman, but not in squire.
And my whole is an article used in the fire.

TYDIDES.

215. 1. To acknowledge. 2. A bird. 3. Nightfall. 4. An animal's abode. 5. Within. 6. A consonant.

MISCHIEF.

One word from each of the following quotations from Scripture will give a quotation from Scripture.

216. Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise. — *Ps. li. 15.*

Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee; rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee. — *Prov. ix. 8.*

Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. — *Matt. iii. 2.*

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. — *Prov. xv. 17.*

Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right. — *Prov. xvi. 8.*

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. — *Ps. xxv. 14.*

Let brotherly love continue. — *Hebrews xiii. 1.*

217. 1. A teacher. 2. To concur. 3. A common musical instrument among the Greeks and Romans. 4. Rest. 5. Packages of paper.

BUFFALO.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

THE summer has passed away, and the long evenings have come again. Doubtless we all have pleasant memories of the warm season, and live over again in imagination the good times we have had on the wave, at the sea-shore, and in the mountains. The blood in our veins is renewed, and our bones seem to be made over again by the fresh air and the invigorating exercise of the long vacation. Few of us think how much our present happiness depends upon the condition of the body. Without good health we cannot enjoy the blessings which fall to our lot; and it is well to have an eye to the question of air and exercise, even when it is too cold and stormy to engage in out-door sports. We have laid in a stock of health and vigor for the winter, but we should expend it carefully, as the prudent housekeeper does the wood and coal in the cellar. Working rooms and sleeping rooms need a supply of oxygen in winter as well as in summer, just as much as the furnace and the stove.

The long evenings have come, and our readers depend upon our Magazine, to some extent, for amusement and instruction under the gaslight or beneath the shade of the student's lamp. Puzzles, like grammar and arithmetic, develop the thinking powers, and so far they are the legitimate allies of the teachers, for education is fitting the mental machinery for its proper work, as well as the storing up of facts and principles. Our head workers do not waste their time, during the long winter evenings, which they bestow on the puzzles. But we have a pile of letters before us which need attention; yet we wished to have the moral of this department understood and ap-

preciated, for we believe that most of the amusements of the girls and boys afford instruction as well as recreation. In witnessing a game of base ball, it seemed to us that the eye and the understanding were cultivated, quite as much as the bones and the muscles.

W. H. Leeson's diamond is accepted; but when he makes an enigma he should not repeat more than one in ten of the letters, as we have been saying for fifteen years. "Puzzle-dome Complete," a book all puzzlers need, says, "no letter should be used more than once;" but we allow a little leeway. — A. W. J. says he has succeeded in making out cross-word enigma No. 179, and requests us to send on the prize, if there is any. What do you say to that, puzzlers, who wish to cast out the cross words as too easy? We give no prize except for the fullest list of answers to all the head work in a single number. — Lychopinax sends a Shakespearian enigma which is first class in every respect. No letter is repeated, and the answer is arranged with the numerals, so that it can be proved without difficulty. — Mischief plays the mischief with his work by carelessness. If he had read over what he wrote, as all should, he would have seen his blunders. He gives the same definition twice in the first puzzle, and in the second has one fifth of twelve (letters), which is not exactly divisible by five; but we save the half-word square, corrected. — Hyperion's rebus, as usual, is of the highest type, and we should like to print a *fac simile* of it, as a specimen for the emulation of others.

There are some little difficulties in the way of using A. W. M.'s rebus. The monarch was Nebuchadnezzar, and not "Nebuckanazar;" and he was not the king of the Jews, but king of Babylon. For these reasons the puzzle is not worthy of "acception." — Spotted Tail has been out to Iowa, and caught a fish a foot and a half long. The crops out there are first rate, in spite of what the newspapers say to

the contrary; but the charade won't do, if the crops will. — F. H. Downing's diamond is of pure water, and we shall expect to see it in our next number. — Caxton sends a diamond which will pass without a challenge; but how does he spell those "small insects" in the square? — Mars' word changes will do very well; so would his diamond. — Tydides passes in a cross word, which we accept, and asks to be remembered to mutual friends.

We have received and used puzzles made by an association, and we are willing to do the same again. — We are unable yet to answer any of the questions which N. A. Poleon asks; but of the several puzzles, all of which are equal to the average, we prefer the hour-glass, as we have not had one for some time. — C. B. R. is refreshingly honest and candid, and we comply with his request. — Buffalo has two Latin words in his square, but as both of them are very common in English reading, we waive the rule for this time. — We send the rebus by Timonax to the artist, and the musical rebus we hand to one who can read it. — Roderick sends us "Ashantee" as a geographical. It is good, but it is "played out." The editor made it himself a dozen years ago, and about a thousand others have made it since. Of course the word is very suggestive of a single symbol, and it is not strange that many should see the point of it. The word square will do.

A. Grocer, Jr., thinks most of our readers never heard of Nova Scotia, or, if they did, think it is a fishing settlement. Of course most of them know all about "Acadia;" and we came very near going there last summer. We save one of the rebuses. — Kansas Boy's double acrostic is suitable for use. We are often amused to observe how careful some are to put the puzzle on one paper, and the answer on another, when we want them both on one paper, and have to stick them together when not so. — Cleopatra's rebus will not do; and if it would, the name of the writer is not given.

The only possible objection to Japetus's knight spring is its great length; but we may be able to use it this month; if not, it must wait for a dry time. When Jap wrote his letter we had been at home from our "round trip" over a month. We could get only to Winona, the water was so low. Prizes for Latin, French, and German translations would do very well, but the prizes would all be captured by those whose teachers or friends do the job for them, and the honest ones would be left out in the cold. Even our puzzle prizes

beget so much fraud that we have very serious doubts about them.

Typo's quotation puzzle is not entirely new, for we think our old head worker, Lorain Lincoln, used to send us something of the kind; but we will give it to the printer, with a polite request to use it if he can. — Eugene Seaver's geometrical puzzle about the trees shall be used, though we do not regard it as original. — Xerxes will probably find all he wants to know about Philo the Jew, and his writings, in Josephus. His works are in Bohn's Ecclesiastical Library (Philo Judæus), in four volumes, costing about seven dollars. We did not mention the name of the magazine, because we have the highest respect and regard for the publishers thereof. The cross word is rather mixed. — We cannot inform Square Dealing what has become of the Brooklyn Daily Amateur: he sent a stamp for a specimen, and thus far has received no return for his investment. The amateur press indulges in "consolidation" so often that we cannot keep the run of it. Our correspondent may have misdirected his letter, or failed to send his full address, for we find this is as often the matter as anything else in such cases.

OUR LETTER WRITERS.

[For the use of subscribers and regular purchasers only, who should state that they are such. Addresses on postal cards are not inserted, and only one name from each letter. No advertisements admitted here.]

F. A. Westbrook, Kingston, N. Y. (amateurs and fun). — Will Clemens, Akron, Ohio (stamps, coins, and curiosities). — Wm. R. Kemp, Frankford, Philadelphia, Penn. (stamps and foreign correspondents). — James Hunt, 518 North Delaware St., Indianapolis, Ind. (puzzles and fun). — J. Henry Barnum, Rochester, Fulton Co., Ind. (anything). — C. B. Reynolds, Drawer 27, Walton, Fulton Co., N. Y. (phonographic students). — Joseph H. Simonton, Camden, Maine. — E. F. Tuttle, Windsor Hotel, New York City (amateur editors and publishers). — Geo. E. Stevens, 11 Otis St., Boston, Mass.

— TWENTY lists of words competing for the prize offered for the greatest number of words made from "Idiosyncrasy" were sent in. After throwing out one of them, for a reason which the sender will fully understand, we award the prize to F. H. Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose list numbers two hundred and eighty-five. The Carneys stand next, with two hundred and twenty-eight.



EDITORIAL.

THE NUMBER OF STARS WE CAN SEE.

IN a clear night how many stars can one see with the naked eye? This is a question which is easier to ask than to answer. How, the reader may ask, can any one count those myriads of glittering points which, during a cloudless and moonless night, make of the heavens an azure screen strewn with diamonds? Who can keep his way among those shining sparks?

When we first think of this question, we have a notion that the number of stars to be seen is innumerable; we are almost sure to estimate the number at hundreds of thousands, or even at millions. Yet nothing can be farther from the truth. In Egypt, indeed, and in some parts of Asia, where the sky is very clear, many more stars can be seen in the same part of the heavens than the best eye can see in Europe or America.

In Europe, the keenest observer, when he is accustomed to watching the stars, and does not allow the smallest of those within reach of the naked eye to escape him, does not see, at the most, above four thousand at one time and on the same horizon; and, as one can see half of the heavenly sphere in this way, the number of stars in the whole sky, which can be seen by the unassisted eye, will amount to eight thousand at most.

Some thirty years ago, Anglander, a distinguished German astronomer, the director of the observatory at Bonn, published a catalogue of all the stars visible to the naked eye, during the course of a year, under the horizon of Berlin, and this catalogue contained only three thousand two hundred and fifty-six stars.

According to Humboldt, four thousand one hundred and forty-six stars can be seen at Paris. This is because Paris is situated farther to the south than Berlin.

The nearer we approach to the equator the larger is the number of stars to be seen, though the number visible above the horizon at any one time is no greater than before. At the equator the entire sky is spread out before the observer, from one pole to the other; and in the space of twelve hours, if neither twilight

nor dawn should impede the observation, one might see the whole starry sphere.

About two years ago another German astronomer, Heis, published a work similar to that of Anglander. His catalogue is more complete, and contains more than two thousand stars not found in Anglander's work. It appears that Heis's sight was much more piercing than that of his predecessor; and it is probable that few persons could see as many stars as were seen by Heis. This astronomer saw and catalogued one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four very small stars, between the sixth and seventh magnitude — too small to be visible to any but the keenest sight. He noted in all, with the naked eye, five thousand four hundred and twenty-one stars, three thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight of which were in the northern part of the heavens. Admitting an equal number for the southern hemisphere, a zone of which was naturally concealed from him, we have seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-six, or, in round numbers, eight thousand stars for the entire heavens.

Thus, as we can see, we are far from the myriads, the hundreds of thousands, the millions of stars which one so naturally imagines he can see in a clear, moonless night.

But with the telescope these prodigious numbers are indeed found. In any point of the heavens, where one can see no more than five or six stars, a good telescope enables us to count several thousands; and the more the magnifying power of the glasses is increased, the larger is the number of stars seen.

Now let us remember this: each one of these luminous points is a sun; each of those sparks lights a whole system of worlds. So much has science, by dint of great labor, succeeded in discovering.

But this earth of ours, which seems so large to us, from which so many wonders can be seen, how many, among these innumerable stars, even suspect its existence? From how many stars is it visible?

Of all the stars, there are twenty-three or twenty-four of the largest and brightest that are said to be of the first magnitude; fifty or sixty are of the second magnitude; some two.

hundred of the third, and so on; and the numbers increase very rapidly as we descend in the scale of brightness. A late French astronomer has estimated the number, including all up to the thirteenth magnitude, at seventy-seven millions. Now the question is, from how many of these seventy-seven millions of stars can the earth be seen?

Probably it would have surprised some of the ancient astronomers, who made this earth the centre of the universe, and who believed the stars were created simply to please our eyes, and to make our nights beautiful, if they had been told that this little mud-ball on which we live could not be seen from one of those stars. Yet such seems to be the fact. The nearest of those stars — we do not count the planets — are so far from the solar system that our sun itself appears to them as a star of the second magnitude. Neither the earth, nor Mars, nor Jupiter, — which is twelve hundred times greater than the earth, — nor Saturn, nor even Uranus or Neptune, is visible to one of them.

Even for some of the planets that revolve about the sun, our earth is a very small matter. Venus and Mercury see us as we ourselves see Jupiter or Mars; for Mars, the earth is a brilliant star; and it can be seen even from Jupiter. But from Jupiter we appear very close to the sun, and are often lost in its rays.

It must be very difficult, under the most favorable circumstances, for an inhabitant of Saturn to see our earth, on account of our nearness to the sun.

Finally, if there are astronomers on Uranus or Neptune, it is almost certain that the earth is entirely unknown to them.

— EDWARD I. and Henry III., English sovereigns, engaged in the export of wool as a means of adding to their privy purse. When kings were exporters, they exercised their prerogative to fix prices which would secure them large profits; for instance, Henry III. paid six pounds per sack, selling it to Brabant for twenty pounds each, and he did not pay the farmers often for two years. The Duke of Brabant, owing to the "great gain of the Netherlands by English wool, instituted the order of the 'Golden Fleece.'" It is supposed the term "hanks," applied to skeins of worsted yarn or other thread, was derived from Hankemus de Brabant, one of the Flemish weavers, dyers, or fullers, who settled at York in 1731. *

CLOCKS.

THE pendulum was not applied to clocks till the middle of the seventeenth century. Long before that time, however, water-clocks were in use. The clock presented by the King of Persia to Charlemagne in A.D. 807, and also that presented by Pope Paul to Pepin, King of France, were water-clocks.

Even water-clocks were costly and scarce, and few monasteries were rich enough to own one; and monks resorted to other means for finding the hour at night. Cardinal Peter Damiani, in the eleventh century, thus defines the duties of the *significator horarum*, or the one who watches the heavens and announces the hours.

He is not to listen to stories, or to hold long conversations with any one; nor is he to inquire what is done by persons engaged in secular pursuits. Let him be always intent on his duty, and never relax his observation of the revolving sphere, the movement of the stars, and the lapse of time. Moreover, let him acquire a habit of singing psalms, if he wishes to possess a faculty of distinguishing the hours; for whenever the sun or stars are obscured by clouds, *the quantity of psalms which he has sung will furnish him with a sort of clock for measuring the time.*

— IN the reign of the second Ptolemy, King of Egypt (B.C. 285-247), the number of volumes in the Alexandrian Library amounted to one hundred thousand, as volumes were then formed. In the course of time it grew to four hundred thousand; and a second collection was commenced, which at length rose to three hundred thousand, making, with the former, a sum total of seven hundred thousand volumes. During Cæsar's military defence of Alexandria, the former of these collections was unfortunately burned; but, in compensation, the library received the two hundred thousand volumes of the collection of the kings of Pergamos, the gift of Antony to Cleopatra; and this was the library that was burned by the Saracens.

— DURING the seventeenth century there was a great taste for striking clocks; and there was, consequently, a great variety of them. Some clocks of that time not only struck the quarters on eight bells, but also the hour after each quarter. At twelve o'clock, forty-four blows were struck; and between twelve and one, no less than one hundred and thirteen.

OUR DARLING.

Written by EDWARD LOWE, Esq.

Music by D. F. HODGES.

1. It was in the pleasant
2. Hark! I hear sweet heavenly
3. An - gel at the door of

All' Ottava.

summer, When the fields were all in bloom, And the birds were gaily singing. Flowers
mu - sic, Childish accents, soft and clear! Can it be our darling Jennie, Singing
Heaven, Deign to lis - ten to my plea, Ope the gates, oh, just a lit - tle, That I

shedding sweet perfume, That death came and smote our darling, Little Jennie, blithe and
songs of love and cheer! List! The sound is drawing nearer, Gliding like a fairy
may our darling see. I behold a ti - ny finger, Beck'ning from that world a -

gay; While the angels bore her upward, Far be - yond the star - ry
train, Tidings bearing from our loved one Sad - ly sweet melodi - ous
- love, And a lit - tle face all radiant, With a gen - tle child-like

way. Ah! I miss the noi - sy patter, Of those bus - y lit - tle
strain! Ah! What does it seem to whisper, - Softly fall - ing on the
love; Lit - tle arms outstretched to reach me; Lit - tle lips that fain would

Loco.

Rit.
feet; And the simple, childish prattle, That so oft my ear would
ear? "Stay thou all thy grief and anguish, Drop no more the sorrowing
kiss; How I long once more to clasp thee! Oh, 'Twould be such perfect

Coll voce.

A Tempo.
greet. One is absent from our fireside, Who, with soul entrancing
tear, Jennie liv - eth, blithe and hap - py, In the realms of end - less
bliss! Ah! So sweetly now she's calling, Like an an - gel voice to

*All' Ottava.
Tempo Primo,*

smile Ev - er could our burdens light - en, And the wea - ry hours be - guile.
light; Di - a - dems of glo - ry gleaming, Robes of pure and spotless white."
me: "O dear mother, come to Heaven, So that you can happy be.



"HOME, SWEET HOME," IN POMPEII.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII.

DECEMBER, 1875.

No. 269.



IN THIS GUISE I LEFT THE HOUSE. Page 891.

GOING WEST;

OR,

THE PERILS OF A POOR BOY.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE NIGHT AND STORM.

"WHAT shall we have for supper?" asked Ellis, turning to me.

"I don't know; you are the captain of this craft, and you ought to say," I replied, laughing. "I know something about cooking,

and I will get up any kind of a supper you wish."

"Don't talk about captain, or anything of that sort, when you know ten times as much about a boat as I do," he replied, in a deprecating tone; and I must say, that, for the son of a rich father, pampered and indulged as he had been, he was very gentle to his social inferiors. "What would you like for your supper, Alick?"

"I am not very particular. A beefsteak and potatoes are about as good as anything we can have."

"All right; they will suit me as well as anything."

I took the furnace on the shore, while he got out the provisions. I made a fire in it, and then returned to the standing-room to pare and slice the potatoes. While I was thus engaged, Ellis brought an awning, which he proposed to spread on the boom, over the standing-room, in order, as he said, to enlarge the cabin accommodations; but I objected.

"I don't think we want that to-night, Ellis," I began.

"Why not?" he asked. "I had it made on purpose to put over the standing-room at night, to keep the cold and dampness out."

"I don't think we need it. Do you really mean to stay in this place all night?"

"Isn't this place just as good as any other?"

"I don't want to stay here, so near Newburgh, if it makes no difference to you," I continued, doubtful whether it was safe to trust a mere boy with my secret.

"What odds does it make how near we are to Newburgh?" he asked, evidently very much surprised.

"It might make a great deal of difference to me. You won't tell any one what I say to you — will you?"

"Why, what have you been doing, Alick? Have you been up to something bad?"

"Not very bad."

"What have you done?"

"Do you remember the story your father told about the boy at Van Eyck's hotel?"

"Of course I remember it."

"Well, I am the boy."

"You?"

"I am the very one."

"But my father said his name was Sandy."

"My name is Alexander; and everybody called me Sandy. Alick is also used for Alexander, and I like it better than Sandy."

"Are you really that fellow?"

"I am, without the ghost of a doubt," I replied, laughing at his astonishment. "Captain Boomsby and Mr. Buckminster are on the lookout for me; and the farther I get from Newburgh the safer I shall be."

"That's so; but can we sail the boat in the night?"

"Just as well as in the daytime," I answered, confidently, though I knew no more about the navigation of the Hudson than I did about that of the Polar Sea. "But you may turn in as early as you like, Ellie, and I will keep the Seabird going all night. You have a good bed in the cuddy, and you can sleep as well there as you could at home."

"Where shall we be in the morning?" he

asked, as though the idea was quite exciting to him.

"That will depend upon how hard the wind blows."

"How far, if it blows as hard as it does now?"

"What time is it?"

Of course Ellis had a watch, and he told me that it was half past seven o'clock.

"If it blows as fresh all night as it does now, we shall be within five or six miles of Albany at this time in the morning," I replied. "At this rate, we shall be there by half past eight o'clock."

"I should like that first rate," said Ellis, as he lighted the lantern and swung it to the boom. "I should like ever so much to write to my father from Albany in the morning, and tell him that I got there before nine in the forenoon. He thinks I don't amount to much, and keeps telling me I shall never make a man. I have been wanting to do some big thing for a long time, just to prove that I am not a ninny. He is always telling me what great things he did when he was a boy."

"We may not be able to get to Albany in the morning, or even by night, Ellie; but we will keep her spinning while there is any wind."

"I hope it will blow fresh all night."

"So do I, as well for my own sake as for yours. But we must hurry up with the supper, for we are wasting time," I continued, as I cut off some slices from the piece of pork which Ellis had brought out of the cuddy.

In a short time I had fried the potatoes, and then I broiled the beefsteak. We ate the supper as fast as we could, for both of us were in a hurry to be moving towards our destination. The boatman declared the meal was as good as he had ever eaten at home; but I thought that hunger was the sauce that improved the cooking. Leaving the dishes to be disposed of after we got under way, I hoisted the sails and shoved off from the bank. I took the wheel, for Ellis preferred to put away the things himself. It was now quite dark, and clouds were rising in the southward and westward. The wind had sensibly abated, and I thought from the appearance of the sky that we should have a decided change of weather. I had been to sea enough to know something about the indications, and I thought we should have a southerly storm before morning. I concluded not to say anything to my companion, for I did not care to alarm him; and I might be mistaken.

Ellis was hard at work, putting things to

rights in the cuddy. He had a very high idea of order; and by the light of his lantern I could see that he had put everything in ship-shape condition. But his light bothered me about steering, and I had to ask him to put it out. When he had done so, he joined me in the standing-room. He gaped fearfully, and I saw that the day's excitement and labor had about finished him.

"I think you had better turn in, Ellie," I suggested, after he had gaped, yawned, and stretched a few times. "I guess you are not used to much hard work."

"No, I'm not; and I've been on the jump all day. I am as tired as a dog," he answered, with a heavy yawn.

"Turn in, then."

"Turn into what?" he asked, sleepily.

"Turn into a sleeping boy; in other words, go to bed."

"I think I will; but can't I have a light?"

"Not a light, Ellie."

"Why not, Alick? I'm not used to going to bed in the dark."

"The light blinds me so that I can't see where the shore is," I explained. "Don't you know that you can't see out the window, on a dark night, when you are in a light room?"

"Yes, I've noticed that. But, Alick, there isn't hardly any wind now."

"Very little."

"I'm really sorry for that, for I would give a good deal to be able to write to my father from Albany in the morning."

"Perhaps you may do so yet; for, though the wind is not so strong as it was, it is shifting to the southward and westward; and we can get ahead faster with a fair wind, if it is light, than with a head one that is strong. Go to sleep, Ellie, and I will do the best I can; and I shouldn't be at all surprised if you woke up in Albany to-morrow morning—if you don't wake too early."

Ellis undressed himself and went to bed, just as if he had been at home, like a sensible boy. I knew that he was tired enough to sleep; and in a few minutes I heard his heavy breathing. Securing the wheel with the end of the jib-sheet, I went to the cuddy and carefully closed the doors, leaving the slide open enough to afford him proper ventilation. I was satisfied that nothing but a very wild commotion would wake him.

Having thus disposed of my companion, I was practically all alone in the boat. I knew nothing at all about the navigation of the river; but, as it was in the spring of the year, I had every reason to believe that the water

was high. The Seabird was a centre-board boat, so that, if she took the ground, I could easily work her off into the deep water. I had let out the sheets several times, as the wind shifted to the southward, and I judged that it was now blowing from the south-west. Passing a village on the right bank, I heard the clock on a church strike nine. The river was full of steamers and sloops, and I had to dodge them every few minutes; but there were not so many as there had been before dark. As I had anticipated, the wind freshened till it blew almost a gale. I had it nearly aft, and the Seabird seemed to fly before it. At one time I thought I was keeping up with a train of cars on the bank of the river; but this was an illusion, for the train was going almost at right angles with me; and when it came to move in the same direction as the Seabird, it soon shot out of sight.

I could not tell how fast the boat was going, but, judging by the rate at which I passed objects on the shore, it seemed to me that I was making eight or nine miles an hour. I went by several tug-boats, towing a score of barges and other craft. At one time I actually kept abreast of a small side-wheel steamer for more than half an hour. I had the highest opinion of the sailing qualities of the Seabird; and certainly I had seen nothing like her before for speed. Half a dozen clocks saluted me, striking the hour of ten, when I passed a large town, which, I have since concluded, must have been Poughkeepsie. The wind blew rather more than half a gale all night; but it was fair, so that I had nothing to do but steer. I had served in the middle watch on board of the Great West, the night before; but Barnes had permitted me to sleep most of the time, so that I was quite fresh, though I had several fits of being sleepy. When these came upon me, I ate some crackers which I had saved out at supper. Eating waked me up, and I did not give out during the night.

Towards morning it began to rain, and it came down good during the rest of the trip. I was much concerned about my new clothes; but I found a rubber coat in one of the lockers, which entirely protected me. A cap with a cape kept my head and neck dry, and I suffered no discomfort from the storm.

Ellis slept as sound as a log, and I did not hear a sound from him, except his snoring, till seven o'clock in the morning. At this time I was approaching "a city set on a hill." The river was full of islands, but I followed other boats, and did not once get aground during the trip.

"What place is this?" I asked a man who was rowing a boat across the river.

"Albany," he replied, as the Seabird shot out of hailing distance of him.

I did not know where to find the entrance to the canal, so I ran the boat into a quiet place, and let go the anchor. I lowered the jib and mainsail, and then opened the cuddy doors.

"Time to write your letter," I called to Ellie.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CAPTAIN BOOMSBY'S SPECULATION.

ELLIS DYKEMAN had slept remarkably well, for he had not waked, so far as I knew, during the night; but then I could not see any reason why he should wake. His bed was as good as any in his father's house, and though the Seabird had been flying all the time, the position of the sail had not been changed, and there was no noise except that of the pattering rain on the deck and the swashing water against the bow.

"Time to write your letter, Ellie," I repeated, crawling into the cuddy.

The young boatman opened his eyes and looked at me. He did not at once comprehend the situation. I took off my dripping coat and cap, and threw them out into the standing-room.

"I have slept like a log," said my companion, rubbing his eyes.

"I think you have," I added, laughing. "I don't think you could have done any better, in the way of sleeping, if you had been at home. But you had better turn out and write your letter, Ellie."

"What letter?" he asked, blankly.

"You said you wished to write to your father this morning."

"Not till we get to Albany. Where are we now?" he inquired, jumping out of his berth, and looking through the door of the cuddy.

"We are in Albany."

"In Albany? You don't mean so!" exclaimed Ellis.

"I never was here before; but I asked a man what place this was, and he told me it was Albany."

"It is Albany!" he added. "I have been here before, and I know the city by sight. How it rains!"

"It has been raining since early this morning. It is after seven now, and if you will write your letter, I will take it to the post-office."

He dressed himself, and took out his port-

folio; but he could not write till I had told him all about the voyage up the river after he retired. When his letter was ready, I put on the rubber coat and cap; but I found it difficult to get ashore. A man who witnessed my efforts to swing the boat in to a position where I could land, advised me to take her into the canal basin; and, following his directions, I did so. I hauled the Seabird up at a pier, near the foot of State Street.

"What shall we do about breakfast, Alick? We can't cook here," said Ellis.

"We can take a cold bite," I suggested.

"I don't like cold bites for breakfast," he replied, turning up his nose. "I will go on shore with you, and we will stay at the Delavan House, to wait for fair weather."

I did not object. I gave him the rubber coat and cap, and he produced an umbrella for my use, for I did not care to spoil my new suit. I wished to buy a pair of overalls and a cheaper coat than the one I wore; so I took my bag with me. We went to the Delavan House, where Ellis registered his name in due form, and called upon me to do the same. I did not think I should add to the perils of a poor boy by writing "A. Duddleton" in the book; and I did so. The clerk seemed to be a little doubtful about us; but when my shipmate told who his father was, it was all right.

We had a famous breakfast, and I was beginning to feel quite at home, unused as I was to such princely fare and surroundings. I went to the office to inquire where the post office was, at the same time showing the letter addressed to Mr. Dykeman. The clerk took it, and dropped it through an aperture in the counter. As he did so, I happened to glance at the open register before me.

To my astonishment, not to say horror, I discovered, near the top of the page, the names of Captain Boomsby and Mr. Buckminster. It did not seem to be possible that my pursuers could be in Albany; and I thought I should sink through the floor, I was so utterly confounded. I had made a very quick run up the river, and I failed to consider that the train made the same journey in three hours. I asked the clerk for my bag, which was in the office; for the Delavan House, or even Albany, was no place for me. He declined to give me my baggage till I paid my bill; and I thought that a dollar and a quarter was a monstrous price for a breakfast; but I paid it. In going through the hall to the side-entrance of the hotel, I saw Ellis Dykeman in the reading-room.

I did not like to leave him without a word

at parting; and, as there was no one else in the room that I knew, I went in. My shipmate was reading a newspaper, and he seemed to be deeply absorbed in its contents.

"Here we are, in the newspaper, Alick!" said he, with a glow of pleasure on his face.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Here is a full account of the saving from a watery grave of Miss Edith Buckminster, by a brave sailor boy."

"What paper is that?"

"It's a Newburgh morning paper. It says the steamer brought you to Newburgh, and Captain Boomsby, of schooner Great West, believing the young sailor intended to run away from his guardian, followed him up the river by train. It tells all about the row at Van Eyck's hotel; that the captain was arrested and discharged, after an explanation by Mr. Buckminster. But the sailor boy had disappeared by this time."

"I want to know if all that's in the paper?" I asked, greatly astonished at the enterprise of the reporters.

"Yes, and more too. That was as far as I had read when you came in; and I will go on with the rest of it."

I listened with breathless interest to the rest of the narrative, the substance of which was that the "bright and enterprising son of Mr. Lyman Dykeman" had started upon a pleasure excursion up the river, in his yacht, the Seabird. "Just before he started, the adventurous young navigator picked up a youth who answers to the description of the missing sailor boy, whom Mr. Buckminster and the young man's guardian are so anxious to find; and they went on to Poughkeepsie, in order to take the night express. They will be in ample season to intercept the Seabird on her arrival at Albany."

"I can't stay to hear any more of it, Ellie," I interposed, nervously. "Mr. Buckminster and Captain Boomsby are at this hotel now."

"Where are you going?" demanded he.

"I don't know; but I am going to get out of the way as fast as I can," I replied, retreating towards the door.

"But I want you to go with me in the Seabird."

"I can't go, as things are now," I added, edging towards the door. "I will try to join you, for I am going west."

"Hold on, Alick! What am I to do?"

"If you can't do any better, you can hire a man to sail your boat—"

That was as far as I got with my remark, for at this moment Captain Boomsby darkened

the door through which I intended to retreat. Our eyes met, but I fancied that he did not look so ugly as when I saw him last.

"Well, Sandy, here we are again," said my tyrant, walking briskly up to me, as though he did not intend that I should give him the slip again.

It was no use for me to attempt to run away in so public a place; and it seemed to me just as though "my pipe was out."

"Here we are, Captain Boomsby," I added, rather because it was my turn to speak than because I had anything to say.

"I want to see you, Sandy," continued he, looking about the room, as if in search of a safe place for an interview.

"I can't say that I want to see you. Is Mr. Buckminster with you?"

"He is in the house. He was up all night, and I reckon he's turned in for a nap. We didn't expect to see you yet awhile."

He did not talk like my tyrant, and I began to think Mr. Buckminster had made some arrangement with him.

"I should like to see him," I replied.

"You shall see him by and by; but I want to talk with you first. Who's that boy?" asked the captain, glancing at my shipmate.

"He is the boy I came up with."

"Come over here and sit down, Sandy," he continued, leading the way to the farthest corner of the room.

As I was rather curious to know what he had to say, I followed him, and sat down by his side. From his manner, I was confident that he had made a bargain with my Newburgh friend, or that he intended to do so.

"Sandy, I guess we can be friends, after all," he began, in a tone such as he had never used to me before. "It ain't for your interest nor mine to quarrel."

"Have you made any trade with Mr. Buckminster?" I asked, wishing to know the whole truth at once.

"No, I hain't; but I cal'late we shall make a trade. He seems to think a heap of you, Sandy."

"He was very kind to me," I replied, disappointed to find that nothing had yet been done.

I shall not follow the conversation which succeeded into its details; but, as I suspected, Captain Boomsby had something on his mind. Possibly he believed I was both a knave and a fool, though he complimented me by gradually approaching the subject. It appeared that Mr. Buckminster had offered him as high as a thousand dollars in cash, if he would release me from the service I owed him; and he had

declined the offer, evidently because he thought my friend's gratitude would induce him to give more.

"Then he said, if you'd rather live with me," continued the captain, "he would do something handsome for you every year."

Mr. Buckminster knew very well that I would not live with my tyrant if I could help it; and I could not see why he should make such a remark. I doubted whether he had said any such thing.

"I know my wife and I've been rather hard on you, Sandy; but if you'll go down to New York with me, you shall live in the cabin of the schooner, and I'll use you as well as I could use my own son," added Captain Boomsby. "At home you shall eat with the folks, and go to school all the year round, if you want to. I don't believe Mr. Buckminster 'll do any better by you than I shall."

"What will he give you for using me so well?" I inquired.

"I don't know just what he'll do. I heard in Newburgh that he was a very rich man. I want to raise about three thousand dollars this summer, and I think he'll help me to it. If you live with me, it will make it all right," he answered; and a cunning smile played upon his face.

I could not tell then what Captain Boomsby expected to accomplish through me, and I know no better now; but I realized that he expected to extort large sums of money from Mr. Buckminster on my account. Of course he did not disclose his plan to me; but he had probably come to the conclusion that the rich man's gratitude to, and interest in, me would be a gold mine to him, if he worked it right. It would be easy to get money out of so liberal a man for my sake. I need not say that I did not like the plan. It seemed to me that, if Mr. Buckminster disbursed any money on my account, it should be for my benefit, not for that of my tyrant. I suspected, too, that the whole plan was a trick to get me back to the Great West.

"I'll think of it," I replied. "I want to see Mr. Buckminster."

"Well, we'll go up to his room," said the captain, rising and leading the way.

I did not wish to see my kind friend in the presence of my tyrant. A servant was called to show us the way. On the second floor the hall was rather dark; and, seeing a chamber door open, I thought my opportunity had come. Captain Boomsby followed the servant, and I was behind both. As we came to the room, I slipped in, and gently closed the door.

A guest had probably just left the apartment, and I found the key on the inside. I locked the door, and took out the key. I had hardly accomplished this, before I heard the voice of the captain, saying that I must have gone down stairs again. He moved as though he was in a hurry.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SICK MAN.

I HAD plenty of time to think after I had secured the door and removed the key. I had a general purpose of escaping from Captain Boomsby, but I did not think of carrying it out at once, until the open door of the chamber suggested the means of doing so. The hall was carpeted, and I was walking about three feet behind the captain. We had turned a corner near the head of the staircase, and the chamber I had chosen for my hiding-place was only four or five doors beyond this corner. What I had done was on the impulse of the moment, without any consideration of the chances of success; only I had a definite idea that my tyrant would think I had retreated down the stairs.

What I heard in the hall convinced me that my hastily-formed plan had worked as I intended it should. I had the room to myself, and the door was locked, with the key in my hand. Probably Captain Boomsby supposed he had made an impression upon me with his liberal offer to let me live with him in the cabin of the Great West, and "eat with the folks at home," so that he did not suspect that I would attempt to escape, at least, before I had seen Mr. Buckminster. I am sure if he had had any suspicion of my purpose, he would have compelled me to walk before, instead of letting me go behind, him.

How I was to get out of the hotel was a difficult problem for me to solve. If I showed myself in the halls I should be seen by somebody, and if I staid in the room I was just as likely to be discovered. I did not know what to do. In the course of the day the apartment would probably be assigned to some guest, and my hiding-place would be exposed. When I had been in the room about half an hour, as near as I could judge, I heard the voice of Captain Boomsby in the hall.

"When we were along here somewhere, he gave me the slip," said he, in an excited tone.

"You mean that you missed him here," replied the person to whom he was speaking; and I recognized the voice of Mr. Buckminster.



"HALLOO, ELLIE!" I SHOUTED. Page 891.

"I know that he was behind me when I turned that corner, because I saw him," added the captain. "When I got to your room, on the other side of the entry, I missed him."

"My room is only half a dozen doors from the stairs. He must have gone down."

"I've looked all about the house, and I can't find hide nor hair of him. Nobody down below saw him come down. He may have gone up stairs instead of down."

"I'm afraid you said something that alarmed him," suggested Mr. Buckminster.

"No, I didn't; not a word;" and the captain recited the tempting offer he had made me.

They passed on, so that I could not hear anything more they said. They did not suspect that I was within six feet of the spot where I was said to have disappeared. Probably Mr. Buckminster caused the house to be thoroughly searched; but I am only sure that I was not found. I was very nervous and uneasy, but I dared not leave the room. Hour after hour I sat in a chair, or walked the room, trying to think of some way to get out of the scrape. At one time I thought of giving myself up to the captain, and taking my chances under the new order of things; but my inborn sense of honor and decency would not allow me to become the means by which Captain Boomsby

was to extort money from my kind friend. Besides, I had no faith in the good intentions of my tyrant, who wanted to "raise three thousand dollars." I was afraid he would get the money, and then abuse me, as he had before. In a word, I could not trust him, and I was determined to risk everything rather than return to the Great West. Then my mind was so deeply impressed with the glories of the other Great West that I could not abandon the thought of seeking my fortune there. I had started with the intention of going west, and I intended to carry out the purpose. I desired to go with Ellis Dykeman; but it would be adding another to the perils of a Poor Boy to attempt to join him again; and I gave up the idea. If I could only get out of the house, I had money enough to pay my fare as far as Buffalo; and I hoped I might work my passage from there in some vessel bound up the lake.

The bed in the chamber where I had taken refuge was all made up; and probably the last guest who had occupied it had only used it to change his dress, for the towels were soiled, and the wash-bowl was half full of dirty water.

After I had been in the room several hours, I heard some one inserting a key in the lock. On the impulse of the moment, I seized my

bag and crawled under the bed. The person at the door fussed some time with the lock, so that all was quiet when an entrance was effected. Then I remembered that I had left the key on the table; and I felt a chill of apprehension when I realized what a blunder I had made. The bed was covered with a large white spread, which effectually concealed me from the observation of the person who had invaded my retreat.

The visitor was one of the chambermaids, who had come to put the room in order. She was singing merrily at her work, and banged the bowl and pitcher as though they were the property of the hotel, and not her own. In a few minutes she finished her task there, and I heard her lock the door as she retired. I left my hiding-place, hoping she had not taken the key from the table, for I knew she must have had one of her own, or she could not have entered the chamber. I felt another chill when I discovered that it was gone. As the matter stood now, I had to stay in the room till it was assigned to a guest, or ring the bell, and surrender at discretion. For hours I could not make up my mind to face either of these alternatives, and I hoped that some chance would favor my escape.

The only window in the room opened into a large area, between the wings of the house. The blinds were closed, but I opened them a crack, and judged by the sun that it was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Though I had eaten a heavy breakfast, I was in condition to do justice to a dinner. I had plenty of money in my pocket, but I felt as much like a poor boy as ever, for it would not procure me the meal I needed.

While I was thinking of it, I heard voices in the entry, and a key was inserted in the door. I was not yet ready to give up the battle, and I crawled under the bed again. My worst fear seemed to be realized, for the room was assigned to a guest. I stretched myself on the floor, and was careful not to breathe so as to be heard by the invaders, as I regarded them.

"I'm very sick," said the guest, as I judged him to be, in a feeble tone.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" asked the waiter.

"No; I only want rest now. I'm afraid I shan't live to get home," added the stranger, with a gasp and a groan.

"Won't you have a doctor, sir?"

"Doctors can't do nothing more for me. I'm going to stop over one train; but I must start again about one o'clock to-night," continued

the traveller, in a kind of hoarse whisper which appalled me. "Night and day are all the same to me."

"Shall I send any one up to see you, or get you anything?" inquired the waiter.

"No; I don't want anything but rest. You may leave me, and have me called in time for the train."

I heard the waiter depart, and the sick man locked the door after him. Then he undressed himself and went to bed. I hoped he would go to sleep, and afford me an opportunity to escape. He groaned and breathed heavily, and I was afraid he would die in the bed above me. Hour after hour I listened to his moaning and his long-drawn sighs, till the room was dark. Then he seemed to grow much worse, and my blood ran cold in my veins. I heard him trying to get out of the bed, as I thought.

"O, dear; I must die here all alone!" he cried; and I heard something like a sob.

Whatever became of me, I could stand this no longer. My pity for the sufferer overcame my fears, and, as cautiously as I could, I crawled out at the foot of the bed from my retreat. It was too dark for him to see me, and I moved so carefully that I was confident he did not hear me.

"How do you feel?" I asked, placing myself near the head of the bed.

"I'm almost gone," he replied, with difficulty.

I lighted the gas; but the sick man did not seem to be surprised at my presence in the room.

"Can I do anything for you?" I added.

"Yes; open my valise," said he, unable to say anything more.

The valise was locked; but I fished his pockets till I found a bunch of keys, one of which fitted the lock. On the clothes was a vial and a teaspoon.

"Is this what you want?" I asked, holding up the vial.

"Yes; twenty drops in water," he replied, with a gasp.

I dropped the medicine into a glass, and put a little water with it. He swallowed the dose. It must have been a powerful remedy, for in ten minutes he was better. He ceased to groan and gasp; and I wondered why he had not taken the medicine before. He did not look like a very sick man; he was pale, but not much emaciated.

"You have saved me," said he. "I never was so bad before that I couldn't get up to take my medicine."

"I think you are too sick to travel," I added.

"I have been sick a year, and the doctors say I can't get over it. I want to get home."

"Where do you live?"

"In Michigan, twenty miles from Detroit," he groaned. "You may give me another dose of that medicine: I feel it again."

I complied with his request, and in a little while he was better again. By his watch, that hung on the bureau, I saw that it was nine o'clock. On his valise was the name of "Amos Brickland."

"Why didn't you take your medicine before, if it does you so much good, Mr. Brickland?" I asked, using the name on the valise.

"I don't like to take it unless I'm obliged to, for the stuff has a bad effect on me afterwards," he replied. "It always helps me right off; but sometimes it makes me almost crazy. I put it off too long this time."

We talked for an hour. He told me all about his sickness and his business. He was a man of forty, and had a farm; but he had been unfortunate in some speculation, and had been obliged to mortgage his property. He had been to the east to see his friends and obtain relief, but without success. He was going home to die; and he wept as he added that he did not know what would become of his family after he was gone. This confidence induced me to tell my own story in full.

"Come with me. I want some one to work on the farm. I will pay your fare," said he.

The result of this interview was that we exchanged hats, and I put on his shawl, when the porter called him at midnight. In this guise I left the house without being challenged by any one, for the reason that a different set of men were on duty in the hotel. We took a sleeping-car; and when I awoke the next morning I realized that I was actually going west.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GOING WEST.

"How do you feel this morning, Mr. Brickland?" I asked, when I saw that he was awake.

"Very badly," he replied. "I have passed a terrible night. That medicine made me feel horribly. It affects my head."

While he was telling me about it, the train stopped at Syracuse. He knew that I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and he gave me a dollar to pay for my breakfast. The proprietor of the restaurant did not make anything out of me, for I ate my dollar's worth, and felt like a new man.

When the train started again, Mr. Brickland

was suffering intensely with what he called "the strange feelings in his head." We arrived at Buffalo about one, and he declared that he could go no farther that day. He had a relative in the city, to whose house we went. The invalid immediately became much worse; and it was three weeks before he was able to leave his chamber. I assisted in taking care of him, and worked part of the time with Mr. Brickland's relative, who was a carpenter. I am sure that I earned my board. The invalid's wife was sent for; and when she arrived I had nothing more to do in the sick-room.

The carpenter was so well pleased with my work, that he offered to give me three dollars a week, besides my board, to learn the trade. I thought I could do better in the great west, and I had agreed to work for Mr. Brickland.

One day, as I was walking along the bank of the canal, on my way home from work, I was not a little surprised to see a sail-boat, drawn by a very small specimen of a horse. I was surprised, because I promptly recognized in her the Seabird. Her mast had been taken out and lashed to the deck, while a short pole was inserted in the mast-hole, to which the tow-line was attached. A boy of fourteen was driving the horse, and Ellie was steering the boat.

"Halloo, Ellie!" I shouted, when I was abreast of the Seabird.

He looked at me, but did not seem to know me. I wore a palm-leaf hat, a pair of overalls, and a thin sack, which doubtless changed my appearance very much.

"Who are you?" demanded he, apparently offended at my familiarity.

"Don't you know me, Ellie?" I replied, taking off my hat.

"Is it Alick?" he asked.

"Yes, of course it is."

He called to his driver to stop the horse, and ran the boat up to the tow-path, so that I could jump on board.

"How are you, Ellie?" I cried, seizing him by the hand. "I no more expected to see you out here than I expected to see the Emperor of China."

"You knew I was coming through the canal to Buffalo," he replied.

"I had my doubts about your patience holding out long enough for you to get through."

"Here I am, any how."

"I'm glad to see you, Ellie. You had lots of pluck to get through."

"Of course I had. I intended to come through, and I've done it. I wrote every day to my father, and have had several letters from

him. He kept hinting in them that I had better come home; but I wrote him that I didn't intend to back out."

"Don't you write him that you have seen me — will you, Ellie?" I continued, almost regretting that I had made myself known.

"He was real sorry that he told anybody in Newburgh about you; but he didn't know who you were then. If I should write to him about you, he wouldn't say a word to any one."

"I don't know whether any one chased me or not, but I haven't seen or heard a thing from Mr. Buckminster since I left you that morning at the hotel."

"You fooled them nicely, Alick," laughed Ellie. "How did you do it?"

Before I began my story, he started up the horse, and when I had finished it, the Seabird had reached Buffalo Harbor. The horse was then sent to a stable, and I seated myself in the standing-room with Ellie.

"Mr. Buckminster called in the police, and searched the city of Albany all over for you," said he. "They looked for you all that day and all the next day. But Captain Boomsby had to go back to New York that night; and he was the ugliest man I ever saw when he left the hotel. He declared that Mr. Buckminster must know where you were, for you could not have got off without some help."

"That's just like him," I added. "He bites a friend as quick as a foe."

"The captain said he would find you, if he had to look the whole world over after you."

"I hope he will have a good time looking the world over," I replied, laughing. "Now, how did you get through the canal, Ellie?"

"O, I had a first-rate time, and I only wished you were with me. I had to steer all the way myself."

"What little horse is that you had?"

"My horse," he replied, with dignity.

"Where did you get him?"

"I bought him, of course. When I told Mr. Buckminster what I was going to do, the day after Captain Boomsby left, he helped me. He knew the canal people, and did all the business for me. I paid my bills, bought the pony, and hired the boy."

"What did you give for the horse?"

"Thirty dollars," laughed he. "He isn't good for much; but we made from twenty to forty miles a day with him. The poor brute had been starved; but I gave him all the grain he could eat, and that made him as lively as a grasshopper on the tow-path."

"What did you do with him nights?"

"Sent him to the best stable I could find.

We kept agoing as long as we pleased, and stopped at the large towns. I went to the best hotels myself, and let the boy shift for himself, for I paid him a dollar and a half a day, and he 'found himself.' I'll tell you what it is, Alick, I enjoyed it awfully; and if you had only been with me, I should have been as happy as a king."

"It wasn't safe for me to show myself."

"I think that Boomsby was a villain."

"He was all of that."

"But now, Alick, you must go with me up this lake," added Ellie.

"I don't know as I can."

"You must!" exclaimed Ellie, with energy.

"I don't know of anybody that can sail a boat as well as you can, Alick. You beat our boatman all to pieces. At first Mr. Buckminster wouldn't believe that we came up the Hudson in the boat, when I told him about it, and said it blowed a gale all night."

"It did blow hard; but the Seabird is the best boat I ever sailed. She is as stiff as the Great West; and I wouldn't mind going out in any weather in her," I replied, saying no more than I believed to be true. "I should be very glad to go with you, Ellie; and I will if I can."

"You must go, Alick. I can't get anybody that I am willing to trust out here; and you know how well I understand about a boat: I could get along first rate in the canal. You must go!"

"Must is a big word, Ellie. Mr. Brickland is going to start for Detroit in a few days, and perhaps he will be willing that I should go with you as far as that. I will talk with him about it to-night."

"I will pay you, Alick, and be ever so much obliged to you besides. By the way, that reminds me that I owe you a dollar and a quarter, which you paid for your breakfast in Albany," said Ellie, tendering the money to me.

I took it because I thought I had earned it by my night's work.

"What are you going to do with your horse, Ellie?" I asked, as I put the money in my wallet. "Shall you take him with you?"

"In the boat? I guess not. That pony is for sale," laughed he.

"That reminds me that Mr. Blockley was talking about buying a horse, the other day. What do you ask for him?"

"Fifty dollars."

"You are in for a speculation, Ellie."

"I think he is worth it."

"I will speak to Mr. Blockley about the

horse; but I'm afraid he isn't heavy enough for him," I added.

"When shall I see you again, Alick?"

"To-morrow. Shall I come down here?"

"No; I shall be at the American Hotel."

We parted, and I walked towards Mr. Blockley's house. I confess that I was delighted with the idea of sailing the Seabird the whole length of Lake Erie; and after supper I spoke with Mr. Brickland about the plan. As his wife was with him he did not object, but he did not think it was safe to make such a voyage on the lake in a small boat. I answered that the Seabird was a life-boat, and I did not think there was any particular danger.

The next day Mr. Blockley wished me to help him in the forenoon, and I did so. After dinner we went to see the pony. He was rather small, but so was the price. I found that Ellis Dykeman was quite sharp at a trade; but he finally sold the horse for forty dollars, making ten dollars profit, besides the use of the animal for four weeks. The bargain was closed, the money paid, and the horse delivered. The carpenter led him away, leaving Ellis and me at the stable.

"I will go with you as far as Detroit, Ellie," I said.

"You must go farther than that; you must go to Chicago," he replied. "I will give you a dollar a day, and pay all your expenses besides."

"I can't go any farther than Detroit, for Mr. Brickland wants me to go to work on his farm."

"Bother his farm!"

"He and his wife have been very kind to me; and I agreed to work on the farm this summer. I can no more back out than you can."

"We will see about the rest of the way after we get to Michigan," replied he. "Now come to the hotel with me, and I will show you the charts of the lakes I have bought."

I went with him, and looked over his charts, of which he had three. The chart was not a new institution to me, for I had often examined them, on board of the Great West, while cleaning up the cabin. I was sure I could find my way by them; but I told my skipper that he must have a compass in a binnacle, a pair of dividers, and a parallel rule, the use of which I had learned by seeing Captain Boomsby operate with them when I was cabin boy. He promised to procure everything I desired, and then we made out a list of provisions and stores for the voyage.

In the course of the afternoon we purchased

everything we needed for the trip, including a three-days' supply of cooked provisions, and carefully stowed them away on board. Before night we had stepped the mast and rigged the boat.

"I shall only dread the nights," said Ellie, when we had finished our work.

"We can make a port at night, if you wish, but I shall feel as much at home at night in the boat as in the day. If we have a breeze, we shall not be out more than two nights, perhaps only one, if we start early in the morning," I replied.

It was agreed that we should sleep on board, and sail at daylight in the morning. I went up to Mr. Blockley's, bade my friends good by, and was in the boat by nine o'clock.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LAST PERIL IN GOING WEST.

ELLIE was on board when I reached the boat, and had lighted the lantern in the cabin. He had unrolled the chart of Lake Erie, and spread it out on the carpeted floor. I studied this chart for an hour, using the dividers to get the distances from the scale, and the parallel rule to obtain the courses. As fast as I obtained them, Ellie wrote them down. I dictated to him the names and descriptions of the points we were to make, and the bearings and distances of the light-houses, so that, if no mistake had been made, I could sail the boat to Detroit without looking at the chart again.

"What time is it, Ellie?" I asked, when we had finished the work.

"Five minutes of ten," he replied, looking at his watch.

"Not so late as I thought it was," I added.

"Which way is the wind?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I don't keep the run of the wind."

"You should, if you are going to be a sailor, Ellie," I added.

"Do you know?"

"I do; I can't help keeping the run of the wind. It is a little east of north; and it makes me feel bad."

"The wind makes you feel bad?"

"No; it makes me feel bad to lie here while the wind is east of north."

"Why so?"

"Because it is fair for our first course; and it is blowing quite fresh, too—a seven-knot breeze for this boat."

"You don't want to sail in the night—do you?" demanded Ellie.

"I had just as lief sail in the night as the

day, if the weather is clear. In a word, Ellie, I don't like to lose this breeze. It may be calm or we may have a head wind to-morrow."

"But I don't believe I can steer in the night," my shipmate objected.

"It will be a good chance for you to learn to steer by compass," I suggested.

"All right; let us start, then. If you are satisfied, I ought to be."

We hoisted the mainsail, and cast off from the shore. Then I run up the jib, and took the wheel. The Seabird darted off at a satisfactory speed, though she did not yet feel the full force of the wind. But in a few minutes we were fairly out in the lake. I had lighted the two lamps inside of the binnacle, which contained the compass, and placed it in the standing-room, before we started. A couple of hand-screws secured it to the floor, so that the motion of the boat could not disturb it.

"Now we are abreast of the light-house. What time is it, Ellie?" I asked, wishing to make this the point of departure.

"Just half past ten," he replied.

"Write it down on your paper. You must keep a proper log, if you are going to know where you are."

He went to the cabin where the lantern was, and made the entry. I laid the course, south-by-west, by the compass; and the Seabird went along as though she meant business.

"It blows out here," said Ellie, coming from the cabin.

"Just a nice breeze," I replied. "If we can get such weather as this all the way, we shall be in Detroit inside of two days."

"But it is rough."

"There is a little chop sea; but you mustn't complain of this. I think it is splendid. Now, if you want to learn to steer by compass, you can't have a better time to begin."

"I don't believe I can do it," said he, looking into the binnacle. "I don't know the first thing about it."

"I didn't when I began to learn; but I have steered the Great West by night and by day; and if I made any mistakes I got a crack over the head, which you won't get. Now take the wheel, and try your hand."

I gave him the wheel, and placed myself on the lee side, where I could see what he did, and check him if he made blunders.

"Sitting on the weather side of the wheel, where the helmsman ought always to be, you pull the tiller towards you for starboard, and push it from you for port," I began.

"I know all about that," said Ellie. "I steered the boat three hundred and sixty-three miles through the canal."

"Very well; but this isn't a tow-line breeze. If you want to luff, port the helm; and it will tend that way all the time; and you have only to let the wheel off to go the other way."

"I understand that."

"The tiller moves in the direction opposite that you turn the wheel."

"Of course it does."

"Now look at the compass," I continued.

"It keeps whirling to the right and left; it won't hold still."

"Yes, it does; it is the boat that don't hold still. The needle always points to the north, and the disk or circle on which the points are marked, keeps still all the time. Our course is west-by-south. It is the next point south of west. Do you see it, Ellie?"

"I see it — W. b. S."

"Now, do you see that notch outside of the disk?"

"Yes."

"You are to keep the point west-by-south on that notch all the time. That's the whole thing in a nutshell. The notch is the boat, and it moves; the point don't move; and you must bring the notch up to the point, and not the point up to the notch. When the notch gets on the port side of the point, port the helm — bring the wheel towards you."

I let go the wheel, and the strong weather-helm of the boat caused her to luff. As I supposed he would, he turned the wheel the wrong way. I corrected him a dozen, if not twenty, times before he got the hang of the movement. When he could do it, he became fascinated with his occupation.

"I like this first rate," said he, with enthusiasm. "It is a good deal better than looking ahead all the time."

"But you must do both; that is, you must look all about you, every few minutes, to see that you don't run into some other craft."

"Of course I shall do that. You may turn in now, Alick. I can do very well without you."

"Not yet, Ellie," I replied. "I will lie down on the seat, and by and by, if you get along well, I will turn in."

I stretched myself on the cushioned seat of the standing-room, and watched the stars for a time. I had done a hard day's work, and was very tired; and before I knew it, I fell asleep.

"Alick!" shouted the skipper.

I sprang to my feet, and asked what the matter was.

"Land ahead, and we are running ashore."

"Keep her away a little — starboard the helm!" I replied, after glancing ahead. "You are all right, Ellie. I suppose the current

towards the river set us in shore a little. That land is Point Abino, and it sticks out about two miles into the lake. Run as close to it as you can."

"I thought something was the matter—that the compass had given out, and we were going the wrong way; for, while I kept her west-by-south, I couldn't see any water ahead."

"The sail shut it out from you. Now we are off the point. What time is it, Ellie?"

I took the helm, and he went to the cabin, where he could see his watch.

"Twenty minutes past twelve," he said.

"We have come eleven miles; that's six miles an hour."

"Do we run over any more points?"

"No; we don't go within five miles of any land till ten o'clock to-morrow forenoon."

"All right, then. I am going to keep the helm the rest of the night. It's fun to steer by compass."

"It will be rougher than it is here in an hour or two," I added.

"I have got used to that, and I don't think I shall mind it," replied Ellie, with his gaze fixed on the compass.

I was tired enough to sleep, and I turned in. I slept like a log, and when I waked, the sun was shining brightly through the little glass window in the trunk of the cabin. I sprang to my feet; but the boat was moving along very well, though she jumped and yawed a little more than when I turned in. Ellie was still at the helm.

"Why didn't you call me, Ellie?" I asked.

"I didn't want you."

I found him as contented as ever, only he wanted his breakfast, for it was seven o'clock. I had slept eight hours in all. We had a shallow box, lined with sheet iron, which I put on the forward deck, and, placing the furnace in it, lighted a fire. I made a pot of coffee, and with this we breakfasted upon cold meat and bread and butter. Ellie soon began to gape fearfully, and finally consented to turn in.

I found that my sailing directions had been correct, and at half past eight I had the end of Long Point to the southward of me. At half past eleven the Seabird was well up with the light-ship; I jibed her, and went through New Channel, out into the broad lake again. I was in doubt whether to run for Point aux Pins or Pointe Pelée; the former course keeping the boat a little nearer the north shore, but the latter was the more direct. As the weather was fine, and the breeze steady, I decided to run for Pointe Pelée, distant one hundred and eighteen miles. The course was west-south-

west. The Seabird went along at the rate of six miles an hour, and it was the same thing all day. Ellie did not show himself till two o'clock in the afternoon; and after dinner he had the wheel the rest of the day. I slept till dark, when my shipmate called me to get supper.

While we were eating, we agreed that each of us should steer half the night, and I took the first watch. During the evening the wind hauled more to the eastward; and when I called Ellie, at one o'clock, the Seabird was going nearly before it. It did not blow very hard, though it had freshened considerably; and I turned in and slept as well as usual.

"Alick!"

This was the cry that roused me, and I sprang up. The boat was jumping and yawing fearfully. I heard the wind whistle, and the water beating upon the deck above me and pouring into the standing-room. I rushed to the helm, where poor Ellie was scared half out of his senses; and I could not blame him either.

"I called you twenty times, Alick," moaned he. "We are going to the bottom, and I don't know what to do."

"Don't be alarmed, my hearty," I replied, as cheerfully as I could; but it was up-hill work to be cheerful then. "She won't sink, whatever happens to her."

"I'm wet to the skin, and I was afraid I should be washed out of her," added my companion, in trembling tones. "You won't catch me in a boat after this."

"Don't give it up yet, Ellie. Here, take the helm again!" I called, sharply.

"I can't take it! I can't manage her!" he pleaded.

"Keep her just as she is. Don't be scared," I added; but I was frightened myself.

I compelled him to take the wheel, while I stood at the main-sheet myself. I directed him to put the helm hard down, and I hauled in the sheet as he did so. In the trough of the sea the boat rolled herself half full of water. Securing the sheet, I went forward and let go the halyards. With much difficulty, I got the mainsail down, and furled it. Taking the helm again, I let her come about, and ran her before the wind. I set Ellie to baling her out with a bucket, and he worked like a good fellow. But the jib was too much head-sail for her; it carried her bow under, so that the water came in faster over the forward deck than Ellie could throw it out. I gave him the helm again, and put two reefs in the mainsail. Bringing her up to the wind again, I hoisted this sail, and

furled the jib. Once more I got her before it; but she was almost full of water, and if she had not been a life-boat, she would have gone down.

I found that the reefed mainsail lifted her over the short savage seas, so that she took in but comparatively little water. Ellie could steer her now, and I baled her out. For an hour, I could take up a pailful at a time in the standing-room; and then I worked the pump, which discharged into the centre-board casing. All this time, the Seabird was jumping and rolling fearfully, but we succeeded in keeping most of the water outside of her.

"I see a light!" exclaimed Ellie, "Dead ahead."

It was a long way off, but I knew it was the light on the northern end of Pointe Pelée Island. It was as dark as Egypt, but the white caps and the frothing seas relieved the gloom. Looking to the north, I listened for sounds in that direction. I heard the roar of breakers. I saw the sheets of foam they caused, and kept a sharp lookout ahead. I was sure the light ahead could not be more than six miles distant, which assured me we had passed Pointe Pelée. Taking the helm, I braced her up, and headed her to the north. In half an hour more, to the amazement of Ellie, who did not understand what I was doing, we were in smooth water, and I let go the anchor.

"I never was so frightened before," said Ellie, when we had furled the mainsail.

"It was the roughest time I ever saw; and if the Seabird had not been a lifeboat, she would surely have gone down," I replied.

We baled out the standing-room again. The water had not risen above the bulk head, under the cabin door, and we had a dry place to shelter us from the rain, which was now pouring down in torrents. We took off our wet garments, and turned in. It was three o'clock in the morning when we came to anchor, and it was nine in the forenoon when we turned out. I found we were less than a hundred feet from the shore, under the lee of Pointe Pelée; and at least a dozen vessels were at anchor outside of us.

The day was cloudy, but the gale had subsided. After breakfast we started again, with a stiff breeze. Ellie's "back was broken." He persisted that he had had enough of boats, and never would sail in one again. At nine o'clock in the evening we reached Detroit, and hauled in at a wharf. We went to the Russell House, where Ellie was confounded by meeting his father in the office. Mr. Dykeman had become very nervous about his son,

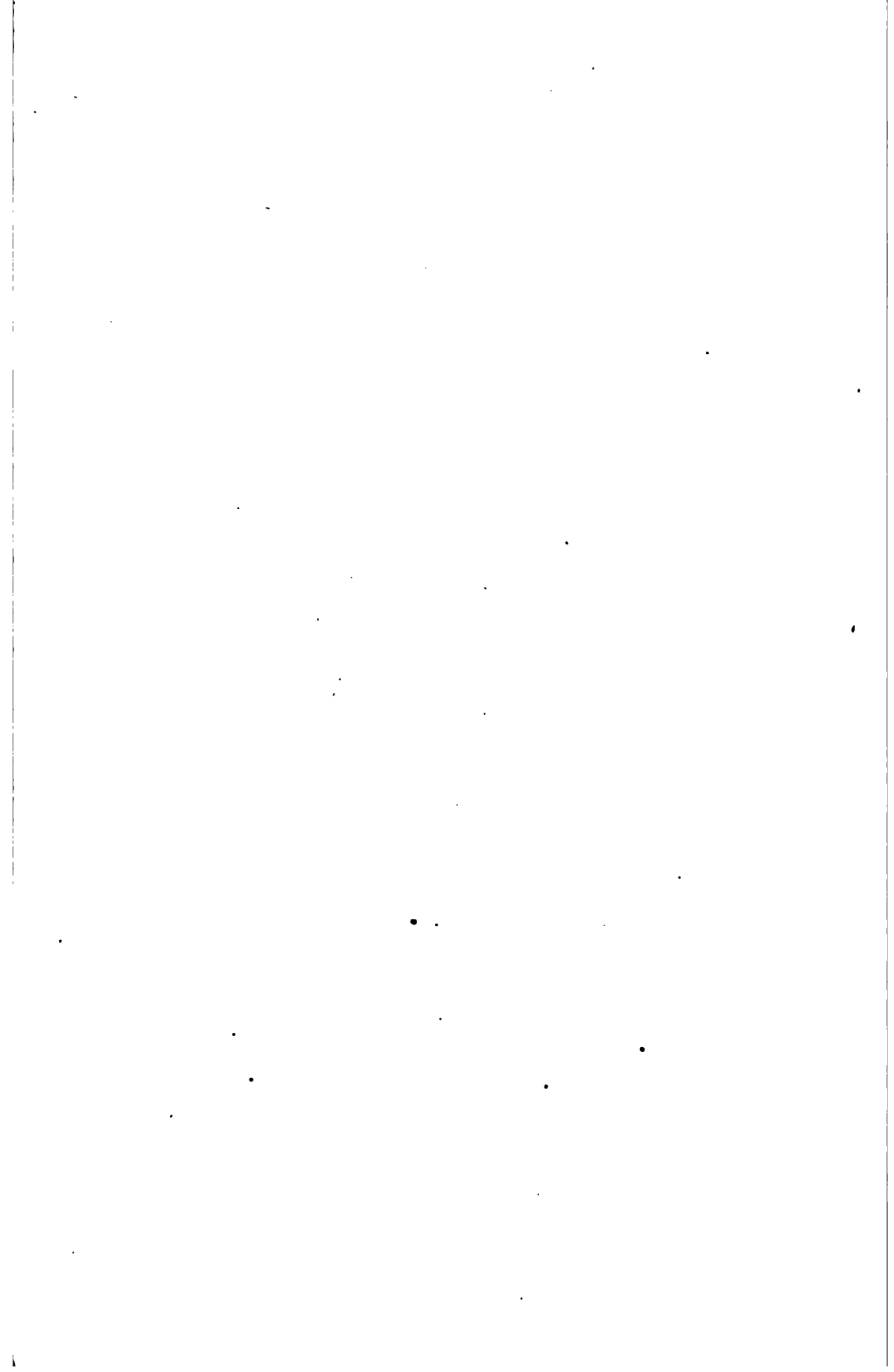
after reading his last letter from Buffalo, and had hastened to Detroit to intercept him. Ellie did not need any intercepting. He was ready to go home at once with his father. What to do with the boat was the next question, and it was discussed for some time; but it was finally settled by handing the Seabird over to me, as a gift. Though the boat cost over five hundred dollars on the Hudson, I was not clear that she would not be an elephant to me, for a boat is not a good thing to have, unless one lives near the water. However, I was very grateful, for if I could not use her, I could sell her. Ellie had already paid me for two days' services, which I offered to return to him; but he refused to take it; and Mr. Dykeman said he did not know what would have become of his son if I had not been with him.

In the morning, I parted with the father and son, but Ellie promised to write me as soon as he reached home. The steamer which arrived in the middle of the day brought Mr. Brickland and his wife. The sick man was quite comfortable, and with no little interest and anxiety I asked him where his farm was, in order to determine whether or not I could keep the Seabird. I was delighted to learn that he lived on a river, only a few miles from Lake St. Clair. I carried my charts up to the hotel, and he showed me just where his farm was located. Then it was agreed that I should sail him and his wife to their home in the boat, and we arrived in safety before sundown.

I had found my new home. I was in the Great West. And here this story properly comes to an end, for all I intended to do in it was to describe my going west, and explain the Perils of a Poor Boy which induced me to go there. As soon as I was settled in my new home, I wrote to Ellis Dykeman, and in reply received a letter full of news. He did not want another boat; he had come to the conclusion that boating was not his vocation; and he did not wish to follow it, even if he could steer by compass all the time. He had been to see Mr. Buckminster, and had a long talk with him about me, though he would not tell him where I was. My good friend in Newburgh had made diligent search for me, and had even been to Glossenbury to see Captain Boomsby about me. He found that my tyrant had been deprived of his command of the Great West, the other owners buying his share. Barnes had been made captain of her; and this information afforded me the most intense satisfaction. Captain Boomsby, dis-

THE FISHERS.—GOING OUT.





gusted with the conduct of the owners of the Great West, was going to seek the other Great West, whether he could sell his place or not. Mr. Buckminster had seen him, but the interview was very unsatisfactory, for the captain still insisted that my friend had got me out of the way in order to cheat him out of the value of my time.

I was entirely willing my tyrant should make a home and a fortune in the Great West if he did not settle near me. As it was, I thanked God that I had escaped some of the Perils of a Poor Boy by GOING WEST.

THE THUNDER SPIRIT.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

I AM lord of flash and thunder, rider of the tempest-rack,
When it drives along the firmament, and earth below is black;
And the four winds are my horses, with their dark manes streaming back!

Under Summer's blue pavilion is the mustering of my clans,
Slowly, silently they gather, ghost-like, on their cloudy vans,
Till the weight of stifled thunder chokes the air no zephyr fans.

O, my palace in the sunlight is a glory of the air,
Arches upon arches rising, dome by dome in order fair,
And a hundred towers fantastic jutting out, abrupt and bare.

In among their coigns and bastions all the tints of purple lie,
Deep and dark against their bases, faint and dove-like on the sky;
And their fronts from tawny copper to pale gold, lift every dye.

But at eve it stands a mountain, crags of gloom on heavier glooms,
Deep within, the uneasy lightnings, flitting, shake their fiery plumes,
And far back, through glowing corridors, ye see my secret rooms, —

Hear the dull roar of the forges, and the hammers' throbbing choir,

Where the jagged bolts of thunder on my anvils drip with fire!

Ay, half catch the swarthy demons barbing the red shafts with ire!

Then at midnight, O, at midnight, I fling out my gloomiest flag!

Then the sleuth-hound of the tempest baying, leaps from crag to crag,
Dragging down the oak of centuries, as it were an antlered stag.

And I hurl my volleyed grape-shot where the hamlet sleeps in peace,
And my yelling, swart Malayans draw the lightning's crooked creese,
Stabbing through the tent of darkness at their viewless enemies!

When the new day breaks in glory, and no more the mountain reels,
Though ye hear the far receding of my bickering chariot wheels,
All the emerald world is richer for the love my wrath conceals.

Then I send my silent lightnings through the veins of grass and fern,
And my slow, innocuous flashes in the cheeks of roses burn,
While the stately forest garner, in broad life, the bolts return.

— THE SENSES OF THE BEES. — Honey-bees often attack the bumble-bees, in scarce seasons, on their return from the fields laden with honey, and force them to disgorge all they have collected. Its presence in the honey-bag must have been detected by the sense of smell. The lenses of the bees' eyes are not adjustable; and though they can see accurately at great distances, they seem blind to objects close by. A bee's sense of taste is also imperfect, ill-smelling plants being often preferred. Bees haven't any ears to speak of. Huber says, "their sense of smell is in the mouth." The sense, however, which is the most perfect is the touch, and that seems to be wholly in their antennæ. When one bee meets another, greetings are made by crossing their antennæ. *

— WITH the ancient Athenians, to receive money for teaching was considered to degrade it to an illiberal purpose; at the present day, teachers, as a rule, go where they can get the most pay, and we seem to rank a teacher according to the salary he receives.

ABOUT HANDLING GUNS.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

I WANT to say a few words to the boys about handling guns. No doubt some will say that they have been lectured about enough on this subject. But then how does it happen that we are almost every day hearing of some sad and really pitiable death from the careless discharging of a fowling-piece. Here is a fact to the point: from July (1874) till December of the same year, the writer has read of, in the papers, and noted down, twenty-three serious and fatal accidents of this sort. Probably these twenty-three are not more than one tenth of the number which have actually occurred during these five months in New England and the Middle States. Sixteen of these happened to young fellows under twenty.

It is not so very strange that many parents are extremely loath to have their boys use a gun, and come to be almost as nervous on the subject as was old Mrs. Partington, who used to declare to "Ike" that a gun was dangerous without lock, stock, or barrel. For guns do go off in a most unaccountable way sometimes. Very often a gun, firmly believed to be unloaded, has suddenly shown itself to be most efficiently charged. I recollect an instance of this, in boyhood, while visiting a cousin of about my own age.

We had found and brought down from the garret an old musket, said to have been used by our mutual great-grandfire in the "Revolution." It had certainly not been used for ten or fifteen years. It was one of the old flint-lock guns, and was now so very rusty that it was quite impossible to get the ramrod down the barrel. We were anxious to use it on a Fourth of July occasion, then close at hand.

First, we tried to wash it out by pouring hot water into the muzzle; but no amount of punching or churning would force water out at the priming-hole. Then we took the stock off, and determined to take out the breech-pin; but that was so rusted in, that we could not start it. Even kerosene oil had no effect on it. Having some vague ideas of the expansive power of heat, we now resolved to heat the base of the barrel red-hot and try what effect that would have. Accordingly, resting the muzzle across an old bench, we opened the door of the cooking-stove, in the kitchen, and put the breech end of the barrel in the stove and heaped the coals and embers on it.

Presently it began to grow *red*; and we were about taking it out to thrust it in cold water, when there came an explosion which, there in the close kitchen, nearly split our heads, and put three *slugs* through the outside door — handsomely. Nor was this all, for the barrel, recoiling violently, passed through the stove, and knocked the other end out of the fire-box. My stars! what a scolding we got for that! This gun had lain there in the garret ten years, at least, perhaps double that time. Nobody then living in the house knew who had loaded it, or remembered anything about it.

It is my candid opinion that the person who leaves a gun in a house loaded, for any length of time, deserves to go to jail for a month. It does not do to trust to memory as to whether a gun is charged or not.

A few years ago, in company with two other young men, the writer called at the house of a friend to borrow a ducking-gun. It was brought out from a closet.

"Loaded?" said one of our number.

"No."

"Sure?"

"O, yes;" and he blew in the muzzle.

We all really thought that we heard air come out at the nipple.

"But the tube is rather foul," remarked the owner of the piece. He took a cap, placed it on the nipple, and snapped it. A tremendous report followed. The gun jumped out of his hands, and a heavy charge of shot raked the mantel-shelf, breaking two large kerosene lamps, and passing on across the room, mortally wounded a venerable clock, which had been ticking calmly in a corner.

The temptation for a hunting party to carry their guns cocked, when close upon game, is very great, but it has led to many a fatal accident. In point of fact, there are few experienced sportsmen who, in the presence of large game, are cool enough to handle a cocked gun with safety to their fellows. And if this remark be true of professional sportsmen, carrying the best of English guns with Brazier locks, how much more is it true of boys with our cheap American or Belgian guns, the locks of which are rarely to be relied on.

Three years ago this last autumn (1874) the writer was out on a hunting frolic with two others (young men from the city), at "Moll's Rock," on Umbagog Lake. While going through the woods one morning, we heard a bear cub whimper; and this set my two companions on the *qui vive* at once. One of them had a little American-made rifle. of the pat-

tern known as "The Hunter's Pet," a very pretty and rather accurate little shooter; the only objection to it being that the lock always had ideas of its own. Sometimes it would stay cocked, sometimes it would not; sometimes the "plunger," or "needle," would play through the breech, when snapped, and so strike the cartridge; sometimes it wouldn't. In short, there was no knowing just what it would do; you had to snap—and see. I may add, that the retail price of such a rifle is twenty dollars in currency.

We supposed that the old bear, as well as the cub, was close at hand. My two friends instantly cocked their shooters; and we were tiptoeing along a little path, one behind the other, when *bang* went the Hunter's Pet. The report was followed by a screech from the other young metropolitan. The owner of the rifle had been carrying it in his left hand, by his side, pointing ahead; and when it went off, the bullet, or slug, had just tipped the end of the little finger of the other fellow's left hand! It took, perhaps, a quarter of an inch off the end of his finger and turned the nail out by the roots. If there wasn't some fancy dancing and whooping about that path for a minute or two, then no matter! It is quite needless to say, that we heard no more of the bears.

No matter what the chances in favor of a quick shot may be, the better rule is never to carry a gun at full cock. Let the hammer stand at half cock, till the game is sighted. But not half the locks on the guns used by American boys, through the country, are furnished with a half cock catch at all; with such guns let the hammers rest on the nipples by all means.

It is useless to tell the average of our boys to buy nothing but good guns, with warranted locks, because they cannot afford it; and they will continue to buy such guns as are within their means. A really good and safe double-barrelled breech-loading shot gun is worth from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. The very locks on these guns cost from thirty-five to forty dollars a pair. A safe and good-shooting muzzle loader can now be bought for about forty dollars; but the best work is now put into the more popular breech-loaders. Many American gun makers are now advertising double-barrelled shot guns for sixteen and twenty dollars. These are machine-made guns, of course; and sometimes a really good gun can be got at these prices, but the chances are against it. So far as my own experience goes, not more than one in four of these guns

is even tolerably reliable. A really good double-barrelled gun at sixteen dollars is simply a lucky accident, not the rule.

So far as I am able to learn, three fourths of all the guns bought by our boys range in price from three to ten dollars; these are mostly imported guns, from Belgium and from France and Germany. Seven eighths of all the accidents come from the imperfect action, or careless use, of these miserable little frauds, which by good rights never ought to have a grain of gunpowder brought near them. The only wonder is that they don't burst twice as often as they do. The reason is, probably, that the boys cannot afford large charges, and that they use a very poor, *weak* quality of gunpowder. The writer confesses to a strong fellow-feeling for this great body of youthful sportsmen. His own first gun cost three dollars and fifty cents—bought *a l'abri*, at the age of eleven, and kept up in the dark loft of the pig-house. There was certainly no great danger of this particular gun bursting, for the tube was of such unusual size, that a large per cent. of the charge used to find vent that way; it used always to cock itself after each discharge. I recollect that the mouth of the hammer was so open as to keep my left hand well peppered with the bits of cap which flew aside when snapped.

Doubtless the best advice which can be given to this great army of boys, is to continue to use small charges, and buy the *weakest* powder in the market. Just how light and weak these charges often are, is illustrated by an accident which befell two of the writer's boyhood friends.

They were out gunning together, and started a hedgehog; but the game was at some distance ahead, and they well knew, from past experience with their guns, that it was of no use to shoot at him till they were within three rods. So they set off first to run him down, and then shoot him. In the race, one got a rod or two ahead of the other, and as they hooked it through briars and over stones and logs, the gun of the hindmost one popped off. The charge, such as it was, took the foremost boy in the rear, *in puppi pantalooni*, to speak modestly. No doubt it hurt him somewhat, and it scared him still more.

"You've killed me!" he shrieked, and started to run for home. The other one, frightened fully as badly, started after him. 'Twas a race in earnest now; and to save his life the unwounded one could not catch up with the wounded. They got home quite breathless. The wound was examined. Some of the shot

had gone through his trousers' and bedded themselves into the skin, and a few had pierced into the flesh a little; but they were all easily poked out. In an hour or two he was quite himself again.

Six of the twenty-three accidents recorded by the writer during the past five months occurred from carrying guns carelessly in a wagon or a boat. A very sad accident of this class happened four years since to two boys of fifteen and sixteen, one of whom was well known to the writer. They resided in the town of Upton, at the foot of Lake Umbagog, Maine, and were the sons of hard-working farmers. In the spring previous, they were promised that if they would work well through the summer, and perform a certain stated amount of labor, they might have their time after the twentieth of September for the rest of the autumn, to go on a trapping tour up the chain of lakes. From this trip they expected great things in the way of fur. How much they planned and doted on this promise, and how long and steadily they worked to deserve it, was remarked by very many that season. Never did two boys more honestly earn the right to enjoy themselves, and the right to succeed in their undertaking.

On the morning of the twenty-first of September they set off in their bateau from the foot of the lake, with their traps, guns, and provisions for a six weeks' tour. They went up past "B. Point," so called, and entering "the narrows," passed Bear Island to the right. There is here a cove, on the east shore, at the head of which a small brook makes in. They pulled into this cove to take a look at the game signs at the mouth of the brook. When within a few rods of the alder fringe they heard the twigs snap, and espied an otter bounding away.

"Shove her nose ashore, Frank," cried Lotte. "I'll have a shot at him!"

Frank, who was sitting in the stern, did so at once. Lotte jumped out, and snatched up one of the guns which lay together in the bow. As he took it up, the hammer hit against the poll of their axe, which set in a socket in the gunwale, and discharged the right barrel, loaded with No. 4 shot, full at Frank's breast. The poor boy fell back with a low groan, gasped once, and was gone! He was dead before Lotte could get to him. I cannot help thinking that he was the luckier one of the two. For a moment his unhappy comrade was quite stunned. Then, as the realization of what he had done burst upon him, he grew wild with horror and remorse. This was in

the morning. How that day passed he could never quite tell. The thought of taking his dead comrade's body home to his mother and sisters was worse than death itself. He threw himself on the shore, and groaned, and cried, and beat his head on the stones. Four times he says that he took up the other gun to shoot himself, so that, if ever found, they might be found there dead together. If the thought of running away presented itself, it was as quickly rejected; for he *only hoped that they would hang him for what he had done*. Did ever the calm, bright skies bend over a sadder spectacle? all the result of a moment's carelessness. Towards night, a sense of his stern duty prevailed, and he took the body of his dead friend home, and told the sad story, as best he could. The shadow of that day has never yet quite lifted from his face; it will sadden his whole life. That there should have been those who disbelieved his piteous account of that morning's accident, seems to me as strange as it does foolish.

The safer rule is, never to carry a gun *capped* in a boat, or a carriage; and in the case of a breech-loader, the cartridges should always be withdrawn.

Three of the twenty-three casualties above referred to occurred while loading. It is curious what absurd and perilous evolutions a person will sometimes perform when loading in a hurry, with game in sight. One of the writer's acquaintances used always to cap his gun *first*, when loading in haste, because, *forsooth, it saved one motion*; and he made use of a shot-belt, too! So that while pouring in the shot, he would necessarily have both barrels — with caps on the nipples — presented point blank at his stomach. And here I wish to express my humble opinion that a shot-belt is not only an unsafe, but an unhandy equipment. This remark, of course, does not equally apply to a cartridge belt, such as are sold to accompany a breech-loading gun.

It is very difficult to give a set of rules for loading a gun, which apply in all cases and positions, and to all persons. But a few precautions may always be observed with profit. One of the first of these is, to always keep the muzzle pointing clear of your person. (I am speaking now of a muzzle-loader, of course.) To secure this, a right-handed person will find it easier to set the breech at the outside of his left foot, with the barrels pointing a little *off*, and at an angle of about sixty degrees with the ground.

A single-barrelled gun is always less dangerous than a double-barrel, both to load and

to shoot. In loading a double-barrelled gun in a hurry, the most vexatious mistakes often happen; such as getting both charges into the same barrel, or the shot all in one barrel and the powder in the other, in which case one barrel is of course a "dummy," and the other very liable to burst and blow your brains out, or at least give you a sound kick. Indeed, it is impossible to charge two barrels properly, without giving one's attention to it pretty closely. Yet a double-barrelled gun is so very much more efficient that it will always be preferred. A good rule is to always load from right to left; that is, load the right *first*. Put in a charge of powder in the right barrel, wad and ram it, letting *the ramrod stand in the barrel*, till you want it to ram the left barrel. When this is done, let it stand in the left barrel till you have put shot in the right, and so on. Letting the ramrod stand in the barrel, in this way, is the best precaution against putting in double charges. Only be sure to take it out after pushing down the shot wad in the left barrel, else you may *split* the game as well as shoot it.

There is yet another important precaution to be observed in shooting with a double-barrelled gun. On sighting game, one, of course, cocks both barrels. Supposing now that, as is oftenest the case, you only find it necessary to discharge the right barrel. Yet before going on you will wish to re-load the empty barrel. *Always bear in mind that the left barrel is now at full cock*, and must first be set at half cock; else the jar of re-loading the right barrel may very likely discharge it. This is especially true of guns with cheap locks. Indeed, one of the twenty-three accidents, which I have made the text of my little sermon, occurred in this very way.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

BY ROTH.

THE story of the Scottish laird, here reproduced in modern form, is far more pathetically told in the original ballad, but under any guise is worthy of preservation.

The young heir of Linne was left by his father in possession of a large landed estate, sums of money, and property of every sort; but, like many others who are reared in luxury and in the expectation of wealth, he abandoned the management of his estates to a steward, and spent his own time in the pursuit

of pleasure. His father, being well acquainted with the youth's spendthrift habits, predicted to him the speedy loss of lands and gold, but made him swear on the "holy rood" that nothing should ever induce him to part with a certain "lonesome lodge," situated in a remote, almost inaccessible, part of the country. There he foretold that his thriftless son would one day find his best friend.

Unheeding the paternal warning to amend his ways and lead a useful life, the young heir had no sooner entered into possession of his property than he began to squander it. Encouraged by his faithless steward, — who studied his own emolument at his master's expense, — he lavished his money on every worthless object, collecting around him prodigals and spendthrifts, eager to share the good things so unsparingly bestowed, while his accounts were left to the supervision, and his resources to the management, of his false agent.

This "unjust steward" soon brought in overwhelming accounts against his master, who, in despair of paying his debts, agreed to give up his lands, if his manager would take them, encumbered as they were, and pay him in addition a considerable sum of money. To this the treacherous servant readily agreed; and the homeless laird went forth to squander the remnant of his fortune on his boon companions.

A short time sufficed to leave him without a penny, and consequently almost without a friend, for his former associates dropped off like autumn leaves when the once prosperous heir of Linne was a homeless wanderer like themselves.

In this extremity the ruined spendthrift be-thought himself of the lonely lodge bequeathed to him by his father, with the prophecy that he would one day find there his best friend. He lost no time in seeking this haven, travelling a long distance to reach it, and finding it remote from what he considered civilization.

Foot-sore and weary, he at length attained his goal — a dreary, ruinous building, truly a "lonesome lodge," with ivy-grown walls, green and mouldy within with the accumulated damp of years. The decaying floor gave way under his feet, and from the cracked and discolored ceiling hung a knotted rope, apparently inviting the first comer to escape by suicide from such unattractive surroundings.

"This, then, was my father's meaning," thought the young man. "He foresaw that when I came here all earthly resources would have failed, and that death would be my only escape from misery."

He adjusted the noose about his neck, and sprang aloft, in the expectation of ending his existence, when the ceiling gave way, and he fell to the floor in a cloud of dust and mortar.

On recovering from his surprise, and finding himself unhurt, he saw lying near him a key, wrapped in a piece of paper, which contained written directions. By these he was enjoined to open a place in the wall, which was carefully indicated, and where he would find three chests of gold and silver.

The same key would open all of these; and the paper went on to admonish the restored prodigal that his last chance of amendment now presented itself. The treasure here secreted had been reserved and stored away, with the intention of relieving him from the consequences of his folly; but should this resource be exhausted, the rope alone would remain to him at last.

Touched to the heart, the overjoyed youth determined to profit by experience, and devote the rest of his life to noble and worthy objects. But, willing to test still further the man who had already injured him so deeply, he set out on a visit to his former agent.

This successful traitor was seated at table, feasting his family and friends, when his quondam lord, still in the character of a penniless wanderer, was admitted to the banquet-hall.

With a scowl of anything but welcome, John o' the Scales — as the *ci-devant* steward was called — looked at the intruder, and replied to his salutation with an abusive epithet.

Several of the former associates of the spendthrift were seated around the board; but none, or, rather, one only, returned his greeting, the hostess even bidding him leave the house, calling him at the same time a "thriftless loon." Apparently unheeding this reception, the young man applied to the master of the house for forty pence, to relieve his necessities; but was roughly refused, when the same friend who had kindly acknowledged his presence interposed, and offered him the money. He said that he was poor himself, but could afford so small a sum to one who had been a benefactor to most of the assembled company, and that he thought it shameful in their host to treat so unworthily the man at whose expense his fortune had been made.

John o' the Scales laughed loudly and insolently, replying that he would restore the lands of Linne to their former owner for a hundred pounds less than he gave.

To his amazed discomfiture the dispossessed heir took up the proposal, so freely made in

presence of so many witnesses, and, producing the "red gold," paid it down on the board, proclaiming himself once more the "Heir of Linne." Then, turning to his only friend in the company, he gave him forty pounds for his forty pence, and offered him a valuable agency on his estate.

The ballad tells of the unavailing regrets of the ejected Lady of Linne for her lost grandeur, as she retired with her lord in shame and confusion; and we dismiss them, with the wish that villany could always, in real life, be as successfully defeated.

BEHIND THE DOOR.

BY MISS M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

WE find, along life's wayside glancing
At vanished scenes that come no more,
How much of deepest, tenderest meaning
Has taken place behind the door.

What secrets, fraught with woe and peril,
Have here been told and overheard!
What ministries of joy and blessing
Imparted in a whispered word!

How many, ere they ventured farther,
Have paused in silence, waiting here,
To still their pulses, wildly beating
With pain or pleasure, hope or fear.

'Twas here the little one first practised
His artless game of hide-and-seek,
And lingered, when a few years older,
To kiss his pretty playmate's cheek.

Here has she stopped, the dainty maiden,
With rising flush and nervous guess,
If all her shows of ruff and ribbon
Enough enhanced her loveliness.

And here has stood the young offender,
Whose feet have failed the wrong to shun,
Dreading to meet the full disclosure
Of falsehood told, or mischief done.

And many a mother, fond and anxious,
With cares that all her hours employ,
Has wiped her tears in this seclusion,
Mourning her wayward, wandering boy.

And while the world is onward moving,
And scenes depart to come no more,
Much of the deepest, tenderest meaning
Shall live its life behind the door.



THEN HE WOULD PULL OFF HIS HAT AND HOLD IT TO ME. Page 908.

NATURE'S SCHOLAR.

CHAPTER XI.

A DAUGHTER'S DUTY.

CROUCHING at my father's feet I wept unrestrainedly. Relentless memory brought back, in an overwhelming flood, the wretched years when he had shared our home; and then in utter contrast the peaceful, happy years since we had been freed from his presence! I reflected that now we were respected, honored ladies; that no one here knew how he had disgraced and injured us; and I imagined the inevitable scorn and contempt mother and I would receive from most of our acquaintances as soon as this miserable man should claim us!

Resolving to disown him, I started to my feet, and gazed upon him with a bitter smile and a flashing eye.

"Is it possible," I demanded, "that you dare to call yourself my father?"

He started a little and looked at me with a singular smile of sardonic admiration, replying, —

"You act well, Emma; you might make a fortune on the stage."

He spoke in a low tone, and slowly; but even that slight effort set him to coughing, and womanly pity filled my heart. I walked about the room in agitation. I felt self-condemned; I dared not persist in such unfilial conduct; and at that moment I remembered my mother, and how she loved him! I took his shrunken, nerveless hand, and said, in faltering tones, —

"Father, forgive me."

He nodded, and half smiled, but did not attempt to speak.

"How did you come here, father? Tell me all about it. What can I do for you? For my mother's sake —"

He stopped me with a gesture, and spoke low and painfully, often interrupted by his distressing cough, —

"I did not come to trouble you. I cannot see your mother — she would not keep my secret; no one must know that I am here. I broke prison, Emma. I ran away. I am an escaped convict." (I shuddered with horror.) "I want only a little money — enough to live on. I have a lodging where I am safe. Give me what I need, and I will never trouble you."

"How much do you need, father?"

"A dollar a day. The lowest wages." And again that sneering, sardonic smile came over his face.

"You shall have it. Since you want so little, sir, you must be earning something."

"No, no! What could I earn?" And his racking cough attested his inability, and aroused my pity once more.

"Father, let me place you in a pleasant hospital, where the best physicians will attend you, and cure that terrible cough."

"No, never! Curse the doctors, the inhuman brutes! Doctors tortured me in prison — took my opium away — kept it from me in their infernal cruelty till I went mad! And my wife urged them to do it — kept them at it. O, I hate her! I hate them all! I cannot find words for my hatred!"

He had started up in a frenzy, stamping his foot, and between shrieking and coughing he now sank down exhausted, and in an agony of suffering, that forced great drops of moisture upon his livid face, and caused him to shake as if in an ague. I gave him water, bathed his face and hands with diluted ammonia, and ran to an artist neighbor for some brandy.

"You are a good girl, Emma!" he presently whispered.

"Lie on my sofa and rest a while," I urged.

"O, no! I could not breathe in that position. I have not lain down for more than a year."

Inexpressibly shocked and moved to compassion, I looked at him, — the wreck he was; — and thought of the young and handsome man who had won my mother's heart! I reflected that she would hasten now, if she but knew he was here, all glad compassion and unchangeable devotion, to share his fate, and

do for him all she could. Then I thought of Willie Graham — young, handsome, manly; could it be possible that any fate would ever make him such a miserable, degraded outcast as this? Would I not give the last drop of my life to save him from such a doom — to redeem him from it?

Ah, yes, joyfully! So then, for mother's sake, and Willie's sake, I resolved to devote myself to my father's restoration.

But he would not listen to my entreaties nor consent to my plans. He would neither go to the hospital, nor let me hire a quiet, comfortable room for him where a good physician could take charge of his health.

"They would take away my only solace!" he cried; "my dream-giver, my enchanted Lethe! It is opium that causes this cough; they cannot cure me unless I give it up, — and I never will! It is killing me. I shall soon be dead, and I will not prolong my life one hour by taking one dose the less!"

I shuddered with horror.

"You mean well, Emma; you do not love me, but you wish to do your duty, as a daughter should. Well, then, give me my dollar a day! You cannot do more for me; it is your duty, as a daughter, not to do less!"

"How can you possibly live on that sum?" I demanded, impatiently.

"I board with a Chinese woman. I do not want much food, nor care I what my lodging is; and she knows how to prepare my elixir! She has the secret of leading me into Elysium! Ah, she, the hideous hag! She is like a siren of beauty and sweetness to me!"

I shrank from him with loathing, crying out, —

"I suppose you are now under the influence of it?"

"O, yes. I cannot walk a step till I have had my morning pipe. I cannot sleep at night without my evening smoke!"

I burst into a fit of passionate weeping; I walked up and down wringing my hands and moaning, while scalding tears poured from my eyes. Suddenly a rap sounded at the door. I dried my face, and father started up in terror, begging, —

"Hide me! hide me!"

I could not; there was not even a closet in the room. Going to the door, I stepped outside, closing it behind me. Willie Graham was there. He started with alarm at my appearance.

"Excuse me, Willie," I said. "I have company; I cannot ask you in."

"But what is the matter, Emma? What can I do for you?"

"O, nothing! Nothing to both questions! Must a lady always be smiling?" I replied in a light tone, hoping to keep the truth from him. (Ah, what a mistake that answer was! Never, my dear girl, who may be reading this, never try to conceal your troubles from one who loves you!)

Willie turned away with an offended air, and I went back to father.

"Give me the dollar and let me go!" said he; "you must give me a dollar every day, for if I have more at a time they will rob me! I cannot climb these stairs again. I will meet you every day on your way here, and you must have the money ready in your hand, and slip it into mine. O, don't look so; I am used to playing beggar! I have been a beggar some months now! But I cannot always get my dollar a day, and then I suffer — O, yes, I suffer!"

He made me promise not to mention him to any one; he received his dollar, and left me.

Overcome by sorrow and humiliation, I threw myself upon the sofa and longed for death. I suffered the bitterness of despair. Then I remembered my God, and prayed, as I never had prayed in my life before! And I arose subdued, and resigned, and patient.

CHAPTER XII.

PEACE AT LAST.

WHEN, on returning to my boarding-house, I entered the parlor that evening, I found Willie Graham already there, seated beside a beautiful young lady. He arose and introduced us.

The stranger was Miss Evaline Brooke. Her father, who was president of the railroad company which employed Willie, had just returned from the Eastern States, and brought his daughter with him.

This was her second visit to San Francisco, and she and Willie met like affectionate old friends. The events of the day had made me so thoughtful and sad that conversation was an effort, and I soon relinquished the attempt, and tried to divert my mind by studying Miss Brooke in an artistic sense.

She was truly a lovely model for a painter. To a peachy, child-like complexion was added the charm of soft brown eyes and silvery-golden hair. Her eyebrows and lashes were golden brown, and sufficiently well defined to give character, without hardness, to her face, and her sweet red lips looked always ready for a kiss.

She was in a merry mood this evening, and

seemed determined to make Willie respond to it; nor was he at all unwilling. I watched them with pleasure, feeling glad that he need not share my wretchedness, until, when they were singing together at the piano, our hostess whispered to me, —

"Miss Brooke seems as fond of Mr. Graham as ever! Last winter they were always together. It will be a fine match for him; her father is worth five millions, and has only two children," &c.

O, what a sharp pain pierced my heart! I struggled to hide my emotion, and succeeded a while, until at last Willie came to my side, and asked, in a low tone, if I was not well.

"Not quite as well as usual," I replied. "My head aches."

"I should think it would!" he exclaimed. "Will you not tell me, Emma, what troubled you to-day?" and he looked anxiously at me.

"I cannot tell you, Willie; not now. And it was nothing — nothing!" I tried to speak lightly, but my eyes fell before his look, and he was displeased. He left my side, and I soon went to my own room.

During the long, weary hours of that wakeful night I reviewed the past, and discovered that I had always loved Willie Graham; that I never could love another. Then I tried to imagine the future, and decided that I could never marry him; I must live alone, and solace myself with art! For Miss Brooke was so much more beautiful than I, that Willie must admire her more; and though I knew that money could not influence him in choosing a wife, yet her father's spotless reputation, his honorable position, might.

Then I shuddered at the thought that he might, perhaps, meet my wretched father, and recognize him!

And even though Willie loved me, and wanted me for his wife, could I fasten upon his future, so promising of happiness and renown, the disgrace and sorrow of mine?

"No! No! No! Impossible for me to injure him whom I love so much!" I sobbed out.

For days and weeks I tormented myself with these thoughts. My spirits were very variable. I was sometimes lively and talkative; at others I could not arouse myself to join the conversation. I was friendly to Miss Brooke, partly because I could not help liking her, and partly because any unfriendliness would have been remarked.

I invited her to my studio, where she came frequently; and after a while I made a beautiful study of her head, which occasioned Mr.

Brooke to give me an order for a full-length portrait of his lovely daughter.

Eva, as we all called her, became very fond of me in her enthusiastic way, but once she said, —

"Emma, do you know I am greatly disappointed in you!"

"Disappointed! How?"

"Why, last winter Mr. Graham used to tell me about you and your mother; he promised that I should see you both some day; and he said, that although you generally seemed quiet and reserved, you always appeared to be very happy. But, indeed, you are often sad! You will look so troubled sometimes, and sigh so heavily, that I am broken-hearted to hear you! O, what have I said? It is true then? But you will not confide in me? Forgive me then! O, I am sorry!"

I conquered my agitation, and assured her that I was homesick for my mother, which, indeed, was quite true. But Miss Brooke told Willie of this, and he was greatly troubled; especially since I annoyed him in another way. We had been used, before my father came, to walk to business together every morning after breakfast, for his office was only a few blocks beyond my studio; but lately I had avoided this.

Sometimes I would hasten down stairs, and get breakfast before the others, on the plea that I wished to go to work early, and could not wait for Willie. Other mornings I came very late to breakfast, and afterwards lingered in my room, on one pretext and another, until Willie could no longer wait for me, but was forced to set out alone.

For every day I met my father, and gave him a dollar, and I feared Willie would soon observe the regularity and frequency of this, and discover the truth.

Sometimes the miserable man would sit crouching on some steps in the sunshine with a shabby old hat at his feet, into which I dropped the money. Sometimes he came walking towards me, shambling along with head bent down; then he would pull off his hat with a flourish, and hold it to me.

If I was alone, and no one very near, I always stopped a few minutes, and entreated that he would let me provide a comfortable home for him, for every day he seemed thinner and weaker. But he constantly refused, and always, after these encounters, I felt for hours oppressed by grief and mortification because my father had sunk so low.

Once Miss Brooke was with me when I met him, and she followed my example in giving

him alms! I thought my heart would burst with humiliation and anguish! Fortunately, she did not happen to glance at my face for a little time, and I was able to hide my feelings until alone in my studio.

But, ah, I suffered then! Life seemed utterly valueless, if much of it must be so spent. But I dared not give way too freely to sorrow, lest I should make myself ill. Then I remembered that mother would come to the city to see me on my birthday, and my uncle would be with her — and what could be done with my father? Would they blame me for giving him money to buy opium? How would mother bear the sight of him?

Ah, well! These distracting thoughts wore me out, and I sought refuge from them in work. Art was my solace. I could forget myself when absorbed with my delicate little pictures of microscopic life; and the pleasure I took in pleasing Mr. Stryker, who frequently came in to examine and admire my work, kept my spirits from utterly sinking.

The winter wore on in this way, my birthday was rapidly approaching, and I was trying to resolve whether I should tell mother about father, or whether I should try to keep him out of her way, when one morning he did not appear as usual. I thought I must have passed him on the street, and retraced my steps; and then again returning, I looked in every direction without seeing him.

I waited a while at the door of the studio building, and yet again went over the accustomed route, but father was nowhere to be seen.

"Ah, well," I thought, "something detains him; but he knows where to find me. I shall see him later in the day."

The day passed on, and he did not come. That night I could not sleep. I tossed and sighed, and wept and prayed, until, at last, the lingering hours crept on to daybreak, when I fell into a heavy slumber, and did not awake until the rest of the family had breakfasted and gone. I was glad of that, for my white cheeks and heavy eyes must have attracted attention.

Going into the street I looked in all directions. I walked very slowly, my eager eyes scrutinized every distant object, and I went back and forth repeatedly, but I could nowhere see my father.

On entering my studio I sank into the arm-chair exhausted, and striving to resolve what I had best do, but could form no plan. I dared not hire a detective officer to look for him — was he not an escaped convict? And yet I dared not leave him unsought, for he might

be sick, dying! At the same time I only knew, vaguely, that he boarded with a Chinese woman, probably in the Chinese quarter. I had repeatedly urged him to tell me where he lived, but he would not; he feared that I would take him by force from his filthy den, and confine him in some clean place, where he would be compelled to give up his degrading intoxication.

True, I had intended to do this. I had been trying first to win his confidence by the love and submission of a daughter, to afterwards appeal to his moral sense of honor and duty. I did not know then that an opium drunkard has no moral sense; that he is rapidly lapsing into complete idiocy; that he is utterly incapable of appreciating love, having himself become a merely selfish animal.

I could not resolve what to do, and I could not remain inactive. I paced my room like a lioness in her cage, so eager, so strong, but ah, so fettered! Then, to divert my thoughts, I tried to paint upon the rich drapery of Miss Brooke's picture; and as I looked upon the exquisite face I had pictured there, my heart seemed to throb with bitterness.

"She," I thought, "has everything! Fortune, position, a most honorable father — and O, she has taken my Willie also! The one man, of all in the world, for whom I ever cared — and there are so many young men here to choose from, but she must take him! No other would content her! I am to have nothing — not even one of all her many blessings!

"I have never had a father — that man has been only a disgrace! My angel mother will go to her grave broken-hearted because of him; she must learn about him soon; and I — I must live alone in life! Willie would have compensated for all; but she has robbed me of Willie!"

Later in the day, however, I remembered that Willie had always been the truest of friends to me; and feeling unable to bear any longer this suspense about my father, I had just determined to go to Willie, and tell him my troubles, when he rapped at the door, and entered.

"Why, Emma!" he exclaimed. "What is the matter?"

Sobbing, I laid my head on his shoulder, and implored his aid to find my father. I told him all.

"He has been found," said Willie. "Not by detectives; not as you think; the police do not know who he is; but he has sent for you."

"For me! O, let us go!"

"Wait a few minutes, Emma; they are taking him now to a hospital; we shall find him there."

"He is sick then?"

"Yes; he was hurt in a brawl at the wretched house where he lodged; accidentally hurt, he says. He will not live many days! There, there, dear Emma! Let me comfort you! O, why did you not confide in me? Why did you try to bear all this alone?"

"Yes, Willie," I sobbed, "I should have told you when you rapped that day at my door while he was here, and you asked what troubled me. I had not promised him then. I should have told you!"

"You could have told me at any time, Emma; an extorted promise is worth nothing! And O, my darling girl! had you a right to keep anything from me? I love you so; I have loved you so long. O, Emma, for years I have hoped to marry you some day. Will you not soon be my wife?"

"Willie!" I exclaimed in astonishment, "why — why I thought you loved Miss Brooke."

"Miss Brooke! Why, Emma! O, she is a charming girl, and all the young men are in love with her! To me she seems like a sweet little sister; but *you*, Emma, you are my love! I have been thinking of you, and planning for you, and saving money to build a home for you, all these years! Your mother made me promise not to speak to you on the subject until you were eighteen; and now see how wicked I am, for you will not be eighteen for three days yet! O, darling! you have not answered me. Can you not say yes?"

"O, yes!" I murmured softly, and looked at him, and he must have seen the strength and truth of my feelings, for he caught me in his strong arms, and neither of us could speak for a moment.

We found my father lying white and still, clean shaven and washed, on a little white bed in a private room of the hospital. His head was bandaged with wet compresses, and he looked peaceful and contented.

"I sent for you, Emma," he whispered, "because I thought they would not give me any opium — but they did; the doctor says I can have it every day while I live. He is good to me, and I have no pain now."

He was dying when mother came. She talked to him of Heaven, and he listened with a smiling face (being under the influence of opium); she folded his hands upon his breast and prayed at his bedside so fervently and pa-

thetically, that even the nerve-hardened nurses were moved to tears.

When she rose from her knees, his body was cold. And poor mother was so happy in her belief that he had died repentant and forgiven, that her whole life was peaceful and blessed from that hour.

I have long been a beloved and happy wife. The lessons taught by sorrow and humiliation in my early youth have never been forgotten. My pictures teach lessons to every one who sees them, and they are sent all over the world now.

When Miss Brooke learned of my engagement, she told me the story of her own love. It had, alas! been stormy and hopeless, for she loved a young missionary, and her father would not consent to their union.

But Willie and I helped her, and mother added her entreaties, and at last our dear Evaline was married to the man of her choice, and time has proved that she chose wisely.

WAITING UPON SUE.

BY PENN SHIRLEY.

"I'VE a great mind to invite Sue to go to that spelling-school with me," said Clum Belcher to himself, outlining a spread eagle on the fly-leaf of his Geography, while his face flushed crimson, like South America on the map. "If the boys would only let a fellow alone, now, and not tease him so!"

All the time the master was hoping his scholars would conduct themselves at the Ward district that evening like ladies and gentlemen, and reflect honor upon their teacher, Clum was screwing up his courage, meanwhile putting extra flourishes into the eagle's tail, till it resembled a feather duster.

"I don't care; I'll ask her, by hokey!" said he to himself, giving Sue a side glance across the aisle as he rose with the rest for dismissal.

He composed a polite little speech, too, but on delivery it changed into this:—

"Look here, Sue! Go out to spelling-school with me to-night, will you?"

Sue turned round half frightened, and saw him clutching her apron-string, and blushing with all his might.

"I—don't—know," hesitated she, blushing herself, for she also was bashful, though never awkward like Clum.

"Come, now, do! I can take you as well as not."

Sue looked perplexed. She had never been invited to a spelling-school before in her life, for all she was at home on all the hard words, from phthisic to parallelopipedon.

"Well, yes. I'll go if auntie's willing," said she, hurrying on as others crowded behind them down the aisle.

"Then I'll call for you at half past six—if father'll let me have the horse," said Clum, embarrassed, scolding himself next moment for adding the last clause—so babyish for a lad "going on fourteen"!

"She must think I *am* an infant," fumed he, rushing home pell-mell, and through his evening work, in torment lest he should be late.

As if a boy could be late in keeping his first engagement as escort! Indeed, the Wilburs had only just risen from tea when Clum drove up in his Sunday suit, quaking to the tips of his shiny boots.

"Too bad, Columbus, for you to come so far out of your way for Sue," said the quizzical doctor, appearing at the door in his slippers.

The doctor was Sue's uncle, whom she was visiting that winter. Her own home was in Cambridge.

"O, I'd as lief come as not," stammered Clum, arranging Sue's soapstone, and too much confused to know what he was saying.

"You would, honestly? Well, it's a relief to me to hear that," laughed the doctor. "I was really afraid you were doing penance in the cause of orthography. Take care that you don't tip over, Columbus, whatever you do. You know, I suppose, what a tip over is prophetic of?"

"Of chills, tell him, Columbus," cried merry Mrs. Wilbur, pulling her husband in.

"Now, off with you, children, and have a good time."

"Yes'm. Good night," answered the little folks in a breath, as they rode away, sitting up as stiff as a pair of vases on a mantel-piece, with ample room too for a clock between them.

Sue said, wasn't it a splendid evening? Clum thought it was, and wasn't the sleighing prime! Sue was sure its like had never been known. Whereupon Clum said emphatically that the fellow that could manage to upset on such a road wasn't fit to drive a rocking-horse. Never, it would seem, were two persons more harmonious in their tastes. Never once did they fail to agree on a topic; but, unfortunately, they failed on topics presently.

"Cold, Sue?" asked Clum after a prolonged silence.

"O, no, indeed."

Another pause, during which both racked their brains for something to say, and Ebenezer trotted bravely on, his head high up like a giraffe's, thanks to Clum's tight check-rein.

"There's a team ahead. I do believe it's a load of wood," was Sue's next remark, in an animated tone, as if a load of wood were an object of deep interest.

"Yes, and a pretty heavy one," said Clum. "What a fuss the man makes over his oxen!"

For, hearing bells behind, the driver was urging them into the snow, in order to give half the road to the approaching sleigh.

"No need of that parade. I can drive by well enough," said Clum, snapping his whip, and dashing past the sled, without observing a deceitful slope at the right.

In a twinkling over they went into a snow-drift, Clum here; Sue there; lap-ropes everywhere.

"Shouldn't be so spry, my little man," said the teamster, lifting the sleigh right side up. "'Haste makes waste,' you know."

Little man, indeed! Clum gave a quick glance at Sue. She was sitting on the soapstone, laughing so merrily that she couldn't have heard the remark. If he was ever thankful for anything, he was thankful for that!

"One thing is sure, we'll not tell a soul," they agreed, as they rode on toward the Ward district, social now as two magpies. "If they should find out about it at school, they'd hector us to death."

And for all Clum's chagrin, he felt pleased to share a secret with rosy little Sue. He couldn't help it. Yet neither of them mentioned the doctor, nor his roguish warning with regard to an overturn — of course not!

When they reached the school-house, the captains were choosing sides; and as they entered, the one on the right called out Sue's name, and the one on the left Clum's, though there were plenty of boys and girls in the seats waiting to be chosen. Clum felt this to be a distinguished honor, and held his head very erect all the evening.

At recess Master Bailey came along, and patted him on the shoulder, saying, —

"I want to ask a little favor of you. my boy. Will you lend me your horse a few minutes to take a turn in the fresh air? I have a wretched headache."

"O, certainly, sir," Clum said, glad to

oblige the master, who would have no horse at his own disposal till nine o'clock, when his landlord's son was to come for him.

But if the poor boy had remembered Mr. Bailey's habit of abstraction, he might well have hesitated; for where a man keeps his mind in one place and his body in another, it is sure to make it awkward for somebody.

Away from the heated room, the master found himself so greatly refreshed, that he was quite equal to calling on Miss Ward, at the extreme summit of the hill.

"I won't stay two minutes," he thought, as he crossed the threshold; but once inside the cosy sitting-room with Miss Lucia, he took no note of time, or of anxious Clum, chafing now at his non-appearance.

A half hour went by. Clum pressed his ear against the frosted pane behind him, and listened. No sound of distant bells. Three quarters. The tallow candles were burning low; the teacher's voice grew hoarse; and still no sign of the wandering Ebenezer. Fifteen more dreadful minutes of suspense, and the captains numbered their sides, and spelling-school was over. Alas! where could the master be? or, rather, where were the horse and sleigh? Clum cared very little for Master Bailey just then.

"He's served a fellow a pretty trick," said he to Sue, savagely. "Shouldn't wonder if he'd had one of his thinking spells come on, and the horse had stopped somewhere without his noticing it!"

"Never mind, this cold must rouse him," laughed Sue, turning her face from the rising north wind, which rushed fiercely in at the entry.

Wretched Clum hardly knew of the change in the weather. He himself was uncomfortably warm under the fire of his schoolmates' badinage.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" quoted one, from the Fifth Reader.

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go," sang another.

"The streets were so narrow, I had to take my wife home on a wheelbarrow," cried a third.

"Shut up! will you?" said Clum, curtly, while Sue retreated to the stove in the deserted school-room.

Sleigh after sleigh jingled away with its gay load till all were gone but the boy in charge of the key, who stood impatiently waiting, with his cap drawn over his ears. Suddenly came the welcome sound of approaching bells, and Sue stepped out upon the door-step be-

side Clum, followed by the sleepy boy, who speedily locked the door and ran home.

But these were not Ebenezer's bells. Clum recognized them as belonging to the landlord's white pony. Jack Hillyer had come for the master.

"You're freezing, Sue," said Clum, ruefully. "You'd better go with Jack, and leave me to bring the master, if he ever gets back from Jericho!"

"Just as you say, Clum," said Sue, her teeth chattering. "May be auntie *will* be getting nervous about me."

And so Sue rode home with handsome Jack, leaving crestfallen Clum alone upon the step to beat his breast and warm his chilled fingers if he could. It might have been ten minutes later, though to Clum it was sixty, when Master Bailey drove placidly along, gazing at the heavens.

"Ah, Columbus, I'm a trifle late, I see. Sorry to have kept you waiting. Have you been amusing yourself by tracing the constellations? It's a lovely clear night for that."

"No, sir," said Clum, shortly, hastening to explain matters.

"Yes, yes, I understand, Susan has gone on with Jack. It's just as well, just as well precisely; you and I can have a pleasant chat. I have made a good bargain in exchanging Jack for you."

Clum reached forward for the whip, and dashed towards home at a furious pace, wishing it were the week after next. Wouldn't the boys chaff him in the morning for taking a girl to spelling-school, and not taking her back again? *Wouldn't* they, though?"

Ay, and didn't they? until he felt life to be almost a burden. And for Sue, it was not much easier, especially as the story of the overturn reached the doctor's ears through the teamster's wife, who was one of his patients. Indeed, the two young people hardly dared to speak to each other for the term.

But now Clum is a tall student, with mustache and cane. I observe he is very fond of calling at Sue's home in Cambridge, and talking with her about "old times," though he never takes along Master Bailey, who is tutor now in the college, and has a decided bent for astronomy. I overheard Clum telling Sue the other day of the rumor that Mr. Bailey failed of marrying Miss Ward because he forgot his wedding-day. And, apropos of weddings! When I see Sue and Clum so gay and happy together, I sometimes fancy that their tip-over of long ago may end in one. But there! you can't tell.

TRUE LOVER'S KNOT.

BY JENNIE JOY.

SHE stood knee high in the milk-white clover,
Braiding a true lover's knot, she said;
And, twisting the bright strands over and over,
Was tying my heart in with every thread.

Over and through, while the day-god lingers;
Over and through, while his banners fair
Turn the strands to gold in her snow-white fingers,
And to gold the floss of her shining hair.

The bees pause anear, with their sweet stores laden,
Forgetting their queen in her white-celled bed;
The birds circle round, while the red-tipped maiden
Keeps tying my heart in with every thread.

She knows where the oriole's nest is swinging;
She knows where the white cell awaits the bee;
She knows the low nest where the dove is singing,
But she knows not the chains she has wrought for me.

The knot, all complete, in her hand lies lightly.
"Now, he who unties it, the same I will wed."
Ah, me! Did she know, when she bound it so tightly,
She was tying my heart in with every thread?

— "Some years since," says Mr. Jevons, in his new work on money, "*Mademoiselle Zélie*, a French singer, made a professional tour round the world, and gave a concert in the Society Islands. In exchange for an air from *Norma* and a few other songs, she was to receive a third part of the receipts. When counted, her share was found to consist of three pigs, twenty-three turkeys, forty-four chickens, five thousand cocoanuts, besides considerable quantities of bananas, lemons, and oranges." This kind of money had *intrinsic value*, but it was not so *convenient* as paper money.



THE FISHERS.—HOME AGAIN.

BROUGHT TO THE FRONT;

OR,

THE YOUNG DEFENDERS.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SHARP QUAKER.

THE people of the good town of Lancaster could scarcely credit the report of their own senses, when they beheld, about four o'clock in an afternoon, this band of stalwart men and boys, clad in hunting frocks, Indian leggins, and moccasins, with rifles on their shoulders, tomahawks and scalping-knives at their belts, marching leisurely up the principal street beside their teams.

Men and women by scores, from Swatara, Minisink, Tulpehocken, Augwick, and the whole Cumberland Valley, with consternation depicted on their faces, leading children half naked by the hand, having left their all behind them, and fearing an Indian in every bush, were to them objects of daily observation.

But it was long since they had seen in their streets a pack-team — everything complete, except that there were no bells on the beasts — loaded with furs, and coming to trade as of old, some of the men walking, some riding, all smoking their pipes; for trade with the frontiers had come to an end. Indeed, the Susquehanna was fast becoming the frontier, and the Indians were between them and its waters.

The settlers were much surprised at the exorbitant value set upon all they were under the necessity of buying, and the low estimate put upon every article *they* had brought to sell, especially as they knew that furs were scarce, on account of the Indian outbreak, as also potash, the Lancaster dealers offering them even less than Ephraim Cuthbert had given them at their own doors. The last dealer they inquired the prices of was a Quaker. Our readers know how strong were the prejudices of Holdness in that direction; and the suspicions of the shrewd and rough-spoken frontiersmen were now aroused.

"Andrew," said Holdness, turning to M'Clure, "these broad-brims are worse'n the Indians, for they despise ter cheat their own color. These ere chaps think we don't know anything, 'cause we come out of the woods; that we're a good ways from home, on expense, feel kind of worried 'bout our families, want ter git back, and mean ter take advantage of

us, and git their own price for their truck, and give us what they please for ours."

"That's so, Brad; this ere white-livered consarn, who looks as though he'd been buried, and dug up nine days arterwards, would cut your throat with a feather. What kind of a conscience must the critter have, to ask six dollars a bushel for salt?"

"Look here, neighbors," said Holdness, "s'pose'n we do this ere, — go back ter the Susquehanna, build a camp on the banks of the river, — the river won't ask us anything for a drink of water; we kin kill enough small game ter make our provisions hold out; the beasts kin git their living with a little corn, — build two big birches; we kin do it, all on us, in a day, put all our stuff in, and go down the river ter Baltimore. I'm 'quainted with people there I've bought of and sold ter this twenty year."

"We'll do it," said Grant; "if there's a fall, we'll carry around it."

"Will the bark peel this time of year?" said Maccoy.

"We kin make it peel by heating the tree," replied Grant, "and the beasts will be well rested and in capital order, when we come back, for a hard journey home."

The canoes were built; Holdness, Armstrong, and his son went in one canoe, Maccoy, Rogers, Con Stiefel, and Grant in the other, which was the larger.

Both men and beasts lived well in camp. Cal Holdness made bark lines and Indian hooks; and caught fish in the river; they shot wild turkeys, coons, and partridges in the woods, and thus saved their corn bread and salt provisions to sustain them on the way home, when they would not dare to fire a gun, for fear of attracting attention.

While Holdness and his companions were absent, M'Clure, Rogers, Cal Holdness, Hugh Crawford, Will Grant, and several others, leaving Jim Stewart to take care of the camp, mounted the beasts, and rode over to Lancaster, and, tethering their mules and horses outside the town, strolled about to see what was going on, when Cal was suddenly clasped by some one behind, who gave vent to a joyful yell of recognition; and, turning round in surprise, he found himself face to face with Nat Cuthbert, and instantly responded to the greeting as cordially as it was given.

"How are you all?" screamed Nat, flinging his cap on the ground, and rushing into the midst of the circle, that now gathered about him. "How are you all to-day, and to-morrow, and the day after? How have you been?"

Where are you going to? How are you, Rogers, and Hugh Crawford, and Will Grant, and you, Mr. M'Clure? I see you've all got your rifles and tomahawks."

"We've got so used to carrying 'em we don't feel at home without 'em," said M'Clure; "they're in our hands or by our side all day, and when we go to bed we put 'em within reach."

"How did you leave the folks at home?"

"Prudence Holdness is married to Jim Blanchard!" shouted Will Grant.

"He lies; she ain't," said Cal Holdness; "nor like to be to anybody."

"How came you here, if the Indians didn't drive you off?"

Cal explained matters to Nat, who had on his head the very coon-skin cap he had made for himself at the Run, and now picked up from the ground and replaced; and, though unarmed, was clad in a hunting shirt, Indian leggings, and moccasins.

"You don't look much like a Quaker, friend Cuthbert; nay, verily, thou dost not," said Cal, eying him with great curiosity.

"I was out of my time a month ago," said Nat; "and I felt I must give up some parts of the Quaker belief, and help defend the country."

"It never was more than skin deep, I reckon; and I'm glad you've come to your senses," said M'Clure.

"Has Harry got my rifle, Cal?"

"Guess he has; and powder-horn and shot-pouch. He cleans it every little while, 'cause he said he knew, by the way you acted when you gave it to him, that you meant to come back."

"There's the old farm and house all ready for you," said Will Grant, "only you'll have to make a new hominy-block."

"Hold your tongue, Will," said Hugh Crawford. "Don't you see him blush?"

"Going home with us — ain't you?" said Cal.

"Yes, I am; I came over here, to-day, from Litz, 'cause I heard they were enlisting men — some to build forts, chop, and hew lumber, and some for soldiers, to guard the laborers, and garrison the forts after they are built. They're going to have from twenty to seventy-five soldiers in a fort, 'cordin' to the importance of it; and while part of 'em are in the fort, the rest can be out on the scout, 'twixt that fort and the next one. I thought if I got into one of the laboring gangs that were going to build a fort on the Juniata, I might get from there to the Run."

The readers of the previous volumes of this series will doubtless recollect Mrs. Raymond, the good Quakeress, who discharged the duty of a mother to Mr. Honeywood while an inmate of the household of Henry Clavell, his benefactor, who sent Honeywood to school, taught him the trades of gunsmith and blacksmith; at least, in good degree.

Holdness found her in the old spot, engaged in keeping house for Mr. Baxter, the nephew of Clavell, and his heir. Great were the surprise and delight of Mrs. Raymond at meeting with Holdness. She had a great many inquiries to make in relation to Edward, as she called Honeywood, insisted upon entertaining the whole company during their stay, while Baxter, equally hospitable, made them a lot of horse-nails, that only required pointing. At parting, Mrs. Raymond gave them books and writing-paper for the school — a most acceptable present.

The settlers had reason to congratulate themselves that they came to Baltimore. They obtained salt for one half the price asked at Lancaster, disposed of their furs and other articles to better advantage, and Holdness was offered, by those with whom he had traded for many years, credit to any extent he might desire, and improved the opportunity to purchase a large number of files. Files were very highly valued by the frontier people, not merely because of their immediate use, but also because they were made of the best steel, and, when worn out, could, in the hands of Honeywood, be forged into knives, awls, gun-springs, teeth for flax-combs, wheel-spindles, and the large ones could, by being welded together, be used to steel axes, tomahawks, and chisels.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE Foe AT HAND.

IN coming to Lancaster, Holdness had, to a great extent, made use of paths known only to the Indians and a few of the more experienced hunters and trappers, and, in so doing, he had passed unmolested.

But now the horses and mules were heavily laden, and they must take the regular route, which rendered the return path perilous in the extreme.

Their number was increased by the addition of Nat Cuthbert. He had an excellent rifle at the Run, and, as he was not overburdened with money, did not wish to buy another, and was still less inclined to go unarmed. Baxter had in his shop an old smooth-bore, without lock or ramrod, that he had taken in the way

of part pay for a rifle. He put a good lock on it, made an iron ramrod, and lent it to Nat, who, buying a tomahawk, knife, and ammunition, was prepared for service, and thus an effective member of the band. After the first half day's travel they were constantly meeting fugitives, fleeing from the Indians, and seeking shelter in Lancaster and other towns still farther east. At some parts of the way the road was full: there were aged men with their canes, women and children on foot, several wounded people, partially healed, on crutches; others borne in wagons, with a few household articles, while the older children drove the cattle, and men with arms in their hands brought up the rear; though but too often those arms were in so poor condition as to be well nigh useless.

The countenances both of the fugitives and those who assumed the duties of escort, manifested far more of consternation than of any determined purpose to resist to the uttermost; and they gazed with wonder upon the frontiersmen who, with apparent unconcern, were smoking their pipes, and hastening voluntarily to encounter the very dangers from which others were fleeing; and some could not refrain from a word of friendly caution.

One aged man, following a wagon in which were his effects and a portion of his family, stepped into the middle of the road, and, leaning upon his staff, said to Holdness, —

"Neighbor, take an old man's advice and turn back; you'll be killed and scalped, every soul of you, afore ever you get to Carlisle. Don't be foolhardy, friend. It's a downright tempting of Providence."

"Thank you kindly, father; but we can't turn back; our families are expecting us, and we carry our providence with us," tapping, with his fore-finger, the breech of his rifle.

"Some of us frontier people," said M'Clure, "are killed three or four times a year, and soon as we're dead we eat an herb that grows in the woods, and come to life agin."

"How can a man eat after he is dead?"

"Nobody can, 'cept he's a frontiersman; better go with us, father; you'll be safer than you are now."

"If I went with you I should think I was going straight to my grave; but I wish you well, and good day."

The reason that Holdness and M'Clure treated the well-meant caution of the old gentleman so lightly was, that they feared the effect and the influence of such scenes and conversations upon the boys; but as the latter glanced along the line, and caught the expression of their

faces, he felt there was no cause for anxiety in that respect, and dismissed the subject altogether from his mind.

Indeed, the proud-spirited and ambitious youth seemed to consider the fugitives they met as an inferior order of beings, with whom they had very little in common. They were frontier boys, were proud of Holdness, and M'Clure, and Israel Blanchard, proud of their rifles, and, more than all, of themselves.

When the borderers had advanced as far as Swatara Creek, they found at a spring about twenty persons, who had stopped to rest and water their cattle; a portion of them were armed with guns, while the majority had only pitchforks, axes, and scythes fastened to poles. They were bringing, on pack-horses, their household goods, and, in a wagon, their wounded neighbors — a father and four children, one a nursing babe.

It was a most pitiful sight. The father was wounded in his left breast, though not severely. O, no! the deadliest, deepest wound was in his mind; that was shattered by sorrow. Poor man! he was broken-hearted and quite discouraged.

Two children lay on some straw, scalped, and uttering low moans, their heads covered with poultices. The little babe, uninjured, lay on a cushion, and a girl, apparently about thirteen years of age, sat beside it watching, and ministering to the wants of the father and the other children.

Here Holdness and his party also stopped to feed and water their cattle; and while thus engaged several children and armed men came up, driving cattle.

The frontiersmen had brought with them from Lancaster some wheat bread and other little comforts, that they were taking home to their families, which they shared with the wounded, and obtained from the wretched parent the following information.

"You see, friend M'Clure, — I think that's what that lad called you, — there was ten of us in the family — me, and wife, and eight children. That poor little thing, sleeping there, is only fourteen days old, and that biggest boy with the cattle, he's fourteen years. We knowed there was Indians round, and had been dreadful uneasy and getting ready to flee for some days, when one morning, just at light, we heerd guns that we thought must be at Thomas Brewer's, one of the neighbors, and saw a light like that of a building on fire. We started and ran down the road towards the fort; my wife carried the baby, that biggest boy his brother James, and I took little Nan.

We were running as fast as ever we could, when two Indians fired at us out of the bushes; one missed, and t'other gave me this wound in the breast."

"Didn't you have any gun?"

"Yes, I had a gun; but the main-spring was broke; it wouldn't go off; but they didn't know it, and I pinto it at 'em, and that kept 'em off a little; then seven or eight more come: they killed little James; one of 'em struck my wife on the head, and she fell on her face, with the baby right under her, and he trod on her neck, and tore off her scalp. Then they begun to hunt after the children, who had run into the bushes, and drive 'em up in a bunch, and tell 'em, 'Be still, and we won't hurt you.'

"My wife she come to, and sat on a stump, and give the child suck, to keep it quiet; but the Indian stuck a hatchet in her head, and killed another of the children, and knocked down and scalped these two in the wagon, and, I s'pose, would have killed us all, but just then some of our people come and shouted, and the Indians run, but not till they had burnt the house and everything in it. All the children what they scalped died on the spot but these. I expect these will, and then this poor, little, dear babe. O, friend, it's awful to see your folks killed and scalped right afore your eyes."

"When you knew that there were Indians round, — and you must have known it this three months, — why didn't you git this gun fixed, and git more guns, and powder, and lead? Then you might have staid in the house, and made a fight of it for a long time, till the neighbors heerd the guns and come. That boy is big enough to shoot, and your wife could have loaded the guns."

M'Clure, remembering only his own iron nature and readiness of resource, had required more than the poor man before him was capable of executing.

"I know I ought to have done so," replied the sufferer; "but money was scarce; I had a good many to provide for, and we could not think, though we knew there were Indians round, that they would venture so far east."

"It's a pity you didn't look ahead; for, if a gun that wouldn't go kept them off, two or three that would go would have sent them to the right about face."

More or less of fugitives they met all along the road, till they reached Carlisle: here were some eight or ten log houses, a strong fort, with block-houses, cannon, and a breastwork besides around the place; but, notwithstanding

this, and that the fort had a garrison of fifty soldiers, the houses were mostly deserted.

Holdness and his company were invited to take up their quarters in the fort, but they said they had enough of fortifying at home, and, putting their beasts at night in one of the deserted hovels, they set their watch, and camped behind the breastwork.

Remaining one night and day, they resumed their journey at twilight. They had now entered upon a wilderness dotted here and there with deserted cabins, the occupants of which had either fled or been murdered, and where the savage roamed unmolested. and the greatest vigilance was used. Holdness and M'Clure, aided by a bright moonlight, explored the path far in advance. Grant and Armstrong guarded the flank, Maccoy and Blanchard brought up the rear, while the boys followed along on each side, at the head of the beasts, who, as they were homeward bound and used to the road, needed no guiding or driving.

Approaching a gap in the Blue Mountains, through which the road wound, they turned abruptly the base of a shelving cliff, that hung far over the vale below. Heaped high against this cliff were huge trunks of trees, some leaning against it, others piled across in every imaginable direction. In the course of years, frost and flood had brought down from the mountain summit vast quantities of rocks, earth, and brush, that, at first supported by the timber, were now firmly wedged and compacted by their own weight.

Indeed, much of the timber had decayed and been consumed by hunters, or others who had used this singular cavern as a camping-place, and taken it to build their fires. It was very high, more than fifty feet in length, but only about ten feet in width at the bottom, and closed at the end next the gap, but at the other presenting a large entrance, which would not have been perceived, as it lay in the shadow. Armstrong and Holdness alone were familiar with the nature of its formation, while the rest, as they passed, looked upon the mass as a mere heap of solid rock and earth; and so ancient was its date that bushes and saplings were growing on the surface.

They had travelled about a mile, by a narrow path between rocks and hills, and fringed with underbrush, when they entered upon a space where the mountains receded, and the soil was covered with a more open growth, through which the moon flung its light.

At once the silence was broken by the croaking of a frog. The train came to a dead halt, rifles were cocked, and Grant and Armstrong

crept silently to the front, and stationed themselves behind trees, while Blanchard and Maccoy came forward and took the places vacated by them.

A few minutes of breathless silence succeeded, during which moments seemed magnified to hours. Then came the crack of a rifle, and a yell of agony, instantly succeeded by another rifle-shot, and another death yell.

"Ah, two of the varmints have got their pills," said Grant.

His voice was drowned by the fearful sound of the war-whoop, and a shower of bullets rattled around the frontiersmen. The leading horse and the mule next him fell dead, a bullet pierced the cap of Israel Blanchard, and another entered the thigh of Hugh Crawford; and Nat Cuthbert's arm was broken.

"Ned," said Armstrong, "do you remember that pile of rocks at the turn of the path?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, it's hollow; do you and Elick Summerville take the cattle back there, and fasten 'em, and stay by 'em; we'll skirmish back by trees till we find out how many there is of 'em."

"I'll go," said Nat: "my arm's broke, but I can lead a mule. Let Ned stay and fight; I know he wants to."

"Well, Rogers, do you and Proctor go with Nat; you can't shoot as well as the rest; but you'll have your chance, or I'm mistaken."

Armstrong took the smooth-bore from Nat, and the party detailed to take care of the mules made the best of their way to shelter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE AIR FULL OF BULLETS.

THE bullets continued to fall thick and fast around the little band, but they no longer did execution, as the settlers were sheltered by trees. The Indians, ignorant of the number of their opponents, and having lost two of their number, were cautious. On the other hand, Holdness and Armstrong corresponded by signals previously arranged, and the boys, by command of the latter, spread out, to prevent the Indians from outflanking them; and as Holdness and M'Clure gradually fell back, while the others maintained their ground, they were soon within speaking distance of each other.

"What's done?" said Holdness.

"Nothing bad; two of the cattle are killed. Nat's arm's broke, and Hugh's got a flesh wound in the thigh; but it don't bleed bad."

"I reckon, by the bullets and the noise,

there's a lot on 'em; we'd better keep working back into the narrow part of the pass, where they can't surround nor outflank us."

The savages continued to fire, but as they feared to expose themselves sufficiently to obtain a good aim, their fire was expended on the trees. Armstrong was now in possession of two weapons, his own rifle and the smooth-bore of Cuthbert. He and an Indian had long been watching to obtain a shot at each other; the Indian was not far from the path, and the moonlight shining brightest there, exposed him to the gaze of Armstrong, who was more in the shadow: aware of this, the savage kept himself well sheltered.

Between the spur roots of the tree behind which Armsrong stood, sprang a slender sprout: placing his cap on it, he with his foot bent the sprout to one side, thus causing the cap to project from the tree. This instantly caught the eye of the Indian, who uncovered himself to secure an accurate sight; but before he could pull the trigger, Armstrong, aiming from the other side of the tree, shot him. Another savage, knowing that the rifle of the settler was empty, attempted to drag the body farther into the woods, and received the contents of the smooth-bore.

Astonished at this, the Indians, by common consent, slackened their fire for a while. Holdness and M'Clure were behind contiguous trees, and Cal Holdness and Ned Armstrong not far away. Holdness now conceived a plan of action that he contrived to communicate from tree to tree till all were made aware of it.

A stream ran through the gap in the mountain, crossing the mule track at some distance ahead, where it was fordable, with steep banks, somewhat shelving and thick with underbrush, and flowing in a very crooked channel among the hills, and thus crossing the path many times in the course of a few miles.

Holdness, followed by M'Clure, his son Andrew M'Clure, Cal Holdness, Ned Armstrong, and Con Stiefel, creeping down the bank of the stream, crawled along beneath it, completely concealed by overhanging trees and bushes, till they had gained the rear of the Indians, who were between them and the party of Armstrong; the latter, in the mean time, keeping up a sharp fire, that was returned by the Indians.

Guided by the sound of the guns, Holdness and his men ascended the bank while the attention of their adversaries was thus occupied. Looking from the thick shadow of the bushes into the more open forest, that the moonbeams penetrated, they could discern clearly the dark

bodies of their enemies as they stood in their covers, and, taking deliberate aim, poured in a deadly fire, instantly raising the war-whoop.

Surprised, but undismayed, a portion of the savages changed to the opposite side of their trees, presenting a firm front to their new enemies, while the rest retained their positions; and the contest continued, Holdness and his men spreading themselves, in order to present the appearance of a large party, and under cover of the night and the bushes, frequently changing their position, so that the fire, coming from many different points, might aid the deception. The parties were now so near that, had it been daytime, the rear of both bands of Indians would have been a mark for the opposite parties of settlers: they were within range, but the night prevented aim. Nevertheless, at times, a stray bullet from one or the other parties of the frontiersmen, missing its mark, would take effect upon an Indian, who, sheltered by his tree from one enemy, was exposed in the rear to another; and several of them were destroyed in this manner.

The keen senses of Holdness soon made him aware of this, and he lost not a moment in making it known to his men, who, whenever they saw the flash of an Indian's gun, as he fired at one of Armstrong's party, aimed at the flash, and often succeeded in killing their man, thus rendered visible.

In the surprise occasioned by the attack of Holdness and his men, an Indian jumped behind a tree barely large enough to cover his body, and could not move without exposing himself to the fire of M'Clure, who was watching for the least movement, in order to shoot him.

"Andrew," said M'Clure, "do you see that Indian behind that small sugar tree?"

"Yes, father."

"I'm going to tick the bark by his shoulder, and if he dodges, do you stand ready to give it to him t'other side."

M'Clure fired, and the bark flew from the tree; the Indian involuntarily threw himself in the opposite direction by the tree, and was shot by Andrew.

"Well done, my boy; couldn't have done better myself."

A bullet from the rifle of Con Stiefel, missing its object, passed on, and, by the merest chance, struck an Indian of the band opposite Armstrong on the leg; the savage, stooping, clapped his hand on the wound, and was instantly killed by Hugh Crawford, who had for a long time been in vain striving to get a shot at him.

The savages opposed to Holdness now endeavored to outflank him: unable to prevent this, on account of the smallness of his company, which the Indians had at length discovered, taking advantage of a cloud darkening the moon, he gave the signal to break and run for the main body. In accomplishing this, Holdness received a scalp wound, Con Stiefel lost the greater part of his right ear, and Ned Armstrong the middle finger of his left hand.

The whites gradually fell back from tree to tree, till they gained a position where the perpendicular cliffs prevented all the efforts of their enemies to outflank them, who, smarting under the severe loss they had experienced, and finding the whites retiring, pressed on with fierce yells.

Rogers was wounded in the neck, Maccoy had a furrow ploughed in his right cheek by a bullet; Mugford's foot slipping on a root as he was ramming down the bullet, thus exposing his person, he was killed.

When, however, they had reached the narrow portion of the gap, and the day began to break, affording opportunity for an accurate aim, the Indians were taught a different lesson. They dared not expose themselves in the least, lost many of their number, their ammunition began to fail, and their fire somewhat slackened.

M'Clure and Holdness had been long endeavoring to shoot the leader of the Indians, a Seneca, distinguished by a red breech-cloth, — and who conducted the battle with consummate skill, — but without success.

"I believe," said M'Clure, "I just grazed his shoulder this last fire."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when there came a volley and whoop from the mountain side, and the Indian chief, shot through the loins, with two others, fell dead behind their trees.

The Indians, finding their chief slain, and themselves exposed to a plunging fire they could not return, instantly fled, leaving their dead behind, — a thing never done by them but in cases of great exigency.

Will Grant, Rogers, and Richard Proctor, finding their friends had retreated towards the mouth of the gap, managed to find a spot where, by clinging to the bushes, they ascended the mountain, gained the rear of the Indians unobserved by them, and, concealed among the rocks and shrubs, had ample opportunity to select from among the savages those most exposed to their aim.

"Who shot that Indian with the red breech-cloth?" said Holdness.



THEY WOULD THEN HAVE THEIR BROTHER TO DANCE WITH THEM. Page 924.

"Will Grant. They've gone, Mr. Holdness, on the run," replied Albert Rogers.

"Don't be too sure of that, my lad; come down here, all of you, and let's see who's killed and who's wounded."

"Are you hurt bad, father? Your face and hair are all over blood," said Cal.

"Only a scratch along the scalp; but half an inch deeper would have fixed me."

"Half an inch deeper would have fixed me, too," said Israel Blanchard, taking a book from the breast of his hunting-shirt, in which a large musket ball was imbedded. "It's well I bought that spelling-book for Ned Honeywood's boy."

Holdness set the arm of Nat Cuthbert, that had been kept bound in wet moss, and M'Clure, with a stick and by means of gentle pressure, contrived to extract the ball from the thigh of Crawford, that, being nearly spent, was not deeply lodged, and cleansed the wound by blowing in water through a tube of elder, and afterwards sucking the wound.

In the packs left by the savages they found a great quantity of salves, made of roots and herbs powdered and mixed with raccoon's fat, that they applied to the wounds of all.

Israel Blanchard, Grant, and Armstrong despatched the wounded Indians, and took the scalps of the whole.

"How many do you make?" said Holdness, who had been occupied with Cuthbert's arm.

"Twenty-two; fifteen shot dead, and we've killed seven wounded," replied Maccoby; "and most like some that wasn't wounded so bad have got off, or been carried off by the rest."

"Here! come this way! See what I've found?" shouted Andrew M'Clure, who had been searching the bushes for dead Indians. "Here's a white boy and some more packs."

This drew the whole band to the spot, where they found a boy lying on his back, his feet and hands fastened to stakes driven into the ground, and near to him a bow, a bunch of arrows, blankets, and several Indian packs.

When questioned, he said that his parents, grandmother, uncle, and several cousins lived within a mile and two miles of Fort Cumberland, and thought they were safe there; but the Indians came, killed his father and two brothers in the field, and then came to the house and carried him, his mother, and two sisters into the woods.

The second day they killed and scalped his mother, because she couldn't travel, and the next day his two sisters. Then they separated, part of them going one way, and the one who took him and who killed his mother, going, with four more Indians, into the Path valley, where was a great lot of Indians; and they had

rum, and danced, and yelled, and killed cattle, and made a great feast; and they had a white man prisoner, whom he knew. The man told him the Indians had killed his uncle and grandmother, and carried off all his relations.

"How many Indians were there in the valley?" inquired Holdness.

"I don't know; an awful sight."

"How long did they stay there?" said M'Clure.

"Ever so long; and kept bringing cattle, and killing 'em, and white folks prisoners, and then they separated, and my master and some more came here."

"Do you know where they were going when we met 'em?"

"I heard one who talked English say that they were going to scalp the pale-faces on the Susquehanna."

"How old are you, my lad?"

"Fifteen, most."

"How did your master use you!"

"He was good to me, and told one of the other Indians, who could speak English, that he wouldn't kill me, and would make a great warrior of me; but the others used to beat me when he wasn't there, and knock me down with the handles of their tomahawks."

"Did he stake you down every night?"

"No, sir; only once afore, when the Indians were going to get drunk. He carried me into the woods, and staked me down; and I thought he was going to kill me; but I found, afterwards, that it was to keep the rest from killing me. He used to make me sleep 'twixt him and another Indian, and tie me to them. What will come of me? Where shall I go to?" said the little boy. "The Indians have killed my father and mother, and John, and Eben, and Mary, and Jane, and my grandmother, and aunt, and uncle William; and I ain't got no folks, and nowhere to go."

"You shall go home with me, my boy," said Holdness; "the Indians have killed two boys for me, and you shall be my boy. What is your name?"

"William Redmond."

"You shall be my little brother, Will," said Cal.

The boy flung his arms round Cal's neck and wept.

"Now," said Holdness, "it is best, afore we do any more, to eat; we've been either traveling or fighting all night."

"We have nothing," said Armstrong, "but hatchets and scalping-knives to dig a grave with; nevertheless we must do all we can to bury our neighbor decently."

"Here," said M'Clure, going a few rods to where a pine had been uprooted by the wind, "is the best place we can find."

The tree, in falling, had torn up with its spreading roots the soil for many feet around, leaving the ground beneath a black mould, free of stones, mellow, and clear of rubbish. In the centre of this spot they, with their hatchets, cut the earth, flinging it out with their hands, till a grave of medium depth was formed, and the body conveyed to the place on a blanket.

"Don't put him in the ground without a prayer or some good word said; it looks so heathenish for Christian people," observed Maccoy.

A long pause ensued, as no one felt himself qualified to offer prayer.

"Let us all join in the Lord's Prayer," said M'Clure.

This was done, a blanket spread over the corpse, and the earth thrown in.

The trunk of the tree, that had been but recently uprooted, was chopped off, and the stump began slowly to settle back into its bed, showing but little evidence of ever having been disturbed.

"It seems hard," said Armstrong, "to have to bury Mugford here in the woods. It will make his wife feel worse than if he had died and been buried at home."

"It is hard," said Holdness. "I have been through it, and know how it stings; but the roots of that tree will protect the body as nothing else could; and the stump marks the spot, and some time we'll take it home."

They now began to prepare for the road.

"Here are two dead beasts and four bushels of salt on 'em. What's to be done about it?" said Grant.

"We can't hide and leave it," said M'Clure, "'cause 'twill dissolve; we must leave the iron, nails, and other things that won't hurt, and put the salt in their place."

"We have got nothing but what we are in absolute want of," said Holdness; "and we can't afford to go through all we have gone through again, very soon."

Holdness, Blanchard, Grant, and Armstrong, were each of them possessed of remarkable personal strength and endurance; the rest were less powerful than their companions, though of more than average strength, and active.

They took the pockets from the pack-saddles, hid the wooden framework in the woods, and the four strongest men fitted these packets with straps to their backs, and thus took the

larger portion of the salt, the remainder being added to the loads of the other mules, a little to each, while the rest carried among them all the rifles, ammunition, and provisions of those who bore the salt, and even the shoes of the dead horse and mule, and the guns taken from the Indians.

"If we can get them ere guns home," said Armstrong, "we can arm every woman and the children."

Having posted their sentinels, they spent the remainder of the day in rest and sleep, and at sunset resumed their march. They made but a short journey that night. Crawford and Cuthbert could travel but slowly, one being crippled by his wound, the other carrying his arm in a sling, and both men and beasts heavily laden with salt, guns, and ammunition. The next day was cold and windy; they encamped among some fallen timber, behind the shelter of a hill, a position that afforded a cover in case they should be attacked, and Holdness made a fire in such a manner as not to attract observation.

By his direction several holes were dug in the ground, and on the bottom were placed pieces of charcoal obtained from logs, where fires had run through the woods, and small sticks that had been burnt to a coal. This, being kindled, burnt slowly and without smoke. They lay around these holes on brush, that they cut without noise by the means of their knives, letting their legs hang down in the holes, and, wrapped in their blankets, slept comfortably till morning; when, broiling on the coals the flesh of a deer Cal Holdness killed with his arrows, they partook of the best meal they had eaten since leaving the Susquehanna.

They were now approaching the house of the farmer whom they had informed of the murder of his nearest neighbor, and which they knew the occupant had removed from, when they were surprised by seeing a great light, and soon, as they went cautiously forward, heard the sound of voices.

Instantly leading the mules into a thicket, and leaving Rogers, Crawford, and Alex Sumerford to guard them, the rest, leaving the mule-path, pressed on through the woods, when they beheld the most ludicrous scene imaginable.

A war party of Shawnees, on their way to Berks County, had met an Indian trader, bound from Shippensburg to Raystown Fort, driving four mules, laden with articles of Indian trade, and also articles of female apparel, — bonnets, ribbons, colored handkerchiefs, — which he expected to sell to those who resort-

ed to the fort for protection. He had also several military coats and sashes, that had been intrusted to him to convey to Colonel Innes, at Fort Cumberland. In addition to these were scarlet blankets and breech-cloths, small looking-glasses, jewsharps, beads, vermilion, and lampblack, for Indian trade, and a large quantity of whiskey.

The delighted savages seized him forthwith, mules and lading, and coming to the deserted house, painted his face red, to intimate they didn't intend to kill and roast him, tied the poor wretch to the post of the well-sweep, and setting the barn, house, and corn-crib of the settler on fire, to afford them light, unpacked his mules, scattering the goods all over the ground, and, after drinking heartily of the whiskey, began to prepare for a dance, or, in Indian phrase, a "canticco."

It was the light from the burning buildings that had attracted the attention of Holdness and his companions. As they approached, the revelry was at its height, and, though bent on no friendly errand, the frontiersmen, especially the boys, were wonderfully amused.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PERILS OF AN INDIAN TRADER.

THE Indians, feeling themselves safe, had set no watch, and were too much under the influence of liquor to be easily alarmed, and their yells drowned the slight noise made by the settlers in approaching, that, under other circumstances, would not have escaped the keen senses of the red men.

Waiting for the glare of the flames to subside a little, Holdness sent back for Rogers, Crawford, and Alex Sumerford, when the whole party crept up behind the cover of a log fence and the hog-sty, and for a few moments contemplated the scene. Two of the savages had put on uniform coats of scarlet over their naked hides, women's bonnets on their heads, and with a looking-glass in one hand and tomahawk in the other, were singing and dancing with might and main.

Another very young savage, fond of display, had chopped the greater part of the tail from one of the trader's mules, suspended it from his neck by a red ribbon, and with an officer's sash tied around his waist, and half a dozen strings of beads about his neck, walked up and down in the light of the fire, with the greatest self-complacency, playing on a jewsharp.

One fellow, after arraying himself in a red breech-cloth and blanket, and a colored hand-

kerchief around his head, took the bells from the necks of the mules, and having fastened them to his tomahawk, shook it as he danced, exciting the envy of all his companions. Every now and then four or five would break off, and amuse themselves with throwing tomahawks at the trader's head, to see how near they could come without hitting him.

Their merriment then took another turn; they unbound, stripped, painted, and arrayed him in a scarlet breech-cloth, stuck his hair full of combs from his own stock of goods, tied beads around his neck, and putting a looking-glass in his hand, made him view himself, all the while patting him on the back, and complimenting him on his good looks, and calling him *brother*.

They would then have their brother to dance with them, and the two savages wearing the officers' coats, seizing him by the hands, whirled him into the midst of the dancers, while the young beau decorated with the mule's tail, laying aside his jewsharp, pricked him behind with a steel-pointed arrow when he did not manifest sufficient agility.

"Only see those beggars," said Holdness to Armstrong, "tormenting that poor critter, as a cat plays with a mouse afore she kills it. Do you take that feller with a captain's coat on. I'll take the one with a lieutenant's (lieutenant's). We'll change their tune for 'em."

The dance was stopped to permit the luckless trader to take breath and view himself in the glass—a matter the Indians seemed to consider of very great importance. The chirp of a cricket was now heard, and at the signal a shower of bullets rattled into their tawny hides.

The two attendants of the trader fell dead, dragging him down with them, others fell across them, and the ground was strewn with dead and wounded; the wild shouts and frantic laughter of the savages were succeeded by yells of agony, and the woods rung to the war-whoop of the frontiersmen, who, too eager to reload, leaped the fence, and rushed to the conflict tomahawk in hand.

The Indians for a moment hesitated, paralyzed by the combined effect of surprise and the liquor they had freely drank, and during that brief interval three of them fell beneath the blows of their vindictive foes. Another moment, and the survivors, seizing their arms, that were piled around the curb of the well, were darting through the woods, pursued by the boys. One was shot, as he ran, by Hugh Crawford, who, unable, by reason of his wound, to climb the fence as soon as the rest, had reloaded, and another, stepping on the string

of beads with which he had garnished his legs, tripped, and was tomahawked by Ned Armstrong.

"Come back!" shouted M'Clure; "they'll draw you into an ambush. They'll not hold another cantico this side of the Alleghanies."

"Ay," cried Holdness, in great exultation; "they say, when the pigeons make a party they don't invite the hawks; reckon we were intruders. We'll overhaul that pile of dead Indians, and see if the trader is dead or alive."

"If he's dead," said M'Clure, "it's no matter; they sell powder, lead, and guns to the Indians, to shoot their own countrymen with, and are a set of precious rascals."

"He's dead enough," said Will; "he'll sell no more powder nor whiskey to Indians. No, he ain't; he opens his eyes."

"Let me die in peace," faintly murmured the trader, who, mistaking the blood with which he was so plentifully soaked for his own, imagined he was *riddled* with bullets. He was found, however, to have received no other injury than a cut on the cheek from the broken looking-glass that was in his hand when he fell.

The daylight was now far advanced, and as the poor man looked around him, and beheld the wreck of his property scattered in every direction, and the greater part of it destroyed, he burst into tears, exclaiming,—

"It is all I had in the world, and part of these goods I had on credit."

This effectually melted the frontiersmen, who cherished a natural antipathy to Indian traders.

"Cheer up, man," said Holdness; "there's a good deal of it kin be picked up; we'll take you home to the garrison with us, and there you kin fix it up at your leisure."

Having washed off the paint and put on his own clothes, the trader wrapped himself in blankets, and lay down to sleep in the shelter of the woods,—the boys promising to collect his merchandise,—and was soon asleep. When breakfast was ready, they waked up the trader, fed him, and he lay down again.

The only building left unburnt was a large structure of logs, used for the double purpose of a hog-sty, and also for tying cattle when the barn was full. Into this they led the mules, and enclosed the building with logs taken from a neighboring fence, raised high enough to afford a cover from shot, and, posting their sentinels, slept unmolested, the boys, in the course of the day, collecting the scattered wares of the trader.

"I see by the cast of your eye you're another man than when you lay down," said M'Clure

to the trader, as they sat down to supper. "And what may I call your name?"

"My name's Simon Lombard, and I do feel like another man. I'm all right now."

When they came to pack the mules, it was found that three of them would carry all that remained of Lombard's goods, and then have light loads. The strongest mule was therefore loaded with salt, and some of the guns and the ammunition were also placed on the other three, which almost entirely relieved the frontiersmen of their burdens.

Let us now glance a moment at the state of affairs in the garrison.

"Neighbor Stewart," said Honeywood, "we have a large garrison, and not half men enough to man the walls. Would it not be well, now that we have arms and ammunition, to let the boys, and even some of the small ones, practise with ball cartridge? They can fire from a rest, if not able to hold out a gun."

"Ye could nae do a wiser thing; if so be our strength is sma', the mair need to mak a prudent use o' it."

This was done; and whenever a boy attained a certain degree of accuracy he was promoted to take charge of a loophole, the holes being all numbered.

It was almost time for forenoon school to be out; Sam and Tony were eagerly watching the sands as they slowly fell from the hourglass, when the drum beat to arms, and Sandy Maccoy, putting his head in at the door, sang out, —

"Indians!"

"Glory! it's raal Indians this time," cried Tony.

"Catamounts, to your loopholes!" shouted Sammy.

He received a box on the ear, as he rushed out of the door, from Mrs. Blanchard, while the girls and smallest children began to cry. Harry Sumerford had seen a bush in Cuthbert's pasture move, and gave the alarm.

Honeywood and Proctor mounted to a platform over the gate, constructed for a lookout, and to hold parley with any one outside, and around the front of which was a breastwork loopholed.

Here, concealed from observation, they kept watch. At the expiration of an hour they saw the bush quiver slightly, and an Indian, parting carefully the branches, look long and earnestly at the fort, and then withdraw. He was out of rifle-shot, and the day passed away without anything more to create alarm.

During the night James Blanchard, who,

from twelve till two, kept guard in the southwest flanker, heard some slight sounds that made him somewhat uneasy; but, fearing to be accused of cowardice if he gave unnecessary alarm, he suffered them to pass without challenge.

At length he thought he perceived a dim light, similar to that made by a glow-worm, directly beneath him, and, putting his rifle through the opening in the overhang, fired. The flame from the pan and muzzle of the rifle revealed the dark form of an Indian. Heinrich Stiefel, who was on duty in the opposite flanker, now fired, bringing the death-yell from the savage Blanchard had missed, instantly succeeded by the roar of musketry, and the fearful sound of the war-whoop, while a bright column of flame shot up beside the walls, showing the ditch full of crouching savages, who fled, carrying off the body of their companion, before the cannon, that was laid to rake the ditch, could be discharged.

Water was now poured into the flanker, extinguishing the fire. The Indians, with a subtlety worthy of them, had conveyed to the flanker a large quantity of flax and tow they found in the house of Ephraim Cuthbert, mixed with birch bark and pine cones, that, full of pitch, gave intensity to the flame, hoping, by burning the flanker that formed the corner, to make a breach by which to effect an entrance.

The restless foe now resorted to arrows, wrapped with birch bark smeared with pitch, that, being set on fire, were shot from bows, and fastened in the walls of the flankers, the roofs of the houses, and the stockade. But the timber was not dry enough to kindle, and the roofs were protected by clay mortar.

Another day passed, during which no sign of the presence of Indians was observed; but at daybreak the next morning, Archie Crawford, who was on the platform, received a bullet in his cap, and another, entering one of the loopholes, killed a hog in the pen.

During the night the enemy had betaken themselves to the stumps of the trees around the garrison; many of them had been cut high, some uprooted, and afforded a cover to the Indians, who lay on their bellies. In this manner they, during the forenoon, injured Bobby Holt with a ball nearly spent, as he was running across the yard, put another through a pail in which Mrs. Honeywood was taking water to the men at the loopholes, and gave Johnny Crawford a flesh wound in the leg.

The little fellow did not cry, but held his breath and set his teeth while his mother

bound it up, and seemed excessively proud of his mishap. On the other hand the Indians could not retreat, and the settlers, who fired but seldom, kept so close watch upon the natives, that they were not only compelled to remain in their cover, but could scarcely move a limb without receiving a wound. The boys, on the other hand, blazed away as fast as they could load the smooth-bores, till checked by their elders.

The Indians were not long in ascertaining that the fire in that direction was not very deadly, and did not fear to expose themselves when taking sight, and this accounted for the casualties at the boys' loopholes.

The loophole at which Sammy stood was larger than the average, by reason of a rotten place in the side, from which the wood had fallen out. This caught the eye of an Indian, who did not hesitate to expose the whole upper part of his body to take aim. It might be skill, it might be chance, but before he could pull the trigger, Tony fired, shooting him through the head; and, falling backwards, he rolled away from the stump dead. Tony stared a moment in bewilderment, and then, realizing what he had done, shouted, —

"I've shot an Indian! Zuckers! I've shot an Indian!"

"Tony's shot an Indian!" responded the rest; and all ran to peep out of Tony's loophole to see him.

"Back to your loopholes! Don't you know any better than to leave your posts in time of action? Tony, however, may go and tell his father and mother," said Honeywood.

Tony ran to the loophole at which his father stood.

"Hech, sirs! but ye're a braw lad and a bonny. I'll gie ye a rifle o' your ain, when you grow till't; and now gang tell your mither and a' the folks."

No marvel that boys grew up rude and savage, when the necessities of their lot compelled the settlers to put children to the loopholes who were obliged to stand on blocks to reach them, and when courage and self-reliance were purchased at the expense of all the other virtues.

An Indian, having betaken himself to a stump not large enough to cover him properly, could neither load nor fire without exposing himself to the rifles of Stewart and Stiefel. Lying on his left side, he loosened the earth with his scalping-knife, and with a piece of bark he had torn from a stump threw it out, thus making a pit in which to lie, and raising

around himself a breastwork at the same time.

"Harry," said Stiefel, "we are both going to fire at that Indian at once, and when he finds our guns are empty, he'll dig like blazes while we are loading, and then's your chance."

They fired, and, as Stiefel supposed he would, the Indian rose up and began to dig, when Harry, firing, killed him.

Honeywood, also, noticing that the bullets came in only at the loopholes where the boys were stationed, guessed the reason, and exchanged loopholes with Sam Sumerford. He had not occupied the place fifteen minutes before an Indian rose up to fire, and, before he could effect his purpose, Honeywood put a ball through him.

Night put an end to the contest, during which the Indians withdrew, carrying off and concealing their dead and wounded. The next morning there was great inquiry for Scip, who had not been seen since the alarm. After long search he was found under the floor of the school-house.

The first rays of the morning sun were shining in the faces of the return party, who were now descending the mountain range that overlooked the Run, hidden from them only by the inequalities and windings of the road. Holdness still bore upon his back one of the large pockets of the pack-saddle. There was no salt in it, but instead some moss, on which lay Will Redmond, sound asleep, with his arms around the neck of the frontiersman, completely worn out with the fatigues of the journey and the previous exposure to which he had been subjected.

Cal and Alex Sumerford, unable longer to endure suspense, now started ahead.

"Come back, one of you," said Ned Armstrong, "and let a fellow know — won't you?"

"I'll fire my rifle if everything looks right and the garrison is standing," said Alex.

In the course of half an hour they heard the gun.

"Thank God for that," exclaimed M'Clure, fervently.

"I doubt not they've been as anxious as we have. They'll be glad ter see us," said Holdness: "but 'twill be bitter news ter poor Lucy and the children, when all the rest come home safe, only ter tell her they've left Edward behind, in a bloody grave."

The loud talking and the quickened pace of both men and mules roused Will Redmond from his slumber. After listening a while,

and ascertaining they were near the end of their journey, he said, —

"Are there any boys where we are going, Mr. Holdness?"

"Plenty of 'em, my lad, — that is, there was when we left, — without something has taken place while we've been gone."

Harry Sumerford was keeping guard on the platform over the gate, heard the gun, and from the direction and the fact that it was not followed by any other report, guessed the meaning, and was eagerly watching the gap in the mountains through which the road led. Just then Mrs. M'Clure put her head out of the block-house door, and called to breakfast.

"Don't be in too big a hurry; if I ain't much mistaken, you'll have company to breakfast," said Harry.

Mrs. M'Clure uttered an exclamation of joy and surprise that brought the inmates of the block-house into the yard, the children half dressed from their beds, as bees from a disturbed hive. Men and women mounted the platform, while the boys, putting blocks, stools, anything they could get hold of, on the loop-hole platforms, clambered to the top of the stockade.

"It is them!" shouted Enoch Sumerford. "I just saw two men go by the gap, 'twixt the Black Stone and Brewer's Mountain; and there's a mule going, this minute."

"There's the two men agin," said Holt; "by that big oak tree."

"The forward un's my Cal, and tother's Ned Armstrong," cried Mrs. Holdness. "I must fry some pork; they'll be half starved."

Away scampered the good wives to prepare the breakfasts. In the mean time the children and boys were shouting, and kicking at the gates, to get out.

"Not yet; there may be Indians round," said Honeywood.

At length he gave the word, Grant lifted the bar, out they rushed, and down the hill on which the garrison was built, each striving to give the first greeting.

Scipio led the van, holding by the hand Dan Mugford, who, by the aid of the black, was thus enabled to outstrip his mates. Looking round in vain for the well-known form, Dan ran up to M'Clure, inquiring. —

"Where's father?"

"God help you, my poor boy," said M'Clure, in a broken voice, putting his arms around the lad; "your father's killed."

Such was life on the frontiers then. While

her neighbors were rejoicing at the safe return of husbands and children, Lucy Mugford was bewailing the death of him whose grave even she was not permitted to see.

Taking the boy by the hand, M'Clure went forward to break the sad news to the bereaved family. Will Redmond, in the mean while, pressed close to the side of Holdness, holding to his hunting-shirt, and staring at the faces of the children, who regarded him with no less interest and curiosity.

Tony went up to Holdness, on the opposite side, and, touching his hand to attract attention, whispered, —

"Mr. Holdness, whose boy is that?"

Directly behind were Fred Stiefel, Ike Proctor, Ben Wood, and several others, whose emissary he was.

"My boy, now. His name's Will Redmond; we took him away from the Indians, who've killed or carried off all his folks. Go, speak ter him."

Taking Will up, he set him down in the midst of them. The boys instantly began to ask Will about the capture and massacre of his people; and, the ice thus broken, they were soon acquainted.

The next story of the series, called "ON THE TRAIL, OR THE BLACK RIFLE'S MISSION," will unfold a future replete with vicissitudes more strange in their naked reality than the dreams of romance, but which rendered frontier life, with all its perils, to strong natures most fascinating.

— A colony of English wasps, we are told, lately developed a taste for artistic decoration. The owner of an orchard of apple trees discovered a many-colored wasp-nest suspended from the branch of one of his trees. Undulating lines of red, blue, green, yellow, and white, went round and round the spherical nest with great regularity, the colors being kept distinct, and the whole presenting a very curious specimen of insect paper-making. It was a long time before this phenomenon could be accounted for, but it was at length discovered that the wasps had procured their material from a lot of colored paper trimmings which had been used to cover strawberry beds in a garden near by. Why should each color be by itself, if the wasps were insensible to color?

PRINCE BISMARCK.

BY MARY GRANGER CHASE.

THERE is a certain statesman, now three-score years old, whose influence and success during the last twenty years have been wonderful. The most powerful country in Europe owes to him more than to any other man living its military glory and greatness. In France his name is a household word, but one that has inspired more terror than affection; and it has been a fashion there of late to call the dogs after him and the sovereign he represents, and has made famous — Bismarck and William.

Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck came from an old family, of which various members had been noted as statesmen or soldiers. He was born on the first of April, 1815, in the ancestral mansion in the ancient village of Schönhausen in Brandenburg. The house is a plain, massive, quadrangular, stone building, with a wing on the right that stretches out to a noticeable sandstone vase, while on the left fine chestnut and lime trees are the beginning of a park. Over the door are the arms of the Bismarcks and of the Kattes, a family into which Otto's great-great-grandfather married, and whose arms are a white cat with a mouse in her mouth.

But Otto was only a baby in arms when his father inherited Kniephof and other estates in the province of Prussia called Pomerania; and it was at Kniephof that the child passed his first six years. He was then placed at a boarding-school in Berlin, with his only and elder brother Bernhard, where he suffered very much from homesickness, for the boys were harshly treated, and little Otto had been accustomed to tenderness and petting, not to say spoiling.

When twelve years of age he was promoted to another school, in Berlin, of higher grade. Dr. Bonnell was the director, and thus tells his first impressions of Otto: —

"My attention was drawn to Bismarck on the very day of his entry, on which occasion the new boys sat in the school-room on rows of benches, in order that the masters could overlook the new-comers with attention during the inauguration. Otto von Bismarck sat — as I still distinctly remember, and often have related — with visible eagerness, a clear and pleasant boyish face and bright eyes, in a gay and lightsome mood among his comrades, so that it caused me to think, 'That's a nice boy; I'll keep my eye upon him.'"

While the Bismarck boys were at school, they were not wholly cut off from their family circle, for their parents spent the winter months in Berlin, and then had their sons lodge at home with them. Their father was a commonplace man, fond of quiet and of country life. But their mother was a woman of great capacity, and very ambitious. It was her early desire that her active Otto should have a diplomatic career; but she did not live long enough to see how fully her wish was granted.

When Otto was fifteen years old, he removed to still another school in Berlin, and the succeeding year took up his abode in the house of Dr. Bonnell, who had been transferred to the same institution. The doctor's family found him a delightful inmate of their home, all grew fond of him, and the mutual regard between master and pupil has lasted through life.

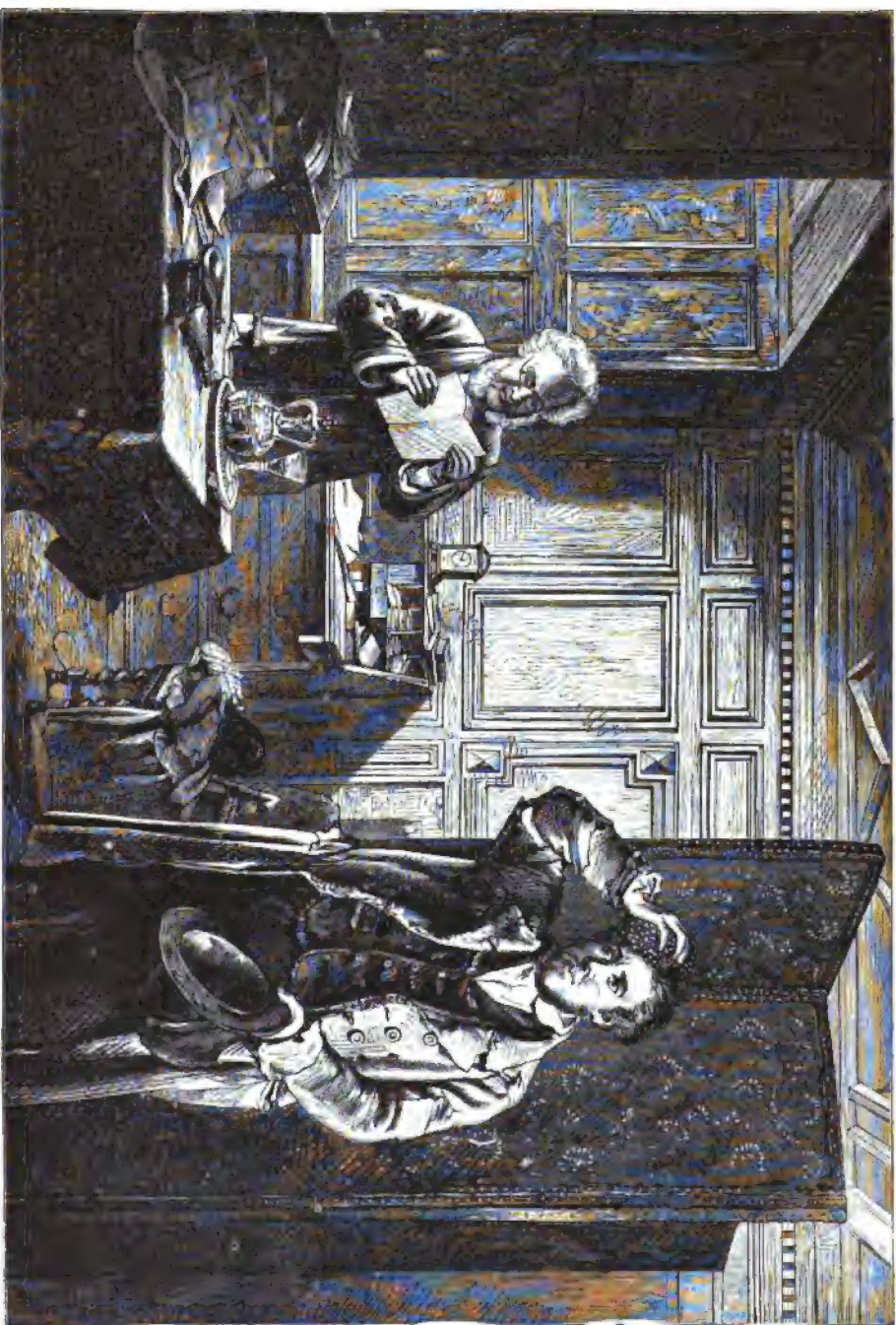
As a school-boy, Bismarck was obedient to rules, and his quick intellect made his tasks easy work for him. He showed, at this early period, a preference for historical studies, especially those of his own country.

Before he was quite seventeen years old, he left Dr. Bonnell, to study law, and entered the university in Göttingen, from which he removed, after a while, to the university in Berlin. As a student of this grade, he was very irregular and wild in his habits; but part of the time was on terms of intimate friendship with our countryman, Lothrop Motley, now the well-known historian and statesman.

Despite Bismarck's self-indulgence, he passed muster at the examination, and was sworn in as examiner in a magistrate's court in Berlin, at the age of twenty; and at this time he and his brother had lodgings together in that city.

While thus occupied, he had a shoemaker who annoyed him by procrastination, and the young jurist took this method of curing him of the fault: At six o'clock in the morning his messenger rang the shoemaker's bell, and asked, "Are Herr von Bismarck's boots ready yet?" The reply was in the negative. Ten minutes later, again the bell was loudly rung, and another messenger put the same question. And so it went on until the poor cobbler delivered the boots, and was left in peace for a night's rest.

It was soon after Bismarck became a jurist that he was introduced, at a court ball, to Prince William, the present King of Prussia, at that time the second son of the reigning king. Another young lawyer was presented with him, and, as both youths were very tall,



“A GOOD CHARACTER.”

the prince exclaimed merrily, "Well, Justice seeks her young advocates according to the standard of the Guards."

"This was the first meeting," says a foreign writer, "between the King William afterwards to be, and his Bismarck. The first scarcely expected ever to wear a crown; but Bismarck most certainly never thought that he should be that king's powerful premier and most faithful servant."

During four years Bismarck continued to serve in different capacities as a lawyer, and performed military duties in the Jäger Guard. Then he and his brother, with their father's consent, undertook the management of the family estates in Pomerania, which were rapidly going to ruin for lack of proper attention. After a couple of years they divided the property between them, and Otto took for his share Kniephof and Jarchelin.

He resided now at Kniephof, and led very much the same kind of life he had pursued at the universities. Sometimes he studied history, philosophy, and theology; at others he indulged in such wild doings that he won for himself the title of "Mad Bismarck." One of his harmless pranks at Kniephof was the contriving, while he had some cousins engaged in earnest talk with him, to have four young foxes dash into the room. The animals jumped upon the chairs and sofas, and tore them to rags, to the great amusement of the company, as soon as they had recovered from their start.

Bismarck made visits to France and England, and after his return resumed legal practice.

His father died in 1845, and then his brother took possession of Jarchelin, and Otto had Kniephof and Schöndhausen for his portion. He removed to the home of his ancestors, which he calls his "old Stone-heap," and became a superintendent of canals. But two years later, at a meeting of the representatives of his province, he began to attract extended notice as a politician. He vehemently opposed liberal principles, stood up for the right of kings to be absolute rulers, and, it is said, declared that all great cities should be levelled with the ground, as centres of democracy.

The same year he married a high-born lady, lively and witty. On his wedding tour he chanced to meet the King of Prussia at Venice, and was commanded to dine with him. The bridegroom had no court suit, but borrowed clothes for the occasion; and from that day until the king's death he was always high in the royal favor.

From this time forth Bismarck was devoted

to the one object of the aggrandizement of Prussia, and toiled for this end by speeches, clubs, periodicals, indeed, in every possible way; and the king often applied to him for advice about important matters. He was sent abroad on various missions of state business, and in 1855, visiting the Paris Exhibition, first made acquaintance with Napoleon III. A few years later he went as Prussian minister to St. Petersburg, where he won golden opinions from the Czar.

After the present King of Prussia succeeded his brother on the throne, which was in 1861, Bismarck was removed from Russia, and sent as ambassador to the court of Napoleon. But he had held this office only a few months, when, as he was enjoying a pleasure excursion among the Pyrenees mountains, a telegram recalled him to Berlin, and he was appointed prime minister.

Bismarck now undertook the reorganization of the army; and, as the Parliament opposed the scheme, he had that body dissolved, and, under cover of the king's name, ruled the country without any chamber of deputies. The army was remodelled according to his will; and then, when every one was looking for a revolution, or a war with Austria, the world was electrified to see Prussia, with Austria as an ally, make war upon Denmark for the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, which had German populations, but had fallen into the possession of the Danish crown. Prussia conquered; and Bismarck, who before the war was the most unpopular man in the country, was now a general hero and favorite.

He took a trip to Vienna, and was treated with great distinction by the Emperor of Austria, who invested him with the exalted Order of St. Stephen. On the occasion of this success, his own sovereign also conferred upon him the Order of the Black Eagle.

Soon after, a treaty was concluded between Prussia and Austria, by which they arranged for the joint occupation of the duchies. Bismarck was now made a Prussian count.

The succeeding spring, as he was walking, in broad daylight, in the principal street of Berlin, he was shot at by a young student behind him. The count turned, seized the youth, and in the scuffle that ensued more shots were fired, and his clothes were burned, but he was personally unharmed. The would-be assassin committed suicide in prison.

This year — 1866 — Bismarck was ready to exalt Prussia by thrusting Austria out of Germany. A pretext was afforded by the failure of Austria to keep to their treaty about the

duchies, and on the 18th of June, Prussia declared war against her neighbor and late ally. The 3d of July, in the same year, the conflict was over, for the defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa was complete.

After this great victory, Bismarck was very busy with domestic political affairs, until, in 1867, the states north of the Main, and the duchies already mentioned, formed the North German Confederation, and he was appointed chancellor of the same. This year a war with France was imminent; but Bismarck was a man to bide his time, and managed to ward it off.

In the summer of 1870, however, Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern, a colonel in the Prussian army, and a relative of the King of Prussia, was a candidate for the throne of Spain, and Napoleon objected, on the ground that the success of the prince would destroy the balance of power in Europe. The pretensions of Leopold were withdrawn; but the King of Prussia refused to promise that they should never be renewed, and declined to continue communications with France upon the subject. It was on the 15th of July, in that year, that King William alighted from a railway carriage in Berlin, and at the station Bismarck read to him a telegram which gave him the first tidings that France had declared war against Prussia. The old king listened to the words calmly, then turned to his son, the crown prince, and embraced him with great emotion. The word "Krieg!" (war) immediately spread among the people, and he was loudly cheered all the way to his palace; and after he entered it, thousands of voices sang the national anthem under his windows, the king repeatedly coming out upon the balcony, and showing by his face how fully he shared the excitement of his subjects.

An American gentleman who was at the scene of action between the contending armies, wrote in his diary, on the 13th of August, in the French town of St. Avoird, that, coming out from the Cathedral one morning, "I had paused a moment to look at the king, and on turning away, I saw a great, columnar individual at the door of headquarters, holding up his fore finger to me. I approached, and he came towards me. I had already recognized him as Count Bismarck. He said, with a pleasant and somewhat humorous tone, glancing at my civilian's dress, 'May I ask who you are, and where you are from?'

"I replied, by presenting certain documents. Having scrutinized these, he spoke in a friendly way, offering me hospitalities. He was re-

markably frank in his conversation; and it was pretty clear to me that he had not, even at that date, the slightest misgiving as to the success of the German arms. There was already something victorious in his tread, in his quiet smile; and a certain serene way in which he puffed his cigar seemed to show that he was forgetting the personal danger, which could not have been slight, in enjoyment of the pleasant French climate.

"I confess I was agreeably surprised in Count Bismarck. There was no egotism in his manner, and there was an occasional tone of genuine enthusiasm in his voice. His outspokenness, and a certain straight look out of the eye, were also attractive in a man one has been accustomed to think of as a consummate diplomatist."

And the same day, at the little city of Pont-à-Mousson, he wrote, —

"The carelessness with which Bismarck walks the streets excites remark. He entered this city *incognito*, and no sooner had he alighted than he began to stroll about alone. I was in a shop, in a by-street, when the whisper was fairly hissed from door to door, 'Here comes Bismarck!'

"'Bismarck! Bismarck! Bismarck!'

"The people tumbled over each other to their doors. Sure enough, it was the count, serenely puffing his cigar. Women trembled and men grew pale, while the children seemed a shade disappointed at not finding the one fiery eye in the centre of his forehead."

On the 18th of August our diarist was present at the battle of Vionville, and wrote, —

"At last I came within sight of a company, among whom I recognized afar off one figure that signalled the *Grosshaupt-quartiers* of the king. Standing forward, apart from the rest, Count Bismarck, motionless, gazing upon the tremendous scene enacted below, was as a landmark. Approaching, I recognized some of those present: the king, standing still and silent, unable to take his eyes from the fearful field stretching out from his feet, covered with dead men, and watching sadly those who were engaged in burying them; by his side, Moltke, with his great brow and luminous eye, needing no glass to enable him to sweep the horizon; to the left, the princes Frederick Charles, Albert, and Charles; to the right, Lieutenant-General Sheridan, of the United States, and a group of German officers. All of the Prussians were splendidly dressed, and were men of noble figure; Sheridan being an oddly-small figure by their side.

"As I was hastening towards the group, a

troop of Uhlans rode up behind, and, without seeming to see the royal party, dashed past them, with a loud hurrah, towards the battle. Among them I thought I discovered Count Bismarck's eldest son, a fine-looking, blonde youth, whom, the day before I had seen at Pont-à-Mousson, indefatigable in finding places for the wounded, among whom he was soon to be numbered.

"When the Uhlans had passed, Count Bismarck, who had been standing in front, turned, with an exhausted look, and taking two or three knapsacks from the ground, made them into a seat. But he could not rest; he rose again, walked back and forth for a time, and at length went to a little raised canvas picket-tent, and stretched himself at full length on the ground beneath it."

Finally, our countryman was able to say to a German of high rank, —

"The battle seems over."

"Yes," was the reply; "and I think we may now say that the war is virtually over."

Early on the morning after the decisive battle of Sedan, Bismarck was informed that Napoleon was on his way for an interview with him, and, hastening through the streets of the wretched little town of Donchery, where he had spent the night, he met the emperor's carriage just outside. As Napoleon alighted, Bismarck stood with his hat in his hand; and, upon the fallen emperor's requesting him to re-cover his head, he replied, "Sire, I receive your majesty as I would my own royal master."

They chanced to be near the humble cottage of a hand-loom weaver, and the count went into it and brought out two chairs. The emperor left the stone on which he was resting, for one of these seats, and, Bismarck occupying the other, they held a brief conversation.

In the winter of 1870, Count Bismarck had a residence at Versailles, in a house belonging to a certain Madame Jesset. He always appeared in his curiassier undress uniform, and his white cap towered above the heads of the other Prussians, huge men though they were. He went about the streets freely in a carriage, without escort, or riding his favorite horse; and the French were always on the alert for a sight of him. Telegraphic wires were laid in his house, and all through the night a light could be seen in the room said to be his sleeping-chamber.

After the success of the war with France was insured, Bismarck was overwhelmed with presents. The summer following that event, a Berlin paper stated that they already amount-

ed to several hundred thousand dollars. Among his gifts have been fifty barrels of wine from the wine-growers of Western Germany, ten barrels of beer from the brewers of Munich, a sausage fifty feet long and twelve inches thick; and, indeed, the larders and cellar of his house in Berlin were soon filled to overflowing with provisions, so that he was obliged to announce publicly that he had no room for storing any more. On Christmas day, 1871, the managers of the German railroads presented him with a magnificent drawing-room car, containing four apartments — a parlor, a library, a *boudoir* for his wife, and a private room for himself, all magnificently furnished.

A German in Tunis sent him a parrot which could distinctly pronounce the names of most of the battles during the Franco-Prussian war; and a year ago seven-and-forty German cities had conferred upon him diplomas of honorary citizenship.

King William, as a token of his gratitude, bestowed upon his prime minister the estate of Schwartzenebeck. This splendid property, which comprises twenty-two thousand five hundred acres, formerly belonged to the Danish crown; and it makes Bismarck the wealthiest private land proprietor in Northern Germany, and also invests him with the best deer and wild boar hunting-grounds in that section of Europe — a privilege he appreciates, for he is a great sportsman.

Twenty years ago, it is said that he was so deeply in debt that he was unable to raise two hundred dollars on his note at a banking-house in Berlin. Now he is a millionaire. The German Parliament offered him one million dollars of the money penalty demanded from France: but he declined it, saying that he had as much money as he wanted, and more than any of his ancestors ever possessed.

Bismarck was also rewarded for his services by being raised to the rank of a prince. The king intended to make him Prince of Strassbourg, or of Alsace, but he preferred to be simply Prince Bismarck, and that the title should not be hereditary. So he and his wife are prince and princess, but their sons will be only counts.

At Schwartzenebeck Prince Bismarck has the largest beet-sugar factory in Europe, and makes forty thousand thalers a year by it. At Varzin he has an extensive paper factory, and a distillery, which turn out annually four hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods. This place in Pomerania, which is near his wife's birth-place, he bought in 1867, and has been very fond of living upon with his family. It is

very rural and pleasant, but not pretentious. The house is a buff-colored, one-story building, with the forest right around it. His wife once spoke of it as "a pretty little humpy countrykin."

Just after the war it was said that his study at Varzin was a small, plainly-furnished room, containing but one picture, and that a likeness of Napoleon III. At this place, two years ago, the Princess Bismarck was erecting a votive chapel, as an expression of her gratitude for her husband's success in the war, and his safe return from it.

Bismarck has two sons and one daughter. He consulted his old teacher, Dr. Bonnell, about the education of his boys, and in their young days so often exhorted them to sit upright, that a gentleman who was for some time their companion at the table, said he grew himself *two inches taller*, from the effect of Bismarck's exhortations.

Before the war with France, some one wrote of their home in Farzin, —

"On the veranda the countess stands with her daughter, and looks with beaming eyes and happy face after the three sportsmen who are proceeding towards the forest, and who wave their hands in greeting back to her. And for others — for every one — it is a pleasant sight to see Count Bismarck walking between his sons, his rifle over his shoulder, or riding on horseback."

It was believed that one of the sons was made a cripple for life by a wound received in the Franco-Prussian war.

Some months ago, a Russian lady called upon Bismarck, and begged for his autograph. The request was courteously granted, and she said, "Prince, may I use this for a noble purpose?" "Certainly," said the great man; "but what is it?" "My brother," replied the lady, eagerly, "has been exiled to Siberia; but let me write an application for his pardon over your name, and the Czar will grant it."

Bismarck consented, and afterwards learned that the Emperor of Russia had restored to the lady her exiled brother.

THE KING'S CHAPEL SPARROW. A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON BUNKER HILL DAY.

BY CLEMENT.

IT was an English sparrow chick,
Reared in King's Chapel's eaves,
He heard the drums the Seventeenth
Shaking his ivy leaves.

He clambered to the nest's high edge,
To see what all this meant;
But his head was the largest part of him,
And overboard he went.

He fell, and, fluttering, found his wings;
They only whirled him round, —
Poor little fluffy shoulder-blades! —
And left him on the ground.

But stout he stood on his two legs,
And eyed the people all,
Then sat him in a dusty hole
Close by the old church wall.

This downy bit of English stock,
By the old English stones,
His ivy birthplace overhead,
No new allegiance owns.

Calmly he views the Yankee hosts,
Blinks not the Yankee flag,
Heeds not the fifes and rattling drums,
With Yankee Doodle's brag.

Amused, a country lad stoops down:
"You young John Bull," he cried,
"I reckon now you'd best give in,
Not stand so dignified!"

"This ain't the day for you to come
A charging up this street;
You'd best keep on King George's land;
This time we *don't* retreat."

Young Jonathan put forth his hand,
The chick but stepped aside,
With dignity and steadfast bent,
His station to abide.

But as the big and friendly hand
Enclosed him round about,
It felt his little, fluttering heart
Telling its panic out.

The tiny Briton nestled down,
As feeling kindred blood;
The Yankee set him through the fence —
"There! wait till your wings bud!"

From the safe greensward to the saints
Behind the ivy screen
Was but six hops — and happier bird
In Boston ne'er was seen.

JESSIE'S SUCCESS.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"**B**ELLA'S Beginnings," commented Jessie Willard, as she idly turned the leaves of Harper's Magazine. "It will take more than her beginnings or endings to help me out of this miserable plight, I fancy; but I may as well see what it's all about while I am waiting. One thing I know! I wish Tom had a little common sense!"

With these words Jessie curled herself up on the old-fashioned, chintz-covered lounge, by the brightly glowing fire, and despite the annoyance conveyed in her words, was soon deeply absorbed in the story.

While she is thus employed, let me tell you, dear reader, what caused the unusual cloud upon her face. Usually she is as bright a little fairy as one would wish to see. Jessie's mother died long years ago, and her father's sister, good kind aunt Patty, has ever since *kept house*. Her father is a rough, honest farmer; well to do, and having only the two children, Jessie, and the Tom to whom she has so disparagingly alluded, is determined that they shall have the "*edification*" he himself so much lacks. Therefore Jessie has just returned from two years at boarding-school, and Tom is still at college.

But this very morning Jessie has had a letter from him, and in that lies the secret of her trouble.

"Dear Jessie," so ran the epistle, "I want to bring home two or three of the fellows with me. Just Dick Halsted, and Jim Thaxter, and Joe Hall. Do you suppose father would care? Just talk him over, there's a good girl, and write me what he says.

"O, and tell him that the boys would like to bring their sisters; that is, Dick and Jim. I told them it wouldn't make any difference. Will it?

"Can't you fix up the house a little, somehow, and not have it look so much like a funeral? It will be such an awful contrast to city houses, you know.

"We want to have a real jolly old-fashioned Christmas and New Year's frolic, so be sure you coax father over."

But now down goes Harper, and up starts Jessie, her face glowing with excitement.

"The very thing!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if I couldn't make furniture out of old boxes and barrels as well as Bella! To be sure I have no six hundred dollars to spend. If I

had, I needn't *make* the things. I could buy all I want for less than that. But I never can have all those people come with the rooms looking as they do now. Ugh! It's enough to give one the nightmare to put their head into the parlor.

"And girls, too! What could possess Tom to say they could come! Some cityfied misses, I suppose, who will talk French, and sing Italian, and what shall I do to entertain them?

"Besides, I must get ready to teach that horrid school! I wish father didn't insist on that! Just because I have been to school, he thinks I ought to know how to teach; and says I ought to be earning, my education has cost so much. I wish he would send away Bridget, and let me help aunt Patty do the housework. I'd a great deal rather do that than teach a parcel of stupid, dirty children.

"And then there are my dresses! or, rather, there are *not* my dresses, for I haven't a single one fit to wear while Tom and his friends are round! Only that old plaid, and my merino!

"I've a great mind not to coax father one bit, Mr. Tom; and it will take lots of coaxing before he will let you bring all those folks home. Yes, I've just a great mind not to; but" — and here the bright face softened — "I guess I must, poor fellow! He isn't at home much, and he's a dear good brother after all.

"Heigho! there's the dinner bell. Now for asking father!" and with rather a rueful look Jessie betook herself to the kitchen, where the dinner-table was spread with a genuine New England love of good cheer.

It was hardly a wonder that Jessie dreaded her task. Mr. Willard was not miserly. He liked good fare, and good fires; his farm was well stocked; his horses strong and fleet; his carriages roomy and comfortable; but he had begun life as a poor boy, and earned all his money by hard labor. He had learned to save, and count closely, when there was need of it, and he continued to do so now that the necessity had passed.

Above all, he hated any departure from the regular routine of his life. When he came into the house at night, he wished to eat his supper in peace; sit quietly by the fire, with his paper and his pipe, until nine o'clock; and then, according to his oft-expressed ideas, "it was time honest folks were in bed."

Why Tom or Jessie ever wanted a candy frolic, or any evening gathering of young people, he never could understand; and so great was his opposition to such amusements, that before their departure from home nearly all

attempts to combat it had been, given up as useless. Now that for two years he and aunt Patty had had the house to themselves, he was not likely to be more willing than before.

So Jessie inwardly trembled as she announced at the dinner-table that she had a letter from Tom.

"What does he say?" inquired her father, going on with his dinner.

"He is coming home for a vacation," replied Jessie, rather faintly. Then, with a desperate determination to have the worst over, she added, "he wants to know if he may bring some of his friends home with him."

"Friends home!" echoed her father. "Hasn't he got friends enough *at home*, without bringing any of those city chaps down here with him, to turn the house topsy-turvy, and drive us all crazy with their noise?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Jessie. "Tom begged me to ask you if they might come; and I'll do all I can to keep them quiet, and out of your way."

"Humph!" grunted the farmer, "a pretty piece of work! How many of his precious '*friends*' does he expect to have invited?"

"He only mentions three of his friends, sir."

"Just three too many," growled her father.

"But," continued Jessie, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes, "they wanted to bring their sisters with them; and Tom does not say how many there are of them."

"Sisters!" repeated the irate father. "Sisters! Does the rascal intend to bring down a household of fine ladies to torment us with their airs and graces? No, by thunder! You may write him to stay with his fine friends, if he can't bear to be separated from them."

Jessie said not a word. The farmer continued his dinner, with an occasional growl, expressive of his wrath at the absent Tom. Good aunt Patty sat silent and sorrowful. Experience had taught her that it was worse than useless to remonstrate with her brother on such occasions.

As Mr. Willard pushed back his chair and rose from the table, he glanced at his daughter. Something in the little dark head and loving eyes perhaps reminded him of the young wife whom he had loved and lost, for he said, in a softened tone, —

"Do you want all those gay folks here, daughter?"

Jessie looked up quickly with her eyes brimming with tears. "I hardly know whether I want them," she said, "but I should so like to please Tom!"

"Well, well, have it your own way, then," was the answer, somewhat gruffly spoken, perhaps to hide more feeling than he cared to show. "I suppose I shall live through it, somehow."

"O, thank you, father," cried Jessie brightly. "I'll write to Tom this afternoon."

Then, as a thought of that nightmare parlor came over her, she said, hesitatingly, — "Father, are there any old boxes and barrels about the farm that I can have?"

"Boxes and barrels!" exclaimed her father, in astonishment at the sudden turn in the conversation. "What upon earth do you want of boxes and barrels? Are you going to pack up all the city folks carefully, lest they should get injured by our rough ways? A good idea, I should think!" and he laughed, his good humor quite restored.

"No, sir," laughed Jessie in return; "but I want to fix up the house a little, and I want Silas to help me, if you can spare him."

"Silas too! Give a woman an inch, and she'll take more than an ell! Well, there are boxes and barrels enough out in the long barn. and I don't know as I want Silas for anything in particular; but don't ask me anything more;" and he hurried away, either lest he should hear more of the "city folks," or to avoid the thanks that Jessie showered upon him.

"And now, aunt Patty, you must be good and help me plan, for I've lots to do before Tom comes," exclaimed Jessie, catching her aunt round the waist, and in her relief at having smoothed matters for Tom, whirling her round and round till they reached the door of the "best room," and the end of aunt Patty's breath. She sank upon the sofa exhausted, while Jessie whisked open the blinds to let in, as she said, "all the light she could upon the subject."

"An awfully forlorn-looking place, auntie, — isn't it?" she asked, dolefully. "Only see that hideous horse-hair sofa, as hard and slippery as an ice bank! And those chairs, with backs as stiff as pokers! It makes mine ache to look at them. And worst of all is that horrible paper, with pictures of Robinson Crusoe rescuing his man Friday from the savages. The artist, wisely concluding that nobody would know what he intended to portray, has carefully printed their names under them; and to complete the absurdity, wherever the paper joins, one of Crusoe's arms is dislocated, and Friday's head is chopped off."

"Why, Jessie, child, how you do run on," mildly remonstrated aunt Patty. "I am sure

this furniture is just as good as the very day your grandfather bought it; and this paper was considered very handsome when it was put on at the time your father was married."

"Well, I think it's hateful!" pouted Jessie.

"But tell me, auntie, is there anything stowed away in all those great trunks in the garret that I can have to cover a sofa? Any damask, or chintz, or any muslin for curtains, or" —

"For mercy's sake stop, Jessie," cried her aunt, "or how can I think! Let me see. There's that old green comforter! That won't do, I guess, for it's all faded out. Then there's the whole piece of new ticking. I was calculating to make some feather beds this winter. That ain't what you want, I suppose," as she noticed Jessie's impatient look. "I don't know as there's anything else — though stop! I wonder what's in those great trunks that were sent down here at the time your mother's father died. It was just before her own death, poor thing, and your father put them away in the garret, and there they have been ever since. She was too sick to think anything about them, and afterwards they were forgotten. I don't believe they have ever been opened from that day to this. If you like, we will go and look at them," continued the good woman, who was grieved to see the sudden sadness that this reference to her mother had brought on Jessie's face.

Silently Jessie followed her aunt, who proceeded to her own room for a huge bunch of keys, and thence to the garret. Here, after much trying of keys, aunt Patty threw open the lid of a large trunk, or rather chest, with, "There, dear! now you can look it over."

Jessie needed no second invitation, but quickly knelt by the chest, all traces of sadness disappearing in a young girl's love of novelty.

"O, aunty! aunty! Just look at this!" she cried, drawing forth roll after roll of crimson damask. "How splendid! What can it all have been for?"

It proved to be a full suit of curtains for bed and windows, with covers for large easy-chairs. A similar suit of chintz, a buff ground with a pretty vine running over it, followed; then white dimity curtains, and quilts with heavy netted fringe. No end to the treasures, it seemed to Jessie, who could not remember her grandfather's house, fitted up with many such old-time luxuries.

"O, these are lovely! I can fix up the house till it looks like a palace! But do you suppose father will let me take them?" inquired

Jessie, pausing in her raptures as this thought presented itself.

"O, yes, I guess so," remarked aunt Patty, encouragingly. "I'll speak to him about them, dear, this evening, after you go to bed."

Jessie laughed at her aunt's manner, recalling the many childish scrapes that had been smoothed over by "auntie's *speaking*," and turned to go down stairs. Suddenly she whirled back, exclaiming, —

"You said *trunks*, auntie! How many are there? I have seen but one."

"I am afraid another will make you entirely crazy, judging from this," commented her aunt with a smile, but nevertheless unlocking another. "There were only two, Jessie."

Quite a different sight now met Jessie's gaze, as she carefully removed the wrappings from curious shaped packages. There was the "best china" of Mrs. Willard's mother, the quaintly shaped, and fancifully gilded cups, saucers and plates, almost as delicate as an egg-shell, and scarcely less costly than the heavy silver tea and coffee urns, sugar basins, and cake baskets which lay below them. Not a piece broken in this trunk, nor a color dimmed in the contents of the other, so completely had they been excluded from light, or aught that could injure them.

Jessie's astonishment knew no bounds. She declared aunt Pattie the most wonderful of good fairies, in thus gratifying her wishes; but again and again expressed her wonder that such treasures should have been, as it were, unknown in the house.

"Ah, well, dear," sighed aunt Patty, "it would not seem so strange to you, if you had known more about your poor mother. Her folks were not rich, but her father had been a sea captain, and brought home beautiful things of all sorts. Her mother died first, and she being the only child, when her father died, there wasn't much of anybody to see to things. Some cousin of hers who had lived with the old gentleman packed up these trunks and sent them, and everything else was sold. As I told you, these came just before your mother's death, and in that sad time they were forgotten, and nothing has ever happened to make us think of them. But I am sure, Jessie," she continued, "your father won't mind your having them. You were named for your grandmother, and they all ought to be yours."

"Very well," answered Jessie, "you ask him to-night. In the mean time I will write to Tom, and tell him he may bring his friends, and then I will set Silas at work;" and she

ran merrily down stairs. It required but a few moments to scribble a line to Tom, and then Jessie started in pursuit of Silas, whom she found in the barn.

Silas was the man-of-all-work on the farm; a rough looking, middle-aged man, but with a kindly heart, and a most unbounded admiration of Jessie, whom he had petted and indulged since her babyhood. So when she explained her plans, he was ready to do all in his power to assist in fulfilling them. Together they overhauled boxes and barrels, and Jessie, after giving him exact instructions how to prepare them, and begging him to come into the house for her letter before making his nightly journey to the post-office, left him hard at work, and returned to her examination of the parlor.

"There is one good thing," she soliloquized as she surveyed it. "The carpet is pretty, crimson and white; and that oval mirror I like, only the frame is tarnished. But that paper! What can I do? It will never do to ask father for anything more, or he will be cross when Tom comes, and I have no money. Yes, I have, though," she added a moment after, "but how can I spare that? It is hardly enough to get my winter bonnet, and have my cloak altered; and father told me when he gave it to me, that there was enough to last me till spring. But," with another glance of disdain at the unfortunate Crusoe, "*I cannot* have this horrible stuff on the walls! I guess I can wear my cloak as it is, and trim up my last winter's bonnet somehow."

This determination she soon made known to aunt Patty, who stoutly opposed it, but without avail. When Silas came for the letter, he received instructions to tell the paper-hanger to come in the morning, and bring specimens of his prettiest papers.

Jessie spent the remainder of the day in an attack upon her aunt's new ticking, from which she intended to manufacture various large, square cushions, to complete the comfort of the lounge, upon the frame of which Silas had already been at work.

The next days were very busy. Mr. Willard had assented to his sister's proposal to let Jessie have the contents of the trunks; the paper-hanger had replaced Crusoe with a soft, dove-colored paper, ornamented with tiny gold bouquets; and Silas, aunt Patty, and Jessie had worked early and late at the furniture.

Now it was all finished. The old sofa had been banished, and in its place stood a broad, low lounge, softly stuffed, and covered with crimson damask. Cushions almost without

number were piled on it, while most inviting looking arm-chairs and ottomans now appeared instead of the former straight-backed occupants of the room. Curtains of the same warm hue draped the windows, and from between them peeped out wreaths of Christmas greens, which appropriate ornament also hid the tarnished frame of the mirror. The whole was lighted by a huge fire of hickory logs in the old-fashioned open fireplace.

In the sitting-room the change was hardly less. Here the old lounge was covered with pretty chintz, while all the chairs had cushions of the same; and in the corner usually occupied by Mr. Willard, stood a most capacious easy-chair, so luxurious in its appearance, that aunt Patty exclaimed, as she pushed back her glasses and surveyed it, —

"Well, now, if your father don't like that, he must be hard to suit! And to think of its being only an old hogshead, stuffed with the green comforter, and covered with those chintz curtains! There he comes, Jessie; now you'll show him round, won't you?"

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Willard had little idea of what had been going on in the house. As he almost never entered the parlor, it was an easy matter to keep the changes there from his knowledge, and the alterations in the sitting-room had been made since morning. So his astonishment was great when he entered the room.

"Well, folks! What have you been up to?" he exclaimed, as he glanced around. "This some of your work, Jessie? You didn't get that easy-chair out of the trunks, did you?" And as he spoke he sank down into its luxurious depths with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Only the cover, father! But it will never do for you to sit there," she continued, playfully pulling his arm. "I want you to come and see all my improvements."

Half grumbling, and half pleased, he followed her to the door of the parlor; but there he stood in speechless amazement. The pretty paper, the crimson furniture, and the evergreens, all showed to the utmost advantage in the soft firelight. The change from the cold, former room he remembered, seemed perfectly magical.

"Why, Jessie, girl," he said at length, "where did you get all this? I hope you have not been so extravagant as to buy all this new furniture. It must have cost a mint of money!"

"It did not cost one cent," answered Jessie, gayly. "Those are the old boxes and barrels."

"Boxes and barrels! Where? I don't see them," he replied, slowly looking about him.

"Well, come and feel them, then," retorted Jessie, and gently pushing him down into the largest chair, added, "now you are packed, father, packed in a hogshead; just as you advised me to pack Tom's friends."

"This a hogshead!" cried her father. "Well," after a long inspection of it, "I must say it's the best looking one I ever saw!"

With merry thanks for the compliment to her handiwork, Jessie led him up stairs. Here, too, all was tastefully arranged. The quilts, toilet covers, and curtains of snowy dimity, the last looped with bright ribbons, and wreaths of evergreens everywhere, completely transformed the formerly desolate-looking rooms.

The farmer went from one apartment to another, and at the end turned to Jessie with, —

"You are a smart, sensible girl, and will make some man a good wife."

This was high praise from his lips, and Jessie fully appreciated it; but just then she heard Silas calling her, and off she ran, leaving her father to descend leisurely to the sitting-room, where he, with evident pleasure, ensconced himself in his new chair.

On reaching the kitchen, Jessie found Silas impatiently awaiting her.

"Here's a letter for you," he cried, "and here's a box that came by express."

"A box for me!" said Jessie wonderingly. "The direction is in the same hand as that on the letter. I think it is from cousin Lou," and she hastily tore open the envelope and read aloud.

"DEAREST JESSIE: Tom has just been here, and is full of anticipations of his visit at home. He says he is to take home some of his friends and their sisters; and has written to you to fix up the house. Just like a great selfish man! That's the way they all do! How can poor little *you* go to work and fix up the house? Did he say anything about fixing up yourself? Not a word, I'll be bound; and yet that is of much more consequence.

"So, dear, I was just telling mamma about it, and she thought of such a capital plan. You know we have just put on mourning for father's Aunt Betsey. I never saw her, so of course I can't feel very badly about her; but she was always very kind to father, and he wished us to wear mourning. Now, my winter wardrobe was just completed; and mother

says, as she knows you can't have had time to do much sewing since you went home, that the best thing is to send you mine, which I accordingly do, by this day's express. We are exactly the same size, so I hope everything will fit. Father came in while we were packing, and said he must put in his mite.

"With all love and good wishes, I remain your loving cousin,
Lou."

Lou's mother and Mr. Willard were brother and sister, and Jessie had made a long visit at her aunt's house as she returned from school, and became warmly attached to the whole family.

Nothing could exceed Jessie's astonishment at this letter.

"Was there ever anybody so kind as aunt Phœbe?" she exclaimed. "Could you open the box, Silas?" she added coaxingly, "I do so want to see the things!"

Apparently, Silas was equally eager, for the cover was off in a twinkling, and Jessie rapidly unfolded the contents. Not the wardrobe for a Fifth Avenue belle certainly, but soft, dark merinos, gay plaided poplins; a pretty fur-trimmed sack, with cap and muff to match; and, perhaps, not least acceptable, a box of dainty laces and ribbons.

"I'm *so* thankful!" said Jessie, half sobbing in her delight, for it had not been quite easy to give up the new bonnet.

"So am I," responded Silas, sympathizingly. "Suppose I help you carry all these fixings up to your own room, and you just rig yourself up, and come down to supper before the folks know anything about it."

Jessie readily agreed, and piled dress after dress upon Silas's outstretched arms.

"I can carry the rest myself," she said, and stooped to see if all had been taken from the box.

Ah, no! Beneath a paper lay her uncle's gift; duplicates of two or three choice engravings which Jessie had especially admired in his library.

"Framed and all, Silas! Just look!" cried Jessie. "Won't they just finish the parlor?" And she actually danced with delight.

"Why, bless her heart, she thinks more of them *pictures*, than of all these things for herself!" exclaimed Silas. "And she's the prettiest pictur of all, and deserves the best frame;" saying which, he added the pictures to his load, and marched up stairs.

Very pretty looked Jessie in her gay Stuart plaid, as she descended to the kitchen upon

her aunt's summons to tea, and very much amazed looked her father and aunt.

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed her father, "did you make that out of a barrel or a hoghead?"

Jessie explained.

"I am glad enough, dear," said her aunt. "I have felt so bad ever since you spent the money for your bonnet."

More explanations followed this, as Mr. Willard did not understand the remark. He made few comments, but was unusually tender in his manner to Jessie all the evening, and evidently held to his opinion that she was a smart, sensible girl.

Next day came Tom, his friends, and their sisters, Rose and Violet Halsted, and Minnie Thaxter. No city airs shocked Mr. Willard, or disconcerted his daughter. Bright, fun-loving girls, all bound for a good time, and ready to make the best of everything.

Jessie soon saw that Tom evinced an especial fondness for the society of Rose Halsted, and perhaps it would have required no unusual amount of penetration for Rose to have made the same discovery in respect to her brother and Jessie. The other couples seemed quite content with their lot, and the amount of fun crowded into those days must be imagined. Sleighing, skating, coasting, dances in the evening! All the winter sports that could be devised. Wonderful to relate, the old farmer seemed to enjoy it all as heartily as any of them, and repeatedly urged his guests to a longer stay.

Christmas had passed, and New Year's, and at last the day for the oft-deferred departure was fixed. The previous evening Tom proposed a "candy scrape," and the kettle of molasses being duly arranged on the fire, they beguiled the time while waiting for it to be ready for pulling, by telling merry stories of college and school life.

At last Tom, who had looked unusually thoughtful for a few minutes, broke out with, "Tell your story, Jessie! Tell us how you made a real *home* out of this forlorn old place!"

Jessie flashed one mingled look of amazement and reproach at him; and jumping up hastily, with some unintelligible speech about getting the pans ready to cool the candy, she abruptly left the room; but the door once shut the pans were forgotten, and she burst into sobs of joy and sadness.

"Had she really made a *home* for Tom!"

And she had thought he scarcely noticed all

her arrangements; for beyond a careless "This is comfortable," as he glanced round the parlor, and a look of surprise at the tea equipage, and her own tasteful toilet, he had made no sign of approval.

And her father, too, had really seemed to enjoy the alteration! All this was joy. But how could Tom say that before them all! How should she ever face them again! and she buried her face in her hands for very shame!

Perhaps her confusion would not have been lessened had she known that as the door closed after her, her father, who had apparently been dozing peacefully in his chair, sprang up, exclaiming, —

"I'll tell you that story, and you shall all see what a girl my Jessie is!" And tell it he did, till, what with his comments, and self-reproaches, and aunt Patty's additions, Jessie was made out a veritable little heroine.

Amid the hearty praises that burst forth from all the group, Dick Halsted quitted the apartment, and quietly entering the sitting-room, found Jessie sitting on the lounge, with her face still buried in her hands. She did not heed his approach till he knelt beside her, and whispered fondly, —

"We have heard the whole story, dearest Jessie, and I am come to ask you to help me furnish my house."

She stole one glance at him. There was no mistaking the meaning of the loving look he bent upon her.

"O, how could aunt Patty tell you? It was nothing, and —"

"It was not aunt Patty, it was your father, Jessie; and I am sure we all thanked him for it. But I want an answer to my question, — Will you help me furnish my house? and then, he added lower, "be my little housekeeper, my own darling wife?"

For all answer, Jessie nestled into his arms as if she had found her resting-place. Presently, however, she looked up.

"But I can't, Richard. I promised father I would keep school long enough to earn as much as my education cost."

"Yes, Jessie, so he told me. I had a long conversation with him this morning, and he not only agreed that it was quite unnecessary that you should teach, but proposed that a physician is needed here, that when I graduate in the spring we should be married, and settle down here with him, which would save you the trouble of making any more furniture," he added, laughingly, and apparently well satisfied with Jessie's silent assent.

THE CANARY'S ESCAPE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

OUR canary, on a day,
 Thought that he would fly away,
 Fly away in regions far,
 Gay and golden like a star.
 "For," said he "the other birds
 Oft have spoken winsome words,
 Saying, 'It's so fresh and fair,
 Sailing in the summer air,
 Building in the bowery trees,
 Breasting every balmy breeze,
 Singing when and where you will,
 In the fields and woods so still!'
 It is true, and I will go,
 Whether Willie wish or no;
 I shall start whene'er I can;
 This is my decided plan!"

So, when Willie came to him,
 Carefully his cage to trim,
 He began to flit about,
 Half in earnest, half in doubt,
 Till he saw the door was wide,
 Made a dash, and was outside.
 There he flew on fence and tree,
 Feeling glad that he was free;
 But the puss went after him,
 And his head began to swim;
 Rover, too, did run and bark,
 And the day grew dim and dark.
 Once again in field he flew,
 Wet as wet with morning dew,
 Tired out and fit to die;
 He no longer wished to fly,
 But desired his olden cage,
 Learning wisdom like a sage,
 When the wires from Nellie's hand,
 Came to save, like fairy wand;
 And he felt right pleased again,
 Glad as sunshine after rain;
 In his cage he sang his best,
 Thankful for its peace and rest.

Many a boy has been like this,
 Changing known for fancied bliss,
 Wished himself away from home,
 Where, ungoverned, he might roam;
 Thought that all outside were blest,
 Like the swallows from their nest;
 Thought that he away would run,
 And rejoice in freedom won.
 But, like birdie, he will find,
 All the world is far from kind,
 And that home, though like a cage,
 Still is best till he's of age;
 And that, were he wise in time,
 Home is heaven's happiest clime.
 Our canary, on a day,
 Taught me this in his sweet way.

OUR YOUNG WRITERS.

A STRUGGLE WITH A BEAR.

BY H. M. TOD (SOLOMON SLOPER).

"SAY, Charlie, what d'ye think? A bear killed four of our sheep last night! Father says he thinks he's got a den in that gulch back of our house. So him and me's goin' up there to-morrow, and try to git a shot at him. Don't you want to go 'long?"

This was addressed to Charlie Moore by his friend, Bill Cowen, as they stood at Mr. Moore's gate. Both boys had been reared in the mountains, and were good shots with a rifle.

"Of course I'll go," said Charlie; "that is, if mother'll let me."

"Well, if she'll let you go, come 'round to our house 'bout six o'clock to-morrow mornin'."

Charlie readily obtained his mother's permission, and was up the next morning before daybreak, ready to start, so that he might reach Mr. Cowen's at the appointed hour. Mr. Cowen and Bill were just coming out of the house with their rifles when Charlie arrived in sight. He hurried forward to meet them, and together they went to the sheepfold, where the tracks of the bear were yet distinctly visible upon the soft ground. Following these tracks for a long distance, they suddenly came to a large opening in the side of the mountain, partially concealed by vines. The tracks clearly indicated that the bear had entered.

"Boys," said Mr. Cowen, "post yourselves here, and I'll go in and try to stir him up."

The boys placed themselves, with rifles at full cock, behind a large pile of rocks, and awaited the issue in awful suspense. They had not waited long ere the sound of a shot was heard issuing from the cave; and the next moment Mr. Cowen rushed out, closely pursued by the bear.

Almost simultaneously the reports of the boys' rifles rang out upon the air. The bear, however, did not falter; and before the boys could reload, he was upon Mr. Cowen. The latter drew his knife, and together he and the bear rolled upon the ground. So intermingled was bear and man that the boys were afraid to use their knives, for fear of striking the man. Mr. Cowen succeeded at length in grasping the bear by the throat, and struck him blow after blow with his knife. The bear's struggles soon ceased, and he lay quite dead.

Mr. Cowen's breast and shoulders were terribly lacerated, and he was so weak from loss

of blood that the boys were obliged to construct a litter to convey him home. "His wounds were not dangerous, and he soon recovered. The bear was a very large one of the species, weighing over nine hundred and fifty pounds.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE LILY.

BY HAZEL.

THE king came from his palace hall with slow and stately stride,
And called for his only daughter, his stern heart's joy and pride.

She came from among the flowers, herself the fairest one,

Though all were tinted with loveliest hues, and kissed by the dew of the morn.

Her soft eyes beamed with smiles, her brow wore a thoughtful look;

And sunny hair rippled o'er shoulders white, like waves o'er the sands of a brook.

Her arms were like purest snow-wreaths, her form of willowy grace,

And the light of an angel's beauty shone in her happy face.

Clad in costliest silken raiment, with a garland on her hair,

Ah, truly, lovely Lilla was the fairest of the fair,
As she stood before her father in the royal palace hall,

And listened for the words that from his lips should fall.

The proud king paused a moment, then took his daughter by the hand,

And led her to the open window, whence, spread out on either hand,

They could see a smiling garden, with its wealth of blossoming flowers,

And hear the birds low carolling among the leafy bowers.

Then he spoke. "This early morning came to my palace gate

Who but brave Prince Lionheart, the tried, and true, and great;

He came to crave a boon of me, the haughty king;

None other than that he my daughter's hand might win.

And I did not say him nay. So now, my Lilla dear,

Thou may'st go thy way with a happy heart, for thy wedding-day is near."

"O, father," plead the maiden, "grant me a better fate;

For I know that old Prince Lionheart, though brave he be, and great,

Is but a cruel tyrant, with selfish, evil heart.
Go, tell the prince that I say him nay; and bid him hence depart."

"Ah, child, this is but folly. Carest not what thou may'st say?

Thou hast no time for haughty words; for, on this very day,

Ere yonder glowing sun sets in the golden western sky,

Thou'lt wed the one of my choice. And now, — for the hour draws nigh, —

Go, don the bridal robe and veil thy maids have prepared for thee,

And come to me when the last sun-rays gild the leaves of yon stately tree."

Thus spake the stern old king; and, in a moment more,

The daughter's form had slowly passed from out the arched door.

She went to her willing handmaids, who, with fingers deft and light,

Arrayed the lovely form in the bridal robes of white;

Then, raising her snowy hand, gleaming with many a costly gem,

In a quiet tone, in a low, low voice, she spake to them:

"When the latest sun-rays gild the leaves of yonder stately tree,

Beneath its shadow I shall be; and there you may seek for me,"

Then passed away from their sight; and, with noiseless, gentle tread,

Along the blooming garden paths to the olden tree she sped,

Then paused; and then a plaintive sound and low

Stole out on the soft summer breeze, a sound of deepest woe.

"O, fairies, kindest fairies, who e'er have cared for me,

I, Lilla, the king's only daughter, beseech you to list to me:

Save me from this unhappy fate. Dear fairies, let me die;

Bear my life away ere yonder sun sets in the western sky."

At sunset, when the last bright rays shone on the olden tree,

Came the maidens; but no Lilla fair, no sweet bride did they see;

But, beneath the old tree's shadow, gleaming in the latest sun-rays' light,

Was a fair and slender lily, robed in purest bridal white.



THE STORM.

BY H. ELLIOTT M'BRIDE.

CHARACTERS. — *MRS. RAYMOND, a Shoddy Aristocrat.* ELLEN RAYMOND, ALICE RAYMOND, *Daughters of MRS. RAYMOND.* MISS HANNAH RAYMOND, *an Old Maid from Crab Apple Hollow.* JOSHUA SPEWKINS, *Nephew of Miss Hannah Raymond.* AUGUSTUS RINDVILLE, ADOLPHUS VILLAKINS, *Fortune Hunters.*

SCENE. — A Room in MR. RAYMOND'S House.
MRS. RAYMOND and ALICE discovered.

Mrs. Raymond. Your father has gone up with wonderful ferocity; and, I suppose, without any attempt at inflation, he is one of the wealthiest men in the city. He has good business jollifications, and it seems that he can make money without any preliminary effort. You may well be proud of your father. And I am greatly rejoiced that we left Crab Apple Hollow and came here. We are now bongtongical people, and are looked up to by all; while, if we had remained in Crab Apple Hollow, we would have amounted to nothin', we would have been mere syphons. And you and your father should thank me for this change, for I nurged him to come, and I insitulated and nurged, until your father was compelled to give up and come.

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. Ma, here is a letter for you.

Mrs. Raymond. A letter for me? (*Takes letter.*) O, it is from some of the boobies out at Crab Apple Hollow. (*Opens and reads.*)

"Me and my nephew, Joshua Spewkins, will visit you next Tuesday. We hain't seed you since you got to be rich folks, and I kalkilate we will be mighty glad to see each other.

"Yours affectionately,

"HANNAH RAYMOND."

This is most diabolical. What will we do with these two country greenhorns?

Alice. Shut the door, and keep them out.

Ellen. That's what I say.

Mrs. Raymond. But your father would be very much mad, and he would even tear around, if he should find out that we had locked the door on them. This won't do.

Ellen. Well, I'm sure we can't have them here. What would Adolphus say?

Alice. And what would Augustus say? He would turn away from me instantly if he knew we had such relations. O, it will be dreadful for them to come here!

Ellen. Adolphus has always moved in the highest circles, and he would be shocked and horrified.

Mrs. Raymond. Well, I don't know what we can do. I suppose we will have to let them rush in upon us. They may be more genteel than we suppose.

Alice. Humph! Gentility in Crab Apple Hollow! The idea is preposterous!

Ellen. Yes, the height of absurdity.

Mrs. Raymond. We will endeavor to have them out of the way when your gentlemen friends come, and all will be well. Ellen, have you yet answered Adolphus Villakins's proposition of matrimony?

Ellen. Ma, you mean proposition, not preposition. You make such ridiculous mistakes that I am compelled to blush painfully. Don't talk so much when we have company, and you will not make yourself so absurd.

Alice. Yes, ma; you are an absurd talker. Will you never learn to talk properly?

Mrs. Raymond. Well, I'm endeavorin' to talk in such a way as to keep up with the circulars in which we move.

Ellen. You'd better abandon your aristocratic talking, and spare our mortification.

Enter MISS RAYMOND and JOSHUA.

Mrs. Raymond. (*Going to him, and taking his hand.*) How do you do? Let me see. I believe your name is Joshua.

Joshua. Wal, yes; that is my name; but deown tew hum they jest call me Josh, fur short. Heow hev yeou been, anyheow?

Mrs. Raymond. O, I have been enjoying the blessing of incorruptible health.

Joshua. Wal, I'm mighty glad you hev, fur yeou seem tew be the only one of this here family as is civilized. Them two gals air cousins of mine, and I thought they'd run right up tew me, and gin me a buss, as soon as I come in. That's the way it is deown tew uncle Tobias Smallcorn's, when I go deown there. The gals rush right up tew me, and seem tew be tickled most tew death because I hev come.

Ellen. (*Sneeringly.*) There's a difference between the Smallcorns and the Raymonds. The Smallcorns are probably high-toned people, and appreciate refinement and culture.

Joshua. Wal, yes; they hev some manners, anyheow. Why don't yeou ax a feller tew sit deown? Them's amazin nice cheers yeou hev got. (*Sits down on a hair-cloth chair.*) Why, it sorter hoists yeou up agin, when yeou sit deown onto one of 'em. This is a mighty grand house. Sofys, and big cheers, and a pianny, and books, and there seems tew be no end to the picters. My! but uncle George must be a rich man! But, I say, aunt Hannah, I reckon we'd better be a goin' agin. These people hev sorter turned the cold shoulder tew us; and I reckon we'd feel more comfortable if we'd go tew a tavern.

Miss Raymond. Wal, I ain't agoin'. Humph! I wouldn't think of sich a thing. Manya time I hev assisted George. Why, when he was peddlin' calves, and butter, and eggs, I used tew fix up his load, and git up afore daylight and git his breakfast fur him; and I kalkilate I ain't agoin' tew git skeered jest because these gals has got a leetle cranky. I'm a goin' tew see George afore I go; and I hev a notion he'll straighten up matters a leetle around this house. George used tew be purty stern and unflinchin' in doin' his duty; and I s'pect he's that way yet, if his gittin' rich hasn't sp'iled him.

Mrs. Raymond. O, Mr. Raymond will treat you well, and so will I. You mustn't think nothing of Alice's talk. Let it pass into unmitigated silence and restful oblivion. She isn't quite well, and your coming into our sequestrian abode has made her inflammably nervous.

Miss Raymond. Law sakes! is that it? Wal, I kin tell yeou somethin' that will cure that. Drink plenty of yarb tea jest afore goin' tew bed. Amanda Higgins, she was dreadful narvis, and she tuck tew drinkin' yarb tea, and she tuck it mighty hot, and jest afore she put on her nightcap tew go tew bed; and it warn't long till she was as well as anybody.

Mrs. Raymond. (*Aside to Alice.*) Now I

have got matters adjusted. Don't say nothin' more to make trouble, or I'll state the case to your father, and then he'll chastise you.

Joshua. Wal, aunt Hannah, if yeou ain't agoin', I am. I don't stay in nobody's house when they act the wet dog this way.

Mrs. Raymond. O, Mr. Spewkins, you must not go. You are mistaken in supposing that your company is unsurmountable.

Joshua. Wal, I kalkilate I know a thing or two. Good by, aunt Hannah. I'll call fur yeou whenever yeou feel like goin'. I s'pose yeou'll stay a week.

Miss Raymond. Yes, I'll stay a week anyheow; but I kalkilate George won't let me off under two weeks.

Ellen. (*Aside.*) Gracious!

Alice. (*Aside.*) O, dear!

Joshua. Good by, gals. Get yeour dad tew send yeou eout tew Crab Apple Holler tew larn some manners. [*Exit JOSHUA.*]

Alice. (*Aside to ELLEN.*) One of the boobies gone.

Ellen. (*Aside to ALICE.*) I could tear that old thing's head off. Just think of her staying here a week! And it would be just like her to insist on staying longer. I do wish pa could be more high-toned and cultured.

Miss Raymond. Wal, gals, heow hev yeou been gitting along? Tell us about yeour beaux. Sich things air allers interestin' to me.

Enter JOSHUA, followed by AUGUSTUS RINDVILLE and ADOLPHUS VILLAKINS.

Joshua. Lookkee here, gals; here's a couple of fellers as wants tew see yeou. I reckon they air yeour beaux. (*ADOLPHUS and AUGUSTUS bow.*)

Ellen. (*Aside.*) Goodness gracious!

Alice. (*Aside.*) O, dear! this is dreadful!

Joshua. Why, yeou don't seem tew be much tickled about it. Neow, when I go tew see Jerusha Ann Stiggins, she nigh about allers runs up tew me, and puts up her mouth tew git a buss. But I reckon there's some difference between sparkin' in the city and sparkin' in the country.

Ellen. (*Aside to ALICE.*) What will we do, anyhow?

Alice. (*Aside to ELLEN.*) O, I'm sure I. don't know. It is terrible.

Miss Raymond. Young men, take cheers, and squat deown. These gals air sorter flusticated, and don't seem tew know what they air doin'. Deown where I live, we don't think it is good manners tew keep a feller standin' long. I reckon yeou didn't expect tew see me here. I'm an aunt of these gals, and I hev

come tew the city tew stay a spell. My name's Hannah Raymond, and I live deown tew Crab Apple Holler. Ever been there?

Adolphus. Nevaw.

Miss Raymond. Why, you say that word sorter strange! Yeou bean't a furriner — be yeou?

Adolphus. Nevaw.

Miss Raymond. There it is ag'in. Why, yeou must be a furriner, fur I never knowed anybody else tew talk that way.

Augustus. (Aside.) This is a boaw!

Alice. (Desperately.) Gentlemen, be seated. (*ADOLPHUS and AUGUSTUS seat themselves.*) We are all in a flurry. These people pretend to be relatives, and have come in to stay a while. Of course it has thrown us into confusion.

Augustus. I suppose we should apologize for intwuding; but theaw has been a ball gotten up in haste, and we wished to appwize you of the fact.

Joshua. Just as I was agoin' eout, these fellers were on the door-step, abeout gittin' ready tew pull at that air knob which rings the bell, and so I brought 'em right in. They seem tew be right piert fellers.

Miss Raymond. I s'pose yeou air these gals' beaux.

Adolphus. Yes, we have that honaw.

Augustus. (Aside.) What a boaw!

Miss Raymond. And which is the one yeou are arter?

Adolphus. Miss Ellen is the one who we-ceives my attentions. (*Aside.*) I suppose I'd better keep on the right side of the old fool. She may have money, and Ellen may be a favorite.

Miss Raymond. Ah! yes. I ixpect they air nice enough gals; but they air awful narvis. Alice tuck a narvis spell jest arter we come in, but I s'pose it was because she was lookin' fur her beau. (*To AUGUSTUS.*) I s'pose yeou hain't sparked her very long.

Augustus. Madam, I wish to hold no convesation with you.

Miss Raymond. Yeou don't! Wal, neow, that ain't like me, fur I'm willin' tew talk tew a'most anybody. Heow did yeou come tew git acquainted with Alice?

Augustus. Madam, have I not alweady said that I will hold no convesation with you?

Miss Raymond. Wal, yeou needn't git cranky about it. (*To ALICE and ELLEN.*) But, gals, ain't yeou goin' tew ax me tew take off my things? I hev been here a consid'able spell, and yeou hev'n't said nothin' abeout it. Neow, when I go tew anybody's house deown

tew Crab Apple Holler, the gals fly at me as soon as I come in, and ax me tew take off my bunnit, and then they set a cheer fur me, and put away my things, and git tew talkin' abeout the weather and the crops. But, then, there's sich a difference between the country and the city! and what's customary in one isn't customary in t'other. (*Taking off her bonnet.*) But I kin make myself tew hum, as I am in my brother George's house. And there ain't no use in feelin' bashful, anyheow.

Mrs. Raymond. (Taking her bonnet.) Excuse my neglecton of duty and reciprocity. Sit down, Miss Raymond, and make yourself comfortless.

Miss Raymond. (Seating herself.) Josh, hadn't yeou better squat deown fur a spell?

Joshua. Wal, I don't keer if I dew. (*Sits down.*) I want tew see heow these 'ere fellers dew their sparkin'; and mebbe I'll larn somethin'.

Augustus. (Aside.) These unmannerly people should be turned out of doors.

Alice. (Aside to MRS. RAYMOND.) How long will we be compelled to endure this?

Ellen. (Aside to MRS. RAYMOND.) Ma, why don't you tell them to go?

Mrs. Raymond. O, don't say nothin' ejaculatory, or your father will transform himself into a terrible passion.

Augustus. I suppose we had bettaw wetire.

Miss Raymond. O, yeou needn't be in a hurry. Stay a spell, and let us hev a talk. I hev'n't had a talk with a highfaluter fur a consid'able spell; and if yeou air goin' tew be a relation of mine, yeou needn't be so crankish. I want tew tell yeou abeout the store that was robbed out on the Franklin road.

Augustus. (Aside.) Gwacious! I wondaw if I am suspected!

Miss Raymond. And the feller got a heap of money; but the officers are arter him, and I kalkilate he'll be nabbed.

Augustus. (Aside.) Jupiter! I guess I'd better go.

Miss Raymond. Neow, I wan't to tell yeou abeout Mose Wiggleton.

Augustus. (Aside.) No, she doesn't suspect me. She's only trying to talk about something. I feel relieved.

Miss Raymond. Mose was a young chap, abeout as old as yeou, I s'pose. Heow old air yeou, anyheow?

Augustus. Don't speak to me, you old wep-wobate.

Miss Raymond. Wal, neow, don't get obstepervious. I wouldn't hev supposed that yeou would hev been ashamed of yeour age.

But I'll go on and tell you about Mose Wiggle-ton. Mose was a purty clever feller, and he had a gal deown tew Turkey Run by the name of Susannah Slocum.

Enter Mr. RAYMOND with his hat in hand and a wild look on his face.

Mr. Raymond (Striking an attitude).

"Poor, naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are, That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these?"

Mrs. Raymond. (Running to him.) My poor husband, what under the panoply of heaving is the matter? You look very much rejected.

Joshua. What upon airth's broke loose?

Miss Raymond. O, George, you air a cuttin' capers ag'in, jest like yeou used tew dew when yeou was a buyin' calves.

Mr. Raymond. (Continuing.) "O now, forever,

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content! Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars, That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, The royal banner, and all quality, Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats The immortal Jove's dread clamorous counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

Yes, sir, my occupation's gone. I'm broke, bursted, smashed, curflummuxed. Yes, curflummuxed is the word — not a very smooth word, perhaps, but it's the word on this occasion. It is an expressive word, and it clearly expresses my condition on this occasion. Yes, sir, money all swept away, and we've gone to smash and ruin.

Augustus. Weally, is this so?

Adolphus. How vewy distwessing

Alice. O, pa, you do not mean it?

Ellen. It can't be possible.

Mrs. Raymond. Husband, what means this distressing conduct?

Miss Raymond. George, yeou air jest actin' up because I've come. I've heerd yeou speakin' many a time. When you was peddlin' calves yeou used tew git up afore daylight and speak speeches. Come, neow, no foolin', but walk up here and shake hands with me. Here's Josh Spewkins, too; don't yeou know him?

Mr. Raymond. (Reciting.) "Our revels now are ended: These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve; And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leaves not a rack behind. We are such stuff As dreams are made of, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep."

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears. A crash has come — an awful crash. For some time past I have feared the storm would overtake us. I hoped it would pass by, but it didn't — no, it didn't. Storms do not often pass by. This one did not pass by — no, it was a square hit, and all our money is gone. For myself, I could endure it. I could again peddle calves and butter and soap and eggs, but my poor wife and my poor daughters, they cannot peddle calves. O, what shall be done? But why lament? It is better to laugh than to cry! it is better to sing than to groan. I guess I'll sing some and I'll feel better. I haven't sung any for a long time, but this occasion demands a song. (*Sings.*)

"So let the wide world wag as it will,

I'll be gay and happy still;

Gay and happy,

Gay and happy,

I'll be gay and happy still."

Yes, wife and daughters, let us be gay and happy still. What's the use in getting down in the mouth about anything? If we have to peddle calves again, let us peddle with a light heart and a cheerful countenance. I can be gay and happy still. See, wife and daughters, I can dance as well as sing. (*Dances.*) Wife and daughters, let us go through this world with smiling faces. Isn't it better to smile than to look cross? Of course it is. Now I'll sing some more; I'll let the world see that I can brave the storm and outride the tempest. (*Sings.*)

"So let the wide world wag as it will,

I'll be gay and happy still;

Gay and happy,

Gay and happy,

I'll be gay and happy still."

Joshua. (Going to Mr. RAYMOND.) Look-ee here, uncle George, yeou air actin' like a crazy tick. If yeou air goin' tew peddle calves ag'in, you needn't git so overjoyed about it. Peddlin' calves needn't raise your spirits so tremenjously. Don't yeou know me? I'm Joshua Spewkins, from Crab Apple Holler.

Mr. Raymond. Joshua Spewkins, from Crab Apple Hollow! Yes, I know you; give me your hand. (*They shake hands.*) I'm delighted to see you. But Mr. Joshua Spewkins, from Crab Apple Hollow, you have come at the wrong time; you have come just as the storm has burst upon us.

Joshua. O, I don't keer fur that. But, I say, uncle George, yeou needn't git troubled about these gals of yeourn. These here two piert fellers, accordin' tew appearances, air goin' tew take them off yeour hands.

Augustus. This is a distwessing case. Alice, will you considaw our engagement bwoke?

Adolphus. And, Miss Ellen, considaw the ties that bound us as sewawed.

Alice. (*Weeping.*) O, will you desert me in my trouble?

Ellen. (*Weeping.*) Adolphus, are you go-
ing to leave me?

Adolphus. Well, weally —

Augustus. 'Tis distwessing, I know, but —

Joshua. (*Stepping up to Adolphus and Augustus.*) No, sir-ee. Yeou ain't goin' to slink out of no ingagements that way. What dew yeou call yeourselves?

Mr. Raymond. Going to desert my daughters, are you, just because the storm has come on? Haste! bring my revolver! I'll shoot them on the spot.

Augustus. O, deaw, the man must be cwazy.

Adolphus. The cwash has been too much for him.

Ellen. (*Continuing to weep, and going to ADOLPHUS.*) O, Adolphus, it would kill me if you should go now.

Alice. (*Continuing to weep, and going to AUGUSTUS.*) O, Augustus, you will not break the engagement now?

Augustus. Well, weally, you see circumstances are such —

Adolphus. 'Tis sad, I know, but I am compelled to go.

Joshua. Wall, neow, Jerusha Ann Stiggins would consider it right deown mean if he'd leave her in that way.

Mr. Raymond. Leave! Who talks of leaving? Haste! bring my revolver and I'll shoot them down in their tracks. If you can't find the revolver, the old blunderbuss will do.

Augustus. O, gwacious, I must go.

[*Exit AUGUSTUS, hastily.*]

Adolphus. Weally, I am afwaid of this man.

[*Exit ADOLPHUS, hastily.*]

Alice. (*Weeping.*) O, I am deserted.

Ellen. (*Weeping.*) He has gone and left me. O, dear! I am alone.

Mr. Raymond. Well, it is better to be alone

than in the company of such men. What do you think of them? They deserted you just as soon as the storm came. Wipe your eyes and let us have no nonsense. You should be ashamed of yourselves to cry about such brainless puppies. Let us have no more of it. We leave this place; we are poor; and you will now have an opportunity to earn your bread by the sweat of the brow.

Miss Raymond. George, I've been sittin' here and listenin' tew the way yeou hev been goin' on. Fust I thought yeou was jest actin' up fur the purpose of scarin' them two dandies; but neow I begin tew think that yeou air raily in airnest. Neow, George, I want tew know; hev yeou raily and truly broke up?

Mr. Raymond. Hello, Hannah, are you here? (*Goes and shakes hands.*) How do you do? You have come, too, just as the storm has burst upon us. I'm glad to see you. Yes, Hannah, the storm has come.

"I am as a weed,

Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam, to sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

Miss Raymond. George, let us hev no more of yeour speakin'. Answer me in plain words; are yeou broke? Hev yeou lost all yeour money?

Mr. Raymond. In plain words, *I have*. In plain words, I am broken; in plain words, I am bursted; in plain words, I am curflummuxed. I wish it to be distinctly and explicitly understood that I haven't a dollar in the world. This house is no longer mine. We are ruined. No, I take that back. We have lost our money, but we are not ruined. Some people would call it ruined, but I will not. While I have life and health, I have hope. I can commence again as I commenced before. I can peddle calves and soap and lard and butter, as I did when I lived in Crab Apple Hollow. And I believe it is well that we have lost our money. My wife and daughters have become purse-proud and aristocratic. They had joined the high sailing and highfalutin set. O, what a glorious tumble this will be for them! They can no longer associate with these brainless butterflies, the Wellingtons, the Arlingtons, and the Fitz Boodles. O, it will be good for them to step down. It will show them that riches have wings; it will show them that they can employ their time more usefully than in going to balls and the opera, and in dressing in frills and gewgaws and furbelows. I tell you, sister Hannah and

Joshua Spewkins, we should live for something; we should have some purpose in view; we should strive to grow wiser and better; we should aim at a noble mark.

Joshua. That's so, by jingo.

Miss Raymond. George, I'm raal deown glad that yeou ain't tuck deown by gittin' broke up. Don't let it distress yeou, fur Josh and me kin help —

Mr. Raymond. Let it distress me? Never! I'm made of better metal than that. See, sister Hannah, I can dance and sing, and the red flag will wave over my house to-morrow. (*Sings.*) "So let the wide world wag as it will,

I'll be gay and happy still;

Gay and happy,

Gay and happy,

I'll be gay and happy still."

Mrs. Raymond. Be calm, George; I can step down with you. I am ready to take my place at your side whether in prosperity or adversity. I know we have been leading use-less lives. But I am ready to do better, and I am ready to descend with you to our former humble station, and endeavor to do my duty faithfully.

Mr. Raymond. Noble woman! I did not expect this, and I am happier now than I was before the storm came on. Emily Jane, you are an excellent woman. (*Commences to de-claim.*) Fellow citizens, if the sun in yonder heavens, the source of light and heat, should get knocked out of its place — if something should happen to the machinery which whirls the sun along upon its daily course — yes, fel-low-citizens, if this should be the case, I would still admire a noble woman. Emily Jane has proved herself to be a noble woman, and I am a happy man. (*Dances.*) Tol de lol de dol de da. Tol de rol de di do.

Joshua. Uncle George, yeou've been cuttin' up about long enough. 'Spouse, yeou listen tew me a spell. I hev a heap of money, and I kin set yeou up intew business ag'in.

Mr. Raymond. You have money? Where did you get it?

Joshua. Made it in var'us ways, jest as yeou made yeour'n. Aunt Hannah has money too.

Miss Raymond. Yes, George, we kin set yeou on yeour feet ag'in.

Mr. Raymond. I won't touch your money. I won't have a cent of it. I'll make my own money. I'll rise on my own money or I'll stay down. Don't say money to me. I might lose it. I'll not touch a cent of it.

Mrs. Raymond. Sister Hannah, I am sorry

that you have been treated as you have since you came in. You see now that the vainglory has been taken out of us.

Miss Raymond. It's all right. I know when some people git money they git puffed up about it; but Josh and me ain't much puffed up.

Alice. (*Aside to ELLEN.*) No, I think not. If they had worn better clothes we would not have talked to them so. But, Ellen, let us ask their pardon. Father is determined to peddle calves again, and we may as well step down gracefully. (*ELLEN and ALICE turn to JOSHUA and MISS RAYMOND.*) Aunt Hannah and cousin Joshua, we are very sorry that we have treated you so rudely, and we most humbly beg your pardon for doing so. Can you forgive us?

Joshua. Sartinly, sartinly. Neow that yeou hev come deown from yeour high hoss, yeou air nice smart gals, and I'm rail deown proud of you.

Miss Raymond. I forgive yeou too, of course I dew. I can't blame yeou much fur actin' so, fur we didn't put on our best clothes when we come here. It's all right, gals: and as long as yeou air as nice and perlite as yeou air neow, yeour aunt Hannah will be one of yeour best friends.

Mr. Raymond. Now, I'm a poor man, but I am happy. I have found that my wife and daughters are sensible women, and that they can descend with me to a humble station, and assist me to again work my way up. (*Commencing to declaim.*) For I believe, fellow-citizens, that a man can become nobler and greater and stronger and —

Joshua. (*Taking him by the arm.*) Hold on, uncle George; I get the last speech.

Miss Raymond. Ladies and gentlemen, it is an old saying —

Joshua. (*Taking Miss RAYMOND by the arm.*) Hold on, aunt Hannah. Don't yeou understand heow this should end?

(*MR. RAYMOND and MISS RAYMOND speak together.*)

Mr. Raymond. Fellow citizens —

Miss Raymond. Ladies and gentlemen —

Joshua. (*Trying to prevent them from speaking.*) Hold on, uncle George; hold on, aunt Hannah. I get the last speech.

Mr. Raymond. Fellow-citizens —

Miss Raymond. Ladies and gentlemen —

Joshua. Boys and gals —

Mr. Raymond, Miss Raymond, and Joshua. (*Speaking together.*) The storm is over.

Curtain.

STREET ARABS.

BOOTBLACKS AND NEWSBOYS.

BY PAUL WARD.

THE boys who earn their living in cities by selling papers and blacking boots do not have a very easy or pleasant time; but they seem to try to get as much enjoyment out of the business as possible, and become very bright and sharp in their intercourse with their customers and with each other.

This is the common catch-all with most of the poorer boys who are obliged to do something for a living, and at one time became so great a nuisance in Boston that the authorities were obliged to contrive some means to reduce the number, and bring order out of apparent chaos; so the city government took the matter in charge, and reduced the business to a system.

They found too many of the boys growing up in ignorance, — and if there is anything more objectionable to a native of New England than ignorance, the people have not yet discovered it, — and they decided that the boy who would shine as a bootblack, or shout as a newsboy, should be compelled, as one of his qualifications, to attend school. They established newsboys' schools, having sessions of two hours a day, which the young craftsmen were compelled to attend; they also decided to limit the number; and the licenses now in force are about four hundred. They also furnished a numbered badge, which each boy must wear in sight while about his duties. For this badge the boy deposits one dollar, which is returned to him on the return of the badge, after deducting the amount necessary for repairs.

There are only two schools now in the city exclusively for street Arabs, one of which is located in E Street Place, and the other in North Margin Street; and those who do not live within the districts embraced by these schools attend the city schools during their regular sessions. The teachers of the schools and the superintendent of the bureau all give good accounts of the intelligence and progress of these boys. A great desire to learn is manifested, and as much ambition to excel displayed as by the average scholars in the public schools. Some of the boys have attended the High School, and some of them have gone through, while plying their vocation; and, when it is remembered that these boys are generally the sons of dissipated parents, to

whose support they contribute largely each week, and in some instances procure all the money on which the family subsists, we can commend them as examples of persistency and pluck worthy of imitation.

The ages of the boys vary from ten to fifteen years, and their average earnings are four dollars per week. The newsboys are generally Irish, with a slight sprinkling of Americans, while the bootblacks are nearly all Italians. The boys come from the very dregs of society which congregate in the vicinity of the North End; but it is a difficult task to find in the city a group of brighter-eyed, sharper-witted, or more intelligent-looking boys than can be found around the delivery-room of any of our afternoon papers.

Mr. Wright, who has charge of this department of city government, gives excellent accounts of their life after they leave this business, and has followed their after-life with considerable care and interest. Very few of them turn out badly; some of them marry, and become good husbands and fathers, and exemplary citizens. Many of them learn trades, which they take up as apprentices when fifteen or seventeen years of age, and follow a life as far as possible the opposite of that led by their parents. Nearly all of them display a commendable ambition to master their trade thoroughly, and are anxious to be respected and respectable citizens. The system of school attendance, and the other requirements with which the boys must comply, has worked a salutary change in the craft in Boston, and causes better and more intelligent boys to apply for permits, while the department protects them in the rights they have conferred upon them, and prevents undue crowding.

Time brings about many astonishing changes, and who can tell but the boy who to-day shines our boots, or sells us our evening paper, may to-morrow wield a power to which we, as good citizens, shall render obedience? It is only a few days since a marquis of France was found among the bootblacks of Chicago; and it is not improbable that equally as powerful men may arise from the ranks, and fill responsible positions. Andrew Johnson had fewer advantages for education than these street Arabs, and he filled the highest office in the nation's gift; and many other similar cases might be cited. He who will, generally succeeds; and another president may some time fill the executive chair who will take as much pride in saying that he was once a Boston newsboy, as did Mr. Johnson in referring to his early struggles as a tailor in Greenville.



I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

NO, comrades, I thank you; not any for me:
My last chain is riven; henceforward
I'm free!

I will go to my home and my children to-night
With no fumes of liquor, their spirits to blight;
And, with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor
wife

To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.
I have never refused you before? Let that pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red,
bloated face;

Mark my faltering step and my weak palsied
hand,

And the mark on my brow that is worse than
Cain's brand;

See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and
knees,

Alike warmed by the sun, or chilled by the
breeze.

Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me
now,

That a mother's soft hand was pressed on my
brow,

When she kissed me and blessed me, her dar-
ling, her pride,

Ere she laid down to rest by my dead father's
side;

But, with love in her eyes, she looked up to
the sky,

Bidding *me* meet her *there*, and whispered,
"Good by."

And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let
pass,

For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night — it was not very
late,

For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords
won't wait

On a fellow who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed their coffers to fill.
O, the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!
And I begged for one glass, — just one would
have cured, —

But they kicked me out doors! I let that, too,
pass,

For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

At home, my pet Susie, with her rich golden
hair,

I saw through the window, just kneeling in
prayer;

From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves
were strung down,

While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath
her scant gown;

And she prayed, prayed for *bread!* just a poor
crust of bread,

For *one* crust, on her knees my pet *darling*
plead!

And I *heard*, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,

I have drank my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-old,
Though fainting with hunger, and shivering
with cold,

There, on the bare floor, asked God to bless *me!*
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will,
for, you see,

I believe what I ask for." Then, sobered, I crept
Away from the house; and that night, when I
slept,

Next my heart lay the PLEDGE! You smile!
let it pass,

For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

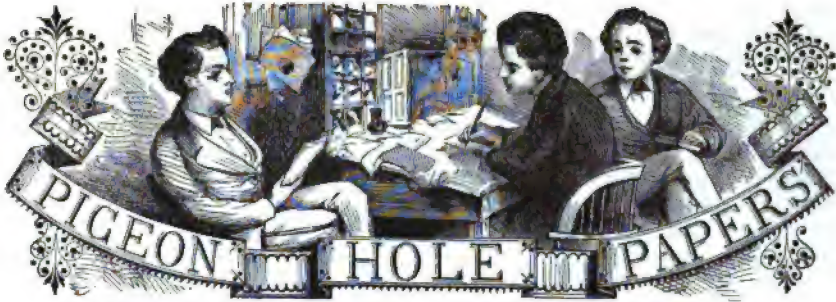
My darling child saved me! Her faith and her
love

Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
I will make my words true, or I'll die in the race,

And sober I'll go to my last resting-place;
And she shall kneel *there*, and, weeping, thank
God

No *drunkard* lies under the daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,

For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.



A WHOPPER. — Thus saith Fred McGill: "I suppose it was rude in me to say what I did in my letter, but I do not think you were justified in saying what you did in *that* article (page 780), especially about two *sheets* of fool's-cap, for you know that is a 'whopper'; and the rebus in the middle is another; and to do the fair thing, you would say so. After this I will know where to send my puzzles, where they will have some show at least. You have done yourself and me more harm than you imagine. 'Fine feathers, &c.' — Now, Fred, turn to the article. Does it say two *sheets*? No. Two *pages*, or half a sheet. Whose "whopper" was that? You wrote on both sides of the half sheet; the address was on one side and the rebus on the other, precisely as we stated it in that article. We cannot see that we have done you any harm, Fred, after reading over the article again. It explains why your name was not inserted before. The tone is friendly, and the advice is so, also. It is certainly more gentlemanly than your letter was; and there is no "whopper" in it.

THAT PROBLEM. — W. S. R. thinks he "has us," and this is what he says: "In the last number of your Magazine you published a puzzle about two men digging a ditch & said that it could not be done worked thus each man dug fifty feet & one man received \$1.06 1-4 a foot & the other \$.93 3-4 a foot hoping you will be more careful in deciding next time I remain yours." — We stated that one of the conditions of the problem — that the men receive an equal sum for their work — was omitted in the example sent to us. The problem which we declared could not be done included this condition. The example implies an unequal number of feet. Any schoolboy can do it without the condition we supplied, and W. S. R. has not achieved "a big thing." As we are not to do any "deciding" hereafter in these matters, we shall be spared the necessity of being more careful. While we are about it we may as well add that we submitted this

problem to a very able mathematician whose opinion agreed with our own. It is not worth while to know too much in this world, especially if one can't spell correctly.

A MERCENARY PUZZLER. — When we have anything good we like to give our readers the benefit of it, though we do not like to hold up any innocent youth to ridicule. Our puzzlers who have been striving to get their efforts into the Magazine with no hope of fee or reward will smile when they read the following, written in pencil, with less skill than the average of the letters we receive: "I take the pleasant opportunity to write you the object of writing to you is to secure an engagement with you to write puzzles for your Magazine I will write short rebuses cross enigmas such as you will find enclosed I will write faithfully and punctually every month if you will let me know by return of mail if you will admit of my services and what you will be willing to pay I will be much obliged I have started a story for your Magazine which I will continue about six months commencing in next January number the title is Daring bob or the boy hunter in arizona, Contains Daring exploits among wolves indians and other horrors of the west if you will be so kind as to accept of my services I will take part pay in subscriptions to your Magazine or in books to be taken from Lee & Shepard's trade list. Please let me know by letter or letter bag. The puzzles now enclosed you are at liberty to publish if you will please send me some different numbers of the Magazine for examination also lee & shepard's trade list." — We should publish one of the puzzles as a specimen if we were at liberty to do so. As it is we shall pilfer the closing lines of the cross word, the answer to which is "A Cultivator":

"My whole is a servant in the fields

It is indebted to me for all the wealth it yields"

Of course we cannot make a trade now that we are about to "step down and out." The

story has not been sent to us yet, but we shall have a good excuse for not taking it when it does come.

A CRITIC. — It is C. T. Hat, who at one time or another has found considerable fault with us. The letter before us was one of those which were mislaid, and it is rather late in the year to allude to it now. We have not heard from the critic lately, and he has probably forsaken us in disgust because we failed to notice this very letter, or to use the puzzles it contained, which we have just sent to the printer. We insert the epistle in full, as a specimen of the editorial trials from which we are now fleeing:

"FRIEND OPTIC: The June Magazine received, and I must confess I was astonished at the article headed 'Mistakes' in the editorial columns. You say 'C. T. Hat has succeeded in finding a MISPRINT in the April, and another in the March headwork.' Now I say that, that statement is erroneous; Cross Word, No. 76, to which I referred, contains a *blunder*, not a 'misprint,' and one that could have been made only by the originator, at that. The fourth line reads, 'My fourth is in border but not in rim,' and the letter is 'R,' which is in both words, and yet you call it a 'misprint!' In which word does the typographical error lie? Can you answer that? (1) Further along you say, 'We PROVE every puzzle, and we read the proof.' Now if you do this in a thorough manner, how was it that the above puzzle 'passed' you? (2) Still further along you acknowledge that No. 59 was used in 1870 (3), and say, 'We have had the same thing sent in a score of times by different persons (4), [as we have often explained before.] Now probably you in each of these twenty cases declined the puzzles, and yet after seeing the rebus a 'score of times' you not only — when Jessie Healy sends it — accept it, not only use it, but actually award the prize, to a puzzle which has been used, and which has been sent to you twenty times, according to your own statement! (5) Is this right? Is it just? I think it is not, and it looks very much like partiality to my eyes, call it what you may. I enclose puzzles in this letter, but I notice that when I point out errors or mistakes, my puzzles are *never* used (6), although I think I make as *good* ones as *some* you use, and so I hardly expect to see the enclosed in print." (7)

(1) Certainly we can: for "but not," read "and also." We think the puzzle was so written when we proved it. (2) We cannot say; it could be explained in a score of ways, and any one of them might be the right one.

We have pointed out thousands of errors in puzzles, and we have been altogether too thorough for many of our head workers; we have corrected thousands of other errors without mentioning them; and we only wonder that so few have got into print. (3) We were in Europe in 1870, and No. 59 did not then pass through our hands; and we cannot always remember those we have seen. (4) If the critic had read the rest of the sentence, which we enclose in brackets, he would have seen that "the same thing" did not refer to No. 59, for it had never come up before, and therefore could not have been often explained. (5) The critic seems to be wilfully blind. He reads half the sentence, and then indulges in exclamations. (6) The critic never noticed anything of the kind. His puzzles were accepted in February, March, April and May; and that was all the editor had to do with them. In April the mistakes are acknowledged in the Letter Bag, and the "diamond is good enough." In March his cross puzzle is used as well as accepted. If we had been disposed to spite the critic, we should have taken no notice whatever of him. It has been our rule from the beginning not to mention saucy letters. We did not regard these boy growls as such, and they never excited a particle of feeling in the editorial breast. (7) It is odd that *this* letter was buried for six months, to be brought forth for the last number of the Magazine; and we must admit that the critic was justified by our silence in believing that we had "thrown him over," when we had not the slightest intention of doing so.

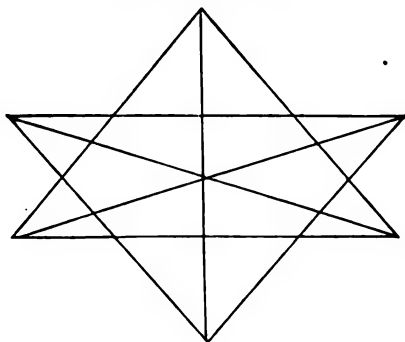
THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON. — Leclair asks, in what book he can find the life of "The Vaunted Scot, Crichton," or give him an account of his death. We suppose he means the famous personage styled "The Admirable Crichton." He was a prodigy of learning, who received his college degree of A.M. at the age of fourteen, and greatly distinguished himself among the scholars on the continent. The Duke of Mantua employed him as the tutor of his dissolute son Vincenzo. One night Crichton was attacked by six men in masks; he beat them off, and having found that one of them was Vincenzo, whom he had disarmed, he returned the sword to his pupil, who immediately plunged it into the heart of his tutor. Before he was twenty he could speak ten languages, but he lacked common sense. P. F. Tytler and F. Douglas have written lives of him; and biographies may be found in the works of D. Irving and of Chambers.



ANSWERS FOR NOVEMBER.

210. (Sack) (scow) (purse) (cot) (crab below L's) (hen) (stone) (gate) (ass over 1-4 pint = 1 gill) — Saxe, Cowper, Scott, Crabbe, Lowell, Shenstone, Gray, Tasso, Virgil. Long Branch.

211. TUMBLER
KNEAD
NET
C
AHA
REEDS
STORIES



213.

CALL
AREA
LEEK
LAKE

EUGENE SEEVER.

214. Charcoal.

215.

CREDIT
RAVEN
EVEN
DEN
IN
T

216. Open rebuke is better than secret love. — *Prov. xxvii. 5.*

217.

TUTOR
UNITE
TIBIA
OTIUM
REAMS

218. (Ewe) (soles) (OF) (geese) (T) (hat) (bear) (THE SH) (apes) (OF) (men) —

You souls of geese, that bear the shapes of men.

219.

C
COB
PORES
COMPACT
CORPOREAL
BEARING
SCENE
TAG
L

220. A begging prince, what beggar pities not?

221.

E
MAD
MAGIC
TEN
R

222.

K N I T
ABEDNEGO
N E A P
S L A K E
ADIRONDACK
SPATULA

223.

P
CAP
CABIN
PABULAR
PILOT
NAT
R

224. Baobab.

225.

C. THAT
ORANGE
LOAM
LIMP
EUGENE
GNATS
ENLIST

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

226. My first is in stick, but not in rod.

My second is in turf, but not in sod.

My third is in peach, but not in plum.

My fourth is in gay, but not in glum.

My fifth is in name, and also in mention.

And my whole is the name of a great invention.

J. P. C.

227. REBUS.



H P D

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters.

228. My 3, 2, 6, 5, is an invasion and fight.

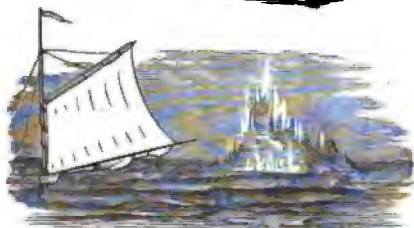
My 9, 4, 1, 11, 8, is to excite.

My 12, 10, 5, is a shrub.

My whole is a very noted poem.

NONO THING.

229. SHAKESPEARIAN.

\$K ~~RE~~ US

TIMONAX.

CHARADE.

230. 1. Something used in warm weather.

2. A boy's name.

MEG DOD.

PI PUZZLE.

231. Dan ni suoluxuri citisi, henw teh esion
Fo toir cendas bovea ireht lotifest wotser,
Nad juinry and touager, nda wehn tighn
Sardkens hte retests, hten nawred thorf het
snos

Fo lialeB, wonlf tihw solinence adn neiw.

XERXES.

WORD SQUARE.

232. 1. A girl's name. 2. A boy's name.
3. Part of a plant. 4. A boy's name.

RODERICK.

CHARADE.

233. My first is one that generally marries.

My second a woman often carries.

My whole with older people tarries.

FICKLE.

DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

234. G-e-t o-k- -ro- -i-tl- --or-s -ro-.

XCELSIOR.

CROSS WORD.

235. My first is in vice, but not in crime.

My second is in line, but not in rhyme.

My third is in love, but not in hate.

My fourth is in slide, but not in skate.

My fifth is in eat, but not in drink.

My sixth is in touch, but not in shrink.

My whole is the name of a flower.

A. S. W.

CROSS PUZZLE.

236. 1. Moving toward. 2. A conjunction.
3. A garden plant. 4. An eloquent speaker.
5. Moving toward. 6. A conjunction.

C. T. HAT.

237. REBUS. QUOTATION FROM HUDIBRAS.



CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

238. In joy, but not in grief.
In man, but not in chief.
In mint, but not in leaf.
In rose, but not in pink.
In seal, but not in mink.
In flower, but not in grass.
In vase, but not in glass.
In knot, but not in bow.
In bird, but not in crow.
In moon, but not in earth.
In song, but not in mirth.
In grape, but not in plum.
In fife, but not in drum.
In cheese, but not in milk.
In cloth, but not in silk.
In oak, but not in birch.
In pew, but not in church.
In heat, but not in cold.
In ring, but not in gold.

My whole was the name of an American author.

LOTA LAUNE.

ANSWERS FOR DECEMBER.

226. Steam. 227. (Knot) (add) (rum) (wash) (ear) (D)(o = nought) (a funeral) (note) —
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.
228. Paradise Lost. 229. (Lettuce) (bee) (sack) (reef) (ice) (RR) (butt) (NO) (butcher) (S) (K) (eye) (US) —
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.

230. (Fan — phan) (Tom) — Phantom.

231. And in luxurious cities, when the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage, and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the
sons

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

232. R O S E
O B E D
S E E D
E D D Y

233. Manhood. 234. Great oaks from little
acorns grow. 235. Violet.

236. T O
O R
T O M A T O
O R A T O R
T O
O R

237. (Sea) (cow) (T) (four plants with signatures and figures) (G) (round on panes of glass) (1000 = M) (ache) (people on their heads) (top) (ass) (&) (M) (eye) (T) (heaps of coin in 100 = C) (RE) (ASE reflected in the looking-glass) —

Seek out for plants with signatures
And figures, ground on panes of glass.
Make people on their heads to pass,
And mighty heaps of coin increase,
Reflected in the looking-glass.

238. James Fennimore Cooper.



[Letters relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to the "EDITOR OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS." Money and other business letters should be addressed to "LEE AND SHEPARD, 43 AND 45 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS." Puzzles must be original, and must be accompanied by the post-office address of the sender.]

NINE years ago we wrote the Head Work for the first number of "Oliver Optic's Magazine," and to-day we prepare the last — at least, for the present. That was the day of small things; and, as we had no means of communication with our future army of readers, we were obliged to manufacture all our puzzles ourself. But this department grew very rapidly, and in a few weeks we had more Head Work than we could possibly use; and this state of things has continued ever since. We can hardly realize that we are doing this weekly or monthly labor of the past nine years for the last time, and we shall greatly miss our accustomed chat with our readers. Though, with a few exceptions, we never saw them, we have felt just as well acquainted with them as if we had met once a month around the desk in our library. Very different from writing stories or other matter was the labor of this department, for these puzzles have always been a trial and a vexation to us. Though, as a rule, our head workers were pleasant and good-natured, some of them were unreasonable and complaining. Some could not, and some would not, understand the situation. It was impossible to use everybody's puzzle, and "it must needs be that offences come." We have tried to be impartial, and to do the best we could; and wherein we have failed we ask — in our last editorial hour — to be forgiven. We have been obliged to say and do some unpleasant things; but we shall retire from our editorial position without a thought other than of kindness towards all those with whom we have had official relations. We can even cheerfully forgive those who have imposed upon us, or attempted to do so. With the most sincere

regret, we bid adieu to the thousands whose uniform kindness and courtesy have gladdened our editorial existence during the whole or any part of these nine years. We thank them for their letters, for their puzzles, for their kind words of commendation and encouragement, and, not the less, for their friendly criticisms.

For the last time, in the Letter Bag, we proceed to dispose of our pile of letters. As this is our last number, we shall be unable to accept any rebuses, as we shall have no use for them, for the reason that there will be no "next number." The prizes for this month must be withdrawn. — X. Celsior says our Magazine needs but two things to make it perfect, which is pleasant at the winding up. One is a young writers' department. When we found that we were "on our last legs," we regretted that we had not introduced this feature, as we intended, before. We had on hand a few articles, which we have given to the printer for this number; and we see that he has found space for them. The other complaint is that the continued stories for girls are never entirely ended in the Magazine. This is not true. Two stories only were enlarged after they were used in the Magazine; but we inserted all their authors originally intended to write, and the few chapters were "spun in" to make the books of the required size. We could write a dozen chapters more into the "Boat Club" if the needs of a new edition demanded it; and we should not feel that we were cheating past readers by doing so. We save the drop letter.

Syphax begs us not to reduce the "three splendid departments" in the Magazine for the accommodation of "Our Young Writers." They will all be "like a tale that is told" after this month. The rebus is very good; but what profits it now? Send it to New York. — Caxton knows the worst now. — Lota Laune's enigma contains too many repetitions; but the

cross word will do. — Fritz sends an elaborate rebus. — A. S. W.'s first cross word will do, by stretching the rule a little; we are not hard this month, for obvious reasons. — Rather thin, True Blue; but initial note paper is cheap in these times, though we are sorry you invested — too late. — Roderick's word square is spared. — Quickax don't spell "debarred" right, in his circular puzzle; but we keep the enigma. — Sorry for Architect's rebus. — Prince Fuzz is in college in Princeton. — The printer shall have the pi puzzle by Xerxes. — Caxton, "Puzzledom Complete" is puzzled by George B. Smith & Co., Drawer 25, Toledo, Ohio. — We beg to inform T. C., Jr., that our publishers sell their Magazine, but do not buy it.

Meg Dod's charade is the best thing he sends, and we fasten to it. — "I have been taking your Magazine for two years," says E. S. L.; "I like it better than any other magazine or paper we have ever taken, and I intend to take it next year." Unfortunately, the best intentions are not always carried out, and we doubt whether our good friend will "take it next year." — Japetus, Box 115, Muscatine, Iowa, wants the address of "The Nutcracker's Monthly and Martin J. Sheedy." The definition was wrong; it was overlooked. Of course Jap is a nephew; and we rather like to "uncle" such good fellows as he is. — Ruth is a Boston girl who has emigrated to Kansas; she is in favor of a Young Writers' Department, and we have sent her manuscript to the printer. — Fritz's last rebus is a very good one, and we are sorry we cannot use it. — E. E. W.'s charade will do. — An impression seems to have gone out that this Magazine has already suspended on account of the failure of the publishers, though it has appeared with its usual regularity every month. For this reason our pile of letters is considerably less than usual; and many of these are simply inquiries whether the Magazine will be continued.

Last May, while we were absent for a few days, quite a pile of letters which came during that time were shoved into an out of the way place, and we failed to "connect" with them. A few days ago, while we were preparing for "coming events," we came across them. This fact will explain our want of attention to some of the favors of our friends. As it is a dry time just now we will notice them, and thus leave our accounts square with our correspondents. — Aldingar's rebus was good enough to use, and we regret that we missed it. — A beautifully-drawn pictorial numbered charade,

by Darkness, makes us very sad when we think it is now too late to engrave it. — Nono Thing complained that we called her Mono Thing, for which aggravated offence we beg her pardon. We take one of the enigmas, and there is a mistake in the other. — J. P. C.'s cross word will do as well now as it would six months ago.

R. O. Bert's diamond is redeemed from oblivion. — C. Ranger's rebus fares no better than if it had come this month. — Frank L. Perry wanted more "Art Club;" but, unhappily, he can't have it now. — C. T. Hat's puzzles go to the printer. — R. H. Ymer's puzzle *shall* take its chance with the printer. — Fickle's charade, tinkered, will do. — Freddie Jones must study "Puzzledom Complete" before he makes another enigma. — Macachern's square is as good now as in May, when the flowers were blooming. — So is the drop letter of Tilden. — The four-men rebus, by Signor Fye, is now, alas, impracticable; but the cross word is saved. — Kentucky's puzzle is also a rebus. — Laurie Lance thought that "drop letters" should be made so that the letters left spell a word; as, -h-i-t, answer, thrift. We suppose he thinks so now, and we should adopt the suggestion if this were not our "last appearance." He admits that the other form we have sometimes used is allowable; as, e-e-e, answer, eleven. The rebus must be left out in the cold. — Adieu.

OUR LETTER WRITERS.

[For the use of subscribers and regular purchasers only, who should state that they are such. Addresses on postal cards are not inserted, and only one name from each letter. No advertisements admitted here.]

Ed. Nillema, Athol, Mass. (fun and cards). — J. H. W. Kincaid, Catlettsburg, Ky. (fun and coins). — Arthur R. Ensworth, Southport, N. Y. (fun and improvement). — E. S. Lee, Box 70, Coshocton, Ohio (coins and amateurs). — Herbert G. Squier, Box 199, Minneapolis, Minn. (foreign correspondents and military schools). — George M. Bailey, Lockport, N. Y. (fun, stamps, and coins). — Clarence E. Curran, Llewellyn Park, N. J. (coins, stamps, and eggs). — Charles E. Wray, Red Wing, Minn. (fun and improvement). — Joseph B. Sohn, Lock Box 39, Morristown, N. J. (law students and attorneys' clerks). — W. H. Van Vleck, 51 K Street, N. E., Washington, D. C. (autographs and fun). — F. B. Latimer, 305 South Fifth Street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. (stamps). — Joseph Marrior, 104 Varick Street, New York City (games).



EDITORIAL.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Publishers respectfully announce that with the present number the publication of Oliver Optic's Magazine will be discontinued. Most of the subscriptions to the Magazine expire with the present year; and with those subscribers whose term does not thus expire, some satisfactory arrangement will hereafter be made.

VALEDICTORY.

MOST of our subscribers and regular purchasers will read the announcement of the Publishers of this Magazine, at the head of this column, with surprise, while a few may have anticipated it; but we are confident that all will receive it with sincere regret, for we know that our Magazine has been a welcome visitor in thousands of happy homes, and has become almost a necessity in many of them. Girls and boys, in the freshness of youth, are honest, and they mean what they have said in the thousands of letters of generous commendation they have sent to us. For their sake we regret that the Magazine is soon to be a thing of the past, for we know they will miss it quite as much as we shall miss our monthly interview with our readers. After the suspension of the publishers, the letters relating to the Magazine began to flow in. The one question was, whether or not it would be continued. We could only speak for the present year; but these letters assured us — if we needed any assurance — that most of our friends would regard the stoppage of the Magazine as a real calamity. It could hardly be otherwise, for our relations with our readers have been very intimate. We have been connected with the press, in one way or another, for twenty-five years, and in no other instance have we known the patrons of a publication to be so deeply and personally interested in their periodical. Our army of correspondents has not consisted of head workers only, anxious to see their productions in print, but largely of those who never made a puzzle, and

were not interested in this department. From all we have received the warmest assurances that the Magazine was enthusiastically appreciated. To bid adieu to this army of good friends, therefore, seems like snapping a tender tie; and in this view we share the regret of our readers.

It is not necessary to mention in detail the reasons which induce the publishers to suspend the publication of this Magazine. Their business misfortune has been recited all over the nation, in the newspapers and by word of mouth; and they have received the generous sympathy of the whole community, not the least from those who have suffered the most heavily by the calamity. Their heavy losses by the great fire of 1872, and three other fires that followed close upon it, the financial panic of the succeeding year, and the unexampled business stagnation of the last two years, were the principal causes of their failure. Though unfortunate, their integrity has not been questioned, even by those who take the severest view of the case. During the last three years the business pressure upon the publishers has not permitted them to give the attention to the Magazine which its interests demanded. Such a publication requires unremitting care and labor to make it at all remunerative. In the business struggle, minor interests had to be sacrificed; and, though our subscribers have clung to us with surprising tenacity, there could be no decided success without earnest effort and a lavish investment of capital. Though we hope the financial difficulties of the publishers will soon be settled, the increased responsibilities of their new position will render it inexpedient for them to divide their energies, as the continuance of the Magazine would require them to do.

The Magazine has been the pet and pride of the Publishers, as well as the Editor; and when it was decided that it could not be continued, several overtures to purchase or "consolidate" were considered. The Editor owned his own name, and he could not consent to its use by any other publication in whose management he had no voice or interest; more than this, it was possible that, in the near future, both the Publishers and the Editor might

desire to resume the publication of the "pet," in the same or some other form, in better times and under more favorable circumstances. They preferred, therefore, to lay the little one tenderly away to sleep off its period of enforced inaction, to be awakened, if ever, when the skies shall be brighter and the gales more propitious.

We confess to a feeling of intense sadness in giving up the Magazine; in the thought that it will no more — in the present, at least — be welcomed in the thousands of pleasant homes in every state of the union, where it has been so kindly greeted during the last nine years, and where we almost felt that we were a personal visitor, as we wrote for its pages. More especially do we feel this sadness when we consider that we are no longer to hold our accustomed chat every month in the Letter Bag, where we have been in the most intimate relations with our readers. Though for years we could ill afford the time this department has required of us, we have not been willing to hand it over to another. The puzzles sorely vexed our spirit; some of our head workers were unreasonable and complaining; yet, on the whole, the task was a pleasant one, and we resign our position with regret.

We thank all our readers, present and past, for whatever measure of favor they have bestowed upon us; we thank our contributors for all the kind words they have spoken to us and of us; we thank our young correspondents — many of whom have become men and women since they began to read our pages — for the abundance of friendly letters they have showered upon us; and we thank the press all over the country for the kindly notices they have given the Magazine and the Editor, and for their criticisms, whether favorable or otherwise, for we have endeavored to profit by both.

And now we close our sanctum, and retire from our position as the Editor of "Oliver Optic's Magazine." In that capacity we say farewell to "our Boys and Girls." May Heaven's choicest blessing rest upon and go with them through life. But only as an editor do we retire from their view. We have large plans for the future, and our books we hope will still be published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard.

TOO LATE. — We were obliged to indite the Letter Bag a little earlier than usual this month, and for this reason some of the favors of our friends cannot be noticed. We are sorry for it; but in this instance our contributors must take the will for the deed. As most of our

readers cannot know that the Magazine is to be discontinued till this number reaches them, we expect to receive letters, freighted with puzzles, for a month to come. Of course those whose head work is not used will be at liberty to send it elsewhere.

THE PRIZES. — We are obliged to acknowledge that there has been some confusion in the awarding of the prizes for the best puzzle for each month. As Niagara's anagrams were not noticed till the October number, of course the prize could not have been given for them in September. That belongs to Hyperion, and is so written on our books. In spite of his curt letter, we correct the mistake, as we should have done without it. We awarded the prize a month before the anagrams appeared, and they were in no manner brought into comparison with the large rebus "praised in such unmeasured terms." They came a month after the rebus. However, one mistake leads to another, and we do not complain. Laurie Lance's puzzle belonged in the November number, but was taken to fill up the head work for October, and we gave it the prize for the latter month. We found Miss Chief's answers to the Head Work in June among those mislaid letters mentioned in the Letter Bag; and we give her an extra second prize. It might have been first, but we don't know.

POSTAL. — The address of the Editor is *Dorchester, Mass.* Dorchester is one of the oldest towns in the state; but in 1870 it was annexed to the city of Boston. The post-office, within a few rods of the Editor's residence, is a branch of the Boston office, and is the same as that formerly known to some of our correspondents as "Harrison Square."

CONTRIBUTORS. — We shall return all accepted articles, not used or paid for, to their authors; and we are sorry to add that we have some in our pigeon holes which have been there from one to five years.

— THE LITERARY WORLD, published by S. R. Crocker, Box 1208, Boston, is the best literary and critical journal in the United States; monthly, at \$1.50 per year.

— HIGGINSON'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, published by Lee & Shepard, has been the success of the year.

— UNDERWOOD'S Hand-books of English Literature are the best books for use in the High Schools.

LITTLE LASSIE.

Words by NELLIE M. GARABANT.

Music by SOPHIE E. HOLBROOK.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS ALICE M. ADAMS.

1. Oh, how much I love thee, las-sie, I can nev-er, nev-er tell; But believe me lit-tle
 2. I will love thee, lit-tle las-sie, Tho' you frown upon my pray'r, I will ne'er for-get thee,

las-sie, That I love thee true and well. As the starlight loves the midnight, As the clover loves the
 las-sie, Tho' my life you will not share. Ceaseless as the running river, Constant as the starlight

bee, As the ro-ses love the summer, Lit-tle las-sie, I love thee; Pret-ty lassie,
 sky, Lasting as the smell of ro-ses, True love, las-sie, can-not die; Bon-nie lassie,

bon-nie lassie, Little lassie, I love thee.
 lit-tle lassie, True love, lassie, cannot die.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

2044 092 650 563